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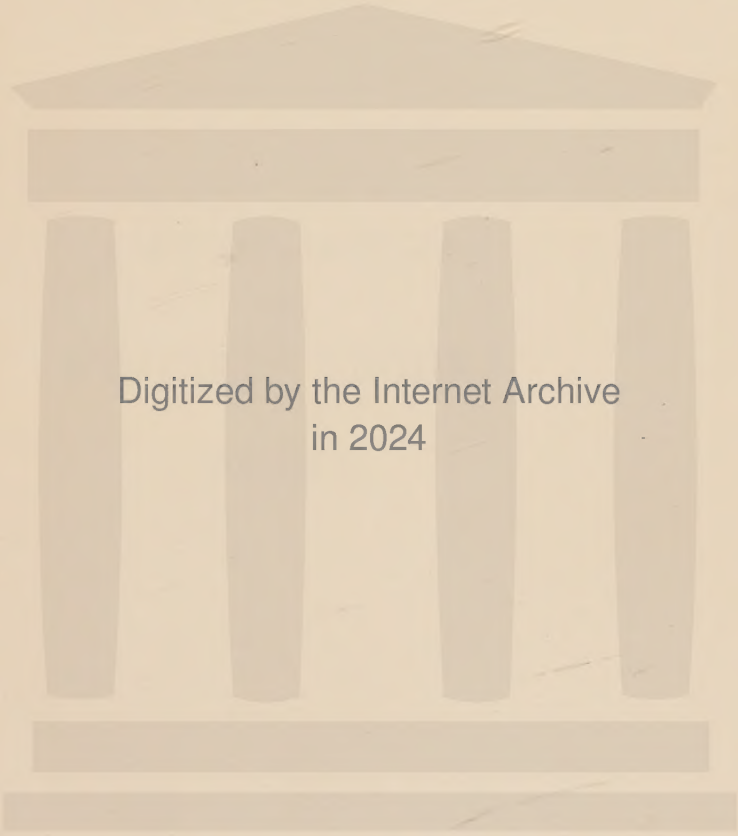
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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

VOLUME II

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Phillips Brooks

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

BY

ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN

Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge

With Portraits and Illustrations

VOLUME II

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

CHAPTER I

1869–1872

TRINITY CHURCH. THE RECEPTION IN BOSTON. CONTEMPORANEOUS COMMENTS ON PHILLIPS BROOKS'S PREACHING. RECORD OF WORK IN THE FIRST THREE YEARS

PHILLIPS BROOKS began his ministry in Trinity Church, Boston, on Sunday, October 31, preaching in the morning from the text, St. John ix. 4, 5: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work;" and in the afternoon from St. John iv. 34: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." From this moment began the long period of twenty-two years until he resigned his rectorship. During these years he knew himself and thought of himself primarily and almost solely as the rector of Trinity Church. He concentrated his energies in making the church united and strong. He lavished upon it the wealth of his affection. He believed strongly in the corporate life of a parish, an organism of which he himself was a vital part. Trinity Church he believed had a great future before it, as it had also a great past behind it. To help it to realize its possibilities was the single task to which he devoted his powers. A few words about its situation and its history will make more clear the picture of the work he was to do.

The church edifice then stood on Summer Street, near

Washington Street, the sole relic of an earlier Boston when Summer Street and the adjacent territory was the scene of fine residences with their ample gardens. The church had been built in 1829, and though robbed somewhat of its impressiveness by the change in its surroundings, it still possessed an air of distinction and solid majesty. It belonged to a style of architecture which has since passed away. It was built of granite with a massive battlemented tower, and at the time of its erection was regarded as one of the finest churches in the city. Mr. Brooks has thus described it in his historical sermon on Trinity Church, published in 1877: —

> It was a noble building in its day. It was one of the first of the Gothic buildings of this country, which were built after church architecture had begun to waken and aspire, and few that followed it equalled its dignity and calm impressiveness. The lighter and more fantastic styles of building sprang up in the city. The timber spires that made believe they were stone leaped up with unnatural levity into the sky; the cheap stone sculpture covered and deformed great, feeble fronts; the reign of imitation came; and in the midst of all of them Trinity stood, in its exterior, at least, strong, genuine, solid, with its great rough stones, its broad bold bands of sculpture, its battlemented tower, like a great castle of truth, grim, no doubt, and profoundly serious, but yet able to win from those who worshipped there for years an affectionate confidence and even tender yearning for love.

Trinity Church in Boston resembles to some extent Trinity Church in New York, as being the centre and home of Episcopal traditions and prestige. Its organization went back to the year 1729. Like the old North Church on Salem Street, it was an offshoot from King's Chapel, which was the first Episcopal Church in Boston, and had been founded in 1689. But King's Chapel had ceased to be an Episcopal Church, and the neighborhood of old Christ Church had changed until it had lost its ancient influence, so that Trinity Church was left as the stronghold of Episcopacy in Boston. During the trying days of the Revolution it had remained open to its worshippers when most of the Episcopal churches

were closed. When the alternatives had been presented of closing its doors or of omitting the petition, in the Litany, for King George and all the royal family, it had chosen the latter with the hope that it would be "more for the interest and cause of Episcopacy, and the least evil of the two, to omit a part of the Litany than to shut up the church." It shows the tenacity of the corporate life of the church, that many of its worshippers were the descendants of the families who first constituted it. They were conservative, holding by the traditions, cherishing the names of past rectors, among whom Dr. Parker, afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts, and Dr. Gardiner were men prominent in the social and civic life of Boston.

It seemed to many incongruous that Phillips Brooks, the heir of a long line of Puritan ministers going back to the settlement of the colony, and of eminent Puritan laymen honored for their devotion to the "Standing Order," should be the rector of Trinity Church, with its reversal of these traditions, representing what seemed in New England an alien church, indifferent to the highest ideal of Christian truth. But that question had been settled for him when his mother made the transition from Puritanism to Episcopacy while he was an infant, — a migration which caused her many searchings of heart, but which she never lived to regret. As for Phillips Brooks, he did not feel the situation to be incongruous. He had been brought up on the Church Catechism; he knew no other church; he was loyal to it while yet admiring and applauding the history of his ancestors. He studied the records of Trinity Church, making himself familiar with American history in the eighteenth century and with the process of its religious thought, in order to connect himself more closely with the life of the church of which he was the minister.

Trinity Church had again shown its loyalty and devotion to the cause of Episcopacy when, in 1842, Dr. Manton Eastburn had been elected bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts. The diocese being unable to provide a salary for the bishop, it had called him to be its rector, and thus relieved the situa-

tion. The endowment known as the Greene Foundation supported from this time an assistant minister, who divided with the bishop the burden of preaching and other parochial ministrations, always officiating in the bishop's absence on his episcopal ministrations. Among these assistant ministers had been the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, now the Bishop of Rhode Island, the late Rev. John Cotton Smith, and Dr. Henry C. Potter, the present Bishop of New York. But this arrangement had not worked well. It was a case of divided responsibility. The assistant ministers were not free to carry out any projects of church extension, while the bishop was also hampered by the double burden he was carrying. When in 1869 the bishop resigned the rectorship, it was felt by all that a new era had dawned in the history of Trinity Church.

The new rector brought with him to Boston the ways he had learned from Dr. Vinton, and which he had put into successful practice in Philadelphia, — the Wednesday evening lecture, the Saturday evening Bible class, and the communicants' meeting in preparation for the Lord's Supper. These were the methods of the Evangelical school in the church. Things were beginning to change at this time, new modes of parish activity were becoming popular, and a complicated machinery of what was called "church work" was coming into vogue. Much of it was adopted by Mr. Brooks, though without display or ostentation. He was equal to any one in appropriating methods of activity and in administering them wisely. But he preferred the Wednesday evening lecture to the observance of Saints' Days, as being a fixed occasion in the week, while the latter came irregularly and were in danger of being neglected. Thus Wednesday evening became a sacred occasion. One of the first fruits of his ministry in Boston was to find the chapel of Trinity Church too small for the purpose, and calling for an immediate enlargement. But this did not meet the need, and the service was transferred to the church, where every seat was occupied.

Among the arrangements he projected at once for increas-

ing the activity of the parish and creating a sense of responsibility for those without was a mission on West Cedar Street, where a Sunday-school was gathered, under the charge of a theological student from the Cambridge seminary. There was at this time an Episcopal Church, St. Mark's, on West Newton Street, which, having fallen into weakness on account of the changing population, was no longer able to maintain a rector. He proposed that this church edifice should be purchased and become a dependency of Trinity Church, and that the income of the Greene Foundation be devoted to the support of its minister. This project was carried out after some delay, and the Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, now Archdeacon of New York, was called in 1871 to be its rector, and assistant minister of Trinity Church on the Greene Foundation. These things are mentioned as showing the energy of the new rector, and the large spirit of religious enterprise with which he began his parish ministry in Boston. But these yield in importance to another scheme, which he broached to the parish during the first year of his incumbency, 1870, that the church should be removed to another part of the city, where it could do a greater work and better meet the needs of its parishioners. There was some opposition to the scheme, even among his warmest friends and supporters, for it meant a violent uprooting of sacred associations. In the vaults beneath the church lay the remains of relatives and friends. There were other difficulties to be overcome. But Mr. Brooks continued to urge the removal as an indispensable condition of progress, until the plan was approved by the wardens and vestry. To overcome opposition, to create sympathy and agreement, and even enthusiasm, to recommend himself to the confidence of men of affairs in so important an undertaking, is an illustration of the many-sided capacity of the new rector.

It took time to carry out this large plan. All through the years 1870 and 1871 it was the one foremost purpose in Mr. Brooks's mind, on which he concentrated his energies and his interests. He was studying the city of Boston and the possible directions of its growth, in order to the most

available site. Before any other steps could be taken, it was necessary to gain the permission of the legislature to sell the old edifice. On December 3, 1870, the first meeting of the Proprietors of Trinity Church was held to consider the question of removal. Early in the next year Mr. Brooks appeared before a committee of the legislature and stated the reasons why the removal of the church was desired: —

I think there is necessity for a removal of Trinity Church for the best interests of the parish, and a necessity which is more and more strong constantly. There has been a growing conviction with me ever since I have been rector of the parish that it would be necessary to move. The reasons are simply these: the entire change of the population in Boston which has removed all the residences from Trinity Church, leaving literally no residences within that region round the church which is usually considered the parochial line. All our congregation are therefore obliged to come from a great distance, which looks badly for us in two ways; in the first place by rendering their attendance unstable and preventing the church from accumulating any permanent parish; for a family coming from a great distance is loosely attached, and unless it is in some way geographically connected with the parish it cannot be counted upon to sustain the church. The instability and lack of adhesion and difficulty in conducting any of the educational and charitable work of the parish, arising from teachers and taught residing at very great distance, is one reason that has forced itself upon me. These difficulties are increasing every day. Every removal that has taken place — I may say almost every removal since I have been in the parish — has been a removal to a greater distance from the church. Therefore looking forward a few years, we can see how much the present difficulties are likely to be increased. Then there are difficulties that attach to the location of the church, — the nearness of a business street, and the extreme noisiness during the Lent services. These have been much greater this season than last season. Then in addition to these two reasons there are the very serious ones attaching to the accommodations of Trinity Church, which are entirely incapable of remedy in our present location. The church originally was simply a structure for the church proper and since then there has been added a Sunday-school or lecture room, and this is the only room we have at present. We have no rooms for class instruction and for carrying on the work of the parish. Our lecture room is inadequate for our lecture-room pur-

poses. For this reason I think almost any one who is associated with the work of the church, who is engaged in the actual charitable and educational work of the church, feels the necessity of a change of location; and without knowing personally the opinion of each one of those who are so engaged, I should say that with three or four exceptions they all favor the removal.

The permission to sell having been granted by the legislature, it was accepted by the Proprietors of Trinity Church. The question of the new site was not an easy one, and deliberations proceeded slowly. Not until the end of the year 1871 was the lot purchased on which the present Trinity Church now stands. Mr. Brooks was at first strongly attracted by the lot on the corner of Beacon and Charles streets facing the Common. But the wisdom of the final choice needs no justification. On March 6, 1872, the building committee was created, consisting of George M. Dexter, Charles Henry Parker, Robert C. Winthrop, Martin Brimmer, Charles R. Codman, John C. Ropes, John G. Cushing, Charles G. Morrill, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., Stephen G. Deblois, and William P. Blake. The committee voted at once to notify Mr. Brooks of all meetings and their readiness to receive any suggestions from him. Six competitors were invited to furnish plans, and in June the late H. H. Richardson, of the firm of Gambrill & Richardson, was chosen as the architect. "The building committee were at once impressed," writes Mr. Robert Treat Paine, in his final report, "with the importance of purchasing the triangle of land which now forms the whole Huntington Avenue front of our estate. An appeal was made to the parish for gifts of money, and a generous response enabled the committee to make the purchase." The additional amount thus called for was $75,000, but the contribution reached $100,000. "The church," continues Mr. Paine, "thus completed its title to the whole domain of over an acre, enclosed by four public streets, and making the church visible in all directions. So far as the committee know, this is the only site of the Back Bay where these advantages could have been secured."

Plans for the new church had already been drawn by Mr.

Richardson, when the enlargement of the estate by the purchase of the triangle called for their entire remodelling. It was while the building committee were engaged in this study for a new design that the great Boston fire, on November 10, 1872, swept away the old Trinity Church on Summer Street. Whatever indifference or opposition there had been to the removal of the church could now exist no longer. A new interest and enthusiasm united the parish in the determination to make the new edifice a grander one than the old had been. The building committee appointed an executive committee out of its numbers, Messrs. Robert Treat Paine, C. H. Parker, and C. W. Galloupe, "with full powers to prosecute with all despatch the erection of the new church." Mr. Richardson encouraged them to think that in two years the new edifice would be completed. In this hope and expectation the large hall in the Institute of Technology on Boylston Street was hired for the Sunday services. The expectation was not fulfilled; it was more than twice two years before they saw the consummation of their desires. But meantime in this secular hall, with no accessories or associations of sacred worship, Mr. Brooks entered upon a still more powerful phase of his ministry, under the influence of which Trinity Church not only remained united, but received large additions to its membership.

When Phillips Brooks came to Boston it was his study to be the rector of Trinity Church, to carry out the ideal of a parish minister as he conceived it in all its scope and in all the detail of its relationships. To give himself up to the work of preaching the gospel of Christ to the congregation over whom he was set to minister was his single purpose. To this end he sought to know the people to whom he preached, to study their needs, to share their joys and sorrows, to lead them into larger conceptions of the mission of a parish to the church and to the world. No one could have written the "Lectures on Preaching" who was not first and foremost and always the parish minister, devoted to his people, giving them of his best, and in the relationship of mutual love and

service finding his satisfaction and reward. He does not indeed record any vow of exclusive faithfulness to this special purpose, but that it was his purpose, his single aim, is written on all his work after coming to Boston, and finds expression in unmistakable manner. During the year before he came to Boston, while the call was under his consideration, he must have been solemnly deliberating with himself and reaching a determination as to his line and method of work. We must therefore note at this point a significant change and epoch in his ministry. In Philadelphia he had appeared almost as a reformer and agitator, with a work to do outside the pulpit, which rivalled in importance and popular interest his work as a preacher. He had thrown himself into the cause of the abolition of slavery with an intensity and rare eloquence which was not surpassed by any one. He had espoused the cause of the emancipated slaves, pleading in most impassioned manner for their right to suffrage in order to their complete manhood. In the interest of the Freedmen's Aid Society he had made stirring platform addresses in the greater cities of Pennsylvania and in New York. He was more prominently identified than any other citizen in Philadelphia with the local issue whether the negroes should be allowed to ride in the street cars. From his activity in these moral causes he had become as widely known as by his eloquence in the pulpit.

But from the time when he came to Boston he ceased to be identified with any special reform. There were others, who, as soon as the war was over, had addressed themselves to the cause of the working people, seeking the redress of social evils, enlightening the popular mind, and securing the needed legislation for the amelioration of social burdens. Phillips Brooks might easily have followed in the same direction. It was in him to have become a reformer, and to have used the pulpit and the platform as his levers of influence. But he did not take this rôle. He gave himself to his parish, and exclusively to the preacher's task, and for seven years he was supremely interested in the work of building the new Trinity Church as if that should be the crown of his labors.

We have seen that his father was dismayed when his son devoted his strength to what seemed like preaching politics; how he earnestly dissuaded him from carrying politics into the pulpit. The advice may not have been without its influence. But apart from this a man like Phillips Brooks could not have had his Philadelphia experience without studying its bearing upon his work as a preacher. As he studied it, he saw that the two functions were incompatible, and that of the two the mission of the preacher of the gospel of Christ was the higher, the more important, the more far reaching and fundamental in its influence, — the primary condition of all successful enduring reforms. It must not be supposed for a moment that he was not interested in every social or moral issue which aimed at the improvement of man. His interest was recognized and presupposed. He never failed when he was called upon to advocate any good cause. He sympathized with those who devoted their lives to such ends. On occasions in his own pulpit, and especially on Thanksgiving Day, he uttered himself freely on the questions of the hour. But he did not identify himself exclusively with any of them, nor work for them in direct manner, but always indirectly through the power of Christian truth, brought home to the heart by the preaching of the gospel. Of all the cities in the land, Boston, more than any other, was associated with ideal issues and moral reforms. It might be almost called the home of reformers since the days when the preparation began for the American Revolution. It puzzled Boston people, therefore, when Phillips Brooks came among them and began at once to exert his magic influence. They found it impossible to label or classify him. He was neither a moral, a social, nor a religious reformer. It is amusing now to look back at the efforts made to define his position by critical analysis, or by comparison with other men. Boston at last accepted him for himself without attempt at analysis or criticism. But in the earlier years it was not so.

One cannot think of Boston without thinking of Unitarianism. When the schism took place; in the first part of the nineteenth century, which divided the Congregational

churches into Orthodox and Liberal, the latter body carried with it the social prestige, the wealth, the intellectual culture of Boston. It was represented by Harvard College also, and by a line of men eminent in literature, — Emerson and Hawthorne, Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell, and many others. It had given birth to two great preachers and reformers, Channing and Theodore Parker, who had added to the fame of Boston by their eloquence, their high character, and their large influence. Phillips Brooks had now come to take his position by divine right among the greatest and best of her children. Her literary men recognized him at once as entitled to an equal place. There could be no doubt of his greatness, but what was he, and how should he be described?

At first there was an inclination on the part of the Unitarians to claim him as their own. Such power, such genius, marked him as of necessity one who, though he might not be conscious of it, must be at heart a Unitarian. They were unfamiliar with the breadth of the national Church of England; they were indifferent to Maurice and Stanley and Arnold, Kingsley, F. W. Robertson, Thirlwall and Tait and Temple, who represented liberal theology in the English Church, with whom Phillips Brooks was affiliated in spirit, and at whose feet he had sat as a pupil. Archbishop Tillotson and the liberal theologians of the English Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they had long since forgotten. They could not believe that such things were indigenous in the Anglican Church, having their roots in the Reformation and in the Book of Common Prayer. However it was, the Unitarians flocked to the new preacher, — the man with a message to which they responded as divine. Against this disposition on the part of Unitarians to "attend the earnest and attractive ministry of Phillips Brooks," the "Liberal Christian," a Unitarian organ in Boston, gave a most emphatic protest: —

> We hold the earnestness and sincerity of those Unitarians who desert their own worship and their own laborious pastors to swell the tide of hearers of Orthodox Liberals at a very cheap value. There is a certain meanness, and time-serving, and cowardly

spirit, and a carelessness about intellectual and moral distinctions which is discouraging and deserves strong rebuke. (1870.)

The "Liberal Christian" was indeed very much in earnest in its protest, refusing to admit a communication in reply, which extenuated the fault of the culprits.

The editor of the "Christian Register" (Unitarian) went with the crowd to listen and to know for himself what these things meant. He was inclined to be severe and prepared to notice flaws, yet he was also determined to be fair and to get at the truth. While he admired the noble presence of the preacher, he found defects in the voice, and thought the rapidity with which he read the service somewhat irreverent. He was on the watch for any "omissions" in the service, but could not detect them. This was his report to his readers: —

The text of the sermon was "She hath done what she could." The first half of the sermon was satisfactory and impressive, that human responsibility was limited by human power and opportunity. Every man, however weak and humble, has some thing especially appointed for him to do, and the harmony of the universe is incomplete so long as he neglects his task. . . .

All this was exceedingly impressive. He spoke with such fervor and unaffected earnestness that we felt quickened and uplifted by his appeals in behalf of our doing our best, and making the most of our chances in life. Then came the only unsatisfactory passage of the discourse. It seemed to be assumed that as sinners we must not only repent, but rely upon Christ's atoning blood. No particular theory of the atonement was insisted upon, but in some way we must feel that we are ransomed and bought with a price.

The room was growing darker, and we became less and less sure that we understood Mr. Brooks perfectly. But we were quite convinced that while he was only mildly "Evangelical" and used, mainly, Scriptural expressions that admit of a Unitarian interpretation, he left the plain path in which he had been walking for the devious ways of theological subtleties. Still the general effect of the sermon was excellent, and we came away deeply grateful for the most that we had heard, with a new understanding of Mr. Brooks's deserved popularity; and fully believing that he is as rational and independent as an honest man can possibly be while remaining within the Episcopal Church. The whole atmosphere about him was far superior in simplicity

and manliness to anything that we had ever known in his denomination.

"If the Rev. Mr. Phillips Brooks," remarked the "Congregationalist," an Orthodox paper, commenting on this report, "has trembled and felt weakened as to the security of his position in this city, he must now take heart and dismiss his fears. The editor of the 'Christian Register' having been to hear him has come away 'fully believing that he is as rational and independent as an honest man can possibly be while remaining within the Episcopal Church.'" These things are not recovered from the forgotten years for the purpose of illustrating the amenities of religious controversy, but in order to reproduce the moment when Phillips Brooks came to Boston. It recalls the picture of Boston, or of any Massachusetts town, in the colonial days, when a stranger entered its precincts. Before he could be accepted, he must be questioned and made to give an account of himself. The inquiring looks now directed upon the new preacher, the sharp criticism to which he was subjected, were simply the inevitable Boston greeting. It was Boston's way, — that was all. Philadelphia had a different way. It had not the suspicion of the stranger as such. It knew a good thing when it saw it, and did not spoil its enjoyment by overanxious questioning. It was not perhaps so easy a thing for Boston to bow before Phillips Brooks as it had been for Philadelphia. Boston is a city with peculiarities of its own, and they are marked and strong. But on this point let another speak, one whom Boston loved and revered: —

> Shall I say [writes Dr. Channing] a word of evil of this good city of Boston? Among all its virtues it does not abound in a tolerant spirit. The yoke of opinion is a heavy one, often crushing individuality of judgment and action. A censorship, unfriendly to free exertion, is exercised over the pulpit as well as over concerns. No city in the world is governed so little by a police, and no city so much by mutual inspection and what is called public sentiment. We stand more in awe of one another than most people. Opinion is less individual or runs more into masses, and often rules with a rod of iron.[1]

[1] *Works*, vol. ii. p. 265, ed. 1845.

It was not only the Unitarians that had questions to ask. The Orthodox or Trinitarian Congregationalists were puzzled. The Unitarians watched him to see whether he were Orthodox, and the Orthodox were curious to see whether he were a Unitarian in disguise. At this time the antagonism between these two parties was strenuous and even bitter, for the painful associations of the schism which Channing had led were still fresh in the memory of many then living. The influence of Theodore Parker had only intensified these religious antipathies. Parker had divided the Unitarians into two wings, the conservative and the progressive; but he had also aggravated the prejudices of the Orthodox against the whole body of Unitarians by his denial of miracles and the supernatural, by his criticism of Scripture and rejection of its external authority. But his was on the whole the growing tendency in Boston. He was a transcendentalist, building on the authority of an inner light, finding God and immortality and religion in the natural instinct of the human soul, and needing no external authority, whether of Scripture or prophet or person of Christ, as the sanction of religious truth. But there was also something better in Parker which would be apparent when the storm of controversy had died away. It was then with dark suspicions in their minds that Orthodox critics approached the new preacher. They, too, were not quite satisfied. The trouble with both these classes of critics was that they went to their inquiry with formal tests of doctrines or dogmas uppermost in their minds, while the preacher was in another atmosphere, thinking not of doctrines but of life.

The Episcopalians [says the Boston correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer] have a new light and popular preacher, Rev. Phillips Brooks, late of Philadelphia. Before coming here he had achieved a high reputation in the pulpit, and as a liberal in doctrine and churchly rites. However true it may be we know not, but he is said to occupy about the same theological position as Robertson of England. We heard him on Sunday evening, and he did what too many Orthodox ministers do in this region, threw out a "sop" to the Unitarians. His sermon was unexceptionable in almost every particular. It was, in fact, the best

sermon on the whole we have heard here for some time. It was practical, written in a clear and forcible style, with passages of wonderful beauty and eloquence. It was delivered with that impetuous earnestness that distinguishes certain nervous natures. No one could listen to it without being moved to live for God. But a fly was in the ointment, needlessly there. He went out of his way to say, "I don't believe in total depravity," and then added that he believed there was something good in all men, giving the impression to those who did not know better that the doctrine known as "total depravity" embraced the view *that every man is as bad as he can be, or is utterly destitute of what is good*. But still he intimated that there is no recuperative element in the soul, an important feature, however, of the discarded doctrine. Of course all liberals delight in such statements or caricatures, and then quote them as proof of the effect of their liberalism in modifying evangelical doctrines. Mr. Brooks ought to know just what total depravity as a theological doctrine involves, and while the term is confessedly objectionable as now interpreted, yet, like many legal and medical terms, can be explained.

The popular verdict on the preaching of Phillips Brooks was more important than the judgment of the critics. There had been no similar event in the history of Boston which created such excitement, such widespread interest, such a veritable sensation. He stepped at once into the same relative position as he held in Philadelphia. Trinity Church on Summer Street was crowded with eager hearers. It was almost unseemly the way in which the people claimed him for their own, regardless of the privileges of those whose special minister he was. They came from every direction, feeling that they must be there. Precedents and vested rights, distinctions of pewholders, the authority of the sexton, these seemed like an impertinence when Phillips Brooks was to preach. The true gospel of Christ, the word of life, must in the nature of the case be offered alike to all, without distinction. It was a trying situation for the stately, decorous parishioners, who had associated worship with calmness and dignity, and with ample accommodation in the high-backed, luxurious pews. It was no slight inconvenience and annoyance when they sought access to their pews to find them

occupied by strangers, whose apologies did not relieve but only magnified the grievance. Mr. Dillon, the sexton, to whom it fell to manage these things, strove to rise to the occasion and struggled to meet an emergency so wholly unlike anything he had hitherto known in his long administration. He tried to sort the people who presented themselves for admission, sending some to the galleries, and allowing others, whom he judged more fit, to occupy the waste spaces in the pews on the floor, but his expedients were futile.[1] There were too many seeking to be admitted, that was the simple difficulty. There was room perhaps for a thousand people, and the demands were for more than double the accommodation. The people became indignant and vented their anger on Mr. Dillon, "the grim and truculent sexton, who acted as if he owned the church." Complaints found their way to the newspapers, with accounts of the "most disgraceful scenes ever enacted within the walls of a Protestant church." Many who came were unfamiliar with the ways of the Episcopal Church; they regarded the morning and evening prayer as something to be tolerated, — "introductory exercises" before the sermon could be reached. They rejoiced at least that "Mr. Brooks ran it off so rapidly." Mr. Brooks did what he could to facilitate matters. The pews in the galleries were declared free, and after pew-holders had taken their seats the church was thrown open to all. But this was no temporary evil to be cured by any expedient. It lasted as long as Phillips Brooks remained the rector of Trinity Church. Bishop Eastburn continued for a while to attend the services at Trinity. But he was not accustomed to such excitement, or to see people flocking in crowds to the proclamation of the gospel. He was not altogether sure that the new preacher could be "sound in his views." He betook himself to the roomier spaces of St. Paul's.

[1] In Mr. Dillon's view of the situation, the end to be aimed at was to reduce the numbers who sought admittance to the church. "He once came to me in the vestry room," said Mr. Brooks, "to tell me of a method he had devised for this purpose, 'When a young man and a young woman come together, I separate them;' and he expected me to approve the fiendish plan."

Many of those who went to hear Mr. Brooks for the first time were so impressed that they must needs give utterance, in newspaper articles, to the emotions which stirred them. Some went prepared to watch closely and see vividly in order to get the material for a striking literary report. There are in these early years at Trinity many of these pen-and-ink sketches of the preacher and the wonderful effect of his preaching, descriptions of the church and the congregations, and the accessories which made the scene impressive. All agree in being compelled to describe the preacher himself as though that were a part of the message.

The door of the anteroom opens, and Mr. Brooks appears in his white flowing robes. There is something almost boyish, yet beautifully sweet and earnest as well, in his face and manner. He is emphatically a manly man, with no sentimental, morbid, sickly notions of life. He is a "muscular Christian" and believes in work and stout-hearted endeavor. And he walks through the earthly and tangible as beholding the things that are invisible and heavenly. All this and more we find in his strong spiritual countenance.

The old building [according to another report] seems the fitting place of worship for the solid men of Boston. There is an air of ancient respectability about it. . . . The deep roomy pews, and thoughtfully padded, seem adjusted for sleeping, and though seven can sit comfortably in them, if you humbly ask for the fifth seat in some of them, beware of the lofty look and high-bred scorn which seems to say, Are not the galleries free for negroes, servants, and strangers? . . . I shall have to let you in, I suppose. Take that Prayer Book, and keep quiet; service has begun. Don't you see Mr. Brooks?

Yes, we do see the Rev. Phillips Brooks, a tall, stout, powerfully built man, with a smooth boyish face, and very near-sighted eyes, which nevertheless, by the help of glasses, seem to search you out in whatever dark corner you may be hidden. He is reading the service with a thin voice and rapid, breathless, almost stuttering delivery, and yet with a certain impulsive and pleading earnestness that carries even Congregationalists on their knees and takes them with him to the throne of grace.

To reproduce here the many comments upon Phillips Brooks when he first made his appearance in Boston would

be impossible, and yet to neglect them altogether would be a loss to his biography. The time never came when people tired of portraying him or of writing their impressions. Those who wrote were not more eager to rehearse than were the thousands, who had not heard or seen for themselves, eager to read what was written. It is part of the story of his life to give him in his relations with the great body of people who heard him gladly, who were sure that something unknown before in the history of the pulpit was now enacting, and that it behooved them to catch and preserve each slightest accent, as an almost sacred responsibility. Thus they loved to describe his appearance as though in this case the symmetry of form and beauty of countenance were in some mysterious way the counterpart of the spirit within, and nature had for once succeeded in making the body the transparent revelation, the harmonious accompaniment, of the immortal soul. Such was the opinion of the many, but others dissented: —

He is exceedingly portly and also very tall: in bearing one of the most commanding men of his day. He has a fine, well-proportioned head, covered with a short growth of thick dark hair, which he wears easily without careless indifference and also without dainty niceness. . . . A certain throwing of his head up and a little to one side is his most prominent gesture: and it is all the more effective that it is not strictly elegant. There is nothing in his voice, bearing, or look which can explain his almost unexampled popularity. For popular he is almost beyond precedent.

He stands in the pulpit [says another writer] smooth-faced, full-voiced, as self-reliant a man as ever occupied such a station. He indulges in few gestures; he has no mannerisms. If, under any circumstances, he might realize the popular conception of an orator, he does not betray the possibilities here. He provokes no attention to predominant spirituality by inferior vitality. There is a splendid harmony of strength, bodily and mental, which prevents the measurement of either. It is only when he is out of his desk and level with his audience that you realize his stature. In the lecture room or crowded street he stands like Saul among the people. The well-balanced head and strong shoulders draw your eyes at once. He dresses well, lives well, and holds his own decidedly in social circles. . . . His power

is not limited to his church ministrations, nor is he making himself known by some brilliant special development. It is the whole man — mentally, morally, and spiritually, leader, helper, friend — which is attaining such preëminence. But when he preaches, you are carried away to the need of men and of your own shortcomings, and have no present consciousness of the personality of the speaker. A transparent medium is the purest. You do not think of Phillips Brooks till Phillips Brooks gets through with his subject.

His manner of entering the church [says another observer] was quite peculiar. He hurried in, sweeping his left arm in long circuits and glancing quickly about and abruptly kneeling at the altar. In selecting his places in the Prayer Book he continued to glance nervously about. . . . And yet there was something even then that interested one in him and gave assurances of his sincerity. His complexion is dark, his forehead low, his face full, and his figure and motions those of an overgrown lad; and yet in spite of all and through all there is a struggling for goodness and culture. . . . The sermon was a model, rapidly delivered and yet effectively, when the preacher had advanced far enough to lose himself in it, and thrilling the hearer by every word. . . . There was apparently as little aim at effect in the preparation as in the pronouncing of the discourse, but it was exquisitely written and every sentence was a blade, though wreathed in flowers. The hearer was both transported and cut down, delighted with the rhetoric that saluted his ear and regaled his taste, and penetrated and solemnized by the truth with which he was addressed.

Another listener goes to hear him at St. Mark's, West Newton Street, one Sunday evening in midsummer, allowing an ample half hour before the appointed time, only to find the edifice already nearly filled, and the silent, steady stream of worshippers appropriating every available spot with an earnestness noticeable to the merest stranger, and this although the heat is intense and the atmosphere almost stifling.

A stranger [he continues] cannot be long in doubt of the justness of his popularity, as he enters in that unpretending manner and goes instantly to his work, without a seeming thought of anything but his duty as a worshipper. Look at the man! Would you not look at him twice in any surroundings? All our previous ideas of a pale, formal stereotyped Episcopal minister . . . are

put to flight at once and forever, as we are instantly magnetized with the man's polished energy and the spirit he infuses into every part of the service. With a physique the embodiment of perfect health, you look in vain for any symptom of the spiritualized consumptive symptoms that old-time people were wont to regard as a sure advance towards saintship. A round, full, smooth face, shadowed with massive eyebrows and lighted with eyes of richest black, not flashing but deep, his whole expression so free from guile and affectation, and every movement so full of inexhaustible vitality, that he seems to retain all the wealth of a pure, boyish nature, crystallized into perfect manhood.

Here are a few more descriptions of Phillips Brooks in the pulpit and of his manner of preaching: —

At last the order of evening prayer is concluded and the preacher mounts the turret-like pulpit. He is clad in the plain black gown, with a collar, vest, and necktie such as ordinary mortals may wear; and carries a manuscript which his eyes, intently following, scarcely leave from the smoothing out of the first page to the turning of the last. While the choir are singing the final verse of the preliminary hymn, he somewhat nervously adjusts the tablet before him to his height and the lights at his side to his eyes, and then stands motionless, gazing forth for a moment with a pleasant and rather inquiring cast of countenance over the congregation. . . . His sermon to-night is from Romans vii. 22: "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man." . . . The sermon is scarcely over thirty minutes long, but is preached with so rapid an utterance that from the lips of another it might take a third longer. It is founded upon an exegesis which is novel, but its proposition commands assent, its argument is strong, its tone is exhilarating, and one goes from it pondering the oft-repeated question, What is the secret of Phillips Brooks's preaching? Where is the hiding of his power?

When he reaches his sermon [says another observer] and plunges into his subject, as if it were a message from heaven, delivered for the first time to mortals, so fresh and earnest it is, then the real height of the man's power is reached. . . . He avoids all the old, worn grooves of reasoning, and leads you by his own routine of thought into the clearest and simplest comprehension of life's duties and God's demands. And as he is lifted by his theme into a rarefied atmosphere, and with a marvellous faith catches a glimpse of still higher summits to be reached, like a mountain climber, scaling from crag to crag, you are rapidly

borne along with him, till the worries of earth look very trifling from the crest where he pauses.

After this [according to another report] he entered the pulpit in a black gown and announced his text, Hebrews ix. 22: "Wherein was the golden pot that had manna and Aaron's rod that budded, and the table of the covenant." . . . This meagre outline can convey no idea of the richness of the sermon. . . . His style was simplicity itself. Illustration and imagery are not profuse but perfect. His power, however, is what no one less gifted than he can describe to another who has not felt it. It seems to come from a deep, personal experience which gives his message authority. . . . He has a certain great-heartedness, and a passionate, irrepressible desire to bring others to the Saviour whom he finds so precious, that people of all shades of belief, and no belief, are carried along, for the time at least, by the same enthusiasm that seems to possess him. Out of twenty or more of his sermons which we have heard, there has not been one which would have been unsuitable for a revival meeting. Whatever the subject, the central thought is always the cross of Christ — the goodness of the gospel to a sinful soul.

A stranger's earliest impressions on listening for the first time to the young preacher, whose name is already famous far beyond the limits of his own denomination, is doubtless amazement at the rapidity with which words and sentences follow each other from his lips. Utterly devoid of those pulpit mannerisms and affectations of which the world is weary, his first utterance seems to fling him body and soul into his subject. . . . It is the earnest wrestling of a brilliant intellect with great and yet simple truths, evolving new and startling conceptions, or clothing familiar thoughts with rare and subtle beauty. No written words can do justice to the varied powers of this great pulpit orator. He has the keenest analytic skill, the most charming purity of style, a wonderful grasp of glowing imagery, the most evident sincerity, the most touching pathos, and the broadest catholicity. . . . There are none of our so-called popular preachers who at all resemble Mr. Brooks, either in manner and style of delivery or in peculiarities of thought.

We have seen that Mr. Brooks puzzled the inquiring minds bent on detecting his theological bias. But according to the majority of the best opinion, his teaching was in the strict sense Evangelical. An Old School Presbyterian says: —

Writing from an "Orthodox" standpoint, your correspondent may be pardoned for expressing the joy he felt that Puritan truth is the doctrine of the preacher now most admired and sought after in degenerate Boston. It was most refreshing and hope-inspiring to hear him.

It is this compound [says another writer] of Broad Church liberality and absolute fixedness and certainty as to points of belief and faith that accounts for Mr. Brooks's wide influence in the community.

Here and there [says a writer in the Congregationalist] you will find one who thinks that the Unitarians get a little more comfort out of his preaching than he ought to give them. But there is reason for the remark that such suspicions are mostly confined to those who seldom hear his sermons, if in some instances they are not unaccompanied with what is very near akin to a professional jealousy. I have never heard but one opinion from those qualified by knowledge and impartiality to judge, and that is that the current of his preaching is strongly and warmly Evangelical.

One other testimony to his power as a preacher comes from New York, when he preached at Grace Church in the year 1870. The occasion rose at once to dignity and significance, calling for description and comment which found expression in the "Evening Post:" —

The preacher was a man of mark in every sense, and the moment you set eye upon him you asked who he was, if you did not know him before. . . . There was no look or tone of assumption in him, and in fact, until he warmed in his sermon, there was nothing in his manner to impress you with remarkable power. . . . His subject was positive religion, viewed especially in its superiority over merely negative or repressive religion. It was a strong and telling and glowing argument for the brave virtue that follows the "Spirit" above the petulant asceticism that is always fighting with the "flesh." The preacher held his congregation fixed on his words for forty minutes. We listened to him with the more attention from the fact that he is a memorable sign of the times. He seems to be run after more by young people, especially of the more cultivated class, than any other preacher, and he is the most conspicuous man now in the pulpit of Boston, — that city so renowned for its theologians. . . . It is not

difficult to discover the secret of his power, although he has not all of the conditions which have been regarded as essentials of success among his associates. He has no remarkable qualities of voice, or elocution, or gesture. He speaks and reads very rapidly and has no dramatic touches of pathos or humor. He does not abound in original metaphors or epigrammatic points, in rare classic allusions or profound philosophic distinctions. He has none of the tragedian's startling tones and attitudes, and nothing of the buffoon's grimace and merriment, which are now not unknown in the pulpit. But the power of the man lies in the fulness of his nature, his thought, his affections, his purpose, and his speech. There is a great deal of him, and he lets himself out without reserve, without affectation, without conceit, without meanness. His sermon flows from its large fountain head in full, continuous course, now in easy talk, and now in swelling volume, and now in dashing force, until it pours into the open sea under the eternal heaven, and carries you on its grand tide to its glorious vision. . . . It is a significant fact that Harvard, which has been so eminent for the cautious accuracy, careful elegance, and dainty reserve of its orators, should have sent such an unusual representative into the pulpit, and that her representative preacher now is this stalwart Broad Churchman, who preaches the humanity of Channing with the creed of Jeremy Taylor, and strikes at the shirks and shams of our day with the dashing pluck and the full blood of Martin Luther.

Space must be found for another calm, intelligent estimate of Phillips Brooks as a preacher. It was written by a Bostonian, as the extract just given was from the pen of a New Yorker, by a Unitarian who abandoned his fold to listen to him. No better statement than this was ever made: —

One word remains to be said in regard to the ministry which it has been our privilege to attend during the last winter (1869–70), listening to those impressive utterances: —

> Where all is calm and deep and grave,
> With a full soul's mature sedateness;

where the overflow of vital power, and wealth of poetic imagination, and the nameless enchantment of genius are all made tributary to an awful earnestness of soul, a solemn and tender sense of responsibility in preacher and hearer, which sends the latter away with very different emotions from those awakened by the rhetorical brilliancy, or dazzling oratory, or mere theatrical perform-

ance of whatever kind. Of three points which make this ministry especially attractive we notice, first, an extraordinary mental clearness and precision, which make every word aid in guiding the hearer straight to the point intended; which admits no redundance in its beautiful and finished expression, and, in its most glowing imagery and felicitous illustration, never gives the idea of external ornamentation, but rather deepens the impression of the truth to be conveyed as by the exposition of a purely natural analogy or preëxisting correspondence between things divine and human. And secondly, we are impressed by its rare *persuasiveness*, — a power of taking for granted assent, which almost compels it, an emphasis laid on points of agreement, rather than on those of difference, — so that we find ourselves addressed from the broad ground of a common humanity rather than from the narrow platform of doctrinal distinctions, and are led to recognize the central truths which underlie and comprehend all our diversities of opinion. But once more and including all the rest, we find in this preaching a depth of thought and purpose, a scorching analysis of character and motive, that cuts clean through the crust of conventionalism (whether of worldliness or religion), and takes us to those depths (shall we say?) or lifts us to those heights where we are set face to face with eternal realities, in whose sight the poor routine of our daily life is transfigured with new hope, made quick with grateful impulse and weighty with sacred meaning.

These testimonies all belong to the first years of Phillips Brooks's ministry in Old Trinity on Summer Street, while he was making the conquest of Boston. They may suffice to show how the city was moved at his coming. There were those of course who doubted whether it was more than a passing fashion, some of whom went to analyze or criticise but for the most part remained to pray. Those were wisest who accepted the situation as inevitable, recognizing that some strange phenomenal power was in evidence ; that this was no case of the ordinary sensational preacher, but something that was real and abiding, and as deep and mysterious as the mystery of life in this world. If it may have been hard at first for the Boston clergy to bend before such royal presence in the pulpit, they did not show it ; they demonstrated their own greatness by admitting that a greater had come among them. Still, it was a disturbing experience in

all the churches. It was a source of further disquiet that it was impossible to classify the preacher according to received canons of criticism. Those who listened in order to sit in judgment sometimes thought they had discovered the secret of his strength and again frankly admitted their failure. "His power consists in his simplicity," said one, "in his earnestness and strength, exhibited in the expression of a theology free from the narrowness and technicalities of those dogmatic schemes which make religion ridiculous and weigh it down." Another said, "Of course he has a fine intellect, but it is the warm, earnest heart guiding the intellect that gives him such influence over his hearers." Still another: "He knows what is in us all. He speaks out of the common experience and comes right to the heart of men." And again thought another: —

> His secret does not lie in his thought or his style; not in his utterance, which is rapid almost to incoherency, and marred by an awkward habit of misreading his writing, a delivery unrelieved by the charm of a musical or even a pleasant voice; but in his evident honesty of conviction, sincerity of purpose, and earnestness of desire, — he does not think of himself or of the impression he is making; also, in that he approaches men on the side of their hopefulness. He is a man of exceptionally intellectual abilities, but the moral qualities are so obvious and forceful as to make the other seem secondary.

Those who made no attempt to penetrate the secret were on the safer side. The preacher had the "vision and the faculty divine," beyond which it was impossible to go; of which Plotinus had said, as quoted by Coleridge: "It is not lawful to inquire from whence it sprang, as if it were a thing subject to place and motion, for it neither appears hither nor again departs from hence to another place; but it either appears to us or it does not appear. So that we ought not to pursue it with a view to detecting its secret source, but to watch in quiet till it suddenly shines upon us; preparing ourselves for the blessed spectacle as the eye waits patiently for the rising sun." Somewhat in this mood he was waited upon by the people. And the people in this case were

worthy of study, as was the preacher to whom they listened with rapt attention and in a wonderful stillness. They, too, have been described in these reports from which extracts have been made. It seemed to some as though the congregations were made up mostly of young men, to others as if young ladies under thirty predominated.

The packed congregations of old Trinity [says one] represent the best intellect, the most cultivated minds, as well as the richest families in Boston.

It is pleasant [says another] to see Phillips Brooks's audience and to analyze it. I had expected that it was exclusively of the more educated classes, but it is not; from the place where I sat last Sunday evening I could pick out easily enough the sewing girls, the Boston clerks, the men of leisure and of study, the poor old women with their worn and pinched and faded, but thoughtful, earnest faces; and it was a dear sight, all those classes and conditions of men riveted to the countenance of Phillips Brooks and hanging on his lips.

It was not long before the popular verdict was rendered: "Phillips Brooks's reputation is not to be church or city limited. So thoroughly genial, strong-brained, and strong-hearted a man will of necessity find a wider arena than can be shut in by any lines which local whim or habit may draw."

Somehow [says one observer] there is a feeling that he belongs to the Church and not to the Episcopal Church; that he is too large a man for the enclosure of any denomination; and that a sketch of him in the "Congregationalist" is just as pertinent as in the "Churchman."

And another writer sums up the situation with an air of finality: —

It is easy to see that Phillips Brooks has found his true sphere in Boston, and those fond souls that dream of his return to Philadelphia, disappointed with his success here, may safely put away that delusive hope. He has not been long in Boston, but Boston knows how to improve her own advantages, and Phillips Brooks is already a household deity in her complacent pantheon. Harvard has taken him under her wing, and he is already one of her magnates. Boston, secular Boston, quotes him familiarly and scarcely

remembers that he ever lived out of sight of Bunker Hill. Philadelphia appreciated and valued him. Boston appropriates and canonizes him with all the unapproachable honors of the "Cambridge set," and there is only one thing that Boston will never do with him, and that is to spoil him as an honest, earnest, fearless minister and man.

From Boston and the city churches the influence of Phillips Brooks went forth at once into the suburban towns. It soon became evident that he must belong to all the people and occupy an interdenominational position, so far as was consistent with his duties as the rector of Trinity Church. Thus during the first years of his ministry in Boston we find him preaching in Tremont Temple (Baptist), in the Hollis Street Church (Unitarian), in Music Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Union, in the Shawmut Church (Congregational); also in the large Methodist Church in Charlestown, in the Congregational Church in Salem, in the Harvard Church (Congregational), Brookline, and in the Baptist Church in Old Cambridge. But we find him also in Episcopal churches in every suburb of Boston. Three times on every Sunday he now preached as a rule, and as there were not Sundays enough to go around he preached on week-day evenings, and whenever he preached it was the event of the moment. All this was not the manifestation only of ecclesiastical courtesy, it was a personal tribute to the preacher. No other Episcopal clergyman was ever given a similar opportunity.

Among the manifestations of his larger ministry, a special place must be given to the St. John's Memorial Chapel in Cambridge. It had been one of the inducements held out to him as a reason for coming to Boston, that this new and beautiful chapel, built by the munificence of the late Robert Means Mason of Boston, for the use of the Episcopal Theological School and for Harvard students, would be put at his disposal. It had also been urged upon him by Dr. Stone, its dean, and by Dr. Francis Wharton, one of its professors, that he should have some official connection with the school; but this proposition he does not appear to

have considered. On the third Sunday evening in January, 1870, he preached for the first time in St. John's Chapel, a memorable occasion to the residents of Cambridge, for it was the beginning of a practice to be continued full seven years before it came to an end. On the third Sunday evening in every month, during all this time, he was to be found in the pulpit of the chapel, till his regular appearance became a prominent feature of Cambridge life. From the first Sunday that he preached till the last the chapel was densely packed, and with such an audience as Old Cambridge can furnish. The seating capacity was estimated at about four hundred, but a hundred camp stools were provided in the aisles and vacant spaces; the congregation, regardless of ecclesiastical etiquette, accommodated themselves in the spaces allotted to the clergy, around and beneath the pulpit, and during the sermon the doorways were thronged with eager hearers. Long before the service began people were to be seen rapidly wending their way toward Brattle Street, and were willing and glad to wait an hour in the church in order to secure their seats. It was not an Episcopal congregation, rather it was composed of those who profess and call themselves Christians and of those who do not. Professors and students of Harvard College availed themselves of the opportunity in large and increasing numbers. The spectacle was an inspiring one at Trinity Church in Boston, but hardly more inspiring or significant than that which the seat of Harvard University afforded. If Cambridge had any intellectual prestige or superiority to other academic centres, it was represented fully in those audiences, who during these years came to hear Phillips Brooks in the chapel of the Episcopal Theological School.

This was the first approach of Phillips Brooks to the students of Harvard College. He did not preach in Appleton Chapel until 1873. In the meantime, from 1870, he took a Bible class in the college, composed mostly of members of the St. Paul's Society. Among his pupils who hold this early relationship in grateful remembrance were William Lawrence, now Bishop of Massachusetts, F. W. Tompkins,

rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, and the youngest brother, John Cotton Brooks, rector of Christ Church, Springfield.

Quite as striking as this extension of his influence in ecclesiastical or religious ways was his recognition in secular Boston. He rose quickly to the place of a foremost citizen of his native town, whose presence at every civic solemnity or function seemed indispensable to its completeness. On such occasions he took his part with dignity and gravity, yet never without the sense of amusing incongruity in the formal association with great men and distinguished citizens to whom as a boy in Boston he had been accustomed to look up with reverence. The child in him was perpetuated in the consciousness of manhood's obligations. Thus in February, 1871, he was present at a meeting in Music Hall whose aim was to awaken public interest in a scheme for the erection of a museum of fine arts, "when a distinguished array of leading citizens occupied seats upon the platform." Among the speakers were Ralph Waldo Emerson and Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Brooks in his remarks maintained that this was a thing of the people and for the people. He pictured clearly the state of the popular mind with regard to an art museum. There was a certain hardness and want of development in American character on its æsthetic side; an art museum would awaken those large ideas of life and nature which nothing but the art feeling can awake, — a boundless good, the new feeling of unworldliness, and the artistic sense it would create. The passion of our people to go abroad, when we have so much natural beauty at home, was not strange; man needs man's as well as nature's work, and hence Americans flock to the galleries of the Old World. He spoke of what he gained as a Boston boy in the Latin School out of the old room which contained the wonderful casts of Laocoön and Apollo. He thought that an art museum would help every minister in Boston in the effort to lift the people crushed by the dead weight of worldliness to higher things. He spoke [says the reporter] with more than his usual earnestness and eloquence, and was frequently applauded.

He was present as chaplain at the third reunion of the

Army of the Potomac in 1871, an occasion which brought together Generals Meade, Hooker, Fairchild, Burnside, Logan, Sheridan, and Pleasanton. In introducing Mr. Brooks, General Meade spoke of the eminent services he had rendered during the war, not only by his eloquence in the pulpit, but by his ministrations in the hospitals to the sick and dying. He attended a large meeting at Music Hall in commemoration of Italian unity, and spoke, together with Dr. Hedge and Mr. E. P. Whipple. He was the chaplain of the Bunker Hill Monument Association at its meeting on June 17, 1871, and in the fall of this year he officiated in the same capacity, making the prayer at the laying of the corner stone of Memorial Hall of Harvard University. When the Grand Duke Alexis visited Boston in 1872, the festivities were concluded with a banquet at the Revere House, at which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop presided, and speeches were made by the governor and mayor, by President Eliot, and by Messrs. Lowell, Dana, and Hillard. Mr. Winthrop, who introduced Mr. Brooks, spoke of him as already a power in the community, as welcome to social and public occasions as he is valued as a pastor. Mr. Brooks, in his remarks, dwelt on this feature in Russian history, how all Russian life and government were everywhere pervaded with religion, — a religion different from ours, which had yet a great work to do in the world. He described the growth of the Græco-Russian Church, claiming that the great work it had done for civilization should be recognized. America and Russia were the two young nations of the world with none of the taint or stain of age. "The youth of the guest was the fit expression of the hopefulness, the large mysterious future which was before his country and his dynasty."

In 1872 he preached the sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company at its two hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary. The sermon, afterwards published, was a notable one, from the text in Revelation xii. 7: "And there was war in heaven." It was characteristic of Mr. Brooks that though he hated war as an evil, and denounced its cru-

elty and inhumanity, yet when it came to representative occasions, he took a different view and subordinated personal feeling: —

> Force has a divine mission. It was not to be invoked save for divine tasks, never for the mere brutalities of selfishness, or ambition, or jealousy, or worldly rage, or for the mere punctilios of national dignity. So far as war had justification in a principle it was this, — that what men think and what men feel should incorporate itself in action. The late civil war was not the manifestation of the military passion, but the passion of civil life, the passion of home, the passion of education, the passion of religion. It was not war but peace that fought, strange as the paradox may seem. This was the claim by which our republic may, with no unreasonable pride, boast to stand among nations as Washington among men, First in war, first in peace; first in war *because* first in peace.

One other remarkable occasion at which he officiated was known as the Peace Jubilee, when Boston commemorated in 1872 the reign of universal peace by erecting a vast temporary edifice known as the Coliseum. Although the music to be furnished by a choir consisting of several thousands of voices, with a correspondingly large orchestra, was the principal attraction, yet it was thought becoming at the formal opening to have a religious service, and Phillips Brooks was invited to make the prayer.

There were opportunities, however, to take part in civic solemnities which he declined. Such was the invitation by the city of Boston to deliver the oration on the Fourth of July in 1871. He drew a distinction between the pulpit and the rostrum, between the sermon and the oration or lecture, invariably declining to lecture, in spite of the inducements pressing and attractive which were offered him. The familiar New England Lyceum still existed, and Mr. Redpath, its once famous manager, knew well the value of Phillips Brooks. There had been a time when Mr. Brooks would have welcomed such an opportunity. It was one of his boyhood's ideals. That he had come to some resolution to abide by the limitations of the pulpit, if limitations they were, is most evident; in this he was wise, and here lay also one source of his power, that

he confined and concentrated his energies in one direction. For the ministry is the most jealous of all professions, and the pulpit tolerates no rival. It would have been very easy at this moment for him to have been distracted from his profession, drawn off into lines of literary activity where he must have excelled, because he had for them a native aptitude. Thus he was received into literary circles in Boston as a peer among men who had won world distinction. But when he was urged to domesticate himself in Boston as a man of literature, as by the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," the invitation was declined and the temptation put behind him. Whatever he did must have its close relation to preaching; it was the preacher who was speaking at the civil functions which have been described; he could not talk or write without preaching.

The services of Mr. Brooks were immediately demanded in behalf of philanthropic institutions and charitable occasions. Every movement for reform requested his assistance. Without identifying himself with any special cause he gave his support to every effort which aimed to secure the greatest good of humanity. The list is a long one of organizations to which he lent his presence and sympathy in these earlier years, — the Boston Fatherless and Widows' Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Boston Humane Society, the Children's Friend Society, the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, the Society for Discharged Female Prisoners, the Idiots' School Corporation, the Consumptives' Home, General Armstrong's Hampton School in the South for the education of negroes. At religious anniversaries he was wanted, even the Free Religious Society feeling that his presence would not be amiss in their gatherings. Equally on special occasions in his own church was he called to speak, — before the Margaret Coffin Prayer Book Society, the Episcopal Church Association, the American Church Missionary Society. It was with a peculiar felicitousness and distinctive freshness and power that he met these situations, as shown in the reports of his remarks which invariably followed in the press.

Amidst these many appeals to his sympathy the cause of children and of young people was most near his heart, or seemed to be. The two organizations of the Young Men's Christian Union and the Young Men's Christian Association possessed him as if he were exclusively their own. And these are included in the great scheme of educational institutions with which from the first, and through all his later years, he allowed himself to be identified as he did with no other cause, his relations with schools and colleges and theological seminaries constantly increasing, and growing always more influential, tender, and intimate. One might think that this was a compensation to him for his own exclusion from the work of a teacher, which in his early life he had chosen for a profession. There was something extraordinary in the way in which schools and seminaries and colleges looked to him as the one man to give the fitting word for both scholars and teachers. He knew how to address them from within their own sphere. This could not have been unless he had shown some special enthusiasm for the cause of education or insight into its methods, and above all a sacred reverence for the work it was doing. In great measure it was his by inheritance and by no effort of his own. But so it was that from the time he came to Boston he proved the teachers' ally and friend, and there was a spontaneity in the action of educational institutions and agencies who sought his aid as by infallible instinct. Thus in 1870 he was elected an overseer of Harvard College. In 1871 he was appointed on the State Board of Education, in which capacity he visited annually the normal schools of Massachusetts. He went to Vassar College where he made an address; to Andover where he spoke to the pupils of the Abbott Academy on "Methods of Instruction Human and Divine," "and the address was like the author, noble, affectionate, and winning;" he was chosen to make the address at the dedication of the new building of the Bradford Academy, and his subject was "The Personal Character of Force and Truth." He gave another address at Mr. Gannett's School in Boston at its closing exercises. As an overseer at Harvard, he was one of the

Board of Visitors at the Harvard Divinity School, and he soon came into close relations with the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. He still retained his position as a trustee of the Philadelphia Divinity School, giving to it his most loyal affection and support. In 1870 he went to Philadelphia to preach before its alumni. To these many addresses he brought the same careful and elaborate preparation. He was maturing his distinctive principle, which was afterwards to appear in books in more impressive and final form. He could not visit school or college, or come in contact with the educational process in any of its stages, without asking himself the fundamental question of his own youthful preparation, How is the power of ideas to be brought to bear upon the will? The question of education was only in another form the problem of the pulpit. Thus in one of his note-books he gives hints of the thoughts passing through his mind: —

> The whole educational idea needs revision and is getting it. All these years there have been a few influences called education, but others have been doing a large part of the work. The man at thirty, what has made him what he is? Now these are things claiming recognition. The question is how far they can be brought into the methods of a school, and how far a general basis can be found common to all trades. There is hope of this to some extent.

CHAPTER II

1869–1872

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE AND FROM NOTE-BOOKS. SOCIAL LIFE. THE SUMMER ABROAD. FORMATION OF THE CLERICUS CLUB. DESTRUCTION OF TRINITY CHURCH IN THE BOSTON FIRE

We have seen how Phillips Brooks was received in Boston, what impression was made by his preaching, and how diversified was his activity during the first three years of his ministry at Trinity Church. We now turn to the more personal side of his life, to the impression Boston made upon him. What hints may be gathered about the man himself, who, while he threw a flood of light upon the souls of others, still always remained in and with himself alone, guarding, as it seemed, the shrine of his personality from the gaze of those who fain would know him in conventional ways.

His manner at this time was marked by the signs of exuberant vitality; he appeared to have a larger degree of life and of health than other men possess, and a boundless hopefulness. He went up and down on his missions or in his social relations with a certain power of arousing or of exciting all with whom he came in contact. His capacity for trifling, his talent for nonsense, had not diminished by the change from Philadelphia to Boston. In the photograph which best represents him at this period there is a look of profound inward peace and contentment, but withal an amused smile, as the commentary on what he was observing. It is the eye of one who, reading others and studying the secrets of their hearts, does not impart the secret of his own life in casual conversation. In this respect he could be almost exasperating. Those who felt disposed to hold

serious discourse with him, such as they deemed becoming to his office, were disappointed when a question called for an answer revealing the inner life. He met them frankly and with the utmost kindness, with so great charm of manner that they felt drawn to him by an irresistible impulse; but when they undertook to sound him upon opinions which would betray his inward nature, he was like a young colt watching for the first sign of harness or halter; in a moment he had vanished in quick flight to the remotest corner of the field, and to follow him, to come near him again, was impossible. The passion for freedom, the refusal to be entangled or betrayed until he knew his ground and was sure of absolute sincerity, was his marked characteristic. But if one would be content with an hilarity which played upon life and shook together its various elements as in the pictures of a kaleidoscope, then he would meet him upon more than equal terms. His bearing seemed to indicate a man who had never known sorrow or disappointment in cherished hopes, to whom life appeared as enchanted ground, who wore the crown of the victor, and possessed some subtle power of transforming all situations into victories. And yet it had been no slight experience which had transplanted him from Philadelphia to Boston. Though he loved Boston with all his heart, and had done so from his childhood, yet it was like the love of a child for its home, to whom other homes may appear more attractive, richer in the fascinations of life. It took him several years before he ceased to hunger for Philadelphia. Intensely tenacious as he was of old friendships, and slow in forming new ones, there was something almost unnatural in severing the sacred ties which bound him to a hundred homes in the city he had left behind. It looked almost like disloyalty or treachery to the hearts which loved him and sorrowed for his departure that he should begin at once to create new ties in Boston homes, in a perfunctory, ministerial manner. It was long before he entirely outlived this feeling. Indeed he never quite outgrew it. Philadelphia remained the city of joy and beauty; it stood for the romance of life, the home of his immortal youth.

Thus hardly had he reached Boston in the fall of 1869, when he returned to Philadelphia for a flying visit. He writes to Miss Mitchell, November 7, 1869: —

I am afraid I shall be dreadfully jealous of any one who steps into my place at Holy Trinity in spite of my great desire to see it filled, which is very unreasonable and womanly in me of course, but natural. I am seeing my people and like them very much indeed. There are many more young people among them than I had supposed. I do not feel as much as I expected the embarrassment of old associations.

Before Christmas he made a brief visit to Philadelphia, and on his return he writes to Miss Mitchell, December 24, 1869: —

My visit was very bright and pleasant. I cannot tell you how pleasant it is to sink out of the strain and tension of this new life into the long-tried friendship of my few kind friends. Two weeks from to-night I shall be at your board again. Till then I am impatient. We have had a Christmas Tree at Trinity this afternoon, which went off very nicely. Christmas has been as pleasant as strangers could make it.

To his brother Arthur, who asked him as the year 1869 was closing whether he was satisfied that he had done right in coming to Boston, he answered that he would prefer to wait and tell him at the end of another year.

His correspondence with Miss Mitchell, which runs through the first five years after his coming to Boston, enables us to trace the external events of his life with the advantage of his own comment. But he rarely goes much beneath the surface of things, and the extracts from this correspondence which follow need to be supplemented from other sources, in order to a completer knowledge of the man.

Oh, that they would get a rector! The sight of the parish the other day convinced me how much they needed one to step in just now and take the loose reins. All is ready to run as steadily and vigorously as ever, but with a little longer delay there will be degeneracy and dropping to pieces, which will be hard to repair. McVickar cannot come, and they will not settle on him; why can't they call Willie Huntington? (December 31, 1869.)

Trinity is doing beautifully, the church is full, the lecture on Wednesday evenings is crowded, we are just starting a mission, our collections have doubled what they were, the people have a mind to work. There is no opposition worth speaking of to the idea of a new church, and we shall get it very soon. If anybody says that I am disappointed in Boston, tell them from me it is not so. I knew just what to expect, and I have found just what I expected. Last Sunday evening I preached for the first time at Cambridge at the new chapel. It was crowded mostly with students, and all went off very well. I am to go there once a month. (January 20, 1870.)

The thing that dissatisfies me most this winter is the way I have had to live and work. I have read nothing for three months, and though I have had a very pleasant time indeed, yet three months is a big slice to take clean out of one's life and give away. But things will be better in this respect by and by, and meanwhile I am getting a whole shelf full of books that I mean to read in that golden day which is always just ahead when I have leisure enough. (January 24, 1870.)

The dreadful certainty of some people grows terrible to me, and the more sure I grow of what we ought to *do* and of what we are in the world for, the more dreadful it seems to have dropped anchor in the midstream and fancy we are at our journey's end. As to "where they will bring up" I 'm sure I don't know, but I fancy somebody does. . . . "I see my way as birds their trackless way. I shall arrive. What time, what circuit *first*, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive. He guides me and the bird. In His good time." (January 27, 1870.)

I have been dining at Mr. Charles Perkins's. Mr. and Mrs. Brimmer, Longfellow, and Tom Appleton were there. It was pleasant and easy. The Perkinses have endless pictures and art things of all sorts. Mr. Appleton I like exceedingly, for he is not merely bright, but generous and kind and simple. (February 10, 1870.)

I find my winter's record runs into a dreadful statement of whom I have seen, not what I have read or what I have done. It has been a winter of acquaintance-making. I know some five hundred people that I did n't know in October, and that is all. Except as a very general sort of basis for future work it is not very satisfactory. Lent is just upon us, and while it is a time that one would like to spend with a people that I know better than I yet know these Trinity folks, yet I shall enjoy it with

them. We are to have our usual services, just as we used to at Holy Trinity, and besides, I have undertaken what I expect to be very much interested in, a Bible class for Lent in college at Cambridge, where there are a good many young men who desire it, and who came and asked me for it. . . . I can't tell you how much I am depending on my next visit to Philadelphia. . . . I am writing on Monday morning, when I am giving myself a little indulgence after a hard day yesterday. (February 28, 1870.)

Have you read Emerson's new volume [Letters and Social Aims]? How delightful it is! I speak not from the point of a Bostonian, but with the mouth of absolute humanity. Is n't it delightful to have a creature so far outside of all our ordinary toss and tumble, describing life as if it were a smooth, intelligible, well-oiled machine, running along without noise on the planet Jupiter, and seen by him with a special telescope and then described to us, instead of being this jarring, jolting, rattling old coach, which almost drives us crazy with its din, and won't be greased into silence? It 's a capital calm book to read at night before you go to bed, but I don't think it would go in the morning right after breakfast, with the day's work before you. (March 9, 1870.)

This is Tuesday. Do you remember the old Tuesdays? For five years I think we hardly missed once, when we were all in town, of going to Race Street, and eating our dinner together, with a long talk afterwards. How completely that is over now. Mrs. Cooper gone, and Cooper in Palestine; and Strong and Richards, who were part of us for a while, in Kenyon and Providence; and I here. You hold the field alone. Now and then of a Tuesday it all comes over me with a little swash of blue. (March 22, 1870.)

Last night I had my Cambridge class again. There were fifty young men there. I am intensely interested in it. It is the most inspiring and satisfactory teaching in the world. (March 29, 1870.)

Have you read Disraeli's new novel? I like it ever so much. It is full of such swell people. One lives with dukes and duchesses in a way that delights me with mild snobbishness. (May 26, 1870.)

Have you read Kent Stone's story [The Invitation Heeded] of his conversion? As an appeal it seems to me powerful, as an argument weak. It may touch some people strongly. Poor fel-

low! there is something dreadfully sad in a man telling himself and the world over and over again that he is happy, as he does for so many hundred pages. (June 8, 1870.)

On June 28 he sailed for Europe, where he had planned to spend the summer in a pedestrian trip through Switzerland and the Tyrol. He landed at Cherbourg, and after a few days at Paris went to Geneva, to be joined there by his friend Cooper. They were disturbed by rumors of war between France and Germany, but were soon out of reach of telegraph, and for some days knew nothing of the truth. They first realized the existence of war by its interference with the Miracle Play at Ober-Ammergau, which Brooks had counted upon seeing, the one great human interest for which he sighed in the midst of the wonders of nature. As to the war, he regarded it as wicked and unnecessary. His sympathies were with Germany, while France seemed to him insolent and arrogant beyond herself. After some four weeks of tramping in Switzerland, face to face with Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, he went down into Italy and thence into the Tyrol, which was new to him. Almost every day saw a good many miles of walking accomplished. He was a restless traveller, uneasy unless at work and seeing something new. His interest and enthusiasm in natural scenery were excited to the highest degree, but he never failed to be touched by the contact of nature with humanity. The scenery he describes as gorgeous, the towns as picturesque. Ischl "is one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth." "We drove through the valley of Salza, till far up among the hills we came to the very beautiful watering place of the Austrians, Bad Gastein. It is lovely as a dream, just a deep mountain gorge, with a wild cataract playing down through it and splendid mountains towering above." Here stray rumors reached him of the terrible war, with the unexpected defeat of the French, which had thrown all Europe into confusion. Of Meran he writes to his brother Frederick: "Cleveland is pretty, but this is prettier. A lovely old valley with vineyards at its bottom, and running up to the tops of the high hills that shut it in.

Old castles and modern chateaux looking down from every side, and in the midst this queer old town, with peasants in their picturesque Sunday clothes strolling back and forth over the ridge that crosses the little Adige, and an Italian sky and sunlight over everything." From Meran to Innsbruck, then over the Stelvio Pass, "the grandest in Europe," till they came to Bormio, "as pretty a little spot as there is to be found anywhere."

One of the chief drawbacks he experienced in travelling was the shortness of the beds. He writes to Frederick, "You and I are too long; you will have an awful time with the beds when you come into these parts." He speaks of having escaped from bed at an untimely hour, "because I could not stretch out straight or make the narrow bedclothes come over me." He was in Paris on the 28th of August, having met with no obstacles in getting there, though under constant apprehension. The city was still gay, even when the Prussians were believed to be only two or three days distant and the memorable siege was impending. Again he was in Paris on the 5th of September, "too busy and exciting a day to write; there was a bloodless revolution, and we went to bed last night under a republic. I saw the whole thing, and was much interested in seeing how they make a government here."

MERAN, TYROL, August 14, 1870.

MY DEAR WEIR, — Cooper and I have been spending a week among the Dolomite Mountains in the very heart of Tyrol, and we have wished so often that you were with us that I have been much put in mind of you all the week, and now that we have climbed up into this nest of vineyards for Sunday, I am going to do what I have meant to do ever since we got among the hills, and write a report of myself. The hills have been too many for me. They have piled in by the hundreds and buried my best intentions of letter-writing, — hills of all sorts, big and little, Swiss and Tyrolean, grassy and snowy, with glaciers and without glaciers, each sort always fiercer than the sort before it, and last of all these wonderful Dolomites, perhaps the most wonderful thing in the way of mountains that I have ever seen. They lie in a vast group to the east of the Great Brenner road and to the south of the Puster, that which runs through Tyrol from west to

east. The great Ampezzo road into Italy runs right through their midst. They shoot up singly or in vast groups and ranges, sheer masses of rock, black, red, or dazzling white, three, four, five thousand feet into the sky, with tops indescribably broken into spires and towers and castles, with great buttresses against their sides and acres of snow upon their sloping roofs. Between the groups, right from their very feet, start down the most exquisite steep, green valleys overrunning with luxuriant cultivation, with picturesque villages clinging to their sides, and wild brooks brawling along their bottoms. From valley to valley you climb over steep meadowy passes standing between two of the giants at the top. Everywhere grand views are opening of the great Marmolata, which is the King of all these mountains with his miles of snow. The constant contrast of wild, rugged majesty with the perfect softness and beauty of the valleys is very fascinating. The mountains get their name, oddly enough, from a certain M. Dolomieu. He did n't make them, but some years ago he first discovered what they were made of. I believe it is some peculiar preparation of magnesia. I wonder if some day a metaphysician, or, if the materialist people are right, a physician, of the future finds out at last what this human nature of ours is made of, whether the whole race will be named over again for him and we shall all have to be called by his name forever and ever. How the mountains must have laughed, or frowned, at the poor little Frenchman who said, "I have found out that you are magnesia, and so you must be called Dolomites eternally."

These southern Tyroleans are very interesting people. There is a pleasant mixture of German and Italian in their character, as there is in their dress and language and look. They are very cheerful and very industrious, the men handsome and many of the young women pretty. Their beds are short and the bread is awful, but they always give you your candle with a "May you sleep well," and tell you that dinner is ready with a "May you dine well," that makes the footboard seem a little softer and the bread not quite so musty. If you are unfortunate enough to sneeze, the whole country takes off its hat and "God bless you" resounds from every Dolomite in the land. Here on Sunday they are sunning themselves in the pleasant gardens of the Meran, looking as picturesque as possible with their tall hats and red jackets and big green suspenders and great embroidered belts and bare knees and black breeches. They are thoroughly hospitable, and help a fellow out with his imperfect vocabulary by generally knowing just what he wants, or at any rate what it is best for him to have. If you could see the route that Cooper and I have come

over, you would know that a very little German can go a great way in Tyrol.

Meanwhile this disheartening war goes on, and we hear of it at intervals in the mountains. These Austrians hate both sides so thoroughly that any news of battle is welcome to them because one side is beaten and some of their enemies are killed. The great battle of last week and the unexpected rout of the French has changed the look of things. With Paris in his rear already sizzling with revolution and the Prussian cavalry afront of Metz, it does seem possible that this war may be the suicide of the wretch who has brought it on with all its horrors so needlessly and wickedly. It seems to me that nothing could make one so despondent about human nature and the world who was inclined that way as just such a war as this coming at this time of the day in history.

Cooper sends you his love and wishes you had been with us among these Dolomites. The poor fellow is groaning over a letter in the next room. He and I are alone now. Newton was with us for ten days, and I liked him exceedingly. We go hence by Innsbruck, then by the Finstermünz and Stelvio passes into Italy. Then through the Engadine north again, and I go to Paris if I can get there. I sail on the 10th of September. I hope to find at Innsbruck the letter you promised me from the Pictured Rocks. I hope you have had a good summer. God bless you always.[1] P. B.

The following extracts are from Mr. Brooks's letters to Miss Mitchell after his return from Europe: —

I got in New York Stanley's new volume of Essays, some of which I have seen before, but all of which are interesting. There is an essay on the "Religion of the Nineteenth Century" which is the best statement I have seen of the characteristics and prospects of what we call the "Broad Church" movement. Do read it. His views about Church and State I can't agree with, but it is the only strong ground on which an Englishman can put the question, and for all Englishmen must have weight. What capital English he always writes? I send you a number of the Harvard boys' paper with an account of Mr. Hughes's visit to them, which was very pleasantly done. I missed seeing him at Mr. Fields's by my Pennsylvania visit. (October 17, 1870.)

[1] Cf. *Letters of Travel*, by Phillips Brooks, for fuller details of this and other journeys abroad.

I am reading Huxley's new "Lay Sermons." How clever it is, how much the man knows, and how brilliantly he writes. But it is like most Small Books on Great Subjects, most books for the people that popularize science. It is patronizing and mince-meaty, and he is particularly belligerent about the theologians in a way that does not do credit to his discrimination or temper. . . . It does not seem as if it could be only a year ago that I preached my last sermon in Holy Trinity, and we all travelled together to New York the next morning. It seems a half dozen years at least. My first year here in Boston has been on the whole successful. I have done as much with Trinity as I had any right to expect to do, and we are on a footing now to do more. But it has not been the pleasant life that the old one was, and while there has been much to enjoy, there has been more anxiety and worry than ever was of old. But I dare say I shall like it better. Meanwhile don't think I am blue. (November 10, 1870.)

I don't feel theological this morning. It is too near Christmas, which always upsets theology entirely. I have never been able to write a Christmas sermon yet that was in the least a theological satisfaction to me or anybody else. So we 'll put the questions on the shelf till next week. I am so glad that Christmas is coming, and yet I hardly know why. This is the only day whose associations have much power over me. I don't care a great deal about Anniversaries, but Christmas, with its whole spirit, into which we all seem to slip so easily year after year, is exceedingly beautiful to me, and, as I go about the streets, the details in these few days beforehand, which are vulgar enough in themselves, — men mounting up spruce boughs in churches and men carrying home turkeys by the legs, — all give me ever so much pleasure. And I like it more and more as I get older. (December 23, 1870.)

The smallpox was prevailing in Philadelphia, and Mr. Brooks writes to Miss Mitchell, inviting her to Boston: —

We will take good care of you in our cold-blooded sort of way, and when the pestilence is over, you shall return to your home with an increased measure of that respectable dislike with which Bostonians are always gratified to think that the rest of the country regards them. Have you read Dickens's "Life," and is n't he a disagreeable person and is n't it an ill-written book? (January 6, 1871.)

The Lecture (Wednesday evening) did n't go very well. The night is stormy, and though I don't care much for a full audience for the name of the thing, I need it for inspiration, and when I see a small audience I lose the impersonalness of the thing. I think of individuals and that always puts me out. I was talking about the visit of Zebedee's children and their mother to Jesus, and am much interested in the subject. But it never is yet the same thing talking in Trinity that it used to be in the old time speaking from the dear old platform. (January 11, 1871.)

I have been quite stirred upon the subject of prophecy in writing a sermon for last Sunday on Cephas. I am quite convinced that there were two Isaiahs. . . . Queer people come to consult me here. To-day there was a man who had been to England and got into some set of fanatics there and come home calling himself a Christadelphian. To-morrow, like as not it will be a skeptic of the widest incredulity. (January 18, 1871.)

One evening this week I had my Cambridge boys, the fifteen senior members of the St. Paul's Society, in at my room to spend the evening with me, a noble set of fellows, manly and true, and helped instead of hurt by their religion. I take great pleasure in them. (February 3, 1871.)

Are n't you glad that Paris is taken? I was reading last night one of Robertson's Lectures on Poetry, with its extravagant glorification of war, which is so amazing in a right-minded man like him. It seems to have been the last remnant of brutality in a nature which had been almost everywhere cultured and refined far above it. But who can look at the last ten years on both continents and not call war horrible? Let us trust this one is over. Good must come of it, horrible as the process is. Whoever was to blame for it, we surely can't help being thankful that Prussia and not France is to be the master in Europe. (February 13, 1871.)

This is one of the evenings when I wish myself in Philadelphia; not that anything particular is the matter with Boston, but I have an evening to myself and I am tired of reading, and there is nobody in particular that I can go and see without its being a visit, which I don't feel up to. Nobody's house where I can go and smoke and be pleasantly talked to, and answer or not, as I please. I know one such house in another town where I don't live any longer. But I am not there, and I must make the best of it. (March 7, 1871.)

As to English Church matters, I am thoroughly content with the Voysey decision, and I think the Convocation debate about (Vance) Smith disgraceful. It is published in full in the "Guardian." Bishop Wilberforce is worse in his way than any . . . can be. The American bishops too, it seems, went with them. (March 15, 1871.)

I am having a very good time, with plenty of loose reading and the days only half long enough for what I find to do. This evening I have been reading Tyndale's new book of Alpine stories, which is very charming, bringing back the fascination of that wonderful country and exciting one as all such accounts of venturesome climbing unaccountably do. The style is charming, and the man, with his splendid health and enjoyment of nature and his current of sentiment, is delightful. (July 25, 1871).

Are all Hutton's Essays like the one which I have just been reading, republished by Dr. Osgood in New York? It is on the "Incarnation and the Laws of Evidence," and shows a breadth and purity and devoutness of mind which gives one great delight. I would rather have a Unitarian read it than any book I know; and if one thinks that Broad Churchmanship is necessarily hard or indifferent of the Whately or the —— style, nothing could better convince him otherwise than the warmth and earnestness of this little book, which has so evidently come out of a man's soul. (August 10, 1871.)

The summer of 1871 was spent in Boston. He seems to have adopted the rule, though it was not invariable, of taking the alternate summers abroad. Throughout the summer he preached regularly at Trinity Church in the morning, and at St. Mark's, West Newton Street, in the evening. Both churches were free to strangers, and it is needless to say were filled.

The summer still continues very beautiful, cool and pleasant, and I have enjoyed the leisure of the town exceedingly. But I am already looking forward and counting on my visit to you in the fall. I shall enjoy it immensely, and you will be obliging and talk to me as much as I want to know. From that I shall take the fresh start into another winter which everybody needs, and which is mainly what one loses by keeping at work all summer. "All life is tidal," as Tom Appleton said to me on the street just now, and went on to tell me how the other creatures as

well as we needed ebb and flow and got it somehow at regular periods of their life. So I shall be high tide about the last of October. (August 13, 1871.)

I have been reading Browning's new poem, and I could n't help feeling vaguely all the while that there was a sort of story in it of the way that other men lose their wives nowadays, only not always with the better fruit of widowhood. The poem seems to me, by the way, very fine and beautiful, more tender and human, than almost anything that Browning has ever given us before. (August 22, 1871.)

Miss —— was staying at the Vintons' (at Pomfret), and when I was coming up, as I had to do on Wednesday, to attend a funeral, I had the privilege of her company all the way to town. She was delightful, full of brightness and information and fun, not in the least formidable to people of imperfect cultivation, with all that is best and apparently nothing of what is worst in women. . . .

On Thursday I had an hour with Mrs. ——, which was as good as a walk in the Alps for freshness and healthfulness. There is nothing like her in Boston, and remember we are to have an evening there when I am with you in Philadelphia whatever else may fail. (September 7, 1871.)

Have you read Joaquin Miller which is brilliant in color and very picturesque sometimes, and not by any means our great poet yet. (September 16, 1871.)

The old round of parish duties, which I have gone to afresh every autumn for twelve years, has opened again, and I have been rather surprised at myself to find that I take it up with just as much interest as ever. I suppose that other men feel it of their occupations, but I can hardly imagine that any other profession can be as interesting as mine. I am more and more glad that I am a parson.

I wonder if the autumn is as splendid with you as it is here. I spent last night at Waltham (at the country house of Mr. R. T. Paine), and this morning got an hour's walk before I came into town. I never saw anything lovelier than the woods, just touched with autumn color. The whole of September has been a perfect month, and next month when the glory of it is beginning to fade I shall get over it again with you in Philadelphia. (September 25, 1871.)

It is very good of you to think so kindly of my visit. It was a very delightful time to me, and if you really enjoyed it all I am

truly glad. How delightfully lazy it was, and Boston seems so driven and hurried. People here seem possessed to do something without much care for what they do. The mere passion of restlessness is in the Yankee blood and partly in the East winds. (November 11, 1871.)

I have two of your letters to one of mine, which is a good deal more than it was worth, but is very pleasant to me. I do not find that people ever are troubled at getting more than their deserts.

It is my birthday and I am thirty-six years old. It seems a little strange but not unpleasant, and although I have had a pretty time indeed so far and would be glad to go back and do it all over again, yet I am not miserable that I cannot, and I am still rather absurdly hopeful about the future. To have passed out of young manhood altogether and find myself a middle-aged man is a little sobering, but I only hope that all the young fellows who come after me will have as good a time as I have had. . . . We have been seeing the Russian Grand Duke, who appears to be a fine, manly, sensible fellow. (December 13, 1871.)

It is rather strange how freshly and delightfully the Christmas feelings come back year after year. And yet it is ten years ago the first Sunday in January, 1872, since I became your minister at Holy Trinity. I have had an awfully uneventful life. Things happen to other people, but not to me.

I am ashamed to look back over any day, though I was never busier in my life. It seems made up of such wretched little details, and yet I would n't be anything else but a parson for the world. I wonder often that the work keeps up such a perpetual freshness when the days are so monotonous.

I know nothing of the grace of sickness. It seems to me terrible, the whole idea of suffering, but even more of weakness and weariness. (January 16, 1872.)

Last Sunday I spent at New Haven, and enjoyed it exceedingly. Stayed with Dr. Harwood, who is a fine, studious Broad Churchman; preached for him in the morning, and in the evening preached in his church for the Berkeley Association of Yale College. The church was crowded, and Congregational professors sat in the chancel. I had never seen Yale College before, and was interested in its size and life. It is not equal to Cambridge, but it is a great college still. . . . Have you read Lightfoot's "Commentary on Philippians"? Do get it and read the "Essay on the Christian Ministry." It does seem to me to finish the Apostolic Succession Theory completely. (January 19, 1872.)

The California plan is not settled yet, but I think I shall go. . . . Though it would be folly to talk about being run down, I am conscious of having been on the strain rather too long. I have preached twice every Sunday, and generally three times, since I got home from Europe, a year ago last September. I am preaching badly, and the trip will do me more good now than at any other time. (February 7, 1872.)

I don't think that parsons really are so bad. I suspect that they are human, and I see but little evidence practically of Apostolic Succession, but I think there are not many who would refuse to see a smallpox patient, or who would give up parish visiting because the smallpox was in town. . . . McVickar was here on Sunday and preached a good hearty sort of sermon for me in the afternoon. They are talking about him for St. Paul's here. I went out on Sunday evening to preach the first of a course of sermons for the St. Paul's Society at Cambridge. Going there is one of the most interesting things I have to do. (February 21, 1872.)

I get so tired of talking with tongue and pen that I don't feel equal to hearing myself in one unnecessary word. To-day, for instance, I have preached a Price Lecture, and attended two funerals, and carried on a Mission meeting among our poor folk, and had a regular Wednesday Evening meeting (lecture). I am sure that I shall hear my own dreary voice reading the service in my dreams. Do go and hear Miss Smith and tell me about her. The old Methodist idea of perfection, which I fancy has always more or less believers, is just now quite a favorite notion. There are several meetings held here in its interest. I have just got a note from Rev. Copley Greene, who wants me to dine to-morrow with Rev. John Hubbard, who is a great believer in it; and Mr. Boardman of the "Higher Christian Life," Bishop Eastburn, and Dr. Vinton, and Willie Newton are to be there, — a jolly dinner party. . . . I have been looking through Hawthorne's "Italian Diary," — an interesting book that it would have been wicked to publish, if it had not been the work of a man who took delight in dissecting himself in public. (March 6, 1872.)

I am very busy. My Confirmation class is to be large, and gives me much thought, but it is very interesting. Last Sunday Dr. Harwood preached for me in the morning, and preached well. He gave a noble sermon to the College boys at Cambridge in the evening. (March 22, 1872.)

I have been reading a new book, which is a rare thing with me

nowadays. This one delights me exceedingly. It is Dr. Sears' book on St. John (The Fourth Gospel, the Heart of Christ). Do get it and enjoy it. It is so rich and true and wise. All that he has written before is excellent, but this is best of all. I have a copy of his "Regeneration," which you gave me once. . . . Have you read the "Life of Hookham Frere?" It is very interesting. Some of his translations are wonderfully well done. (March 28, 1872.)

I have perfected my plans for Europe now. The 27th of June is the day, and Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are the places, with possibly a little of Scotland thrown in. Judge Gray goes with me. We shall represent to Norwegians that we are insignificant specimens of the American size, and I shall tell them that they ought to see two giants we have at home, called —— and ——, if they want to see the true grandeur of the American pulpit. (April 6, 1872.)

I was very much disappointed that Weir refused to go. I had dared to hope that he might look favorably upon our plan. . . . I suppose it is one of the small compensations that my lonely life brings with it, that having nobody but myself to provide for, I can now and then get a chance like this. A few of the folks of Trinity surprised and embarrassed me a little the other day with a check for $3300 to go with. A week ago my friend Edward Dalton died in California. Did you ever see him? He married a cousin of Mary McBurney's. He was one of the noblest and best and bravest men I have ever known, and death has not often come nearer me than in his loss. His life for the last three or four years has been one of the saddest things I ever knew of. Wife, child, and health all went at once, and it has been a mere fight for life, as brave and cheerful as possible, ever since. (May 25, 1872.)

Somehow my visits to Philadelphia, delightful as they are, always go off in such a rush and whirl and hurry that when I come away I have a sort of feeling that with all the pleasant time I have n't got exactly what I went for, — the quiet, placid time I used to have, especially of evenings when I dropped into your house on my way home. I suppose it is necessary that one should feel that his time is not limited before he can enjoy it thoroughly. At least it is so with me. I hate to be hurried. That will be one great advantage of heaven. . . . We shall have plenty of time for all that our hands find to do. I sometimes have suspicions that if I could live for five hundred years I might come to something and do something here. All is going on beautifully

about the new church. Some of the people of their own notion got up a subscription to buy an extra piece of land, and in a few days raised $75,000, and are going on now to make it a hundred thousand, so that the church will be really something very fine. We shall have in all something pretty near half a million to put into it. . . . I am getting up a sermon for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, one of the queer old Puritan organizations before which every Boston minister preaches some time in his career, and is not thoroughly initiated without. (May 30, 1872.)

It is a terrible week in Boston. The Jubilee is going on with flash and bang all the time. . . . It is wonderful what a row this jubilee is making. There is not a corner to be had in any hotel, and the Enormous Barn which I see from my window is thronged all day with folks curious to see what the big noise is to be. I like to see a crowd and expect to enjoy this very much, but it is all very funny and sensational, and the primness and classicism of Boston turns up its stiff nose at it. . . . We have chosen Richardson of New York for our church architect, — the best of all competitors by all means. He will give us something strong and good. (June 11, 1872.)

The summer of 1872 was spent abroad in northern Europe. Mr. Robert Treat Paine accompanied him and was with him for a month; after that he was alone, dependent on acquaintances made in travelling. His brother Frederick was in Europe at the time, but naturally preferred, as he was making his first visit to the Old World, to see it in his own way. They met in London, and then separated. Mr. Brooks's summer included several weeks in Norway, where he was enchanted with the scenery and impressed with the broad daylight, which enabled him to read a letter on the street at eleven o'clock at night. From Norway he passed to Sweden, where he speaks of seeing Prince Oscar. He was delighted with Stockholm; he went to Upsala for its university and cathedral, and to meditate upon Scandinavian mythology. From Sweden he went to Finland and thence to St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Moscow, recalling historical associations, commenting on ways and customs, drawing his own inferences, but especially interested in the churches, which he made it a rule to attend on every possible occasion. He returned from Russia to Berlin, stopped at

Copenhagen and Hamburg, then went to Paris, where he met his brother, and together they sailed for home.

An incident occurred while Mr. Brooks was in Sweden, to which he makes only the briefest allusion in his "Letters of Travel," — his meeting with Prince Oscar, brother of the reigning king, and who soon after acceded to the throne as King Oscar II. A fuller account of this meeting is given by Rev. Percy Browne, from a conversation with Mr. Brooks: —

When Brooks was approaching Christiania he heard that Prince Oscar was to come on board the steamer on which he was travelling. As the ship anchored, the royal barge drew near amidst a thunder of salutes from the forts. When the Prince reached the deck he stood for a moment between the sailors drawn up on either side of the gangway, and noticing Brooks, who modestly stood behind the sailors, said in excellent English, waving his hand toward the city, "Is it not a loyal people?" The Prince then retired to the end of the ship roped off for his exclusive use. At midnight, Brooks was smoking a last cigar before turning in, sitting on a part of the deck far removed from the royal enclosure, when a tall man wrapped in a cloak drew near. It was the Prince. He said in English, "Will you oblige me with a light?" When he had lit his cigar he sat down and entered into a long conversation, asking many intelligent questions about America, especially about the Judiciary, the method of administering justice in the Courts, etc. Brooks said he spoke like a man conscious that he had come to a position of great responsibility, and anxious to learn all that might be of use to him. The next day the Prince disembarked. Before leaving the ship, as he stood at the gangway, he reached over the line of sailors behind which Brooks was standing, and shaking hands with him, said, "*Au revoir*. The earth is round and we 'll meet again."

A few extracts from his note-book give us an idea of the deeper moods of the traveller, in this summer of 1872: —

As we travel, it seems sometimes as if ninety-nine hundredths of the people in this world had so hard a time, could find so little in their lot to enjoy. The reassurance must come from considering that joy in mere life, often dumb, brutish, and unconscious, but very real, which every creature has, the luxury of mere existence to which we cling, for which we slave, and which we really do enjoy.

As we travel, this impresses us much, I think, — the uniformity of nature under all the endlessly various changes of men and their ways and customs, always the same sky and ground and grass. It is a striking picture of the universality of the primary and simple emotions and affections, beneath the changing aspects of men's more complicated life, — this sight everywhere of the simplest signs of the simplest emotions. The child's smile, curiosity, love, rage, give us the same idea.

This terrible longing to fasten and confine sacredness to locality; this passion of holy places. We refine it and elevate it, but it is to be feared that many of its worst effects are latent in the most beautiful features of our Anglican religion. (Moscow, August 18, 1872.)

After all, it is the deepest and not the superficial interest of life in which men sympathize most and come together; in religion above all other things, and as regards religion in those things which are deepest, not in forms and ordinations, but in the sense of sin, the sense of God, the hope of perfectness. I was struck with it as I travelled in Norway, where those whom I had not understood, who had lived a different life all the week, seemed as I saw them in church on Sunday to be so perfectly intelligible. The value of Sunday as thus the *common* day, the day of worship.

Out of these reflections was born a sermon on the text, "Until I went into the sanctuary of God." He wrote down the leading ideas of the sermon in the note-book, following the extracts just given.

The Sanctuary of God the place of solved problems. The Holy Place of God. His Presence. The contact of the soul with His soul. How it shames our ordinary talk about churchgoing. How it convicts most of our preaching. How it shows the unimpaired fitness of the custom. The solution comes with the thought of God and of the soul and of eternity and of redemption.

I think one cannot go into any temple which men have built to worship God in, in however false a way, cannot enter a mosque or the most superstitious of cathedrals in a right spirit, without seeming to feel the influence of some such spiritual illumination on the problems that he has left outside in the hot street. I dare not despise the poor Russian crossing himself, etc.

I went yesterday into a bookstore to find something to read on my journey hither, and the only legible thing that I could hit on — strange company for an orthodox travelling parson — was a

cheap copy of Renan's "Les Apôtres." I read it through yesterday, and it was dreadful; the studious putting of the supernatural and the spiritual out of our knowledge, and almost out of our existence, the making of life its own complete solution. I pitied him for his flippant satisfaction, every page I read. What can such an one do with death? (Copenhagen, August 28, 1872.)

The summer was a thoroughly successful one. So he speaks of it in letters on his return. To his friend Mrs. Lapsley of New York he writes: —

I have had a superb journey, . . . that was quite unlike anything I have ever had of Europe before and exceedingly interesting. We went so far north as to get beyond the reach of darkness, and lived in broad daylight all night long. The scenery of Norway is wonderfully picturesque, especially the coast scenery, and the people are the oddest, quaintest, poorest, honestest, dirtiest, ugliest folk in all the world. I found Russia, too, intensely interesting, and altogether have had a rare summer. (October 13, 1872.)

It is important to chronicle these journeys of Phillips Brooks because they constitute the breaks in a somewhat monotonous round of triumph and honors, of numberless engagements, of constantly recurring social functions where his presence was indispensable. They were indeed his only recreation, his only mode of escape from the burdens of the life that now began to press ever more heavily upon him. What strikes one forcibly in his way of living at this time and afterwards is the absence of any form of exercise or recreation. He has ceased riding horseback; his walking is mainly confined to his round of parish visiting. Occasionally he walks when he goes to Cambridge to preach. Now and then he mentions bathing, fishing, and sailing, as when he visits his parishioner, Mr. C. R. Codman, at Cotuit; or goes on some yachting excursion along the coast. He speaks sometimes of playing billiards at Mr. Morrill's, or of bowling at Mr. Thayer's at Lancaster. He appeared so well, however, so exceptionally vigorous, that one would hardly suppose that he was the worse for neglect of exercise. Yet even in this exceptional moment of apparently luxurious vitality and abounding spirits there were hints which were

suggestive of danger. In 1871 he was hindered from work for several days and confined to the house with a bad throat. He wrote describing his illness to Dr. Mitchell of Philadelphia, admitting that he had been alarmed. Here was his vulnerable point. He was putting a burden upon his voice to which it was not equal. Those who were experts in the use of the voice were convinced that he did not understand the right use of the vocal organs. When he was fairly launched in his sermon, in the storm and stress of his great effort, one seemed to hear the voice creaking and groaning, as if overstrained, and the result was sometimes harsh and unmusical. There were fears that his voice might fail him, — fears in which he shared, and which sometimes depressed him as he thought of the future. But the immediate danger passed away, and the voice recovered from its ill usage, though somewhat impaired.

This was the time when he should have married and formed a home of his own. His friends introduced reminders of the subject in their letters, but his reply was only that the coming woman had not yet appeared. When he first came to Boston he took rooms at 34 Mount Vernon Street, but complained of the want of sunlight, and soon transferred himself to the Hotel Kempton on Berkeley Street. Here he was happy in his surroundings, exercising his rare gifts as a host. If he suffered at all seriously in the separation from Philadelphia, it was not evident. He gave the impression of being the happiest of men, — a happiness whose fountain was deep and inexhaustible, as though he drank from sources more rich and full than others, and to most men inaccessible. He was now possessing or creating a rich new life in the hosts of friends who gathered about him.

In the first place his father and mother were near him. He made it a rule to dine with them every Sunday, after morning service, as in Philadelphia he had dined with Mr. Lemuel Coffin. That was a fixed engagement. At his brother's house, he found another home. He was greatly interested in the birth of his first niece as the starting of a new generation in the Brooks family. His youngest brother,

John, he attended on his way through Harvard, as he had done with Frederick and Arthur. John graduated in 1872, and then the family succession closed at Harvard. "Since I entered college," he writes, "in 1851, twenty years ago, we have had one there all the time."

It was a family event of rare interest, such as few family records can boast, when at the ordination of Arthur Brooks to the deaconate, his two elder brothers in the ministry were present, Frederick Brooks presenting the candidate, and Phillips Brooks preaching the sermon. The event took place in Trinity Church, June 25, 1870, Bishop Eastburn officiating. A brilliant career opened at once to the younger brother. He possessed the same family characteristics which lent power to his older brothers; he had dignity and gravity, and effectiveness as a preacher, joined with soundness of judgment which made him even while still young a valuable counsellor. He had energy and administrative gifts, hallowed by a spirit of consecration to his work. His first parish was at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where in a short time he witnessed as a result of his labors the erection of a new church. In 1872 he accepted a call to the important parish of St. James in Chicago. The following letter was written to him by Phillips Brooks on the occasion of his engagement to be married: —

Boston, March 23, 1872.

Dear Arthur, — I write at once to say how sincerely and with all my heart I congratulate you upon your great happiness. Of course you are very happy, and you have the best right to be, for a life is a poor, imperfect sort of thing unless a man is married, and engagement is about the same thing. I hope it won't be a long engagement. Do be married and be wholly happy very soon. Life is n't long enough to waste any of it. . . . I can rejoice with you not only on the abstract bliss of an engagement, but on your own peculiar good fortune and special prospects of being happy. A good many of my friends I have lost when they got married, but I look forward to knowing and liking you better than ever, and when it comes to the snug little cottage or the gorgeous parsonage in Chicago, I speak to be your first visitor and to have my place always in your home, as you shall always have yours in my disconsolate and empty rooms.

So, Arthur, you are wise and good, as you always are, and may God bless you and life be always only brighter and brighter than it seems to-day.

I send by you my kindest regards to Miss Willard, which I shall hope to dispatch more directly very soon. We are counting on your visit. Yours always, P.

None were quicker than his old college friends and classmates to discern and rejoice in the signs of his greatness, many of them living in or near Boston, some of them his parishioners at Trinity, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Mr. John C. Ropes, Col. Theodore Lyman. He felt at first some embarrassment at the revelation of his new and greater self to these associates of earlier years. Hardly had he become fixed in Boston when it seemed as if he were transferring to it his clerical friends of Philadelphia and rebuilding his old environment. Dr. Stone had preceded him in coming to the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. In 1870 Dr. Vinton came to be the rector of Emmanuel Church. Soon after followed Rev. William Wilberforce Newton to be the rector of St. Paul's, Brookline, Rev. Percy Browne to St. James's, Roxbury, and Rev. Treadwell Walden to St. Paul's, Boston. Rev. C. A. L. Richards was almost within calling distance at Providence; Rev. James P. Franks, at one time his pupil and now his kinsman by marriage, was called to the rectorship of Grace Church, Salem. In 1870 these clerical friends were associated in a club called the "Clericus," which met on the first Monday evening in every month. To Mr. Newton belongs the honor of being its founder, who organized it after the plan of the Clericus in Philadelphia, already mentioned, if it could be called an organization which had no constitution or by-laws. It possessed a clerk in Mr. Newton, who notified the members of the monthly meetings. In the course of years it developed a president in the person of Phillips Brooks, but no one ever knew exactly when or by what process he assumed the office. His right to it, however, was unquestioned. The meetings were held informally for a few years in the houses of the members, until finally Mr. Brooks

insisted that they should meet regularly at his rooms. The social element on the whole was the most prominent feature of these evenings, though the inevitable essay was always read. There were some who thought that the meetings would be more profitable if the members were all required to comment in turn on the essay, but to this arrangement the president positively refused to listen. The talk should be spontaneous or not at all. If a member had anything to say let him wait his chance and then hold the floor if he could get it against some one else more anxious to be heard. It was practically Phillips Brooks's Club, and so it came to be generally known. It formed a prominent feature in his life, as it surely did in the lives of all its other members. Those who had the privilege of meeting him there saw him and heard him in familiar and yet impressive ways which will never be forgotten.[1]

It was characteristic, too, of Mr. Brooks that he seemed to give himself exclusively to whatever occasion claimed his interest. Thus he seemed almost to live for the Clericus; he was seldom absent from its meetings; he kept track of absent members, and urged their attendance or reproved them for neglect. But he was also giving himself in numberless other ways. The demands upon him were so great even in these early years in Boston that one wondered how he found time for reading or sermon-writing. Hospitality in Boston was extended to him as freely as it had been in Philadelphia. According to his diary there is rarely a day when he does not mention some dinner engagement. Breakfast was about the only meal that he took at his lodgings. He never gave the impression, however, of one who suffered from the burden of his duties, and certainly he never complained, except in familiar letters, that his life was not wholly to his mind. He attended concerts occasionally,

[1] The founders and original members of the Club were Phillips Brooks, Rufus W. Clark, C. A. L. Richards, Arthur Lawrence, William W. Newton, W. R. Huntington, A. V. G. Allen, James P. Franks, Charles H. Learoyd, George L. Locke, Henry L. Jones, Charles C. Tiffany, Percy Browne, Edmund Rowland, Leonard K. Storrs, Henry F. Allen, Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Treadwell Walden, James H. Lee, C. G. Currie, E. D. Tompkins.

especially the Oratorios given in Music Hall. He kept late hours, not generally retiring before twelve o'clock, but was always an early riser, breakfasting at half past seven. He had one standing engagement where there was no objection to the lateness of the hour, — his Sunday evenings at Dr. Vinton's after his third service was over. If he found "the doctor favorable for conversation" the occasion was a prolonged one.

Yet amid this multiplicity of engagements, he did secure time for reading and study, and for the writing of sermons. Despite the manifold distractions, his mind was preoccupied and concentrated on his work; because he saw life in its unity and as a whole, all things were contributing to his purpose. From 1871 he was a member of the Examining Committee of the Public Library in Boston, which served to keep new literature before him. His own library, already large, was rapidly growing. He continued to make it a rule to read books as they appeared, which every one else was reading, and so kept himself in contact with the literary trend of the moment. In poetry at this time there was Browning's "Ring and the Book," A. H. Clough's poems, Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Robert Buchanan's poems, George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," etc., and these he read. He writes to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

> I indulged myself in a little piece of mediævalism in Rossetti's Poems, and as I read over the "Blessed Damosel" last night I thanked you for it. Have you ever read the Poems? They are Pre-Raphaelitism in verse, very curious and very lovely in their way, but you need to go at them in the right mood, perfectly dreamy, entirely untroubled with practical affairs. . . . Quick would n't like them because they don't preach the Gospel a bit, and Claxton would n't like them because there is not a word of parish work in them, but they are very pretty, nevertheless, when you are a trifle tired with parish work. (December 27, 1870.)

There was different and more substantial reading, as in Hunt's "Religious Thought in England," which he greatly admired, and which still remains the one best work for introducing a reader to the comprehensive character of the Angli-

can Church; or Tulloch's "Rational Theology" in the Church of England. In other books which he was reading we get the reflection of the hour: Lecky's "History of Rationalism," Darwin's "Descent of Man," the writings of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, whose "Prayer Gauge" suggested a sermon on prayer in which he maintained its objective as well as subjective effects; Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," Pater's "Renaissance," Froude's "History of England," Stanley's "Westminster Abbey," and Parkman's "Jesuits in North America;" in biography, the lives of Lacordaire and of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the "Letters" of John Adams; in lighter books or novels, "Realmah," Auerbach's "On the Heights," "Wilhelm Meister," and Lord Chesterfield's "Letters." There was one period of history which he continued to study with peculiar zest, — the English civil war and the age of the Commonwealth, as if he were invigorated by returning to the native atmosphere which his first American ancestors had breathed. He read Burnet, Clarendon, Hallam, and Nugent's "Memorials of Hampden." Masson's "Life of Milton" sent him to Milton himself, and especially to the "Areopagitica." He read anew "Cromwell's Letters" by Carlyle, taking notes as he read. There was another author whom he valued and kept by him, Isaac Taylor, who has furnished the seeds of thought, of sober and sane criticism to many minds. Wordsworth must be mentioned and Shakespeare particularly as writers to whom he was constantly recurring.

There is evidence that he was carrying on some larger purpose in his more directly religious reading. He was studying the Fourth Gospel as the basis of Wednesday evening lectures; he had also begun a systematic study of the life of Christ, in order to the satisfaction of the deeper questionings of his mind. Then, too, he was looking into the history of preaching, and to this end was making out a list of the great preachers in the church from the time of Chrysostom. After the first six months of his rectorship at Trinity, during which he was making the acquaintance of

the parish and wrote only a few sermons, he began with renewed zeal the task of sermon-writing, but under a somewhat different impulse from that which had inspired the Philadelphia preaching. He was beginning to feel the influence of Boston. The religious situation was also changing; the spirit of free inquiry was growing deeper; the difficulties begotten by the scientific mind were to many overwhelming. These influences he had not felt so strongly in Philadelphia. There his task had been to arouse a living, fresher interest in what men already believed. Now he was called upon to meet the moods of those who were drifting away from the historic Christian faith. The question was before him how far it was possible to be true to one's reason, to be free to accept new truth from whatever quarter, to be honest with one's instincts and conviction, and yet to maintain the faith of childhood as given in the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds.

Out of the many sermons which he wrote during the first three years of his ministry in Boston, Mr. Brooks chose but four for publication. Two of these have a distinct autobiographical value. The sermon entitled "The Young and the Old Christian" from Deut. xxxiii. 16,[1] "The good will of him that dwelt in the bush," written in 1871, has the marks of the earlier Philadelphia manner when he rejoiced in discovering some unfamiliar passage of Scripture, whose meaning was not at once obvious. The thought of the sermon bears on the relation between the beginning and the end of the Christian life; on the unbroken process of growth in which the personal Christ becomes clearer to us in the years of mature manhood; so that whatever the years may bring in the accretions of knowledge or wisdom, we shall never be called on to renounce as unreal the vision of youth by the bush side when we first heard the voice of God in our ears. The local mood of the moment when this sermon was preached called for a protest against the narrowness and illiberality which many identified with the Christian faith: "Narrowness of view and sympathy is not unnatural in a

[1] The sermon is published in the second volume of his sermons, *The Candle of the Lord, and other Sermons*, p. 39.

new believer. It is very unnatural in the maturer Christian life. . . . I do not say that it is best for the young Christian to be illiberal. Far better certainly if he could leap at once to the full comprehension and the wide charity which the older Christian gathers out of the experience of life." We have here the germ of his later treatise on Tolerance: —

> It is too apt to be the case that only by experience does the Christian reach this breadth of sympathy, which comes not from indifference, but from the profoundest personal earnestness. It is something wholly different from the loose toleration which men praise, which is negative, which cares nothing about what is absolutely true or false. . . . At present it seems to be assumed that narrowness is essential to positive belief, and that toleration can be reached only by general indifference. Not long ago I read this sentence in what many hold to be our ablest and most thoughtful journal: "It is a law which in the present condition of human nature holds good, that strength of conviction is always in the inverse ratio of the tolerant spirit."

Against such a view he raises his protest. He does not believe that human nature is so depressed. If men can only be filled with the spirit of God, we "may still see some maturer type of Christianity, in which new ages of positive faith may still be filled with the broadest sympathy, and men tolerate their brethren without enfeebling themselves." Such was the ground he assumed at the beginning of his Boston ministry, in a city where religious differences were wider and more sharply marked than elsewhere in the country, where they threatened also to be more intense, until they should endanger Christian charity. From this position Phillips Brooks never retreated. But on the other hand, the comprehensiveness of the preacher is evident in his bold statements in regard to dogma, which the liberal school of thinkers might undervalue: —

> And for one thing I should say that as every Christian becomes more and more a Christian, there must be a larger and larger absorption of truth or doctrine into life. We hear all around us nowadays great impatience with the prominence of dogma — that is, of truth abstractly and definitely stated — in Christianity. And most of those who are thus impatient really

mean well. They feel that Christianity, being a thing of personal salvation, ought to show itself in characters and lives. There they are right. But to decry dogma in the interest of character is like despising food as if it interfered with health. Food is not health. The human body is built just so as to turn food into health and strength. And truth is not holiness. The human soul is made to turn, by the subtle chemistry of its digestive experience, truth into goodness. And this, I think, is just what the Christian, as he goes on, finds himself doing under God's grace. Before the young Christian lie the doctrines of his faith, — God's being, God's care, Christ's incarnation, Christ's atonement, immortality. What has the old Christian with his long experience done with them? He holds them no longer crudely, as things to be believed merely. He has transmuted them into forms of life. . . . The young dogmatist boasts of his dogmas. The old saint lives his life. Both are natural in their places and times, as are the ripe and the unripened fruit. How soon you can tell the men whose soils have tugged at the roots of their doctrines and taken them in, and left them no longer lying on the surface, but made them germinate into life.

At this time Mr. Brooks was encountering, whether as a parish minister, or as a reader of the passing literature, these divergent attitudes in regard to Christian faith: some were tenacious and defiant in maintaining the traditional doctrines; others were calling for elimination, or modification, or restatement; others still gloried in the rejection of creeds altogether, or if there must be a creed, let it be made anew each day or year to meet the changing moods of the soul or the requirements of the passing hour. Under these circumstances he wrote his sermon on the words of St. Paul, "I have kept the faith."[1] The history of the sermon is interesting. During his summer in northern Europe in 1872, when his mind was at leisure to review his work and the existing situation, the words kept recurring to his mind, "I have kept the faith." Months before the sermon was preached he was taking notes in his journal as he prepared himself to speak. He proposes to meet the popular fallacy "that a man must change his views to show his freedom." He had before him "the danger of making one's opinions matters of faith." The question of training children brings

[1] *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 57.

the issue to a test. Shall they be brought up in the traditional faith, or what is the result of the experiment which leaves them without religious tenets, until they arrive at maturer years? "What is the meaning of the Collect for Trinity Sunday, which asks of God that *He* would keep us in this faith? Is it merely a prayer that pride and obstinacy may be strengthened, or that He would show us a method of keeping ideas fixed? Exactly what did St. Paul mean by 'the faith'?" It is evident that he meant, whatever else may have been implied, "certain fixed belief," which he had received and not originated. The conclusion is "the possibility of counting some things settled and going on to develop them into life;" and the method is through obedience. No faith is kept except as it is obeyed. There is "a strange mixture of the moral element" in all the passages of the New Testament where "the faith" is mentioned. No faith can be truly kept except by discovering in it relations to life. So it must be with the doctrines of God, of the Incarnation, of the Trinity, of the Atonement, of Immortality.

Such were the hints and fragments of the preparation he made for his sermon in the fall of 1872. Some of them were incorporated in it, but the sermon when it was born throws this meagre outline into the shade. It was delivered at a moment when people were wondering at his preaching, unable to define his position to their satisfaction. But this sermon gives the open secret. There is no bondage in holding to the historic faith as expressed in Christian doctrines, but rather through them lies the way to perfect freedom. The tendency of Christian doctrines is to expansion under the vital process which reveals in them a relation to life. As we follow the preacher in the years that are to be studied, it is important to keep this sermon in view. From the position here taken he never receded.

The impersonal character of entries in his note-book prevents one from always discerning the immediate motive out of which they spring. His fellow traveller in Norway was abruptly summoned home by the death of a child. This is his comment when left alone to his reflections: —

It seems as if a child's death and the keen, bitter pain it brings us let us see much of the feebleness of the intellectual powers to command our love, — of the possibility of that in which the intellectual was not at all developed holding us intensely.

A few more extracts from his note-books of these years may be given without comment. They illustrate the current of his thoughts, whether at home or abroad.

The positive and negative pictures of heaven, — "no night," etc., and "river of water of life," etc. This world suggesting the other by contrast and by anticipation. So the uses both of Sorrow and Joy.

We have no descriptions of Jesus in the Gospels, only stories of what He did. The perfection of Biography. Contrast with novels.

In utter dark, in bitter pain,
I reached a vague hand out for strength,
It pressed a hand that pressed again,
And all my tumult calmed at length.

The darkness brightened slow around;
I looked to see what friendly hand
My need had grasped, and lo I found
My foe of foes in all the land.

One angry look of strange surprise,
Then, "Take we what the Master sends;"
He holds me to his heart and cries,
"Brother, the Lord hath made us friends."

The difference between suffering and pain. Pain is accidental, suffering is essential. It is right and necessary that we should undergo and accept as our lot whatever comes in our way of work whether it is agreeable or disagreeable (and therefore note that the old Latin and Greek corresponding words were used of "suffering" or "experiencing" either pleasant or unpleasant things); but that pain in the sense of discomfort should accompany the acceptance is a mere accident, no more to be called absolutely "right" or "necessary" by the ascetic than, on the other hand, pleasure is by the voluptuary.

"I will walk at liberty because I keep Thy commandments." The liberty of law, Eden; the passage out of it, a passage into

slavery. True liberty is harmony. The slavery of self-consciousness that comes with sin. That is the tree of knowledge. David, so free in his goodness, so cowardly in his sin. Sympathy with a law well kept, that is the best freedom.

We may not always be consciously thinking of God, only we must think of all things through and in Him, as we do not always look at the Sun and yet see all things we know only by the Sun's shining.

The man was going somewhere else and sat down for a moment on the lowest step of the Temple of Fame, which is work; and Fame opened the door and called him in, to his surprise.

Men keep their brains strangely in abeyance, or they show you and expect you to be satisfied with some certificate of deposit, which shows that they have got them put away somewhere. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the certificate and so none about the real existence of their brains, but it is not the same thing to you after all.

The danger, the terrible danger of false tests! I have been told a hundred times that the Bible must stand or fall with slavery; and John Wesley says, "Infidels know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible."

As the Hebrew Psalmist prayed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," so let us in the same spirit pray that our powers may be of use to us, only while we abide in the religion of the right and the true. Let us beg that any power of reason, or imagination, or persuasion, or any other that we have may abandon us when we forget righteousness and God. Let us dread most of all to be builders for Satan with those powers which the Father gave us to build with for Him.

"O Lord and Sovereign of my life, take from me the spirit of idleness, despair, love of power, and unprofitable speaking." (Prayer of St. Ephraim of Syria, in the Russian Liturgy.)

To Miss Mitchell he writes November 7, 1872: —

I don't like to hear you talk as you have in your last two letters about not living long. Not that I think death is dreadful in the least for the one who goes; he has the best of it; but it is dreadful to be left behind, and find how merely impossible to make new friends that are at all like the old. I am sure, too,

that our friends must be more and not less to us in the other world than they are here, and that this world only begins friendships. Otherwise nothing could be more wretched. Only I shudder when I think how one's friends who have believed in him here will find him out there, and see what a humbug he was. I don't believe it will alienate them, though, and no doubt even there the humiliation will be good for him. Promise me that however you find me out to have been a delusion and a sham you won't give me up, for I forewarn you that you don't know me now, and if you ever do the discovery will be a shock to you. Which does n't mean that I ever murdered a parishioner or robbed a house, but only that I know myself better than you know me. . . .

I am glad on the whole that Grant is elected, but wish it had been a narrow thing instead of such a sweeping vote. He and his party will hold that the whole administration has been triumphantly endorsed, and that they are strong enough now to do just what they please. There won't be any great despotism, but there is no reason to look for reform or for a high-toned government for the next four years.

Have you read Beecher's "Lectures on Preaching"? It is very rich and sensible and clever.

The most important circumstance in the latter part of 1872 was the destruction of Trinity Church in the great Boston fire, to which reference has been made in the previous chapter. His own account of it is given in this extract from his correspondence with Miss Mitchell: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, November 12, 1872.

We have had terrible days. Last Saturday night and Sunday were fearful. For a time it seemed as if the thing would never stop so long as there was anything left to burn. Everybody has suffered, almost everybody severely. Very many have lost all. Scores of my parishioners have been burned out. But the courage and cheerfulness of everybody is noble and delightful. It began about eight o'clock Saturday evening, and hour after hour it went on, growing worse and worse. Street after street went like paper. There were sights so splendid and awful as I never dreamed of, and now the desolation is bewildering. There was hard work enough to do all night, and though much was lost, something was saved. Old Trinity seemed safe all night, but towards morning the fire swept into her rear, and there was no chance. She went at four in the morning. I saw her well afire inside and out, carried off some books and robes, and left her. She burnt majes-

tically, and her great tower stands now solid as ever, a most picturesque and stately ruin. She died in dignity. I did not know how much I liked the great gloomy old thing till I saw her windows bursting and the flame running along the old high pews. I feel that it was better for the church to go so than to be torn down stone by stone. Of course our immediate inconvenience is great, and we shall live in much discomfort for the next two years. We have engaged the Lowell Institute, a Lecture Hall that seats a thousand people, and shall begin service there next Sunday.

But Trinity is only one little bit of the great catastrophe. There is little immediate destitution, for there were hardly any dwellings burnt, but thousands are thrown out of employment, and it is pitiable to see the rich men who have been reduced to poverty in a night. My poor friend Mr. ——, the gentlest and best of men, is ruined in his old age. Every hour one hears of some new sufferer, but the strength and brightness of every one is amazing. My father was so happy as not to be touched in any of his little property. I myself had none to lose. It is going to be a winter of sadness and suffering, nobody can guess how much yet.

I can talk of nothing but the fire, and not of that coherently. Some day I will tell you all I can about it, but the horribleness of that night nobody can tell. . . .

To this account some other particulars may be added. Mr. Brooks was sitting in one of the pews of Trinity Church, with Mr. Dillon the sexton, resting after the fatigues of the awful night, when the flames were seen stealing in at the roof of the northeast corner. They waited there together, watching the progress of the flames until it became unsafe to remain. As they were hurriedly leaving the building, Mr. Dillon, in his excitement, threw open the great doors of the tower and fastened them back, as had been his habit for many years when the congregation was to disperse after service was over, — this last time, as it were, for the invisible crowd of witnesses to take their final departure.

There is another incident connected with that fearful night which is worth recalling. As Mr. Brooks came away from Trinity Church he went into the large jewelry establishment of Shreve, Crump & Low, then on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, where they were expecting the fire

to reach them at any moment. It added to the wild excitement of the hour that thieves were known to be in the neighborhood awaiting their opportunity, some of them experienced in their craft, having come from a distance; and there were rumors of vessels lying at the wharf near the foot of Summer Street, which were being laden with the spoils of the burning district. Under these circumstances, Mr. Brooks offered his aid, asking if there were anything which he could do. Mr. Crump immediately responded by emptying the safe which contained the most valuable property of the firm — pearls and diamonds and other precious stones — into two hand bags, and consigned them to Mr. Brooks with directions to carry them to a house on Newbury Street, a mile or more from the conflagration, taking no certificate of deposit, and offering no bodyguard for protection on the dangerous errand, for the distance was to be walked, and no conveyances were to be had. Under these circumstances, about the hour of two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Brooks executed the commission entrusted to him.

In a letter to Rev. George A. Strong, Mr. Brooks describes other aspects of the desolation which appealed to him: —

November 12, 1872.

Run your eye over the map and think what there was between Summer and State and Washington streets, and consider that all swept away, and it is wretched to think about. None of us knew how fond we were of the old town. The streets that are gone are those that were most familiar to us when we were boys. They were then all residences, and I was born in one, and grew up in another, and went to school in another, and had walked them until I knew all their cobblestones. I am glad to know that you are very fond of Boston too. It is the best city of the continent anyhow. . . . As for Old Trinity, it was sad to see it go, and we shall be much inconvenienced by living in tabernacles for the next two years, but in the end it will not hurt us, and if the parish keeps together, as I think it will, we shall find some compensations in the freer and heartier worship of our hall. We have got a beautiful hall as large as the old church, close by our new place, and count ourselves very lucky.

To Miss Mitchell he writes: —

My kind friend Mr. Dexter is dead. His funeral is to be this morning. I do not know of anything more calamitous that could have befallen the church, and personally I had become very fond of him for his constant kindness and thoughtfulness and the simple, bright, transparent character he always showed. I never knew a more unselfish man. His own sorrows he had enough of, and kept them perfectly to himself. He was born with every instinct of a gentleman. He had never been successful in business, for he was too good-natured and gentle. I hardly ever saw a man who had been successful in business whom I did n't dislike. Mr. Dexter had been very busy since the fire removing the last of the Trinity dead to Mount Auburn. He took a severe cold and last Saturday was laid up, and Tuesday he died of congestion of the lungs. I shall miss his friendship sadly, and to the church his loss is simply irreparable. He was full of interest in the new church, and meant to give now his whole time to it. He had been warden of Trinity about fifty years, and yet was young and fresh and progressive, while his long service gave him that sort of fatherly authority in the Parish which, if it is wise, it is a good thing for somebody to have. Poor Trinity! She seems to get it pretty hard, but her people come up well, and I think she will stand, though this blow is a hard one. Our new hall is crowded, and the services there are full of such spirit as we never could get in the old church.

Well, Thanksgiving Day is over, and there was a great deal to be thankful for, and it was a bright and brilliant day, and so I am glad it came, but there was a kind of sadness about it. That great blotch [the burnt district] in the middle of Boston looks more and more miserable as the smoke dies away, and there are so many people who you know are suffering that your sympathies are kept stretched all the time. (November 29, 1872.)

With the burning of Trinity Church, Mr. Dillon also disappears from the scene of his labors. He was a man of great dignity of manner, quite the equal in this respect of Bishop Eastburn, whom in their long association he may have unconsciously imitated. He was bewildered at the time of the great fire, but it also illustrates his habit of watchfulness over the property of the church, that when the fire brigade asked for the coal in its cellars to feed the exhausted engines, even though the conflagration was raging at its worst, he refused the request. After his retirement to his farm in Vermont, he would on occasions discourse, most edifyingly it was

said, to his friends and neighbors on important points in theology, exhibiting with fine discrimination "sound views," and warning against erroneous teaching. His neighbors listened with deference, for they knew that he had had great opportunities.

CHAPTER III

1873–1874

ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROVERSIES. RELATION TO THE EVANGELICAL SCHOOL. EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE. THE SUMMER ABROAD. DEATH OF FREDERICK BROOKS

It does not appear that Mr. Brooks took any active part in the controversies within the Episcopal Church which culminated in the year 1873. He was an interested spectator, watching the proceedings of conventions and the trend which things were taking, but he did not feel called upon to enter the arena as a combatant. Although he was regarded as an Evangelical or Low Churchman, yet so early as 1870 he found himself out of sympathy with the management of the Evangelical Educational Society. What moved his indignation was the policy it had adopted of sending, to the young men who wished to become its beneficiaries, a circular letter containing a series of questions or tests which they were required to answer, in order to show that they were in sympathy with Evangelical tenets. This was made the condition on which they were allowed to receive the Society's aid in their preparation for the ministry. When Mr. Brooks became aware that this policy was approved by the Board of Managers, he wrote to the secretary of the society resigning his position upon the Board.

BOSTON, November 14, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. MATLACK, — I beg you to believe that I did not write my last letter, resigning my position as a Manager of the Evangelical Education Society, without careful consideration. I thank you most heartily for the kind urgency of your note which I have just received, and am very sorry that I cannot withdraw my note as you desire me to do. I do believe with you

Phillips Brooks

that these are times in which all men truly Evangelical ought to stand firmly together, but I am sure that the way to bring that to pass is not to narrow their standing ground. Do you seriously mean to count no man Evangelical who is not able and willing to answer satisfactorily to these questions of the Society? If so, it will cast out many not merely among our students, but among the clergy who have always counted themselves one with the great Evangelical section of our church.

It is impossible to discuss the "questions" in a letter, nor is it of any use to do so, but I cannot help calling your attention to the strange effect which is produced upon one's mind when in one question he is asked to give up all allegiance to human authority, and fasten his faith on and define his creed by revelation, and two questions later, finds himself called upon to rank himself under the banner of two modern teachers as represented in two of their books. Nor can I think that the qualifying phrase "in the main," to which you point me, helps the matter at all. The degree of conformity will be left to the judgment of the candidate; as always in such cases the most worthy will be the most scrupulous and wholly uncertain how near they must come; the less conscientious will content themselves with a very general sort of assent, while the more faithful will demand of themselves an entire agreement to the books,[1] to which, whatever be our respect and love for their authors, I am sure there is not one of us who is able to give his assent in every particular. Not one of us does not hesitate at some statements in any treatise of theology as long as these books. Their authors would be the last men to desire that we should blindly agree with them in every word. And yet we cast out students who cannot meet this test.

If this be no new policy, but only the old one declared, then I have grievously mistaken my duty in the past. I have recommended students to the Society often, and I have been on critical committees to examine applicants. I never examined students with questions such as these, nor have I heard others do it.

It is not so very long since we were students ourselves. I am sure that if these questions had been laid as tests upon the Alexandria seminary when you and I were there they would have excluded all the men who have been most useful in the ministry since. I cannot doubt it, and yet I cannot at this moment think of one man of our time who has turned out a High Churchman.

But I did not mean to argue the matter. I ought to have been at the meeting if I had anything to say. Only I cannot stand

[1] The books here referred to were *Evangelical Religion*, by Dr. May of Virginia, and the *Contrast*, by Dr. J. S. Stone.

apparently asking, as essential to acceptance of a candidate for education for the ministry, declarations which I do not hold to be essential, and which I do not think the best men among the applicants will be able or willing to make. There is no such condition, as these questions imply, to any money that comes from my parish. I could hardly surprise my people more than by reading them the questions next Sunday.

So I must resign, but I do it with great regret. I have had more interest in this than in any Church Society. I have rejoiced in the good work that it has done, and certainly I do not now cease to be interested in its prosperity, though I must beg you to present the resignation which I sent you.

Excuse this long letter, and believe me

Yours faithfully,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

After long delay and with much reluctance the resignation was accepted. His attention having now been called to the whole subject of assisting students with pecuniary aid in the course of their preparation for the ministry, Mr. Brooks took a further step, refusing any longer to ask for contributions from his parish to the treasury of the Educational Society, or to allow its secretary to use his pulpit for the purpose of soliciting funds. The following letter to his brother, in Chicago, who felt the same difficulty, reveals his state of mind: —

HOTEL KEMPTON, BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON, November 16, 1873.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I wish you 'd ask me easier questions. Here is this Theological Education question which I have been puzzling over for years and see no light on yet, and your letter just rubs it in a little more. For myself I have nothing to say. Sometimes I have found a good student to whom I have made my appropriation, but at present I know of none such; and I have about $500 lying at interest which I do not know what to do with. I cannot deliberately send to the Increase of the Ministry Society, and the accounts which I have heard of the Evangelical Anniversaries make me less inclined than ever to send to Mr. ——. I am afraid that Washburn and Harwood have very little to do with the Society to which they give their names. But not to speak of myself I should think your case was easier. Your Parish has been wholly used to one way of giving. It is presumable that some of them know something about the Increase of the

Ministry Society and prefer it. Why not let them specify their contributions to either Society as they prefer, and then tell them that the unappropriated balance is to be appropriated to the general course of Theological Education at your discretion.

Mr. Brooks did not come forward as an advocate of any reform in the matter at issue. He continued to give occasional aid to young men according to his individual judgment, but in some cases experienced grievous disappointment with the result. When his name was again placed in 1892 on the list of Vice-Presidents of the Evangelical Educational Society he wrote this letter to its secretary, the late Rev. R. C. Matlack: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 17, 1892.

My dear Mr. Matlack, — I am very grateful to those who have done me the honor of electing an Honorary Vice-President of the Evangelical Educational Society. I do not think it best, however, to accept the position which is thus offered me, because I feel that it would lead to a misunderstanding of my position with reference to the Society.

A good many years ago I came to feel that educational aid societies were not desirable and therefore withdrew from your society of which I had been a member and a manager. I have not changed my feeling with regard to it, and while I am convinced that a great deal of good is done by your organization, under your effective management, I cannot, with my convictions, feel it right to take a position as even associated in an honorary way with its administration.

I am sure you will understand my position, and will know that I do not in the least undervalue the kindness of those who have invited me to give my name.

Yours most sincerely,

Phillips Brooks.

Despite this action of Mr. Brooks in separating himself from the managers of the Evangelical cause, there was no break in his cordial relations with individuals who represented the Evangelical principles as he understood them. Thus to Mr. Cooper he writes, with reference to the petition which had been often sent to the General Convention, asking that the word "regenerate" might be omitted from the Baptismal office, or its use made optional: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, March 23, 1871.

Dear Cooper, — I got your note, and last night I read your article aloud to Vinton and we talked it over. It is very strongly put, and the motive that you allude to, their possible dread of being swamped by Ritualism, is the one thing that might make the High Churchmen tolerate and concede a little to the Low Churchmen. But they don't dread Ritualism enough to make them yield their dear principle of "no change in the Prayer Book." That has become a bigotry with them. So I do not believe this General Convention is going to yield on the Prayer Book in the least. Still I believe in asking them to. Let the responsibility be on them and not on us. Let them not say we did not ask. So I hope you will put your memorial in form very soon and frankly and fairly let us sign it, and tell the Swells what we poor creatures want.

I shall be on after the 12th of April, and then we 'll talk about it all. We 'll get it out in Antique Type. Many thanks for the Protest. I am to exchange with Jaggar on the 19th and preach there morning and afternoon.

Always yours, P. B.

When Bishop Eastburn died, in 1872, who for more than twenty-five years had been the rector of Trinity Church, Mr. Brooks paid a tribute to his memory from the pulpit, in which he took occasion to speak of the Evangelical movement which the Bishop had represented. These words may be taken as his deliberate and final judgment; they have the apparent tone of one speaking from the outside, but the tone also of one who was still within the circle from which he did not seek escape: —

The Evangelical movement had its zealous men here and there throughout the land. The peculiarities of that movement were an earnest insistence upon doctrine, and upon personal, spiritual experience, of neither of which had the previous generation made very much. Man's fallen state, his utter hopelessness, the vicarious atonement, the supernatural conversion, the work of the Holy Spirit, — these were the truths which the men of those days, who were what were called "Evangelical" men, urged with the force of vehement belief upon their hearers. They were great truths. There were crude, hard, and untrue statements of them very often, but they went deep; they laid hold upon the souls and consciences of men. They created most profound experiences.

They made many great ministers and noble Christians. It was indeed the work of God. To those of you who were his parishioners and friends, who heard him preach year after year, and knew what lay nearest to his heart, I need not say how entirely Bishop Eastburn was a man of this movement. His whole life was full of it. He had preached its Gospel in New York with wonderful success and power. He bore his testimony to it to the last in Boston. A faith that was very beautiful in its childlike reliance upon God; a sturdy courage which would have welcomed the martyrdom of more violent days; a complete, unquestioning, unchanging loyalty to the ideas which he had once accepted; a deep personal piety, which, knowing the happiness of divine communion, desired that blessedness for other souls; a wide sympathy for all of every name who were working for the ends which he loved and desired; these with his kindly heart and constancy in friendship made the power of the long ministry of Bishop Eastburn. The teaching of this parish through twenty-six years was most direct and simple. There was a dread, even, of other forms in which the same awakening of spiritual life was manifest. The High Churchman and the Broad Churchman found no tolerance. But the preacher was one whom all men honored, whose strong moral force impressed the young and old, whose sturdy independence was like a strong east wind, and who went to his reward crowned with the love of many and the respect of all. It seems but yesterday that his familiar figure passed away. His voice is still fresh in our ears. The old Church comes back, and he stands there in its pulpit, as he must always stand, among the most marked and vigorous figures in our parish history. It would not be right to renew our Church life without cordial remembrance of his strength and faithfulness.[1]

One other point there was of sharp divergence between the Low Church and the High Church parties. It was the custom of the former in administering the Lord's Supper to invite the members of other religious denominations to remain to the communion. With this custom Mr. Brooks was in sympathy. When his brother Arthur came into collision with the Bishop of Illinois, the Rt. Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, who assumed the right to forbid such notice to be given and to enforce the principle of "close communion" in

[1] From a manuscript sermon, preached at Trinity Church, September 29, 1872, from the text, St. Matt. xxv. 21: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

the Episcopal Church, Mr. Brooks wrote these letters in which he touches upon the principle involved: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, May 23, 1873.

Dear Arthur, — I suppose it was to be expected that you and Whitehouse would collide sooner or later, and the matter of which you wrote to me seems to be a pretty good point to meet on. I do not understand why Mr. —— has never objected before to your action in inviting others than Episcopalians to the Communion. You have been in St. James's almost a year. Have you given the invitation all that time, and has he heard it and only now since the Bishop's visit entered his remonstrance? That would seem to show that he was acting under the Bishop's suggestion, which would be a piece of parochial interference of which your Bishop perhaps may be capable, but certainly no other in the land. I certainly would not yield the matter to Mr. —— alone. I would go and see him and have a square, friendly talk about it. If he stands alone in his remonstrance I would not sacrifice what may be a very desirable practice to his narrow whim. If there are a considerable number in the parish who object I should discontinue it, but certainly take great pains to say in a sermon at the same time what my real ground was, to explain the perfectly clear position of our Church on the subject, and not to seem to fall low before the footstool of the Bishop at his first assumption of authority.

The position of our Church is perfectly clear. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself in the Vance Smith dispute distinctly said that the Collect which touches the question applied only to our own people. The more I think of it the more I hope you will continue it unless it is very clearly desirable to drop it. I would not give it up out of mere courtesy to any man. At the same time it is not so absolutely a thing of principle that it might not be omitted if its use would seriously wound many people and injure the parish. You surely have done right so far.

Of course you can judge better than I. Excuse my venturing all these remarks, but you asked for them. . . . What an unpleasant Christian Whitehouse must be. . . .

But with all my heart I sympathize with your dread of a controversy and of the cheap notoriety and the disgusting partisanship that comes with it.

June 2, 1873.

I have received the Papers. What a cheerful sheet the "Times" seems to be. It is so good and gentlemanly. Do you

have much of that sort of Journalism in your town. As to the whole effect, I think the Church at large will only say, "There 's Bishop Whitehouse at it again," and then let the matter drop. The "Boston Journal" has a paragraph made up from the "Chicago Tribune" article on Saturday, which Father discovered, and so they knew all about it at home. Then I told them all I knew about it. They are calm. There is only one suggestion I want to make. I do not think the notice is to be in any way considered or to be either attacked or defended as an addition or interpolation in the Service. It is an address by the Minister to the Congregation. It is of the nature of Sermon and not of Liturgy, and considerations of Liturgical Integrity have nothing to do with it. If a minister is to be found fault with for doing it, it must be as he would be blamed for any other statement that was considered faulty in his Sermon, — on the ground of false doctrine not of rubrical impropriety. But I dare say the breeze has blown itself out before this and all is forgotten. . . .

Always yours, PHILLIPS.

It was evident in these years, the early seventies, that things were rapidly tending toward a separatist movement in the Episcopal Church. The schism was finally consummated in 1873 when the Reformed Episcopal Church was organized under the leadership of Bishop Cummins of Kentucky. With this movement Mr. Brooks had no sympathy, nor did the idea of leaving the Church present itself to him as a practical issue or as really affording any relief from the grievances which he felt in common with the Evangelical party. Despite the restrictive legislation, whose object and end he regarded as separating the Episcopal Church from intercommunion with the other Protestant churches, he held it his duty to remain and, in whatever way was open, manifest his sympathy for the principle of open communion and other modes of Christian fellowship. No canon that had been enacted forbade his preaching in the churches of other denominations. He had the advantage of his brethren in this respect that such opportunities were constantly afforded him. He became conspicuous, almost the only Evangelical Churchman remaining, who was in a position where he could represent the natural affinity of the Protestant Episcopal Church with other Protestant bodies. More and more

this was to become a distinctive feature of his attitude. To these and other similar points he alludes in his correspondence with Miss Mitchell: —

I have been off for a day down to Ipswich where Dr. Cotton Smith had a clerical powwow for the Dean of Canterbury who has come over to attend the Evangelical Alliance. He is a solid, stolid-looking Englishman, an ecclesiastic from the rosette on his hat to the buckle on his shoes, but a man of learning, reading hard Sanscrit as you and I read easy English, and healthy and wholesome through and through. Several other interesting people are here, especially a few famous Germans, Dorner, the "Person of Christ" man, and many others. But I do not think the whole occasion promises much, and I shan't go on, though I give it my hearty blessing at this distance. (October 3, 1873.)

The sermon is just done which is a rare event for Friday. It is about the Evangelical Alliance, which seems to me as it has gone on to have assumed a much larger look than it had at first, and to be really a great and noble thing. It is really so great that it can carry off a great many small faults, speeches here and there in bad taste, and an occasional piece of bad temper. I cannot see how such a meeting can fail to make Christianity stronger and broader. (October 9, 1873.)

What do you think of the Bishop of Madagascar turning up in New York and writing a letter to Bishop Potter, complaining that the Dean of Canterbury had insulted the Archbishop of Canterbury? There is a roundabout confession and ingenious intricacy about it all which is nuts to the ecclesiastical mind. One may count upon no end of dreary controversy about whether Christ is willing that Dean Payne Smith should eat the Lord's Supper in an Episcopal Church, but not in Dr. Adams's Presbyterian Meeting House. As if all the great questions of faith and morals were settled, and that one minute squabble was the last thing left. Surely not till then will it begin to be of consequence. (October 15, 1873.)

And what do you think about Cummins? What a panic it must make among the bishops to know that a stray parson is round with a true bit of their genuine succession, perfectly and indisputably the thing, which he can give to anybody that he pleases! Nothing like it since the powwow among the gods when Prometheus stole the fire. Would n't it be queer if Cummins actually became a

critical event by the discontented from —— to —— going off and getting the consecration of a new church from him. (November 20, 1873.)

I don't know anything that makes one feel more genuinely old than to see that great recognizable changes and advances of the current of thought have been made in our time, so that while we see the new we can remember the old as something different. It used to seem as if such changes took a half century at least. Only fourteen years ago when I entered the ministry there were the two old-fashioned parties, the Lows and Highs, over against each other in a quiet, intelligent, comfortable way. Now you can hardly find a representative of either among the younger men except ——, and the Broad Churchmen and Ritualists divide the field. Let us be thankful that we belong to the party of the future. (December 11, 1873.)

I hear that —— is dead: another of that fading school of Evangelicals who are fast passing away. One of the best of them (the Evangelicals) died the other day, my old professor and friend at Alexandria, Dr. Sparrow, one of the ablest and best men I ever knew, learned and broad, and as simple as a child. I had a letter from the dear old man, dated only two days before he died, in which I was delighted to hear him say, "I am disposed to regard the prospects of our Church brighter now than they have ever been in my day." All the old men are croaking and helpless, and it was good to hear one of them sanguine. (January 22, 1874.)

In May, 1874, the first steps were taken toward the establishment of the American Church Congress. The aim of its founders was to bring men together who differed in their convictions, to ventilate questions which were subjects of controversy in free untrammelled speech in the hope that it would lead to a mutual confidence and understanding. Churchmen of all schools of opinion were present, and amid much earnestness and enthusiasm the new institution was organized. Mr. Brooks was placed upon its Central Committee whose task was to select topics for discussion and appoint the speakers.

Next week we go to New Haven, all of us Broad Churchmen, to see what can be done to keep or make the Church liberal and

free. There is a curious sort of sensitiveness and expectancy everywhere in the Church, a sort of fear and feeling that things cannot remain forever just as they are now, and a general looking to the General Convention of next Fall as the critical time. The last impression may be wrong because General Conventions are not apt to be critical, but the other feeling has its foundation, and one wonders what is coming out of it all. Certainly some sort of broad church. A meeting such as this I speak of could not have been possible ten years ago. Then the men could not have been found to go; now men are asking to be invited. (May 12, 1874.)

The Convention of the diocese of Massachusetts which met in May to elect a successor to Bishop Eastburn reflected the stormy times which were passing over the Episcopal Church. The High Church candidate was the Rev. James De Koven of Wisconsin. Mr. Brooks wanted Dr. Vinton to be the Low Church candidate, and when he declined, voted for his friend Rev. Henry C. Potter of Grace Church, New York. When it became evident that Dr. Potter could not be elected, a compromise was effected by which the choice of the Convention fell on the Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Convention was a memorable one for the intensity of feeling which prevailed. Among the glowing speeches which were made, none equalled that of Dr. Vinton as he stood forth in all the majesty of his appearance delivering his impassioned appeal for evangelical truth. There was another moment, which will not be forgotten by those present, when the Rev. William R. Huntington of Worcester presented the name of Phillips Brooks, as a man surpassing all others who had been named for the vacant Episcopate. But the time for Phillips Brooks had not yet come. To the bishop-elect, he wrote this letter pledging him his support: —

Hotel Kempton, Berkeley Street, Boston, May 21, 1873.

Rev. and dear Sir, — I have doubted whether I have any right to add another to the multitude of letters which I know you must have received with reference to your election to our episcopate. But I feel so deeply anxious that you should consent to be our Bishop that I venture to add my assurance of cordial welcome and hearty coöperation to all the others which must have come to

you. I think I know Massachusetts pretty well, and I am deeply convinced that our Church has a great and good work to do here. She will not do it easily, nor by simply standing still in idle assertion of herself, but if she will work for the people, the people will understand her readily enough. I am sure that all the circumstances connected with your election promise a cordial and unpartisan support of all your plans and labors by both the Clergy and the Laity of our diocese, and knowing this I have ventured to express to you my own sincere and anxious hope that you may be able to come to us.

I beg you not to trouble yourself to answer this note, but believe me, with much regard,

Most sincerely yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS,
Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

It would have been a significant event for Massachusetts, as for himself, had Mr. Brooks become its bishop in 1873; but he refused to allow his name to be used, nor would he have accepted the office if he had been elected. He had other work to do as the rector of Trinity Church, and to this work we now turn, and to the incidents which befell him from 1873 to 1877. These years constitute a distinct group in his life. It was the time when Trinity Church dwelt in tabernacles, awaiting the completion of its new temple. His preaching during this period was marked by increasing power as he exerted himself to meet the emergency of a church without a home. But before we come to the one leading event which gives unity and connected interest to these years, we may follow him in his familiar correspondence. These extracts are from his letters to Miss Mitchell: —

The worst thing that I see about getting old, or older, is that you get further away from the young people who are the best people in the world. I never see a lot of boys without wanting to be among them, and wishing they would let me into their company and being sure that they won't. I hate to think that boys of sixteen think of me as I used to think of men of thirty-seven when I was their age. Most of the wisdom of old age is humbug. I was struck dreadfully by what you said about the prevalent discontent with life that one hears so much of. It 's awful, and is the most unchristian thing one has to deal with. I fancied it was

more the fashion here, but I suppose I have forgotten how much of the same thing I used to hear in Philadelphia, or perhaps it did not impress me so much then. I pray God that I may die before I get so tired of living. (January 29, 1873.)

I have just been going again through Hessey's Bampton Lectures, which is satisfactory enough in all the theory of the matter; and I don't think there is nearly as much trouble about its practical aspects as there sometimes appears to be. At any rate a good conscience is the best guide about keeping Sunday or enforcing it in others. There is very little indeed in the way of positive law to be made out about it. It seems to me there is a strange lack of faith in the way that the strict Inspirationists and the stricter Sabbatarians are always in a panic lest the Book or the Day, which they above all others claim for God, should come to grief.

I am having an off week, that is, I have no sermon to write because I go to New Haven on Sunday to preach for the students. I shall stay with Harwood, and if all goes as it went last year I shall have a good time. It is the first Sunday that I have not preached at home since I returned from Europe, except one Sunday in November when my Church burned down; and except once, when Percy Browne preached for me, I have not had a single exchange or supply all that time. (February 7, 1873.)

"Keil on the Kings" is a very good commentary as commentaries go, a little overburdened with linguistics, but on the whole telling you (I mean *me*) rather less of what I know already and more of what I don't than most commentaries. But they are all a poor set. Lange has a good deal that is interesting and valuable, but, bless me, who could n't have a few pennies if he swept all the gutters in town and saved all the rubbish. (March 26, 1873.)

I am just come back from Andover where I went to lecture to the Congregational Divinity Students about Preaching. It was quite interesting to me if not to them. . . . They ask hard questions which you rather despair of answering, not because of the difficulty of the question, but because it shows such a queer state of mind in the questioner. I stayed with Professor Park, who is charming, bright, witty, and genial. . . . Have you read a book about Dissent by an English Bampton lecturer? (April 3, 1873.)

I am sorry to find on getting home there is some trouble, I can't tell how serious yet, about the new church. The land

proves not so good as the average of the made land, and the piles which we have driven in it will not probably hold a building of the weight of ours. We don't want to go down any lower than we are, and so some modification of the plan must probably be made. I hope the change will not need to be great, and will improve instead of injuring the building. (May 9, 1873.)

How interesting and beautiful Tom Hughes's little book is! [Memoirs of a Brother.] I wonder whether the brother was as good as he is described. What he (the brother) actually does in the way of letters, etc., did n't strike me much. He is the first man on record, I think, who ever dedicated his life to the health of his Mother-in-law. I am homesick still when I remember my pleasant visit. I shall live now on the hope of the Fall. (May 16, 1873.)

I am busy writing what is a sort of Biographical Oration for what is after a fashion my native town, Andover. It is to be delivered at the opening of their Memorial Hall next week. I don't like the work. Sermons I like to write, the more the better, as many as the deluded folk will sit and hear, but anything else except this weekly letter comes hard. I have a pretty obstinacy when I am asked to do anything right away, but when the task is three months off, I am apt to be feeble and assent, and by and by the day comes on like Fate. (May 22, 1873.)

I have been much interested in reading up about the old Puritan town. What a curious set they were. So estimable and so deadly dull, sober and serious to a degree that is frightful to think of, but strong and tough as granite. The modern religion looks so gentle beside them. I came across this sentence yesterday in that most unpleasant book, Galton's "Hereditary Genius," which has just a vexatious amount of truth in it, "A gently complaining and tired spirit is that in which Evangelical Divines are apt to pass their days." . . . X—— made a prayer at the new Hall to-day in which he thanked the Lord for the workmen who had been engaged upon the building, that "He had given his angels charge over them that none of them should strike his foot against a stone." What do you think of that for a reverent and beautiful use of Scripture? (May 30, 1873.)

After this month I am going to shut up the Hall, and use Emmanuel Church which is ordinarily closed during the summer. I shall be there every Sunday except when I occasionally get Mr.

Tiffany to take my place. One Sunday in July I mean to be in Philadelphia, to preach for the Advent people. . . . Then I am going to Newport for a few days and perhaps to Mount Desert, and so I hope to worry through the summer comfortably. Next year comes Europe again. . . . Mr. —— died the other day. . . . One would n't like to stay quite as long as he has, but with the world such as it is, there is great temptation to linger at the feast a good while yet. (June 5, 1873.)

I am very much interested in the progress of my new Church. The foundations are going up very fast, and the scene is a lively and hopeful one. We hope to get all our foundations in before winter stops our work. And what a splendid Autumn we are having. Such days as these that keep coming one after another are always a surprise. (October 15, 1873.)

I wonder what *sort* of knowledge we shall have of our friends when we get to the other side, and what we shall do to keep up our intimacy with one another. There will be one good thing about it. I suppose we shall see right through one another to begin with, and start off on quite a new basis of mutual understanding. It will be awful at first, but afterwards it must be quite pleasant to feel that your friends know the worst of you and not be continually in danger and in fear that they will find you out. But then with all Eternity ahead there must be a constantly oppressive fear that your friends will get tired of you. (October 23, 1873.)

I have been writing to-day an essay on "Heresy," and have got quite interested in the subject. I have been rather surprised to find how clearly in the New Testament and all the way down in the healthiest periods of Theology, as in Augustine and in the English Reformation at its best, Heresy has meant obstinacy, a fault of the Will, not a mistake of the Intellect. The worst persecutors seem to me to have had some dim feeling of this when they reconciled themselves to the burning of heretics. They must have had some feeling of the moral character of heresy however woefully their prejudices have blinded them in imputing it in special cases. (October 30, 1873.)

We Boston folk have been celebrating our Centennial Tea Party. We got together in Faneuil Hall and drank tea and listened to speeches yesterday afternoon. And we had old Mr. Frailey and young Mr. Brown of Philadelphia, among a lot of other people, to talk to us. . . .

Nobody can help feeling Agassiz's death. Apart from the scientific greatness, he was such a delightful man, so fresh and joyous and simple. It does surely seem as if he had gone at the right time, falling without decay and setting without twilight. 'T is strange to see how many people knew him here, and how many others feel as if they had known him and mourn his death as a personal loss. It was a good, cheerful, wholesome life.

Three weeks from to-night I hope to start for Philadelphia. Fix which night you will for me to dine with you, and I will come up to the trial without a flinch. Please let me know when it is settled. . . . Sunday I shall give to my old Advent folk whom I am proud to find caring for me after so many years. . . . I am glad that the Bible does n't say anything about the idle words which people *write*. (December 17, 1873.)

The clock has just struck, and I wish you a Happy New Year with all my heart. What a splendid night for the New Year to come in on. The snow and moonlight are gorgeous and promise glorious winter days. I wonder what will happen before the year grows old! Certainly lots of pleasant things and probably some that will be ugly enough. We have had a service this evening which reminded me of the old-time watch-meeting at St. Philip's. You and Cooper were not there, but —— sat on the front seat without the blow in her bonnet, but with quite enough of the old look to bring back the old days. And the first beauty of the New Year is that I am coming on to see you all, and a week from to-night shall be upon my way. You do not know how much I depend upon it. The Saturday evening dinner will be the great event, and I will stay and smoke as long as you please after it is over. Dear me, how many things there are to enjoy in the old year and the new. I think nobody ever had altogether a pleasanter life than I have. Thalaba was nothing to me. (January 1, 1874. 12.03 A. M.)

I have come home from a Wednesday evening lecture, which I always enjoy; the only indication that I have that the people enjoy it is that they come in large numbers. Though they may talk about it among themselves, I myself never get any idea whether I hit them or not. Still I jog on and am very cheerful. I don't care for applause, but I do like to have some idea whether people are interested or not. (January 25, 1874.)

All yesterday was a hard pull at a sermon which is to be preached this morning, and is n't good for much, I am afraid. It seemed pretty good and important before I began to write it;

but somehow it did n't get on to paper as I wanted it to. I am sure I have got better sermons in me somewhere than I have got out yet, but probably fifteen years would have brought them. (February 13, 1874.)

Charles Kingsley is here, and lectured to us on Monday evening. It was good to see the author of "Hypatia" in the flesh, but the Lecture was n't much, and he is the Englishest of Englishmen. Then his laudation of this country was overmuch, and we were unnecessarily reminded of how he hated us and hoped good things for the rebellion during our war.

Of course I don't read anything nowadays, but "The Princess of Thule" shall be my next novel. I did n't make much out of "Old Pendleton." The over-description worried me and I gave it up, and have not tried it again, but I dare say I shall by and by. I am reading Forster's "Life of Sir John Eliot," a book I have long meant to get at, with much delight. Eight weeks from to-day I 'll be in Philadelphia. (February 19, 1874.)

How sad this sudden news of Sumner's death, and how it makes us realize the lack of great men among us. And certainly Sumner was in many respects a great man. The time of his departure like Agassiz's seems to be just what one would wish for him. Neither of them was a man whom one would like to see crawling about in decrepitude. (March 11, 1874.)

Poor Sumner's funeral was a wonderful outburst of public feeling about a man who had won it by sheer force of character and principle. He was never popular . . . but true as steel and capable of ideas. We hope to have a good man in his place, probably Judge Hoar or Mr. Adams. The country is not as bad as you think it. Certainly no other land offers us anything to envy. Surely England settling down on Disraeli, just to get rid of the trouble and tumult of reform, is about as unpleasant a sight as one can see.

Have you read the book of a Mr. Pater on the Renaissance? It is wonderfully fresh and full of its subject. Then I got a book of Masson's the other day on Drummond of Hawthornden, of which I have read a few pages that promise something charming. (March 19, 1874.)

Certainly there is nothing to make us despair of our Government in the present state of things. The arrogance of able and corrupt men is something we could never have expected to escape,

and so far it has been less powerful among us than in the history of any other nation, and the present strongest sign of the times is a violent outbreak and protest against it. (March 26, 1874.)

I am in the thick of Lent, with the usual enjoyment of its spirit, and the usual misgiving about the way in which we try to make it useful to our people. It is trying to see how, just as soon as we attempt to give religion its fit expression, we are instantly in danger of formalism and the mere piety of outside habits. Yet still there is a great deal in changing habits which mean sad things, for habits which mean good things, for a little while, and some of the meaning does get into people's hearts. . . .

How hard it is to write an Easter sermon. The associations of the day are so dependent that it is really difficult to bring it close to people's lives. But it is remarkable how men like your friend ——, who give up so much about Jesus, still cling to the truth of the Resurrection. (March 31, 1874.)

We have had Principal Tulloch here. He was at our Church last Sunday, and I spent the evening with him at Mr. Winthrop's. I want you to see him when he comes to Philadelphia. He is a splendid Scotchman. (April 30, 1874.)

I 'd like to talk with you some time about that matter of the judging of people's characters before and after death. I don't think we 'd much disagree. (May 8, 1874.)

Last Sunday we tried here to have a Hospital Sunday like the English institution, and the result was very successful. The spirit was good and the collections large, and it brought all classes and denominations together. Trinity gave $3200. . . . Our new Chapel begins to look beautifully, and by the time you are here the walls will be almost done. . . . So don't fail to come. My love to Weir. (May 12, 1874.)[1]

There are two incidents mentioned in the above extracts which call for some slight expansion. The first is treated in a casual manner, but was full of significance, — the address afterwards published, which was delivered at the dedication of the Memorial Hall in Andover. Apart from his associa-

[1] Here closes the correspondence with Miss Mitchell. She died soon after the letter was written, from which this extract is taken.

tion with the civil war which the hall commemorated, or his fame as a pulpit orator, Phillip Brooks had been chosen as spokesman for the occasion because he was the descendant of those who were connected with the town from its earliest history, and who, in later years, had done much to make it famous. Thus he was recognized by Professor Park of Andover, in the impressive prayer which followed the address, "It is of Thy goodness, O Lord, that we have been permitted on this day of our solemnity to hear the voice of one whose godly ancestors our fathers delighted to honor." It is a suggestive coincidence that while he was looking into the history of Andover in making preparation for his address, he was also reading Galton on "Hereditary Genius," and the picture was before him of the generations of the Andover Phillipses. His address was beautiful, pervaded with a joyous tone, with the conviction that he had a right to speak, and that in speaking he represented what was uppermost in the minds of his hearers: —

> If I wanted to give a foreigner some clear idea of what that excellent institution, a New England town, really is, in its history and its character, in its enterprise and its sobriety, in its godliness and its manliness, I should be sure that I could do it if I could make him perfectly familiar with the past and present of Andover. Nor can one know the old town well and not feel, however, its scenery has the same typical sort of value which belongs to all its life. All that is most characteristic in our New England landscape finds its representation here. Its rugged granite breaks with hard lines through the stubborn soil, its sweep of hill and valley fills the eye with various beauty. Its lakes catch the sunlight on their generous bosoms. Its rivers are New England rivers ready for work and yet not destitute of beauty. If everywhere our New England scenery suggests to the imagination that is sensitive to such impressions some true resemblance to the nature of the people who grow up among its pictures, nowhere are such suggestions clearer than in this town which is so thoroughly part and parcel of New England.

Mr. Brooks went often to Andover at this time to visit his youngest brother who was taking his first year of theological study. The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, who was also in the

seminary, has given his impressions of him, speaking of the interest that he showed in the discussion of theological questions, how he always wished to hear what Professor Park had been teaching on Original Sin and other topics, but was more anxious to get at the truth of the matter, than talk over opinions, or compare them with his own. Of his address on Preaching, before the Andover students, Bishop Lawrence says: —

> I have often wished that an exact report of that lecture had been taken, for as I remember it, it followed exactly the lines of his Yale Lectures, step by step. I mention it also to speak of the impression which his closing prayer made upon the students. He finished his address and then, quite naturally, and, as it seemed, unexpectedly to himself, he felt moved to say, "Let us pray," and at the same desk from which we had heard extemporary prayers from the professors he offered a prayer which, as compared with theirs, was so beautiful that, as one of the fellows said afterwards, he had to open his eyes to see how a man looked when he prayed like that.
>
> I wonder at the amount of time that he put into talks with us when we were at college and at the seminary, but I have no doubt that he welcomed us simply as representative of what a lot of other fellows were thinking. For after a talk with him on a week day, one could sometimes feel and even discover the results of the talk in the next Sunday morning's sermon.

The other incident to which allusion is made in the correspondence with Miss Mitchell deserves notice as a landmark in his theological growth. The essay on "Heresy," there mentioned, was read before the "Clericus Club" in October, 1873. Though not written for publication, it has been given a place in his "Essays and Addresses." Its significance lies in his discernment that religious thought was entering upon a new stage of development, whose motive was to gain a deeper insight into the meaning of doctrines, and to give them a fuller statement, intelligible to the modern world. In this process it would become necessary to redefine the word which in the history of the past had been affixed as a stigma to every departure from received theological expressions. He therefore inquired into the meaning of the word "heresy."

He found that in the New Testament it carried a moral significance, the presupposition of a vicious will. In its application in ecclesiastical history, where it stands for a divergence from received opinions, there could still be detected the earlier use, — the assumption that any one diverging from prevailing statements of doctrine must at heart be bad. The essay raises the question of intellectual responsibility, — the existence of such a sin as the self-will of the intellect.

Heretic is a word of personal guilt. It had that tone when Paul used it, and it has kept it ever since. But I am sure that we have all felt, and perhaps reproached ourselves for feeling, how impossible it was for us in any real way to attach the notion of personal guilt to those who were called heretics in the ordinary uses of the word. We have been unable to feel any vehement condemnation for the earnest and truth-seeking Errorist, or any strong approbation for the flippant and partisan Orthodox. There was no place for the first in the hell, nor for the second in the heaven, which alone our consciences tell us that the God whom we worship could establish. Speaking in the atmosphere of the New Testament, we cannot call the first a heretic, nor the second a saint, and our misgivings are perfectly right. The first is not a heretic, the second is not a saint. . . . The first may be a saint in his error, the second, to use Milton's fine phrase, may be a "heretic in the truth."

Unless we hold to the authority of the infallible Church, the ecclesiastical conception of the sin of heresy is impossible. Unless we hold that all truth has been so perfectly revealed that no honest mind can mistake it (and who can believe that?), the dogmatic conception of heresy fails. But if we can believe in the conscience, and God's willingness to enlighten it, and man's duty to obey its judgments, the moral conception of heresy sets definitely before us a goodness after which we may aspire, and a sin which we may struggle against and avoid.

In ordinary talk men will call him a heretic who departs from a certain average of Christian belief far enough to attract their attention. Men will speak of heresy as if it were synonymous with error. It may be that the word is so bound up with old notions of authority that it must be considered obsolete, and can be of little further use. And yet there is a sin which this word describes, which it describes to Paul and Augustine and Jeremy Taylor, — a sin as rampant in our day as in theirs. It is the self-

will of the intellect. It is the belief of creeds, whether they be true or false, because we choose them, and not because God declares them. It is the saying, "I want this to be true," of any doctrine, so vehemently that we forget to ask, "Is it true?" When we do this, we depart from the Christian church, which is the kingdom of God, and the discipleship of Christ. With the danger of that sin before our eyes, remembering how often we have committed it, feeling its temptation ever present with us, we may still pray with all our hearts, "From heresy, good Lord, deliver us."

Among the varied incidents whose only bond of connection is Phillips Brooks, there is one which caused at the moment a flutter in Episcopal circles in Boston, — the occupation of King's Chapel on Ash Wednesday, 1874, by an Episcopal congregation. For the first time in its history an Episcopal bishop officiated within its walls. To those unfamiliar with the circumstances it seemed portentous with some hidden significance. The famous building was crowded with an eager, curious audience, studying the ancient structure, its chancel and communion table, its reading desk and pulpit, preserved unchanged, unimpaired by modern improvements, since the day when Episcopal rectors presided there, in this first home of Episcopacy in Boston. But if the event did not have the significance which some attributed to it, — the possible regaining for the Episcopal Church of this honored shrine in its early history, — it did yet possess a deeper and larger significance, as the manifestation of Christian charity. It had been offered to Phillips Brooks, as the rector of Trinity Church, for the delivery of the Price Lectures, the condition of whose endowment required that the Lectures be given either in Christ Church, King's Chapel, or Trinity Church. The kind offer came from the late Rev. Henry W. Foote, then the minister of King's Chapel, a man of beautiful and saintly character, beloved by all who knew him, whose death in the prime of his manhood brought the deepest sense of loss and sorrow. Bishop Paddock had already been invited to deliver the Price Lecture before Mr. Foote had offered the use of his church, and so it came about that a

bishop of the Episcopal Church officiated for the first time in King's Chapel.

The summer of 1874 was spent in Europe. He was accompanied on this visit by Rev. Arthur Brooks, who was seeing the Old World for the first time, and for a great part of the summer they were together. The trip differed from previous ones, in that he saw more of people. The traditional American prejudice against the English, which he had hitherto shared, to some extent, was disappearing. He received more hospitality than on former visits, and found everybody quite cordial and civil. It was mostly the clergy with whom he became acquainted, but he remarks that clergymen and laymen have more common interests than in America. They were talking much at this time about the Public Worship Bill at dinner tables and in the newspapers, which surprises him, as things of this kind at home are ordinarily confined to General Conventions. Of London, where he spent a few weeks, he writes that he saw it all over again with his brother, finding in it much of which he never tires. It was a special pleasure to have been shown over Westminster Abbey by the Dean. His acquaintance with Dean Stanley was now ripening into friendship; he received from him and from Lady Augusta Stanley the most cordial hospitality, and as a final mark of complete confidence was invited to preach in the Abbey, a courtesy extended in England only to leading pulpit orators or high dignitaries. Dean Stanley gave the invitation after having assured himself that he could not be mistaken in thinking that Phillips Brooks would serve the purpose for which the services on Sunday evenings in the Abbey had been instituted. The fame of the preacher had in some way already reached England. Many were desirous to hear him, and the nave of the Abbey was filled. The subject of the sermon was the Positiveness of the Divine Life, the text taken from Galatians v. 16: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." [1] The friends of Mr. Brooks at home were pained by the report that his sermon was a failure in consequence of his not making himself heard.

[1] This sermon is printed in the first volume of his *Sermons*, p. 373.

In the words of an American newspaper correspondent, "After the first ten minutes the speaker was inaudible at a few yards distance, having pitched his voice too high for the old Abbey." That there was some passing embarrassment is evident, but how differently Mr. Brooks regarded it from the newspaper correspondent is seen by his allusion to his experience in a letter to Rev. Charles D. Cooper, "The preaching went very well when I got used to the size of the Abbey." Another comment on the occurrence is interesting, because the writer of it, who was present, says that the preacher was distinctly heard: —

> About six o'clock P. M. we all started for church service at old Westminster Abbey where Phillips Brooks of Boston was advertised to preach at seven o'clock. We went quite early anticipating a crowd and secured a tolerably good position. The nave of the church where the services are held on Sunday evenings was very soon crowded. There was a choral service by men and boys. Dean Stanley read the Lessons and Mr. Brooks preached. . . . It is a very hard place to preach in . . . but he was distinctly heard, and the sermon was worthy of his reputation. It was a plain, practical enforcement of the great truths of his text, enunciated in simple yet elegant language, and altogether such a style of preaching as those old walls are not accustomed to. There may be better preachers here than the Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, but if so we have yet to hear them. We reached home soon after nine, grateful that we had had the privilege of hearing Mr. Brooks in Westminster Abbey, and still more grateful that God had given to Boston such a man and such a preacher.

Other acquaintances among the English clergy whom he mentions are Canon Fremantle and Professor Stanley Leathes, in whose church, St. Philip's, Regent Street, he preached. From London he passed to the Continent to spend several weeks, wandering through Normandy and Brittany, thence to Venice, and back through the Tyrol over the great Ampezzo Pass that he had long wanted to see, stopping at Innsbruck, Munich, Ratisbon, Nuremberg, Heidelberg; and at Worms, to which he was attracted by the memory of Luther. He liked to revisit spots like these with which he was already familiar, but the trip had been mainly planned

for the convenience of his brother. The sense of vacation, he writes, was complete and made Boston seem far away. The main interest was in looking at churches in Normandy and Brittany, the richness and beauty of whose architecture impressed him. He was gathering suggestions which would afterwards be of service.

We went up to Rouen and spent a lovely day among its old Gothic architecture. There is nothing more beautiful in Europe. Then we struck off into the country and for a week we have been wandering among old Norman towns . . . each with its churches six or eight hundred years old, some with magnificent cathedrals. . . . For a week we have wandered on through Brittany, looked at old castles and cathedrals. . . . I have been amazed at the richness of the old architecture of the country. In little out-of-the-way villages, reached only by rickety country wagons, we have found glorious and immense churches of rarest beauty, — churches that took centuries to build, and stand to-day perfect in their splendor, with wonderful glass in their windows, and columns and capitals that take your breath away for beauty.[1]

As he wandered he was thinking of the new Trinity Church in Boston that was growing in his absence. To Mr. Robert Treat Paine he sends these letters: —

Tours, France, August 4, 1874.

Dear Bob,— . . . And how 's the new Church? I dreamed of it when I wrote to you from London, and now I dream of it again, slowly rising, course on course. I should n't wonder if the robing room were done up to the eaves, but I would give much to step out of the hotel and look in the gorgeous moonlight at that blessed lot on the Back Bay. Sometimes I am very impatient at being away while it is all going on, but I comfort myself with promises of coming home to harder work with the first Sunday in October. I think of many things at this distance which if I can really do them when I get to Boston will make the Parish more entirely what it should be than, by my fault, it has been yet.

Normandy and Brittany have both been very great. O my dear Bob, such old glass as one sees in these Churches little and big. Some dreary little village off as far as Holaker or Aak will have windows, a whole nave and choir and transepts full of them, that would make our new Trinity the glory of America forever.

[1] *Letters of Travel*, pp. 173–176.

But we cannot have it, and the modern French glass seems to me poor, not at all equal to the best English.

I should like to be with you at Waltham now. My kindest love to Mrs. Paine and the children, and do write me often.

Always sincerely yours, P. B.

Munich, August 30, 1874.

Dear Bob, — I thank you again for your kindness in writing to me. Yours of the 4th, a right good letter, reached me a few days ago in Venice. First let me say how I rejoice with you and Mrs. Paine in the birth of your little boy. Nothing can be indifferent to me that comes to your household where I have been so kindly made one of yourselves, and this new joy of yours is a joy to me too. May God bless the boy and make him all your heart can wish. I hope to know him better as the years go on.

I must not say much about the Church because these twenty-six days since your letter must have changed many things. Only do keep down the expense. Let 's decorate and beautify at our leisure, but start as clear as possible. I hear all sorts of good things about the new Chapel. "If the Church can equal the Chapel," says one, "it will be a great success." I look forward most impatiently to seeing it and going to work in it. The corner stone ought to be laid about the middle or last of October. We will go right about our preparations when I get home, but it will take two or three weeks to make the preparations and give the necessary notice. The notion of setting the old rosettes is first-rate.

So much for the Church. My summer goes swimmingly. I came down through Switzerland from France to Italy, but did no climbing. My climbing days are over. They never amounted to much. I only looked at Chamouni and Zermatt. Five royal days I spent in Venice. It was exquisite weather, and the gondola suited my lazy mood completely. Now my face is set towards England which I shall slowly reach, and then after two or three more days in London I sail in the Siberia for Boston on the 17th. How many things I have coveted for the new Church. There was a big mosaic at Salviati's that would glorify our Chancel. But let all that wait. Shall we not all be ready to continue our subscriptions for the new Church till it is done?

On the first Sunday in October, then, we are together again and, bright as this all is, I shall be truly glad.

My love to all your household, not forgetting the last born, and I am

Always yours, P. B.

No traveller returns to his own country, when the long ocean passage intervenes, without some measure of suspense or misgiving, lest bad news should await him on his arrival. For Mr. Brooks there was in reserve a great sorrow, in the sudden death of his brother Frederick. The story is told in his father's words, entered in a family record, where he chronicled briefly the events in the lives of his sons. The story of Frederick Brooks's short life summarily interrupted at the threshold of what promised to be a career of unusual success ends thus: —

> In September, 1874, he came to the city to see a young friend who was sick, and who was to take charge of a school at Cleveland. Finding him unable, he went to Lowell for a teacher, September 15. On returning from there in the Boston & Lowell train he left the train at East Cambridge, intending to walk home on the railroad bridge. The night being dark he fell through the draw and was drowned. This was about 8.30 P. M. He was thirty-two years of age. The body was not found until the 20th in the Charles River. Funeral services were held September 24, at Emmanuel Church, and he was laid in Mount Auburn.

The friendship between these two brothers was close and beautiful. The older brother had followed with sympathetic interest and aid every step of the younger brother's progress, from his days in the Latin School, and then through Harvard College. Two years they had lived together while Frederick Brooks was at the Divinity School in Philadelphia. For the aid, the sympathy, the brotherly love he received, the younger brother showed his appreciation, as when he wrote to Phillips: "I wish you would let me say what a jump I give to get one of your letters. They are one of the things that help along my year mightily." From the time of his ordination, Frederick Brooks was recognized as a preacher of singular attractiveness. Calls to various parishes had been the evidence that he was recognized as having some important work to do. For a time he had been at Des Moines, Iowa, to get a touch of Western life; then he became rector of a prominent church, St. Paul's, in Cleveland, Ohio. To the interests

of this church he gave, says his brother, "devoted care, proving himself a rare pastor and preacher, helping and teaching many souls, and building his parish work with singular solidity and power." He became editor of the "Standard of the Cross," and gave the paper "a marked and noble character." His inherited interest in education led him to establish a school in Cleveland, which should give the best classical preparation. In this cause he came to his lamented death.

The first of the two letters that follow was written to Dr. Weir Mitchell, the second to the Rev. George Augustus Strong: —

Boston, Tuesday, September 29, 1874.

Dear Weir, — I cannot say how much I thank you for your letter. It has helped me through to-day, but I seem all lost and bewildered with such an utterly unlooked-for sorrow. It will all come right by and by, but just now there is nothing to do except to sit down and think it all over in a dull and weary sort of way. Fred was very near to me, and few people knew, what crowds would have known a few years hence, the ability and character that was in him. That is not gone out, and must have some richer field to work in than this world. But it is the terribleness of it all, and the way we shall miss him and need him all our lives, and the wretchedness at home where Father and Mother are as brave and forlorn as possible.

Boston, October 18, 1874.

My dear George, — I never knew how good a friend you were till I got your letter last week about dear Fred. Since I came home I have thought of writing to you because I wanted to talk with you, and because I knew you had seen something of him who was not out of my thoughts for a moment, though I had no idea how well you knew him and how much you cared for him, and because I wanted to thank you for the good kind words you sent to Father and Mother, which helped their poor hearts very much. But I did n't write, and by and by your letter came. I should be quite ashamed to say fully with what feeling I read it. It has been good to hear a great many people say kind and honorable and appreciative things about Fred, but there were so few who knew him well enough to really love him and feel as I feel about the beauty of his simple working and thinking life.

I cannot write about him, but I should like so much to be with you in your home and hear you talk of him. I do want so to see

you, my dear George. These three weeks since I came home have been, just between ourselves, pretty wretched. I have tried and tried to get out of my mind the dreadful circumstances of it all. When I can shut them out for a moment and think only of his life here and the life he has begun beyond I am more than happy. I am thankful and full of rejoicing. But almost all the time the terrible scene is before me, and I think I have come nearer to being gloomy and out of heart with life than I ever did before. But I have n't been and I shan't be.

I am talking all about myself. To my Father and Mother, who are getting old now, and whose house is empty of their children, it has been sad enough. It makes my heart ache to go up there and see them. Thank you again for your kind thoughtfulness. I am coming out to Cleveland this week.

On Sunday the 25th of October Mr. Brooks stood in his brother's pulpit in Cleveland, Ohio, preaching in the morning from the text, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" (Job xv. 11),[1] and in the afternoon another well-known sermon, with the title, "The good will of Him that dwelt in the Bush" (Deut. xxxiii. 16).[2] Again in the evening he preached, and his text was, "It became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, . . . to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings" (Heb. ii. 10). This was the record of a day to be remembered by the preacher and his hearers. Another duty devolved upon him, to visit the deserted room where the traces of activity suddenly interrupted were all about him. Into his musings, as he sat there alone with memory, we do not enter. He looked over the sermons of his brother, and from them selected a volume for publication. In the preface, he alluded briefly to the beauty and power of his life. At a later time, when writing his Lectures on Preaching, he made this terse reference without further explanation, "To-day I have been thinking of one whom I knew, — nay, one whom I know, — who finished his work and went to God."

[1] *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 98. [2] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 39.

CHAPTER IV

1873–1877

SERVICES IN HUNTINGTON HALL. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS. METHOD OF PREPARING SERMONS. ESSAY ON COURAGE. CONTEMPORANEOUS ACCOUNTS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS AS A PREACHER. TESTIMONY OF PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

During more than four years the congregation of Trinity Church worshipped in Huntington Hall on Boylston Street. If it were a disadvantage to be deprived of the accessories and associations which make religion impressive, yet there were compensations. The location was more convenient, the accommodations more ample, and to many it constituted an inducement rather than a hindrance that the reminders of conventional worship were wanting. But it required a greater effort on the part of the preacher to hold his congregation together during this unexpectedly long period of waiting. That Mr. Brooks felt the harder necessity which had been placed upon him, and summoned his strength to meet it, is apparent in many ways, but chiefly in the greater results which he accomplished. The extracts which were cited in a previous chapter might seem to indicate that he had already taken the place in Boston which he had occupied in Philadelphia. But there is some evidence going to show that the three years in the old church on Summer Street had not exhibited the fruit anticipated. Thus the afternoon service on Sundays continued to be thinly attended, however large might be the congregation in the morning. This problem of the Sunday afternoons and the second service was an unwelcome inheritance, not easily overcome. To a clerical friend who once preached for him to one of these small congregations, he

remarked that it was not like the old days in Philadelphia. Then the church had been filled to its utmost capacity, in the afternoon as well as in the morning.

From the time that he began to officiate in Huntington Hall, there came a change so marked in the direction and the manifestation of his power that these years were not remembered or lamented as a period of deprivation of ecclesiastical privileges, but rather cherished for the richer spiritual influence which they brought. The secular hall took on a sacred character. The preacher rose high above disadvantage or limitation. The afternoon service soon began to be as well attended as the morning, nor were the accommodations sufficient to meet the demands of the thronging congregation. It was a reminder of the early days of the Christian church, when as yet it lacked temples and altars and the symbolic pageantry of the later centuries, when the spoken word was alone in itself adequate to reach the intellect and to melt the heart. To the preacher it must have meant a setting free from the traditions and embarrassments of a former régime, as if like St. Paul he was at liberty to build for himself and not upon other men's foundations. This sense of rejoicing in a larger freedom runs through these years, giving them a character of their own; there was a joy and happiness in the preacher which was diffused throughout the congregation. But it should be mentioned as a touching instance of his dependence upon associations, or of his desire to maintain the continuousness of his life, that he sent a request, which at once was granted, to the Church of the Holy Trinity for the lecturn or preaching desk at which he had stood when delivering his Wednesday evening lectures.

The main event, of course, during these years was the building of the new Trinity Church in Copley Square. Before, however, we turn to describe it, we may dwell for a moment upon some features in the preaching of Phillips Brooks which are as interesting as they are important. He had not written many sermons since he came to Boston, for he had been occupied and somewhat distracted by the great

transition in his life. He had fallen back upon his old Philadelphia sermons, using as many of them as he was still willing to preach, taking, as it were, his final leave of his old self before launching out anew and letting down his nets for a fresh draught. His sermon record book shows but forty new sermons to have been written in the years from 1870 to 1873. There was here no idleness or waste of time. It was the opportunity for large and varied reading, — a period of refilling and of quiet waiting, wherein convictions took root and matured, till he should be ready for some larger utterance. Another forward movement in his career of triumph was slowly coming in the years of his ministry in Huntington Hall. The signs of intellectual and spiritual growth may be traced in the multiplication of the note-books. He carried them in his pocket, and at any time might be seen recording thoughts as they were flashing through his mind. Some kind of note-book was his inseparable companion.

What his earlier method was of writing a sermon or of preparation for writing we do not know. That the sermon was often left till the end of the week, finished only in time for its delivery, is apparent from allusions in his diaries. When he first began to preach he wrote two sermons every week. After he went to Holy Trinity he wrote but one, to be preached in the morning; while his gift for extemporaneous preaching was brought into exercise on Sunday afternoons and in his Wednesday evening lectures. Many of the plans for these earlier extemporaneous sermons remain, showing that they had been carefully elaborated. It was one of his peculiarities that he remembered his work and seemed to hold it in account, so that often he turned back to these plans, as if they held an equal place in his estimation with the written sermons. He had another and a fortunate characteristic, that his mind kindled quickly with his own thoughts, even after many years had gone by, with the result that old sermons were as fresh to him as those that were newly written.

There was always a curious interest among the clergy and theological students who cultivated the art of preaching to know the methods by which Mr. Brooks did his work. The

sense of form, the literary charm, the almost prodigal abundance of thought and illustration, the spontaneity which made a written sermon possess the full effect of an extemporaneous utterance inspired by the moment, — this called for explanation, if so be that he could communicate to others the valued secret. Now that we know the entire process, the secret appears a simple one. Preaching was the one exclusive object that occupied his mind. The message to be delivered and the form it should take in order to be most effective, — to that simple end he devoted himself. From morning till night, in every hour of leisure or apparent relaxation, on his journeys, in vacations, in social assemblies, he was thinking of subjects for sermons, turning over new aspects of old truths, thrilled inwardly with the possibility of giving better form than had yet been given to old, familiar doctrine. In a word, he concentrated his thought upon one thing, — it was preaching; that was what he lived for, and for that cause he might almost be said to have come into the world. Beneath the nonchalant, trifling manner which seemed at times to refuse to take anything seriously, the humor that played about solemn and sacred themes, the deep undertone of his spirit was sounding without cessation or interruption.

The first shape which the sermon took was the brief hint in the note-book. It was an apparent necessity to put it into writing, or it would not have been that every sermon may thus be traced in its genesis, even every casual speech on slight occasions. One might have thought that after so many years of preparation it would have been possible for him to make a few minutes' talk after dinner, or to boys in school or college, without first writing down the idea on which he was to touch, and then expanding it into a complete plan. In the reminiscences by Dr. Weir Mitchell[1] an account of one of these extemporaneous addresses is given, as it seemed to have been born at the moment, without premeditation. But in truth it had long been in his mind what he should say, and the analysis had been written out. He never trusted to the moment to bring him inspiration. To give other

[1] Cf. *ante*, vol. i. p. 634.

illustrations, he often went to Cambridge to address the students of the St. Paul's Society at Harvard, but in every case the analysis of his remarks may be found in his notebooks or on detached sheets of paper. On some occasions he availed himself of ideas which he was working up in other connections, but it still remained true that he took thought beforehand and never allowed himself to feel it would be given to him, when called upon, what he should speak. That was a privilege of the apostolic age, and it had not been reserved for him.

It is not known that he ever found himself in a position where he was forced to speak when he had made no special preparation, although there were occasions having a resemblance to emergencies when he was saved by what seems like mysterious interposition, or the working of some reserve force within him. Such an incident is described by the Rev. Percy Browne, to whom Mr. Brooks communicated it: —

In one of the later years when Christmas fell in the middle of the week, Mr. Brooks had prepared two sermons, — one for Christmas Day, and the other for the morning of the Sunday after Christmas. He preached the first sermon as it was intended. On the Sunday morning after Christmas he went up into the pulpit, and as the choir were singing the last stanza of the hymn he looked down at the sermon before him, when to his horror he discovered that he had made a mistake and had brought with him to church the sermon preached some two or three days before. He then reminded himself that he had prepared another sermon to be preached extemporaneously in the afternoon, — but both the text and the plan had vanished from his memory. In his despair he hastened down from the pulpit and went to the lecturn where he began in almost reckless fashion to turn over the leaves of the Bible in the hope that the lost text might recur to him. And then suddenly, at the critical moment when the large congregation were waiting for him to begin, the text flashed upon his mind, with a vivid picture of the plan of the sermon. Some one in the congregation, who was asked if he noticed anything peculiar, said he only remarked that Mr. Brooks seemed to have changed his mind after reaching the pulpit, and concluded that he would prefer to preach from the lecturn. The reason for the change he did not know, but he recalled that sermon as one of the most powerful and impressive he had ever heard.

A few specimens are here given from his pocket note-books in order to show the ideas germinating in his mind which were afterwards to be developed into sermons; they also serve to illustrate the character of his preaching and the tone of thought at the moment when they were written. One year is as good as another for this purpose, and we fix upon 1874, when he was preaching in Huntington Hall: —

What do we mean by hope and cheerfulness about the future? We know that despair and weariness all come, we don't ignore them. But from the distance we see the greater power enveloping all and working and making peace.

The difference of the sense of mystery in life in different persons. About alike in those who think nothing about it and in those who have a settled scheme.

There are days which seem to be made up of spring and autumn, which have the hope of one and the despair of the other. Our time is like such a day.

The relation of the Church to social life, throughout its history. The Church and the religion are not always the same, but (and it is a weighty truth) the Church cannot long lag behind the religion. Christianity the religion at once of individuality and society, and so of social life which must have both of these in it.

The way the Bible strikes at the average respectability, as in the Elder Brother and Pharisees, yet never would overturn. No socialism; always full of virtue and order, always bringing up the better from below, always making growth the changing force, always developing. That the whole secret of reform. Other systems purely destructive; have tried to appropriate Christianity, but have failed.

When an end has been made of the people's old religion, of their faith, and of the God-made man of the Gospel, do you know what was substituted? The faith in the God-made man of socialism. For what is socialism at bottom? It is man believing himself God, in the sense that he believes himself capable of destroying evil and suffering. (Life of Montalembert, vol. ii. p. 112.)

For thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye me,

and ye shall live. Amos v. 4. One must be in harmony with the principles of life in order to live; for example, the forces of nature, the laws of the land, the men about us, of all good things. This must be what is meant by seeking God; not His favor, but His nature. This is what is meant by Christ reconciling us to God. The full life of Jesus. . . . There is a rich vitality in the man who has sought God.

We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. Acts xix. 2. What is perfectly real to us so often entirely strange to other men. What we cannot live without they never miss. . . . But in every such case the soul is all the time getting help unconsciously; the Spirit not confined to those times and places where He consciously is. . . . What they lose by their unconsciousness.

And there was great joy in that city. Acts viii. 8. Religion primarily personal, secondarily social. Evil of reversing this. But after the personal, the social to be considered. What would a city be with Christianity accepted universally? 1. Belief. 2. Behavior. 3. Charity. City joy is made up, independently of personal happiness, of social life, business prosperity, and public spirit. The love of company. A revival in a city. The beauty and healthiness of it. . . . The qualities wanted in civic life are just the Christian qualities.

Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. Acts iii. 3. There is something better for us to *have* than money. So there must be something better to *give*. The greatest benefactors have not given money. Christ. So of those who have helped you most. Not make anything I say an excuse for not giving money. What we can give, — Ideas, Inspiration, Comfort, and above all access to God for what He can give alone, — Forgiveness and Grace. . . . A man must really possess himself before he can really give himself to another.

Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are. James v. 17. General tendency to think the great men so much greater than we are. What is and what is not common to men (Declaration of Independence). Settle it that privilege must belong with character, and then there can be no arbitrary inequality. "*And I will not be judged by any that never felt the like,*" said Richard Baxter on his wife's death.

The first fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. xv. 20. . . . Christ made death seem and be a sleep. He established, that is,

that sleep was its true figure. This includes these ideas, (1) Its naturalness. To sleep and to awaken again is altogether natural. The sonnet of Blanco White. The relation of this revelation to the wishes and hopes of the race. (2) The refreshing, renewing power. Sleep brings back the energy of the last morning, only with the added wisdom and experience of the past day. So of the resurrection life of Christ. The restoral of the first life, only with the complete and redemptive work added, all the fatigue and pain over. So your resurrection life. Restored to the Image of God, only with the experience of life put in.

And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? Matt. xxi. 10. A great city in excitement always a thrilling and touching thing. For there life is at its fullest. . . . 1. The impressibility of men. 2. The ignorance: hooting boys, nay, even men, who don't know what it is all about. 3. The vast uncultured power that is there; what they might do. 'T is very like a beast. 'T is insignificant in detail, but mighty in combination.

Country good after town, as night after day, as sleep after work, but that is all.

The moved city is the emphasis of ideas by humanity, adding nothing to their inherent reasonableness, but very much to their convincing force.

Who is this? a wonder worker, a truth teacher, a soul changer? There must be a Theology, a Christology. Refuge in mere moralism will not do. It is too shallow. If there be a Christ we *must* know Him, think *something* of Him.

Christ's view of human nature. A general view necessary. Views lightly formed. Views of easy humanitarians; present views of universal corruption. — Constant variation from wretched misanthropy to wretched optimism. — The necessity of some general conception. How it will influence single judgments. Two sources — consciousness and experience.

Christ's view in parable of Prodigal Son, Woman of Samaria, and Simon Peter; in the Temptation, Transfiguration, Crucifixion.

Practical results of this view, — deep indignation with sin, sober hope and work, enthusiasm for man without folly.

The Gadarenes beseeching Jesus to depart from their coast. Matt. viii. 34. The shrinking from any great experience.

This one reason why with all their complaint of the world and themselves men do not strive for improvement.

The magnitude of Christianity appalls men. How they get rid

of it: by formalism; by indifference; by breaking down the truth.

The way in which Jesus lifts us to our work. He will not go; is better than our prayers.

That awful prayer! . . . Depart from us, O Christ! half unconsciously; by business absorption.

Imagine the whole world eager for its highest. How it would take Christ.

One element of our shrinking from death, — the natural fear of the unknown.

But Christ goes into it with us, surrounding and tempting us with His love. The fear of great emotion is lost as He is with us. He is with us in a lower and so leads us to a higher state. . . .

Start with the truth that Christianity is Christ.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. Job i. 12. The limited power of evil, — the self that it cannot touch. Apply to Christian trials, to disturbed faith, to bereavements, to loss of property.

The need of a central definite self. The need of valuing it above all things.

The power of trouble to disentangle the self. Compare the limits of Satan's power over Jesus. Christ the assertor of a man's self. . . .

To know the depths to which each sort of suffering and temptation may go, how deep loss of money, loss of health, loss of friends, loss of reputation. . . . God's willingness to let everything else go, to save the man's own self. That explains so much.

The Religious Fear. Nervousness, or with some the Religious scare of the present moment. The need of religion being driven (1) to more reality, (2) to more applicability, (3) to more depth. Are not the present tendencies doing it?

What to do! Not modify religion to every demand; the great liberty now to seek the absolute truth and match our ideas to it.

Threefold danger, — cultivated skepticism, low life, Romanism. Faith in God. Show what it means. Not that He will support our dogma, but that He will bring His truth, and if our dogma and Church is not that, we do not wish it. So I always stand before you.

Who against Hope believed in Hope. Rom. iv. 18. Spoken of Abraham the father of us all.

The lower hope and the higher. Hope in the probabilities of

nature; and hope in the promises of God. The two levels of life. So our hope of comfort, of renewal.

These two regions everywhere, — the natural and the transcendental.

Apply to standards of life; what we may expect of man. Apply to evidences of God and Jesus and eternity.

Modern unbelief from admitting only lower evidences. Higher evidence is by consciousness and revelation.

Giving none offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed. 2 Cor. vi. 3. What the classes are, — Dogmatic bigots; the utterly indifferent; earnest believers. . . .

What ought to be our feeling towards each?

1. Toward the bigot. Describe the evils of bigotry, always on the verge of Phariseeism. The great variety of it, may be Roman or Puritan. How can I feel about it? One man says, "Trample it under foot;" another man says, "Accept it for its spirit, no matter about its ideas." Neither is good. Get hold of its good and develop that. Look on the bigot as mistaken in the search for truth.

2. Look on the indifferent as capable of truth. . . . This illustrated by Paul's treatment of Athenians, — the very pattern of our treatment of the indifferent by our side. The universal God is the basis of everything.

3. The need of having settled principles on which to regulate our life with one another. What are the principles which Christianity brings to bear: 1. God's love for all and guidance of all. 2. The common teachableness. 3. The resurrection and eternal life. 4. The personal conscience. 5. The worth of the soul above the body. All these made manifest by the Incarnation.

Some time a strong sermon on the Incarnation.

You cannot carry Christianity everywhere, but you can carry Christ.

The character of the arguments to which men's minds are open one of the best indications of their calibre.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28. Rest only in Character. Talk about the restlessness of America which is connected with the lack of national character. The causes of that lack in absence of traditions and in the access of foreigners.

Rest has true self-respect, the ideal before it.

The miserable seeking for equilibrium in circumstances.

Restlessness is discontent which has no ideal before it. Discontent which has an ideal is progress.

Trouble not the Master. Two cases where the disciples interfered, to prevent Christ being disturbed: Bartimæus and the Children. Their anticipation of the tendency of Churchmen to shut up Christ to certain activities, and to lose his spontaneousness and freeness. The causes of such a tendency. Analyze into a care for Him and a lurking, half-unconscious fear of exhaustion; for example, Salvability of the heathen; Forgiveness of very great sins; Salvation of errorists; Few that be saved. (1872.)

Sermon on *Forgiveness*, as the purpose of the Gospel. . . . The prerequisites of forgiveness are repentance and faith, . . . not remorse and belief. A reconciled God, the grandeur of that idea. . . . Has it not been done by Christ in the world and in the heart? If men come into the councils of God and dwell there as they could not of old, has not He done it? And by the death of Christ, is not that true also? Sin has been made hideous, obedience lovely, love evident. Then how evident that not by any mere outward works the forgiveness is obtained. (1872.)

Come and see. The proper appeal that may be made to a skeptic, to come and test Christianity: 1. The truth of the Bible. 2. The phenomenon of Christ. 3. The Christian History. 4. The religious experience by putting himself into the power of what he did hold.

But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Atheism, Pantheism, Deism, Incarnation. Then the spiritual conception of an indwelling God, a God who is *in*, not *is*, the human soul.

Say the Lord hath need of him. God's need of men; the solution of Calvinism. The opposite statements of Spiritual things which may both be true.

Humility. To be gained both by sense of our own weakness and by the bigness of others. . . . Humility and self-respect entirely consistent.

That they should seek after God, if haply they might feel after and find Him, though He is not far from every one of us. God nearer than we think. We are blind to what is nearest to us always. Christ the exhibition of a nearness of God which is already a fact. The difference if we understood it all. God the atmosphere of life.

Some said that it thundered; others that an angel spake unto Him. The profound and superficial explanations of things.

Everything is capable of both. . . . Common occurrences of life, discernment or non-discernment of spiritual causes. Religious experiences; nervous or spiritual? Existence or non-existence of angels? Which is the more logical or true to fact?

The relation of Christ to modern social life. The disposition in earliest times to divide Christian Society from Pagan. The necessity of it then, the undesirableness of it now. Does this make the task of Christianity easier or harder? Does it not make it much harder, requiring watchfulness more?

Whether they will bear or forbear. The absoluteness of duty as distinct from its relativeness. The whole subject of considering consequences and results.

Ah, Lord God, they say of me, doth he not speak parables? Sermon to people who think themselves not understood. Of course they are not, in one sense nobody is. . . . God understands you. Is that really a help? The power of the Incarnation here, Christ's life misunderstood. Perhaps you are not so misunderstood. Others know us in some ways better than ourselves. The tendency of our time to self-consciousness. Our houses full of it. Specify various special instances. . . . The misunderstood religions. The would-be Benefactor, Teacher, Idealist, Leader.

Men's hearts failing them for fear. Descriptive of our time. The tendency of such times.

Even so come, Lord Jesus. On the willingness to meet and welcome great experiences.

The beauty and strength of reserve. The fact of God's reserve and then some of the laws of it. The fact, in science, in religious truth, in personal treatment, in prophecy; the limits of revelation; the Incarnation a hiding as well as an exhibition. The *laws* of reserve; reserve is for stimulus, not for vexation. Reserve is of what is curious, not what is useful. The necessity of reserve; Jewish and Christian ways of looking at; essential and arbitrary. Man's feeling to a reserved God and a garrulous God.

Is devotion in proportion to advance in civilization? Is then religion to be tested by our civilization? Answer, No! but by its ability to carry on its own work. It has made civilization and carried it so far.

The relation of Christianity and society all along. It has worked so differently; has made the monastery and made the home.

Chivalry, the desire to be with the weak; a repugnance from strong causes; strong in many natures instinctively, for example, Montalembert.

From the ideas as they first took shape in his mind we turn to the process by which the finished product was reached. He ceased repeating, as he had done, the Philadelphia sermons. His mind was teeming with thoughts which came faster than he could utilize them. The trouble, he said, was not to find subjects to preach about, there was no danger of failure of topics, but of inability to exhaust the topics. For many years he now wrote regularly one sermon each week. Also he devoted the week to this one sermon, for he could still command his time, at least the best part of every morning. Before Monday came he had the text in his mind on which he was to write. If he had failed to secure his text or subject before the week began, he knew there was danger of failing to produce a sermon. It was his custom on Monday morning to have his friends about him, for that was his day of rest. But as they sat in his study and the light humorous conversation ran on, in which he delighted, his mind never lost sight of the idea which inspired him. On the mornings of Monday and Tuesday he was bringing together in his note-book or on scraps of paper the thoughts which were cognate to his leading thought or necessary for its illustration and expansion, collecting, as he called it, the material for the sermon. Wednesday morning he devoted entire to writing out the plan which he would follow. In these plans there was something unusual, even remarkable. Hundreds of them remain, for from the time he adopted this method he continued to follow it scrupulously down to the last sermon he wrote. To these plans he must have attached importance, preserving them with care, and often making use of them in various ways. They deserve therefore some description.

What is noticeable, then, in the first place is the unvarying uniformity of their size and appearance, as though the working of his mind were somewhat dependent on the outward form of the paper on which he wrote. They are written

in a handwriting so small that they resemble nothing so much as some specimens of ancient Puritan sermons, where it was a matter of economy of paper, and a sermon was condensed into the smallest possible space. There is a suggestion here of some inherited touch from his clerical ancestors, in remote generations, which may have been unconsciously impelling him. He took a half sheet of sermon paper, folding it once, thus making four small pages, some seven inches by less than five in their dimensions, which he was to fill. It is also worthy of remark that he invariably filled them out to the last remaining space on the last page, as though only in this way he could be sure that he had sufficient material for his sermon. So condensed is the handwriting that each one of these plans will average about one thousand words, — in itself a short sermon. Each plan contained when it was finished a dozen or more detached paragraphs. His next task — and this is the most curious feature of all — was to go over the paragraphs, each of which contained a distinct idea, and was to become, when expanded, a paragraph in the finished sermon, placing over against each the number of pages it would occupy when it had been amplified. Then he added the numbers together. Thirty pages was the limit of the written sermon. If these numbers of assigned pages fell short of thirty he reviewed his plan to see where he might best expand, or where to reduce if he had too many. It was extraordinary that one who gave the impression of such utter spontaneity, whose sermons seemed to come by a flash of inspiration, costing no effort, should have thus limited himself in fixed and apparently mechanical ways.

The hardest part of his work was accomplished when he had completed his plan. Thursday and Friday mornings were devoted to writing the sermon; and as each sermon contained some five thousand words a considerable amount of labor was still required. But he wrote with rapidity and ease, rarely making a correction, and in a large, legible, and graceful handwriting, which looks like a study in penmanship. Evidently it was a pleasure to him to write a sermon under these conditions. He came to each paragraph as to a work of art,

Prov. 20:27

"The Spirit of man is the Candle of the Lord"-

1. The Essential connection of mans life & God is the great truth of the word. And it is this truth which Solomon sets forth. The picture. There is fire which is vague & lost. The Lamp gives it a manifestation point for all the lightsh and in which it stands. Without it the light would go out or be diffused. Here it gets its true radiation. And the two imply a certain belonging to each other such as fire & wax. the capacity of obedience we may call it is general. The rock cannot & obey. It can split but cannot yield. The wax or oil obeys

2. Now David transfers that to human life. One being is another's candle. Of two men one influencing another. The reader of a Book. the Hearer of a Speech. The Child & the Father. The great writer of a time. Paul's talk about "Our Epistles". This the great truth about God which David speaks. The two truths which we have seen included are 1. The relation of nature. and 2d. The need of obedience. Here too there is an unhuman humanity. that Spirit & devil not human in contact with God.

3. This fixes the central condition of man. Describes the old & new philosophy. The only real ground of man is that he utters God. Man & nature. The great new light he brings. And that light is God's light. The disturbance of light & the progress of light. The power of such illumination to declare the Glory of God.

4. What is it of God that man may declare. Three things which make the quality of Deity. Power & Righteousness. The first included intelligence & Love. The second involves moral

life. Now as a man becomes obedient to God He gives with these things which He is made to Godliness. Hope, Intelligence & the pure happiness of righteousness. Describe this in the great genius. The noble leaders of the race. Then describe it in the poor child or humble saint. There are great & little lamps all burning with the same fire.

Abb this Person But on the other hand there may be lamps all complete but unlighted. Souls because they never open themselves to his illumination. This is the case with low minded people & with selfish people. They are unlighted lights. They are proud of their chasing & painting. They have no real light. The people who impress us as having qualities which do not shine. The hidden shine which sometimes comes into a life. The Conversion Glory. It is not the alteration of a nature it is the illumination of a nature.

Along with this comes also the power of transferring light. Lamp lighted from Lamp. The power of soul to communicate God to another soul. The double obligation of this soul which has received it. The indebtedness to the brother by whom the light came & to God. The way they do not interfere when it is really the light of God. The ways it does when it is not.

One other thing is the illumination of the candle of the Lord with unholy fire. It blasphemes but still it has a lucid light. This is the picture of genius that is on fire with lust. of Byronism. of those

power of shine of ungodly wit. The awfulness of it - of seeing how light a man can be without goodness. The way it fascinates men -

Yet another thing comes when the candle misses its own nature with the object that it reflects. The white pure light turning red. The way the mirror may do the same for the object that it shows. This makes all sorts of likely bigotry & prejudices. The true dimness that there is there, but along with it the human passion or pride. This does not interfere with the true presence of individuality, but it does keep out the falseness of the personal life.

There is one thing more. The Expansiveness [illegible] of candle. Jesus said to his disciples - Ye are the light of the world. Danger of Bushel. The need of knowing that we must allow God to all men. Yet this lost in the mere consciousness of shining. only not hinder it.

Get all these things righted in Jesus. His whole life & the life was the light of men. Show how all this that we have said is true of Him. The meaning of His mediatorship. The pure humanity at one with God. The Essence of it was obedience. The way in which the nature entirely submitted itself to God's nature. It had no self of its own to mix with him. It was only the attendance of his life. And unholy

fire could not touch it, could not make it burn

Now here is a truly new conception of life. Man is something to be lighted & to be obedient to the flame that illuminates him. How different from the ideas of self-shining which we have always had. But how evidently it is this only idea of which you can make a true agreement & brotherly world. This is the quality of faith. Not to be nothing but to be something. Show the essential unity between them, their harmony. How the impulse to be fit for God is the noblest stimulus of culture.

The candles that take so much care. The care that shall make a man a candle of God. The way for you to come to it. You have sinned. You have failed in your attempt to do right. Now if you can only take forgiveness the new life will begin. By Grace through faith.

The various ways in which we may be shut the ambition of the highest life. Not any lighter than this. To fulfil my manhood in attuning God. The glory of that. The unselfish culture. Not that Christ sets up by example & precept as the law of life

knowing just the limits it should have, with no anxiety about proportions, no fear lest his material should fail him.

I have been reading these plans carefully [writes a friend of Mr. Brooks to whom they have been submitted], comparing them bit by bit with the printed sermons, and was interested to find how closely he kept to his plan as a whole, both the order of the passages and the number of pages allotted to each. How the dry bones live! The earlier synopses seemed to me less finished than the ones written only later by a few years. For instance the "Curse of Meroz" in 1877 has an occasional outburst apparently for himself alone, "It makes one mad;" "the muddy humility of Uriah Heep." Indeed, I noticed a number of personal applications which do not appear in the sermons themselves. In the "Greatness of Faith" opposite the words "blatant infidel" is written "Ingersoll." I have also found passages marked for three pages reduced to half a page, the example of a man building a house changed to one facing a great grief, and in "Christian Charity" whole passages and even ideas left entirely out. He must have feared his own facility and the glowing images that came crowding into his mind to tie himself down so, almost as a poet would, into sonnet form.[1]

What has been said of his method of preparing a written sermon applies equally to his extemporaneous sermons. Always there was the plan elaborated and written out and afterwards filed for future reference. There are many hundreds of these plans, but this difference is to be noted, that in making them he used a full sheet of sermon paper, with the handwriting large and bold, clearly with the purpose in view of taking them into the pulpit. He could not thus have utilized the plans of the written sermon, for the handwriting was so small as to have required a magnifying glass to read it. In this way he cultivated himself in the art of extempore preaching. The practice which he had in

[1] How early Mr. Brooks adopted this method of making plans for his sermons is uncertain. Cf. *Remembrances of Phillips Brooks*, where the Rev. George A. Strong writes: "A stay of a week with him in Philadelphia once, while he was still in charge of 'Holy Trinity,' showed me how he wrote his sermons. 'Take a book and pipe,' he said one morning, 'and let me map out work for to-morrow.' The pen ran on as if the note-paper 'plan' were an offhand letter, and after an hour or so of absolute stillness the close-written sheet went into the desk."

amplifying his ideas in the written sermon helped him when preaching without notes, for he rarely took them into the pulpit, to keep within limits, and to build up a sermon with as much skill and success as when he wrote it out word for word in his study. But all this preparation served a greater end, to give him freedom in the pulpit. Often when he was most powerful he had departed from the manuscript before him, or ceased to follow the plan laid out. He was never more effective than when he delivered some written sermon extemporaneously. In such cases he did not use the manuscript for preparation, but went to the plan on which it had been written, coming again under the influence of the original idea which had first inspired him, and then giving to it such fresh treatment as made it seem as if he were delivering a new sermon.

It is another characteristic of Phillips Brooks as a preacher that he made no effort to follow the rule enjoined in rhetorical treatises calling for a culmination at the end of the discourse, for which the most effective points or arguments should be reserved. On the contrary he often, perhaps generally, came to his climax as he began. He followed the artist's method, rather than the rhetorician's, throwing his leading idea upon the canvas in bold outline, and then holding his audience with a gaze, growing deeper in its intensity as with an artist's power he filled up the outline and made a living, speaking portrait. What he was doing in every sermon was to reproduce the personal process through which he himself had passed from the moment when he grasped a truth till he had traced out in his own experience its relation to life and to all other truth. He first opened his soul to the influence of the truth which was to constitute his message, devising the most forcible method in order to make it appeal to his own heart, and then under the influence of this conviction he wrote his sermon. He studied its effect upon himself before studying how to reach a congregation. This process kept him natural, sincere, and unaffected, preserving his personality in all that he said, and free from the dangers of conventionalism or artificiality. No one ever charged him

with employing the artifices of rhetoric to accomplish his end, nor did his hearers harden themselves against his teaching under the suspicion that he moved them by sensational methods. Although the rules of rhetoric require that the strongest argument should be placed last if an audience is to be stirred by the orator to accept the truth which he advocates, yet in real life the strongest argument comes first, and is confirmed by the lesser reasons which may be alleged. This was Phillips Brooks's method. There was a letting down of the audience as he closed from the exaltation with which he began to the sober application of his truth in the realities of life.

During these years, while Trinity Church was worshipping in Huntington Hall, Phillips Brooks, as has been said, gave himself up almost exclusively to the work of preaching. There is the record of only two important addresses which he gave, both of them significant not only for their inherent value, but as illustrations of his methods of work, and for the latter reason they may here be mentioned. He went to Worcester in December, 1874, to deliver an address before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association. His subject was "Milton as an Educator," and it was treated with apparent learning, with the marks of familiarity with his theme, as well as with its remoter scientific bearings. But why, one is tempted to ask, should an association of teachers, knowing so well the needs of their profession, call upon one who was not a professed educator for this service? And how should the busy parish minister find time for the investigation of his subject, so that he could speak the word which would give to teachers the stimulus and encouragement for which they craved? Or did Mr. Brooks have the art of cramming in a short time so as to give the appearance of erudition, and for the rest dress up the old platitudes under some temporary mood of enthusiasm? The truth is that six months before, while he was abroad for his summer's vacation, he was making his preparation. For years he had been studying the life and times of Milton. He took with him as he went away the important books on the subject of education by Milton,

Locke, Bacon, and Herbert Spencer. He studied Quick's "Essays on Educational Reformers," then went for himself to the writings of Quintilian, Montaigne, Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Basedow. When we add to this special preparation his interest in the subject of teaching, his efforts for many years to detect the methods of success, his experience in visiting schools, his gifts of insight and of observation, his philosophical capacity for tracing relationships of thought, unobvious to many, we have the evidence that he was not seeking to pose as a scholar outside of his own department, but was doing conscientious and faithful work.

Another address was delivered at the anniversary of the Massachusetts State Normal School, in July, 1875, when his subject was "Courage." [1] The preparation for it was made a long time in advance, and among the writings of Phillips Brooks it occupies a most important place. We are haunted as we read with the conviction that we have before us a chapter from his experience, had he chosen to give it a personal form. He tells us his method of reading: —

> The habit of review reading is hostile to literary courage. To read merely what some one has said about a book is probably as unstimulating, as unfertilizing a process as the human mind can submit to. . . . Read books themselves. To read a book is to make a friend; if it is worth your reading you meet a man; you go away full of his spirit; if there is anything in you, he will quicken it. . . . To make young people know the souls of books and find their own souls in knowing them, that is the only way to cultivate their literary courage.

But it is the subject itself which is most suggestive. If we might fix upon one word to describe the character of Phillips Brooks, it would be courage. It was written in his appearance and manner, showing itself in his sermons and his conversation, the one quality in him which could not be suppressed or disguised. It had been manifested in Philadelphia when he espoused causes which were unpopular. Had he chosen to become a professional reformer, however obnoxious his

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses* for both these papers, "Milton as an Educator," p. 300, and "Courage," p. 319.

cause or strenuous the opposition to it, he would not have flinched from its advocacy. Those who heard him preach were inspired by his courage, as an army by the command of a fearless leader. And this quality was a positive one, which had been developed in spite of timidity and shyness and self-consciousness. He would not have failed a second time in the Boston Latin School. The difficulty he surmounted in overcoming his natural reserve contributed to the development of courage. In the earlier years a certain air of nonchalance has been noticed, as marking his manner while preaching, — the mask it may have been of his still too sensitive spirit. But in later years, those who have watched him on occasions when he was to address a congregation, waiting for his word to lift up their hearts, have noticed how his face grew pale and his whole countenance straitened with a look of agony in the moment before he turned to mount the pulpit. To preach was an act requiring courage, because he must needs, in order to be successful, unfold his inner self, and speak of the intimate phases of the soul's life in God, when no pressure could have extracted these things from him in ordinary circumstances. When, therefore, he speaks to us of courage, and gives us the definition of courage, he is imparting the secret of his own experience: "Courage is the power of being mastered by and possessed with an idea. How rare it is! I do not say how few men are so mastered and possessed; I say how few men have the *power* so to be."

The Sundays at Huntington Hall succeeded each other with their unvarying testimony to the preacher's power. No courses of lectures on literature, art, or science with which the hall was associated ever witnessed a greater audience. It would not have been so surprising if on anniversary occasions the crowd had gone forth to meet him; but this was the case Sunday after Sunday, like the sun each day as it rises in its strength, till people became accustomed to it as to the gifts of God, and hardly wondered at the munificence of the feast. Here is a description of one of these Sundays, which will answer for them all; it is taken from a Boston religious paper, "Zion's Herald," in 1874: —

Religious papers in the Middle and Southern States speak of Boston as if given over to religious doubts, to the gospel of modern science, and to heterodoxy generally. If their editors could see the crowd, and know the character of it, that waits upon the ministry of Phillips Brooks, their views might be somewhat modified. Last Sabbath morning the immense hall was far from being equal to the demands of the audience that crowded it. Many stood throughout the whole service, and many went away not finding even a place for the sole of the foot. Here ex-governors and senators, judges and college professors, intermingled with the humblest populace of the city. The services were most devoutly rendered. The sermon was a fervid, simple utterance of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, in the love and personal enjoyment of it. A few words of address to young men and boys, at the close, in reference to the great privilege of preaching the gospel were very impressive. A tender silence was the appropriate response from the beginning to the end of the excellent and eminently spiritual discourse. The service in the interest of "Free Religion" in Boston never draws such an audience as this. "And if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Another writer has described the preacher at this time in terms felicitous and true: —

We sometimes read of Schleiermacher and Whitefield and Robertson and McCheyne and Chalmers and Mason, and think it must have been good to live in the times when men preached with their fire and their mighty hold on the heart; but lo! we have the same phenomena in Boston to-day, a man in some respects even more than the equal of some I have named.

He seizes a great and living theme; he throws it out with a sentence into shape; he then follows it in all its relations to life, never entering into quibbles, nor minute matters which pertain to some but not to all, and shows the bearing of the great central truth on the daily needs of men. He never overflows with nor lacks illustration, but uses it as the conditions of his subject require, keeping it as illustrative and not as metaphorical show. He betrays a thorough acquaintance with the thought of our time, passing into no antiquated domain, but meeting an audience fresh from the magazine and newspaper with a style which is natural and earnest and in sympathy with what is best in our day. His breadth of thought is, perhaps, that which strikes and draws one most, and in this not even Beecher is his master. Philosophic candor, and a large grasp, this separates him world wide from the common pulpit; and those who find themselves

always on the guard about the statements of others give Phillips Brooks a ready ear. But with all this, there is in his preaching what one must call the everlasting Gospel; that faithfulness to the conscience, that tender pleading, that dignity of condescension, and yet that brotherliness and sympathy, that fidelity to dogmas, yet that absence of dogmatic expression, that lack of the sensational, ludicrous, and egotistic, and that spiritual quickening, which men sum up in one brief phrase when they say, "That is what I call preaching." For myself, I should deem no vacation complete without hearing Phillips Brooks. After hearing Candish, Dyce, Hamilton, Jones, Binney, Spurgeon, Pressensé, Monod, Krummacher, and Tholuck, not to mention other distinguished divines of Europe, there is no one who so exactly suits me as Phillips Brooks. There is a warmth and life and inspiration and truth from his lips that I have not found elsewhere. And from what I hear mine is not an isolated case.[1]

The late Dr. Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, in the University of Aberdeen, was visiting Boston in the spring of 1874. This was his tribute to Phillips Brooks, in a letter to his wife: —

April 26, 1874.

I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life (I use the word in no American sense) from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here: equal to the best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigor and force of thought which he has not always. I never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined; such a reach of mind, and such a depth and insight of soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted.

And again in a letter to a friend the comment is repeated, and the comparison with Robertson made more explicit: —

I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed myself here, how kind everybody has been, and with what flattering kindness they have received me, — Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Dana, and a man in some respects as remarkable as any of them, Phillips Brooks, the great preacher here now. I never heard anything equal to his sermon to-day, and you know I don't readily praise sermons. It had all the originality and life and thought of

[1] Rev. W. L. Gage, in the *Congregationalist*, 1874.

Robertson of Brighton, with less tenderness and delicacy of insight, but more robustness and incision.[1]

That a man like Principal Tulloch could bear this testimony to a sermon by Phillips Brooks shows that something had happened in the history of preaching and in the history of religious thought. There was certainly no living critic who surpassed him, very few if any who could be said to equal him, in those qualities which go to making up the capacity for final arbitration. He was distinguished as a preacher, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a man of rigid standards and exacting in his judgments, acquainted with the preachers of his time, whose profession called him to study the history of preaching and the history of theology. Those who have read his "Leaders of the Reformation," his "English Puritanism and its Leaders," or his important work on "The Rational Theologians of the Church of England in the Seventeenth Century," will know that Phillips Brooks was preaching in the presence of one whose judgment was of value. The man who could move Principal Tulloch to such an outburst had gained some vantage ground in the struggle of the Christian church to overcome the world, which it is essential that we should discover. When we turn with an interest to the sermon, it is to find that it was no exceptional utterance compared with a hundred others that might be mentioned. And yet it contained in a marked degree that quality which now made all the sermons great. This was the text: *Jesus said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee.*[2] The climax of the sermon was delayed till the meaning of the last answer of Jesus had been unfolded. As the successive points in the conversation were opened up to the hearer in the wealth of their direct and unsuspected spiritual import, the interest grew deeper, for the portrait of Christ

[1] Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Principal Tulloch*, pp. 292, 303.

[2] Cf. *Sermons*, "The Opening of the Eyes," vol. v. p. 194.

was growing clearer and the nature of every man. Christ is drawn as the most real, most present power in the Christian world. Men see Him, talk with Him continually, but they do not know what lofty converse they are holding. The subtlety of the spiritual imagination that enabled the preacher to enter into the mind of Christ had the effect of reproducing the scene, as though Christ were standing in bodily presence before the congregation. What had taken place those centuries ago was repeating itself in the consciousness of many on that Sunday afternoon.

CHAPTER V

1873–1877

THE BUILDING OF THE NEW TRINITY CHURCH. THE MOTIVES IN ITS CONSTRUCTION. THE CONSECRATION SERVICES

THE story of the building of Trinity Church reads like a romance from its first inception, through the difficulties surmounted, till it culminated in the service of consecration. In the accomplishment of the work, the building committee, the architect, the rector, labored together in a spirit of harmony, with an aim which cannot be better expressed than in the words of the report of the building committee: "the conviction that our duty to the parish, to posterity, and to God has been clear, to make the new church fully worthy of the piety, the culture, and the wealth of our people." It was fortunate for the architect and the rector that they had such a building committee and such a parish to support them, for as the original design of the church expanded, there came the demand for increased expenditure until the completed work had cost more than double the amount originally contemplated. From beginning to end a deep enthusiasm pervaded the whole undertaking. It was impossible to bring together two such personalities as Richardson and Phillips Brooks without something great and unique as the product of their joint discourse. Mr. Richardson was not a man with ecclesiastical convictions, who endeavored to turn his religious musings into architectural expression, but endowed with a rich and generous nature, who appreciated the large-hearted rector of Trinity and responded to his suggestions. Mr. Brooks was not an architect, but he came near being one. In his journeys through Europe he had made himself familiar with historic churches in the countries he visited, and by his

intelligent interest in the subject had prepared himself for the tuition which Richardson could give. He had also certain first principles of his own, which appear embodied in Trinity Church.

From one point of view the credit for the accomplishment of so large an undertaking belonged to the building committee, whose culture, judgment, and zeal, as well as business capacity, made the work possible, preventing misunderstandings which would have marred the plan or limited its realization. From another point the glory belongs to an architect who stood foremost in his profession for originality and boldness and power. But with Phillips Brooks originated the motives which dominate the edifice. His ideas are written in the structure; he supported and stimulated the genius of the architect, turning it to his own purpose; he possessed the confidence of the building committee and of the members of the parish, manifested by unstinted generosity in giving, in response to increasing appeals. While the share which he took in the work cannot be exactly measured, or the influence he exerted be sharply discriminated from that of the architect or building committee, yet the story may be told from his point of view. Trinity Church in his lifetime was popularly known as Phillips Brooks's Church; there is a sense in which it may be regarded as his monument.

In the first place he appreciated the greatness of the opportunity. The time was ripe to make an attempt in ecclesiastical architecture which, while it respected and followed whatever was true or desirable in traditional methods, should yet be subservient to the expression of those higher aspects of religion which it had been the glory of the Protestant Reformation to unveil. Upon that point he was clear, that the first condition was to break away from the so-called Gothic style, to whose introduction into England and America, following in the wake of the Oxford Movement, was owing in a measure the attempted return to mediæval religion which had characterized the Anglican Church for the last generation. That type of religion, with its priesthood and confessional, and its undue emphasis on the sacrament of the

altar, had clothed itself in a style of architecture whose chief requisite was to see, or to supplement sight by the ringing of a bell, but where the hearing of the word of God by the ear was not taken into consideration as affecting the structural necessities of the building art. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God was the conviction of Phillips Brooks. Preaching might seem weak in comparison with gorgeous rites calculated to impress the imagination, but God had appointed the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. This was the principle kept in the foreground, as controlling the details of the construction. Even the piers of the central tower, where they are visible in the church, were made smaller than the fitting proportions seemed to demand, failing to represent the massive foundations on which they rest, and even concealing in some measure their structural purpose, in order that the symbolism of the church as a place for the proclamation of the gospel might be more effectually secured.

But preaching was not the only motive to be embodied in a church aiming to represent the symmetry and fulness of the Christian faith. For the "visible church of God is a congregation of faithful men, where not only the pure word of God is preached, but the sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." In order that the dignity of the sacraments might not only be secured, but their true significance made prominent, there was added to the chancel end of the church, which was in the form of the Latin cross, a large semicircular apse, to be devoted to the one purpose of the administration of the Lord's Supper. This was a departure from ecclesiastical traditions, marked and even glaring, and gives to Trinity Church a distinctive character. Its motive was to represent the idea of Christian communion and fellowship as one great end which the Lord's Supper was designed to promote. In the centre of the apse stood the Lord's table, — a table according to the original institution of the feast, not an altar or a sideboard, but a table, whose importance to the Christian imagination was not

obscured or dwarfed by other ornament, not even by the chancel windows. Whether it would be a success or not from an æsthetic or architectural point of view, whether something more impressive to the outward eye might have been devised or not, was not the question. The spirit of ecclesiastical mysticism, dreaming of an elaborate altar, with its imposing accessories, as in Latin churches, might be disappointed at the result in a building that promised and fulfilled so much to the visual imagination. But if it were a failure in devising a form of architecture where the central truths of Anglicanism, as distinct from Romanism, should be bodied forth in unmistakable manner, yet it was an attempt at this end under circumstances most favorable and rare. If it were a failure, then the inference would seem close at hand that Protestantism, which has been powerful enough to build up the modern world, and now carries the hopes and the possibilities of the world's future, is driven, in seeking a fitting shrine for worship, to resort to types of architecture that originated in and expressed the spirit of an inferior age, to which the higher forms of Christ's religion were unknown. But those who have witnessed the feast of the Lord's Supper in Trinity Church, when the full significance of the divine symbolism is apparent, must feel that there has been no failure. The Protestant principle controls the edifice, securing the prominence to the pure word of God, and with it the due ministration of the monumental rite of the Lord's Supper. The baptismal font, from this point of view, is placed next the chancel, as it should be, connecting closely the two sacraments, setting forth the truth that an inward purification is the condition for participating in the heavenly banquet.

There was still another motive in the mind of Mr. Brooks: to combine with these features of a Protestant church whatever was of human and enduring significance in the earlier methods of Christian architecture. It was no part of his purpose to break with the spirit of the ages before the Reformation. To his mind they were the "ages of faith," and to them he made the appeal, when searching for the evidence upon which the Christian religion must repose. Therefore,

he would take from the old order the ideas of solidity and of imposing grandeur, of beauty, of adornment in form and color, which should surpass, if possible, all other beauty, as when the church seemed greater than the world, the spiritual stronger and richer than the temporal, and in its costly decoration symbolizing that wealth was most worthily employed when it ministered to spiritual ends. Let the complex involutions of the result stand for the rich variety of religious interests. Retain from the old, also, the sense of awe and mystery, the deep mystery of human life, that combination of effects in roof and windows, in which Milton, though a Puritan, rejoiced, whose result was to dissolve the spirit in religious ecstasy and bring heaven before the eye.

The main feature in the architecture of Trinity Church both within and without is the central tower. In this respect, as well as in the rejection of the pointed arch, the departure from the so-called Gothic reproductions is apparent and striking. To quote the architect's words on this point: —

> In studying the problem presented by a building fronting on three streets, it appeared equally desirable that the tower should be central, thus belonging equally to each front, rather than putting it on any corner, where, from at least one side, it would be nearly out of sight; and in carrying out this motive, it was plain that with the ordinary proportion of church and tower, either the tower must be comparatively small, which would bring its supporting piers inconveniently into the midst of the congregation, or the tower being large, the rest of the church must be magnified to inordinate proportions. For this dilemma the Auvergnat solution seemed perfectly adapted. Instead of the tower being an inconvenient and unnecessary addition to the church, it was itself made the main feature. The struggle for precedence, which often takes place between a church and its spire, was disposed of, by at once and completely subordinating nave, transepts, and apse, and grouping them about the tower as the central mass.

In the discussions over the plan of the church by which this result was finally determined, Mr. Brooks took an important part. Both architect and rector were agreed in the matter of the tower as a central feature, rather than a tower at one corner, as was at first intended. As to the

"Auvergnat solution," — Mr. Brooks spent the summer of 1874 travelling through the towns of middle France, where, as at Auvergne and the Angoumois, there existed from the twelfth century churches of the peculiar construction whence Mr. Richardson drew, in some measure, his suggestion. He was thus prepared to form an intelligent opinion. But apart from this special preparation, he had an earlier predilection for the tower, as has been already shown in his experience at Philadelphia, where the Church of the Holy Trinity had been completed in accordance with his desire. This preference for the tower was accompanied by another equally strong for the rounded arch, or for what is called the Romanesque style. These things may seem to be a matter of indifference from a religious point of view, but he did not so regard them. If it is admissible to suppose that religious, or intellectual, or other motives consciously or unconsciously inspire those who plan and build, then we may recall that the Romanesque style was developed in the earlier Middle Ages before the Latin Church had conquered the state, or begun the movement for suppressing freedom of inquiry, before the promulgation of the dogma of transubstantiation had carried the power of the priesthood to absolute supremacy over the Christian imagination. The Gothic, or as it is called the pointed style, came later, when these things had been accomplished. To the professed ecclesiologist, a church like Trinity, without a spire, without the pointed arch, is an eyesore and hardly worthy to be called an ecclesiastical construction, for their rejection seems to imply the sacrifice of the ideas of solemnity and devotion, — spire and arches mounting upwards to express the soul of religious aspiration pointing forever away from earth to heaven. But there is another conception of religion than this, — the consecration of the world that now is, the recognition of the sacredness of earth and of the secular life. To this conception Mr. Brooks had given expression in an essay[1] read before the Church Congress in 1875 on the "Best Method of Promoting Spir-

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 20 ff. Also published separately by T. Whittaker, N. Y.

itual Life," where he had maintained that religion is not something to be added to a man's nature over and above what he already possesses, but it is rather the consecration of all his gifts and powers to the service of God.

> The spiritual life of man in its fullest sense is the activity of man's whole nature under the highest spiritual impulse, which is the love of God. It is not the activity of one set of powers, one part of the nature. It is the movement of all the powers, of the whole of his nature under a certain force and so with a certain completeness and effect.

With this idea the architecture of Trinity Church is in harmony. Nor is it lacking in seriousness, solemnity, and devotion, but ministers to them, as also to a certain spiritual serenity, in a manner and degree unsurpassed by what is called the ecclesiological style.

It had formed a part of Richardson's design that the interior of the church should be decorated in accordance with a large plan embracing the whole and every separate part in its unity of treatment; that this should be done by some creative mind, capable of a task which in this country hitherto had no precedent; that the church within should be rich with the luxuriance of color, as well as with paintings representing angelic intelligences and the great personages of religious history. Into this scheme Phillips Brooks entered with enthusiasm. For its criticism and appreciation he had prepared himself by lingering in the art galleries, the museums, the churches of the Old World, with an almost passionate devotion. He studied and penetrated the artistic purpose; he knew how to enjoy; he was the natural friend of every artist. In close connection with this artistic sense, there was one peculiarity about him, so marked as to be almost extraordinary, — his love of color, in itself and for its own sake. There is some mystery here which we do not fathom. If it be true, as has been suggested, that color is only a subtler, higher form of music, his whole being was responding to its innumerable manifestations, and it ministered to him a perpetual inward delight. His susceptibility to color was almost feminine, so quick was he to feel and appreciate. But he

seems to have loved pure color, apart from any attempt at adjustment or harmony. This was shown in little things, as when, in one of his later journeys in Europe, he bought a piece of richly colored glass, carrying it in his pocket, simply for the pleasure it gave him to look at it. In the highest sense of the word he was not musical. But if color be only another form of the musical appeal, a higher and in some ways more intellectual and more spiritual form, then we can understand how he had more than a substitute for the melody of sound. He became also an adept and a devotee in the matter of stained glass, studying at factories abroad the method of its production. It was no indifferent subject, then, to Phillips Brooks, when the architect proposed that the church should be made glorious by the richest effects of color which the best artists could devise.

But to execute these things called for a large expenditure of money as well as the artistic, creative imagination to devise them. Upon this point there was the inevitable sensitiveness partly grounded in human nature, and partly in the movements of the age. Puritanism had not hitherto been favorable to the cultivation of beauty or splendor in its churches. The reaction at the Reformation when iconoclasm marred or wrecked so many mediæval monuments was an influence which had not wholly lost its force. To this lurking mood which would have made practical necessity the ruling idea and not beauty or splendor — the mood of the disciple who exclaimed at the waste of the costly ointment, "This might have been sold and given to the poor" — there came a reinforcement in the socialistic temper of the hour, which was making good men sensitive to the uses of wealth. Upon this point there is evidence that Phillips Brooks had thought seriously and come to a conclusion. There was a danger lest men in their desire to be of service to others should lessen and reduce themselves by the neglect of the gifts of God, and so hinder and even frustrate their mission. To set forth the richness and the beauty of God's creation in a temple where these things were read as in a symbol was in itself a motive and a stimulus for which the world, the poor also whom we

have always with us, would be the better. Hence Mr. Brooks not only justified the lavish use of wealth for the beautifying and ennobling of the house of God, but his voice was inspiring as he made the appeal to his congregation. In 1897, at the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of Trinity Church, his successor, Rev. E. W. Donald, referred in his sermon to this point, when the results of the experiment were manifest:

> These twenty years have demonstrated a fact which I fancy will always need demonstration in the eyes of those people who immemorially have "begrudged the house of God the touch of beauty," and deplored great cost in its erection and adornment. You built a splendid temple; you meant to build a splendid temple. You spared no cost; you nobly met every demand which enlarged plans and richer beauty year by year made upon your generosity. You had to meet the plain-spoken criticism of those who insisted that the difference between slightness and solidity, between barrenness and beauty, should have been given to works of mercy, religion, and education. If the cost of this building had been funded and the interest of the fund devoted to causes universally acknowledged to be worthy, the aggregate income of twenty years would not equal the munificent sum which, with the blessing of God upon it, has been offered and distributed by Trinity Church.

The interest in watching the progress of the work grew stronger as the many anxious problems in the matter of construction were met and overcome. The completed edifice did not quite represent the original intention of the architect. The walls were to have been several feet higher, and "the original design of the tower showed a square lantern with turrets at each corner, much like the present tower, but surmounted by an octagonal portion rising some fifty feet higher." But to carry out this plan of the tower called for walls of such thickness in the tower that, in the minds of experts who were consulted, the foundations, however strong, would not be strong enough to support the weight. To this criticism Mr. Richardson demurred, but the change was made. The lowering of the walls was partly in obedience to acoustic demands, which were an important consideration, as was also the construction of the ceiling, — a wisdom justified by the result.

The first difficulty to be overcome lay in the nature of the ground, which was of gravel filled in, what is called "made land," incapable of sustaining the weight of a building. In the spring of 1873 the work began of preparing the foundations. The number of piles which were driven was some forty-eight hundred. A careful record was kept of each pile driven, "the number of blows required to drive it to a resisting medium, the depth to which it was driven, the height from which the hammer fell, the weight of the hammer, and the number of inches which the head of the pile sank at each of the last three blows." The final determination of the plan of the church was delayed until this preliminary work was done. In the fall of 1873 the contract was made for the masonry of the structure. The immense weight of the central tower constituted the chief difficulty against which an excess of precaution was taken. The four piers which support it, carrying arches, fifty feet in span, — the whole tower weighing nineteen million pounds, — rest upon four truncated pyramids, each thirty-five feet square at the base, seven feet square at the top, and seventeen feet high. Mr. Richardson has told the story of the experiments made, the failures, the work which had to be undone, the time taken for testing experiments, with stones and cement of different kinds, until the desired security was attained. Thus the year 1873 was spent in getting ready, a tedious year which to onlookers yielded no visible result.

In the following year the work was pushed rapidly forward. The corner stone should have been laid in the summer of 1874, but owing to Mr. Brooks's absence in Europe the event was postponed till November 10, when the height of the walls prevented the attendance of all but a few. The contract called for the completion, in November, 1874, of the chapel, connected by a corridor with the church, and at that time the congregation took possession of it, the foretaste of the greater things to come. Through the following winter the stone was cut for the remainder of the building at Westerly, Dedham, and Longmeadow, some of it also coming from Rockport, from Quincy, and from the coast of Maine. It is an interest-

ing fact that much of the granite stone from the Old Trinity on Summer Street has been worked into the foundations. The massive scaffolding was now built which was to serve for the piers and arches of towers, and which remained in place in the interior, preventing any view of the final effect until it was taken down a few days before the church was consecrated. So the work went on, until in July, 1876, the last stone was laid in the tower, and in its exterior appearance the church was completed.

There now followed a period of impatient waiting for the completion of the interior decoration. Mr. John La Farge, the most eminent of American artists, to whose superintendence this task was entrusted, gathered about him competent assistants who labored with him, says Richardson, "in a spirit of true artistic enthusiasm for a work so novel and affording such an opportunity for the highest exercise of a painter's talents." Mr. La Farge had a magnificent scheme, but it required time for its fulfilment, and time was now becoming a condition which he could not control. He asked for an extension and it was given him, but even that was not sufficient. Still he had accomplished much and made the completion necessary and possible also at a future day. At first it had only been intended that he should paint a few pictures on the walls. But he and Richardson saw their opportunity to attempt something never before accomplished in America. He succeeded in obtaining permission to paint pictures which should be an organic part of a great scheme of color for the whole church. He did not ask for any adequate compensation, but only for permission to make the effort. He confined his attention to the roof and the walls of the central tower in the confidence that if this were completed the rest would follow. He consented to stop his work on the thirty-first day of January, 1877, and with great doubts and misgivings the day of consecration was fixed for February 9. He labored up to the last moment of the allotted time, and is reported to have spent the whole night of January 31 at his work. Then began the task of taking down the great tower staging, which had stood for two years and

a half, when for the first time the full effect of the interior was visible.

It is not possible here to go into any detailed description of the building or its decoration. At the time of its erection it awakened an unusual interest in Boston; its progress was followed by the newspapers; architects discussed it at their meetings. There was no standard for judgment or comparison; some called it the chief architectural ornament of the city; others said it surpassed in magnificence any church in New England; and others, still, were not afraid, as they thought of the architect and his colaborers, to pronounce it unequalled throughout the land. A report of the impression it produced, in its then novel beauty and magnificence upon a competent judge, is taken from the "Boston Transcript" of February 5, which will stand for many similar notices written at the time: —

> A splendid surprise is in store for the worshippers at Trinity Church on the opening of that temple to the public for consecration next Friday. The interior is impressive in its vast spaces alone, the grandeur of its wide and lofty arches spanning nave and transepts, and the height of the ceiling in the great square tower open to the sight far beyond the vaulted roof. The grand exterior dimensions of the church somewhat prepare one for the spaciousness within. But only seeing can realize the superb beauty of the decoration, rich yet not garish, elaborate and not "piled on," magnificent in splendors, yet noble and dignified, artistic yet religious and fitting for the place. Its richness is beyond compare, because there is literally nothing like it this side of the ocean. Trinity is the first church in this country to be decorated by artists, as distinguished from artisans. The result must be to make an era in American art and Church building.

On February 3 the last timbers of the staging were taken down. In the five days that remained the work was carried on with great rapidity, of cleaning, finishing the floor, putting up the pews, laying the carpets, completing the organ, and on Thursday night, February 8, everything was done. The debt of $60,000, unavoidably incurred, had been paid as soon as the appeal to remove it was received. The following day was to be the greatest in the history of the parish, memorable

for the congregation, but chiefly for the building committee, the architect, and the rector: an occasion of interest, also, to more than could participate in the ceremonies, to those outside of the Episcopal Church, and to the city of Boston. To Mr. Brooks it was left to perfect the details of the function of consecration, that it might be worthily performed. The services began at eleven o'clock, and by that time the church was crowded. Among the invited guests were the Governor of the State, the Mayor of Boston, clergymen of other denominations, the wardens and vestrymen of other parishes, the architect, the artists, and builders. The late Colonel Theodore Lyman, a friend and college classmate of the rector, acted as the marshal of the day. One hundred and seven clergymen walked in procession from the chapel to the western entrance, where they were received by the wardens and vestry of the Church, and together went up the nave, reciting alternately the twenty-fourth Psalm, whose sentences seemed to take on a deeper meaning: "The earth is the Lord's and all that therein is; the compass of the world and they that dwell therein. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." The consecration prayers were said by Bishop Paddock; the Instrument of Donation was read by Charles Henry Parker, the senior warden, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. W. R. Huntington of Worcester. It was characteristic of Phillips Brooks that he should call about him on such a day the friends of his life who were in the ministry, or who had been associated with him in the theological seminary. Thus the Rev. Arthur Brooks, the Rev. Thomas S. Yocum, the Rev. Wilbur F. Paddock, and the Rev. C. A. L. Richards were assigned parts in the service. The Rev. Dr. Richard Newton represented Philadelphia and its associations. The venerable Stephen H. Tyng of New York read the Commandments, the Rev. Henry C. Potter the Epistle, and the Gospel was taken by Rev. George Z. Gray, the Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. But in the chief place of honor stood Dr. Vinton to perform the act necessary to complete and crown the occasion, — the delivery of the sermon.

He had followed Phillips Brooks from his boyhood, had advised with him when in uncertain groping after his life-work he had first thought of the Christian ministry; he had received him to his heart and home when as a young clergyman he came to Philadelphia; had made the way for him to the Church of the Holy Trinity as his successor; had been his counsellor on every occasion, blessing him away from Philadelphia to Boston, and now in Boston, once more as the rector of Emmanuel Church, had resumed the old relation in deeper, more sacred intimacy. Dr. Vinton preached the sermon, and his text was Revelation xxi. 22: "I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Then followed the Communion service at which Bishop Paddock officiated, assisted by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, the Rt. Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. The music was under the direction of the organist of Trinity, Mr. James C. D. Parker; the choir consisted of Miss Parker, Dr. Langmaid, Miss Morse, and Mr. Aiken, together with a chorus of forty voices. With a lunch served at the adjacent Hotel Brunswick, the exhilarating and glorious occasion came to an end. This letter, manifesting the spirit in which the building of Trinity Church was accomplished, was written to the rector by Mr. Robert Treat Paine on the evening of the day of its consecration: —

Boston, Friday, February 9, 1877.

And now, my dear old Friend, at the close of this great day, which has brought the glorious consummation of our hopes and prayers, I want to send you a few words to say how this long five years' labor, working with you and for you and for our noble church, has been to me an inexpressible pleasure.

In all the difficult and doubtful questions which have met us from time to time, the hand of God seems to have guided us and to have brought us to a wise decision. I have felt throughout that your prayers were powerful to get this aid and guidance.

On one matter, that of involving the Parish in debt, I have always been moved in two directions, feeling on the one hand that we were bound not to load the future of the Church with a heavy debt, and that as an agent of theirs I *must* be faithful to this obligation, and yet on the other hand unable myself to tolerate the idea that, in carrying out the great work of transplanting

the church from one site to another and building our new church to stand for centuries as we trust, we should strive or even be willing only to use the resources of the past.

Here, too, God seems to have been with us. And the debt, which in spite of our efforts to keep it down rolled up so large a sum, has only given us all an opportunity to show the love of the whole people to you, and their readiness to follow your example of great generosity, and their devotion to our glorious new House of God. The eager and noble response to your appeal shows better than any words, not only their love to you, but how much you have done in them.

Not one of the donors, large or small, but must always love it more as *his* church, now that he has taken his part in its completion. And surely we must feel more worthy to have it and enjoy it, when we have added so largely to make it broad and beautiful and rich.

May the spirit of the Living God go with us into our new Home, and fill it and you and all of us full of His presence and power and blessing in this generation and many future generations, and make it a mighty power for good so that we shall not have builded it in vain, — this is the prayer of one whose rare privilege it has been to be in this matter your coworker, and always your friend,

R. T. Paine, Jr.

To this letter Mr. Brooks replied: —

Hotel Kempton, Boston, Saturday evening,
February 10, 1877.

I wish I could tell you, my dear Bob, something of what yesterday was to me, and of how my deep gratitude and love to you mingled with the feeling of every hour. May God bless you is all that I can say. The Church would not be standing there, the beautiful and stately thing that it is, except for your tireless devotion. How often I have wondered at your undiscouraged faith; and all my life as I look back on these years of anxiety and work, I shall see a picture of constancy which I know will make me stronger for whatever I have to do. Your kind words crown the whole and leave nothing to be desired in this complete achievement.

I am almost appalled when I think what the great work in this new Church may be. I know that I shall have your help and prayers in the part of it which will fall to me to do. Many, many happy years are before us, if God will, and when we leave the great dear thing to those who come after us we shall be near one another, I am sure, in the better life.

I cannot realize to-morrow. But I know it will be a happy day. And so may God's blessings rest on you and yours always.

Your grateful friend, P. B.

In the following letter the Proprietors of Trinity Church acknowledge the contribution of the rector to the beauty and glory of the new edifice: —

Boston, 9 Doane Street, April 4, 1877.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — At the annual meeting of the Proprietors of Trinity Church, held on Easter Monday, last, the following vote was passed and is now transcribed from the Records: —

That in the midst of the rejoicing with which our people with overflowing numbers of old friends and large accessions of newcomers have crowded our new and spacious House of Worship, we cannot let this great epoch in the life of our ancient Parish pass, without placing on permanent record our sense of the deep obligations of us and our whole people to our beloved Rector, Mr. Brooks.

We have heard with pleasure our Building Committee report that throughout this great five years' enterprise of building our new Church, his taste and culture, his zeal and patience and faith have largely aided in the great result; that to him in large measure is due the beauty and the glory of the new Church; that he has been himself the inspiration of the Architect, Builders, and Committee.

We appreciate most deeply his noble generosity in contributing so largely to the treasury of the Parish, and in thus setting an example which was followed by our people so liberally that we have been able to present our church free from debt and consecrated to God. And we accept his gift as one more proof among many of his ardent love to his parish.

We cannot conclude these few words, so feebly expressing our gratitude to our noble pastor and beloved friend, without telling him how deeply we all feel indebted to him for holding our Parish so firmly united by his devotion to us, through all the dreary interval between our old home on Summer Street and our new Church. The love of our whole people, men, women, and children, is all that we can give him in return.

A true copy from the Records,

Attest: Stephen G. Deblois, Clerk of Corporation.

It may seem to mar so beautiful a narrative, but it is necessary to allude to an incident which occurred in connection with the services of consecration. To the sacrament of

the Lord's Supper there came many clergymen of other denominations, and among them were eminent Unitarian divines, all of whom had been personally invited to remain for the communion. Such an event might in other days have taken place without comment. But at this peculiar juncture of ecclesiastical circumstances it called forth criticism and condemnation. The late Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who represented the movement known as "Free Religion," complained in a letter to Dr. James Freeman Clarke, published in "The Inquirer" (Unitarian), that by participating in the sacrament at Trinity Church Dr. Clarke had shown himself oblivious of the high ideal of his own communion: —

> The dignitaries (?) who invited the liberal clergy to partake of the sacrament did what was for them a generous thing; they were liberal and magnanimous; they forgot for a moment their ecclesiasticism, the stringency of their dogma, the exclusiveness of their institution, the anathema of their creed. . . . Their eye had caught the vision of a broad church, whose enclosing walls embraced believers of every name. But what shall we think of the liberals who accepted the invitation? Were *they* looking forward? Were *their* faces bathed in light? Were they straining the line of their traditions?

To this piece of fine rhetoric, beneath which was the familiar ecclesiastical exclusiveness, Dr. Clarke briefly replied that in his judgment it was more in accordance with the spirit of liberal Christianity to accept such an invitation than to refuse it. He distinguished between the simple rite of the Lord's Supper and any formal ceremonial with which it might be encompassed. To Mr. Brooks he wrote: "I was not at all disturbed by what was said by some Unitarians of our communing at your church. Their objections seemed to me too frivolous to deserve notice, but for the sake of the principle I thought it worth while to reply to Frothingham's strictures and may do so again. But really it seems almost too simple a matter to discuss."

From the other side there came a protest by a presbyter of the Episcopal Church to the bishop of the diocese against what seemed to him "a grievous sacrilege" at the consecration of Trinity Church, in the admission to the Holy Communion

of "those who avowedly deny the faith once delivered to the saints, even concerning the fundamental doctrines of our Lord's Godhead." Such an act was to be regarded as a violation of Scripture, of "Catholic" custom, and of Christian instinct, as well as contrary to the letter and spirit of the formularies of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The newspapers took up the subject, speaking of it as an unprecedented circumstance, never witnessed in the Episcopal Church before. Mr. Brooks kept silence. He had made up his mind to keep out of ecclesiastical controversy. As to the meaning of the formularies of the Episcopal Church, he had long since come to the conclusion that they were not intended to exclude from the communion those who did not accept her articles of faith or follow her mode of worship. He was in sympathy with Dean Stanley's attitude in administering the Lord's Supper to Dr. Vance Smith, a Unitarian minister, when the Communion was kept in Westminster Abbey, at the moment the revisers of the New Testament were about to begin their work. Those who objected to this act of intercommunion did not, as he thought, represent the spirit or the history of the Church of England or of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. He, too, distinguished between the ceremonial forms or professions which accompanied the act of Holy Communion and the simple rite itself, the eating of the bread and the participation in the cup of blessing. The one essential requisition for the communion were the words of invitation in the office itself: "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in His holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort."

Because he was convinced of the truth of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, it did not follow that he should refuse to associate with those who could not receive them. The "Catholic" usage which forbade Christian fellowship with those who denied the coequality of the Son with the Father was not necessarily Christian usage, and was no

ideal to be followed. From this position he did not recede. But, as in the case of Dean Stanley, his comprehensiveness of spirit was obnoxious to many of his brethren; his action was not to be forgotten; he was destined to hear from it again after many years. He had gained, however, the confidence and affection of ministers and people of every Christian denomination. The love and respect of the Unitarians in Boston were henceforth accorded to him as to no other man outside their own communion.

The new Trinity Church was not what is technically known as a "free church," nor did the rector covet for it that title, knowing as he did how phrases which spoke much to the ear might in reality be hollow. The pews were owned or rented by the Proprietors, and on each pew a tax was laid for the support of public worship. But the large galleries in the transepts of the church were free in every sense; no tax was laid on them, and no contribution solicited from those who occupied them. It had been an object kept in view by Mr. Brooks when the plans of the church were drawn, and urged by him upon the architect, that this ample accommodation should be provided. When it is remembered that the galleries accommodate some four hundred people, — a larger congregation than is found in most churches, thus constituting as it were a church within a church, — the generosity of Trinity Church can hardly be impugned, even if it is not known in ecclesiastical parlance as a free church. Not only so, but it was understood between the rector and the congregation that at an early moment in the service pews not occupied should be regarded as vacant, to be placed at the disposal of the stranger.

These things were making their impression upon the people of Boston and the community at large, changing what had been a long and deep-seated prejudice into a mood of expectation that with Phillips Brooks as a leader there was a great work in the city for the Episcopal Church to accomplish. Boston was the city of the Puritans, their chief stronghold, where memories were long and traditions tenacious. The revival of the study of American history was bringing

out again in new vividness the grievances, real or fancied, of the time of the Stuarts and the age of the Commonwealth. The people of Boston were not to be deceived with sounding phrases; they were quicker than most people to get at the reality of things, and there were many among them who disliked or mistrusted the Episcopal Church. They did not believe that anything good could come out of it. It seemed to them like an alien church, whose spirit was hostile to liberty and to religious freedom. They watched its bishops, thinking that they detected in them as of old the tendency of ecclesiastical power to beget tyranny. Its services seemed to them cold, formal, and meagre, inadequate to the expression of human sympathies or spiritual aspirations. These long-standing prejudices had been aggravated by the ecclesiastical reaction which followed in the wake of the Oxford Movement, verifying the reasons for the ancient dislike and dread of a communion which was now seeking for fellowship with Rome, and had learned to disown the Protestant churches as having no place within the bounds of organic Christianity.

It was the work of Phillips Brooks in Boston and throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to overcome this dread and disarm these suspicions. The traces of his influence now begin to be manifest. There was no one among the descendants of the Puritans who had a more representative estimate of the situation than the late Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis. He was a Unitarian minister retired from active service, devoting his leisure to historical reading and the writing of books, at a later time to become the honored president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was one of those who went to the Communion in Trinity Church. This letter will show how strongly he was drawn to Mr. Brooks: —

110 Marlborough Street, February 10, 1877.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — After thoughtfully digesting the noble and appropriate services and the delightful experiences of yesterday in connection with the consecration of Trinity Church, I feel prompted to express to you in this form my sincerest congratulations on the fair completion of an undertaking which must

have engaged so deeply your own anxieties and interests. It has been something more and better than mere curiosity that has led me almost daily to watch the progress of a critical and generous enterprise, from the driving of the first pile to the solemn dedication of the completed sanctuary. In my view, the distinctive character of your congregation, your own ministry, and the prominent and honored position which you represent before this community conserve the very best elements of religious culture, and of a spirit of Christian comprehensiveness and liberality, associated in my thought with the selectest fellowship of the class of disciples with whom I have been most intimately connected; while at the same time the original deposit of the faith and the fitness of its dispensation have found in you a wiser guardianship than it proved to have with the so-called Liberal denomination as a whole. So I would venture with much respect to assure you that I am heartily interested in the effective work which, with such modest personal unobtrusiveness and with such power, you are doing among us.

And I must recognize with a hearty appreciation and gratitude the delightful Christian courtesy shown towards all the miscellaneous company of ministers, including myself, in the arrangement made yesterday for our participation in and enjoyment of the seemly and impressive services, especially the Holy Communion.

With sincerest respect and regard, I am

Very truly yours,

George E. Ellis.

Rev. Phillips Brooks.

The following comments from the daily newspapers of Boston are not quite free from a touch of severe kindliness. There is a tone in one of them, at least, of lingering uncertainty; they warn while they praise; but, on the whole, they are constrained to trust the larger hope for the Episcopal Church. As for Phillips Brooks, they join in the chorus of unqualified approbation. The first extract is from the "Boston Globe," the second from the "Daily Advertiser:" —

The Episcopal Church is evidently to have a future in Boston, and has now, at least, one house of worship to which all can point with local pride. It remains, however, to be seen how Bishop Paddock and his coworkers shall develop their religious body as a Christian force in this community. If this Church shall largely show forth the admirable spirit for which Phillips Brooks is so well known, the spirit of liberality and cordial sympathy toward

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all Christian people, it will rapidly gain in strength and numbers. To-day this purpose appears to be in the ascendant, and the result is a cause for rejoicing everywhere. We do not ask Episcopalians to change their polity or their doctrines, but as a conservative Church to be sympathetic, generous, and noble in practical work; and it is because the ovation of yesterday points in this direction that we give it mention here. Not the least interesting feature of the services yesterday was the invited presence of the pastors of nearly all the leading congregations in the city. The Episcopal Church lost nothing by this, and the whole community gained a great deal.

The dedication of Trinity Church to-day is an occasion of interest to many more than those who will participate in the ceremonies, and to persons who do not belong to the Episcopal Church communion, as well as to churchmen and churchwomen. In the first place the parish is an historic one, and for many generations has had a conspicuous place in Boston's annals. In the next place the building to be dedicated ranks as one of the notable ornaments of the city. . . . Not a little of the widespread interest in this particular parish and its magnificent house of worship is owing to the respect and affection felt for its eloquent and noble-hearted pastor. There is no doubt that whenever he leads the worship, whether in hall or cathedral, he will exert a liberal, exalted, and powerful influence in behalf of the highest standards of Christian living. The good wishes and sincere prayers of a multitude which no church could contain will ascend with the words of solemn dedication to be uttered within the walls of the beautiful temple, that Trinity and Phillips Brooks may long be spared to Boston and to mankind.

So Phillips Brooks took his place as in a cathedral, where for many years he was to sway the people with an hitherto unknown power. The enthronement of an ecclesiastical dignitary could possess no deeper significance. He seemed now to stand at the height of his renown. He had other conquests yet to achieve, but he had accomplished the most difficult, in some respects the most important, of them all, — he had made the conquest of Boston. From this moment his friends watched him with a feeling of pride mingled with awe, while he continued to stride forward and upward, as if there had been placed no limit to his power.

CHAPTER VI

1877–1879

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE. INVITATION TO PREACH FOR MR. MOODY. SUMMER ABROAD. SERMON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY. HARVARD UNIVERSITY CONFERS THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. COMMENTS ON THE GENERAL CONVENTION. VISIT OF DEAN STANLEY TO AMERICA. ILLNESS AND DEATH OF WILLIAM GRAY BROOKS

The chief event in the year 1877 was the consecration of Trinity Church. Next to it in importance was the delivery, before the Divinity School of Yale University, of the "Lectures on Preaching," which will be referred to in a subsequent chapter. The lectures were delivered during the months of January and February. Before entering the new Trinity Church, Mr. Brooks had feared that his voice might not be found sufficient for the large edifice, but the first trial demonstrated that the fear was groundless. There were places where it was difficult to hear, but he was heard as well as any and better than most of those who officiated at its consecration.[1]

Dr. Tyng, then in the fifty-sixth year of his ministry, an uncompromising Evangelical divine, but none the less in sympathy with Phillips Brooks, wrote to him on his return to New York: —

[1] In his Yale Lectures he had said little about the manner of delivering a sermon, but his one reference to elocution is of a humorous character: "Of oratory and all the marvellous mysterious ways of those who teach it, I dare say nothing. I believe in the true elocution teacher as I believe in the existence of Halley's comet, which comes in sight of this earth once in about seventy-six years."

St. George's Rectory, New York, February 25, 1877.

My dear Brother,—Two weeks ago I had the great pleasure of being with you in your new and grand Church. I have desired to write to you since I returned home. But I have had a busy and a feeble time. The impression made upon me by all the events of my visit has been very absorbing. Familiar with the time when the Old Church was in the midst of scattered houses, and large gardens, I could hardly realize the prospect from my windows as possible. Half a mile out in the sea, I found myself in the midst of a new and wonderful city, more grand and glorious than I had ever dreamed as possible. Boston has thus become almost unrivalled as a City. The Churches now in this new place are marked with a singular grandeur of aspect. But the glory of the later house for my dear old parental Church was to me, perhaps, the chief wonder of the place. I can but congratulate you, and all your contemporaries, over the attainment you have made and at the prospect before you. In the vast liberality of their action, and the majestic scale on which they were ready to record it, they have given you a pledge for great results, by God's blessing, for your whole succeeding ministry. . . .

Farewell. *Pax Vobiscum*,

Stephen H. Tyng.

Mr. Brooks responded to this letter in a spirit of reverence and affection for its venerable writer. But he could not forbear taking exception to statements made by Dr. Tyng in a sermon which he preached in the new church shortly after its consecration. To the Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes: —

March 5, 1877.

I have been amused at the way in which the New York clergy have given us their blessing since we started. Dr. Tyng preached for us on the afternoon of the first day, and told us that nobody could be a Christian who did n't believe that the world was made in six literal days. The Moses up in the New Tower laughed aloud at the statement. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Morgan of St. Thomas's in your town turned up and preached an orotund discourse which had quite a good manly flavor to it. In consequence of his appearance, I find myself the surprised possessor of a discourse which I have never preached, an event which has not occurred before, except on a Saturday, for years. . . .

We are in the rush of Lent. One talks until he is tired of the

sound of his own voice, and then he talks some more. There is a good healthy religious influence, I think, and underneath our little work the deep thunder of the Moody movement is rolling all the time. I hear nothing from Bristol, but have no doubt your Ordination took and all goes well there.[1]

Boston, March 7, 1877.

Dearest Arthur, — Queer what you said about Hans Sachs's poems. I had sent for and got the volume, and here it is with some of the jolliest woodcuts and German poetry, which is pretty easy to make out, and very quaint. Oh, if we were but in Nuremberg, you and I, to-day! As a sort of variety in Lent I have begun to read Miss Martineau's "Autobiography." It is as unlike a Lent lecture as possible. The calm complacency of her unbelief is something wonderful. Just here Mother came in to see me. The first visit she has made this winter. They really seem likely to break up and go to Andover this spring. I am talking of taking their servants and setting up housekeeping this fall.

The allusion to the work in Boston of Mr. D. L. Moody, the Evangelist, recalls the circumstance that while the revival meetings were in progress Mr. Moody was for some reason unable to preach, and Mr. Brooks was invited to take his place. It was an interesting circumstance, and invested with theological curiosity, that an Episcopal clergyman, the rector of Trinity Church, should receive such an invitation. The Episcopal Church had hitherto shown but little sympathy with revivals. Many doubted whether Mr. Brooks was sufficiently familiar with evangelistic methods to meet a congregation drawn together by Mr. Moody's earnestness and eloquence. But he was invited in the confidence that the thousands who were flocking nightly to the tent, or Tabernacle as it was called, where the services were held would not be disappointed when they knew of the change. And this confidence was not misplaced. It was an event in the history of the revival that Phillips Brooks had taken part in it.

The announcement [said one of the Boston papers] that the Rev. Phillips Brooks was to preach was sufficient to fill the Tabernacle to its utmost capacity last evening. On no occasion

[1] The reference is to the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, who after his ordination became rector of St. James's Church, Bristol, Pa.

has there been a larger audience, and it was composed of a much different class of people than usually gather. The regular services were opened by the congregation rising and singing, "Just as I am without one plea." The Rev. W. W. Newton of St. Paul's offered prayer, and Mr. Sankey gave the notices for the week, and sang "The Ninety and Nine." Mr. Brooks read for the Scripture lesson from the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts. The congregation joined in singing the hymn, "'T is the promise of God full salvation to give." Mr. Brooks then preached, and the services closed with benediction.

The text from which the sermon was preached was the passage from St. Paul where he describes his conversion: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The preacher was at his best as he unfolded the text, expounding the principle of conversion as he himself had experienced it, — that the vision must come first, to be followed by obedience, when the sense of sin would inevitably ensue, but with the assurance of forgiveness. He condemned not only by implication, but in express language, the opposite method which sought first to produce the sense of sin, and after the conviction of forgiveness had been attained, held out the prospect of the heavenly vision. He assumed throughout that religion was natural to man, because all men were by creation and by redemption the children of God. They had wandered; they had forgotten or neglected or were ignorant of their birthright; but when the vision came, it appealed to something in every man's constitution, rousing within him the dormant faculties of a divine relationship.

Dr. Tyng was moved when he heard of the incident, and wrote to Mr. Brooks this letter: —

St. George's Rectory, New York, March 24, 1877.

My dear Brother, — I have read your Sermon at the Tabernacle, as reported in the "Journal," and I am grateful for the grace which enabled you to do the thing itself in the midst of all the prejudices of Boston, and then to do it so skilfully and well, amidst the pressures of the occasion. I have always united with those faithful brethren, because I have believed them doing God's work, and in the way which His providence had planned. In all the work which they have done under my notice, I have found much to praise, much to be thankful for, nothing to reprove.

That the varied shapes of denial, which modern Anti-Evangelism has adopted, whether the pride of opinion, or the vanity of position, or the veil of formalism, or the working of mere hatred of truth, should combine against the simplicity of Truth as these plain men present it could not surprise me, and would not in the least move me. But perhaps there is no place where authority so much opposes Freedom after all as our dear Old Boston. The Cradle of Liberty in name, but at the same time the nursery of much prejudice, and of much determination that no one shall violate Boston Notions, whenever they become popular. That you have given your growing influence to revival movements is to me and to many a call for much thankfulness. God, even our own God, will bless you and your work. I rejoice that you were not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision. It is a curious fact to remember how many have received a heavenly vision, in Old Trinity in years gone by, when there was but little Earthly, to make it probable, or to encourage it, when appearing. There was always there an undercurrent of real, vital religion. It was the home of many of the Lord's hidden ones. Your ministry is the New Testament upon the Old, the bringing out to being and view the things which were. The Gracious Lord bless you in it all, and make you an eminent Caller forth of his hidden ones to open light, usefulness, and glory. I take the greatest interest in hearing of you, and am always glad to hear from you.

Faithfully yours,

STEPHEN H. TYNG.

It had now been three years since Mr. Brooks had known a vacation which had brought him rest from preaching. In the summer of 1875 he had preached at Emmanuel Church, Boston, and in the summer of 1876 at Emmanuel in the morning and at St. Mark's in the evening. His congregations were composed of dwellers in the city who could not leave, and of strangers sojourning or passing through, who availed themselves of the opportunity. This free gift of himself met its full appreciation, and was part of the larger ministry, whose fruits would be manifest in due time. But now he had resolved upon a summer abroad, for, though he does not mention it, the strain had been long and severe. When his intention was known to the people of Trinity Church, the following unanimous resolution was taken at a meeting of the Proprietors on Easter Monday: —

On Motion of Mr. Winthrop, it was Resolved: "That the Proprietors of Trinity Church, deeply sensible of the great labors of their Rector during the past year, and of the invaluable services which he has rendered to the Church, desire to express their cordial concurrence in his purpose to seek rest and relaxation in foreign travel during the approaching summer, and that the sum of Two Thousand dollars be appropriated towards defraying the expenses of his tour, with the best wishes of us all that he may enjoy the vacation which he has so richly earned, and return to us with fresh vigor for his work."

While in London Mr. Brooks saw many people whom he speaks of as pleasant and civil. General Grant was then in England, of whom he writes as the great sensation, eclipsing all other Americans, "as if they wondered what *we* had come for." He dined at the American Minister's, and met the "great warrior." He saw much of Dean Stanley and of the English clergy, was admitted to the House of Lords and the House of Commons, attended the Convocation of the southern province, listening to a discussion on the subject of the confessional, which ended in a vote by a large majority on the Protestant side. He carried with him abroad the interests of Trinity Church. To the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was also in England, he wrote: —

London, July 4, 1877.

Dear Mr. Winthrop, — I must write you a few words to tell you how much I enjoyed my little visit to Groton yesterday, and how much I thank you for sending me there. It was a delightful day, and the drive from Sudbury to Groton was very charming. The Rector was most courteous and hospitable, and I saw all that must always make the place very interesting to Massachusetts men. I congratulate you upon this window in the church at Groton. It was looking very beautiful yesterday. The thick glass behind it seems to have brought it to just the right degree of brilliancy and color. The restoration of the tomb seemed to me also to have been thoroughly well done.

My glass efforts in London have been very perplexing. Clayton & Bell were shamefully behindhand, and yet what they had done seemed to me even better than the window already in the Chancel. The Lord's Supper window is almost finished, and the centre window is just begun in glass from a cartoon which I like exceedingly. I have not definitely entrusted the other four windows to

them, but I have no doubt that I shall do so this week. I leave for the Continent next Monday (July 9). My only hesitation is in the matter of time. They promise to have them all done by next Easter or Whitsunday at the farthest, but we know what their promises are worth. But I am sure that when they come they will be thoroughly good. I hope that the Committee will think that I have done right. I called at Burlison & Grill's the first day I was in London, but found they had just sent your window. It is probably in its place before this, and I hope it wholly pleases you. They had some beautiful work just finished for Lichfield Cathedral, and I hear them praised everywhere.

I was sorry to find that Lady Rose had left town. She wrote kindly, asking me to come to Henley-on-Thames, but I was not able to command the day. I saw the Archbishop, who asked much of you. Dean Stanley is sadly changed since I saw him last, and the Deanery is a very different place. I have promised to preach for him in the Abbey on Sunday morning, which will be my only preaching away from Trinity. I beg you to remember me most kindly to Mrs. Winthrop, and I am

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On Sunday, July 8, he preached for the second time at Westminster Abbey. There was no complaint of his not being heard. Canon Farrar, whose acquaintance he now made, wrote to him, "It was a very great pleasure to me to resign the Abbey pulpit to you, and very nobly you used the opportunity." Dean Stanley, who was present, listened with delight to a doctrine which was after his own heart. The text was from Isaiah lx. 19: "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." The subject was "The Symbol and the Reality." At a moment when the symbolism of mediæval ritual was urged upon the modern church as though the Protestant Reformation had been mistaken in abandoning it, when it was argued that an elaborate and gorgeous symbolism was a necessity of the religious life, the conviction was growing stronger in the mind of the preacher that this was not the method which brought the highest result, that no symbol was doing its true work unless it was educating those who used it

to do without it if need be. This principle was applied not only to religious symbolism, but to all the symbols of life. Everywhere the letter stands for the spirit, and to give up the letter, that the spirit may live more fully, becomes from time to time the absolute necessity.

After a few weeks in England, Mr. Brooks left for the Continent, going first to Belgium and Holland, then up the Rhine, pausing for a moment in Germany, then to Italy, Venice, Florence, and Milan, and finally to Switzerland. While he was in Holland he received the news that Harvard University had in his absence conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. On the diploma which was sent to him it read that the degree was given "in recognition of his eloquence as a preacher, his dignity and purity of life as a minister of religion, and his liberality and large-mindedness as a man." To the Rev. James P. Franks of Salem, who first conveyed him the news, he wrote that he would not be called Dr. Brooks. To his friends and parishioners, and to people generally, it seemed most fitting still to call him Mr. Brooks, as though ecclesiastical titles, however deserved, somehow separated them from the man. There was a self-conscious smile when his friends ventured to address him as Dr. Brooks.

Old Bible Hotel, Amsterdam, Sunday, July 15, 1877.

Dear James, — You are a jewel of a fellow to write me that letter. It reached me as I was dressing myself at Brussels the other morning. It was the first news I heard of the honor which Harvard had done me. I was surprised at it, and of course gratified. I had supposed the College had given up all idea of making any more D. D.'s, and especially that they would not give the degree to one of their own overseers. But as they have thought good to do it, I am pleased and proud, for a Cambridge man thinks that there are no honors like those which come from Cambridge. Only I won't be called Dr. Brooks, and you may stop that for me when and where you can.

How I wish you were here to-day, sitting this morning, looking out with me on this muddy Canal, and seeing the Dutchies go to Church. It is very odd and interesting. We would go off somewhere into the country this afternoon, and get under the shadow of a windmill, and talk about all sorts of things, from the day we first met in Philadelphia to the prospects of the next General

Convention. Then we would come home to *table d'hôte* and spend the evening in the big square which they profanely call the "Dam," looking at the people, and seeing what queer things they do. But that must n't be. You are in Salem and preparing to preach the gospel to S—— to-day. I honor you, and I am glad I am not in your place. Last Sunday I preached for Mr. Stanley at his church in London, and William and I were much in the little man's company while we were in his town. He is very pleasant and entertaining, but much changed since his wife's death. He has grown old, and seems to be fighting hard to keep up an interest in things. The usual collection of Broad Churchmen was about him, and convocation was sitting in Westminster School almost under his roof. I heard a long debate one day on "The Priest in Absolution." On the whole, London was delightful and I was glad to get out of it for the Continent, as I always am. I investigated all the Glass-makers, and found some very interesting men among them.

We are at Holland now, and all this week we shall be here. How I wish you were here! William is well and seems to enjoy it all, and is first-rate company. My bestest love to Sally and the babies, and come and see me in September at 175 Marlborough.

Always yours, P. B.

Mr. Brooks returned to Boston in September to live there henceforth under changed conditions. His father and mother had given up their house on Hancock Street, and had gone to North Andover to reside in the old Phillips homestead. Forty-four years had elapsed since in the same house, to which they now returned, they had been married and thence had come to Boston, establishing themselves in the first home on High Street. They had seen six boys go out from them into the world, four of them still living, and now that the youngest had gone from home, they looked to North Andover as a quiet retreat in the decline of life. Mr. Brooks would gladly have had them come to live with him, and would have made any arrangements for that end; he had counted upon it as his pleasure and privilege, but the parents declined to accept such an invitation from him or any of the other sons. It was understood in the family that it was not possible. The mother refused on principle any such invitation. For many years Mr. Brooks had kept his bachelor quarters in boarding

houses and hotels, first on Mount Vernon Street, and then at the Hotel Kempton on Berkeley Street. He now set up housekeeping for the first time at No. 175 Marlborough Street, taking into his employment the servants who had lived with his mother.

Mr. Brooks had returned to find the General Convention of the Episcopal Church sitting in Boston, but was unable to attend its sessions on account of illness, — what was called a slow fever, which confined him for a time to the house. He had at this time also some difficulty in walking, owing, it may have been, to his increasing weight. These were not favorable conditions for judging of the work of a General Convention.

"Last Sunday," he writes, "I had three bishops in Trinity, and went to all the services, and by night was saturated with commonplace."

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, October 8, 1877.

Dear old Cooper, — A thousand thanks for your letter. Well, I am home again, and once more Europe is behind my back. I had a royal time, and lots of places put me in mind of our summer there which, after all, was the best of all. Let 's see : we drove again up the Inn Valley starting from Innsbruck (where they have got now a tremendous new hotel). We stopped again at Landeck and Mals and Finstermünz, and such an afternoon and night as we had at Trafoi you never saw. It is the most gorgeous view and made me think with horror of what was hid from us on that rainy afternoon we passed there. The ride up the Stelvio was superb, but at the top we had a driving snowstorm and went over the ridge buttoned up to the chin and our hands down deep in our pockets. Then down to Bormio where was the bath, and then by Tirano to Lake Como and Venice and Bologna and Florence. It was all beautiful, and now seems like the same dream that those journeys always do when they are over.

We had a quiet, dull voyage home, and the day before we landed I was taken with what the Doctor calls a slow fever which has kept me a good deal shut up ever since. It is the slowest fever that ever was got up. The seat of it is principally in the back of the knees which give way when you have walked about a square. Altogether it is an attack of general good-for-nothingness which I am tired of, and which I am glad to be able to hope is almost over now.

It has allowed me to ignore the General Convention which is going on in as miserable and useless a way as you can conceive. There is nothing for them to do, and they are trying hard to make something by bringing up all kinds of ridiculous propositions. I was glad once more to sign the petition about the Baptismal service. It reminded me of good old times, and I hope we shall have it triannually as long as this church stands. It never will be granted of course.

I can't come on in November. I wish I could, but I must be at work. The summer and the sickness and the Convention together have lost me so much time, and then I have promised to go to the Congress in New York. I hope I shall meet you there, for I do want to see you ever so much. My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Cooper. Don't forget me.

Your old friend, P. B.

To Rev. W. N. McVickar, who had become the rector of Holy Trinity Church in Philadelphia, he writes: —

October 17, 1877.

My dear William, —. . . I had a splendid summer and hated to come home. I always do. But now that I am here I am reconciled, for is n't the General Convention here, and does n't it bring all the good fellows from all over the country? You and Cooper are the only men I want to see that I have n't seen. The thing itself, the Convention, is as funny as possible. I have n't been there myself for I have been sick, but I hear all about it, and I hope you read your "Daily Churchman" before you go to bed. They have done literally nothing. They did one piece of business week before last, and cackled over it all about town like a hen over her eggs. But the House of Bishops the next week sat down on it and vetoed it, and so they have really and literally not one thing to show. So they talk about the beautiful harmony that prevails. . . . And they swell, O, how they swell! And each "swole" a little worse than the one before him, if it were possible, except Bishop Williams. He is an old jewel and talks like a sensible man.

The admiration of Mr. Brooks for the late Bishop Williams of Connecticut was reciprocated. Thus Bishop Williams, who now met him for the first time, writes to him: —

I am not speaking empty words, but true ones, when I say to you, that for myself I rejoice in the meeting at Boston, espe-

cially because it gave me the opportunity which I had long wished for to see you. I have very deeply felt, and I think appreciated, the great work you have done and are doing, and I pray God may long be spared to do in Boston. And I have greatly wished to take you by the hand and say something of what was in my heart. I am very thankful for the opportunity.

In November he was present at the sessions of the Church Congress in New York, and on his return he writes: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, November 7, 1877.

Dear Arthur, — I am glad to hear that my coming away did no serious harm to the Congress. It seems to have gone on most swimmingly to the end, and I am very glad I came and thank you most truly for your kind welcome and hospitality. I was all the better for it, and am now quite well. Is n't it good to have these show occasions done with and settle down into the steady pull of Parish Life. Last Sunday seemed a blessed relief. There was nobody to be civil to in the Vestry Room, and you could read the service yourself and preach the Gospel which had been bottled up all the time. Now there is a clear field for the winter and I don't mean to have anybody preach for me, except when you come, before next year. . . . I have father staying with me for a day or two. He came down to vote and to attend the Historical Society to-morrow. He seems capitally well and goes out prowling around the town in his old fashion, as if Marlborough Street were quite as good a place as Hancock Street to start from. The election does n't look well.[1] Massachusetts has gone all right, but New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, seem to be all wrong. The policy is right, and I hope they will stick to it. But it would be an awful thing to have the country thrown into the hands of the starved Democrats two years hence. But I suppose it is a case of "doing right though the heavens fall," about as clear as we often see.

Have you read the new "Life of Sumner"? I have finished one volume of it and found it interesting. The wonderful reception that he had in England and the sight of the boyhood of these men who are either gone, or are old men now, are very attractive. Then I have been reading Bowen's new book.[2] I had forgotten what a queer, familiar, almost jocose style he has, but his expositions of the systems of philosophy are certainly very clear, though one doubts sometimes whether he has got to the bottom of them.

[1] The election of Hayes for President when Tilden was the Democratic candidate.

[2] *History of Philosophy.*

In December there was a visit to Philadelphia. His references to it, as in this extract from a letter to McVickar, show that his heart still turned to it with a yearning affection: —

December 13, 1877.

Yes I am coming to Philadelphia, and am counting upon it immensely. It will be the shortest visit possible, but then it will be Philadelphia. As to preaching, you must speak to Charles D. Cooper. Anything that you and he agree on I will do. Only let 's not make too terrible a rush of it. Of course the pulpit of Trinity is the dearest spot on earth to me, — in other words, is home.

The occasion which took him to Philadelphia was the tenth anniversary of the consecration of the Church of the Holy Apostles, of which Mr. Cooper was rector. When Mr. Cooper invited him to come, he wrote at once: "Why, of course I 'll come. Do you think I would let the friends of the Holy Apostles gather and I not be there?" The visit was to come soon after his birthday. This letter to Miss Meredith of Philadelphia strikes the usual keynote of the birthdays: —

December 18, 1877.

Dear Miss Meredith, — . . . It seems as if everything out of the old times were altered so and things whirl on so fast now, sickness and health, trouble and pleasure chasing each other quickly. The quiet, smooth, unbroken life is all gone. This is not perhaps less happy, but "the time is short" seems to ring out of everything. And then again the *whole* of things seems of so much more consequence and the details of things of so much less than they used to. I wonder if everybody gets to feel so. I was forty-two last Thursday.

But I am coming on to Philadelphia next month, and shall at least get in sight of the old times again. I am coming for the tenth anniversary of the Holy Apostles! Mr. Cooper has sent for me to revive the memory of the day when we begged the money together. I shall have but a day in the good town, and am much afraid that I shall see my friends only from the pulpit.

Mr. —— is a curious creature, not at all to be turned off in a sentence; full of learning, with a strong dash of genius and half crazy. One vision of him in a city where he is not known must be amazing and bewildering.

A happy Christmas to you all, and may God bless you always.

Your sincere friend, Phillips Brooks.

The work in his parish in the year 1878 went on as usual. The Lenten services grew deeper in their interest and power. His Wednesday evening lectures called out very large congregations. His references to the season of Lent in his letters must be interpreted as meaning that he put his whole soul into the frequent services, but did not care that any one should know with what deep feeling and with what laborious study he prepared himself for the penitential season. His epistolary references to it are in contrast with the note-books, with the earnestness of his mood stamped upon every page. He took up large subjects, in courses of addresses which called for thorough and comprehensive study. In his Sunday preaching the sermons followed each other on the same high level. He did not write many letters, and these inclined to brevity. He writes to Mr. Cooper, February 8, 1878: —

Weir Mitchell has been here curing all the dilapidated Bostonians. His coming makes a great sensation, for he is a very famous man. I felt as though I were a nerve doctor myself with all the patients that swarmed about the house.

After him came Dr. Newton, — the Rev. Richard Newton of your town. He stayed with Willie, not with me, and seemed to be overcome with indignation at his recreant brother. How he does pitch into him!

So you see we have some excitement here. But on the whole Boston is dull, and nothing but the endless round of Church work keeps me from getting stagnant. I think I have never been busier about that since I was in the ministry.

He asked the Proprietors of Trinity Church for permission to hold free evening services during Lent, and the request was granted unanimously without limit of time. On these occasions the great church was filled. He made an exchange with Rev. Arthur Brooks, at the Church of the Incarnation, New York, on the Sunday after Easter, and then we hear of him again in Philadelphia, where he has gone for the visit to Mr. Cooper.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, March 18, 1878.

Dear Arthur, — . . . Yesterday was a queer day. In the morning I got Sankey to come in and sing to our Sunday-school

children. He made a little speech to them which was capital, as simple and earnest and affectionate as possible, and then he sang "Ninety and Nine" execrably. . . .

Lent is moving on quietly and seriously. Next Sunday is our Confirmation Day, and then I shall be easier. I have never held it quite so early before, and I look forward with much pleasure to the weeks of Lent which will still remain after the anxiety of Confirmation is over. Now every minute of every week is busy as has been the case for these seventeen last springs. How alike they all are, and yet one never gets tired of them. I hear all sorts of questions about a new Church paper which is to grow up in New York. Heber has written to Percy and to others about it. I am afraid that you and I will die without seeing what we want, and the last number of "The Churchman" will be dropped into our graves. The "New Church Journal" I am afraid will not be very interesting. The perpetual symposium business will tire.

Have you ever seen Chauncey Wright's "Life"? Did you know him in Cambridge? It is very interesting, I think. His metaphysics are pretty steep and his conclusions often pretty bad. . . . The picture of a quiet, simple, thoughtful, unambitious Cambridge life is rather nice. . . .

Well, after Lent we must have a meeting somehow. The time and place will be given on small bills. I see as little now of Father and Mother or of John as I do of you. I have n't been to Andover since that tremendous Saturday morning when you came down and I went up, and I have n't been to John's at all. He was up at the Club in fine spirits and seemed to like the "Institution," though he modestly held his peace at his first meeting. . . .

He congratulates his brother on a proposed trip to Europe, and speaks for the first time of Rev. Leighton Parks, who has just come to Boston as Dr. Vinton's successor: —

May 20, 1878.

I picture to myself the scene behind the smokestack of the Bothnia when you and your fellow travellers sit around your Bishop and he tells you what he means to do at the Pan. Don't let your contempt for the whole affair prevent you from getting just one sight of —— walking with the Archbishop of Canterbury. That surely would be a sight worth seeing. I am going up to Andover to-day to see Father and Mother.

I find the great Church sensation here is Parks at Emmanuel.

He is impressing people very much. Dr. Vinton heard him yesterday and says he is a remarkable fellow. I have not heard him, but called on him the other day and found him bright, intelligent, and modest, a real good fellow. He is a Broad Churchman steeped in Maurice to the eyes.

He was taking an interest in little things, such as the furnishing of his house, at a time when antique colonial furniture was the fashion.

To Mr. Cooper he writes: —

May 25, 1878.

Here I am safe at home again with all the fun behind me and full of gratefulness to you all for all your hospitality. Everything was very delightful at the good old town, the Breakfasts, and the Convention, and the talks, and the walks, and the general smell and taste of good old times that was about the whole. Boston is sadly different. I feel after I get back from one of my visits to you as if I had only just moved here and were a stranger in the streets.

The clock and the corner cupboard came safely and are both up and running most satisfactorily. I know what time it is and what day of the month and of the week and of the moon. If it only gave the Golden Letter and the Dominical Number and the First and Second Lessons I should feel entirely set up.

In June he was present at the centennial of Phillips Academy, Andover, of which he writes to Arthur Brooks, June 10, 1878: —

Yes, we did have a good time. I do not know when I have seen a big display go off so well throughout, and we were a sort of quiet centre to the whole thing, we Phillipses, around which it all resolved. We had the glory and they had the work; and that is always fun.

It was very pleasant, too, to have you and L—— here. It is not often now that all four of us boys get together in one room as we did here in my study the other night. So let us be proud and happy for the way the whole thing was done, and hope for another occasion soon. . . .

He went soon after this event to Phillips Academy, Exeter, to deliver the address to the graduating class, then to Virginia, where he read an essay on "The Pulpit and Popular Skepticism." Of this last visit he writes, July 9, 1878: —

I went down into Virginia with Jim. We visited the old Seminary where I read an Essay to the Alumni, and got quite sentimental about old times. The old place seemed to be full of life and turned out a good many parsons of the peculiar Virginia kind which is n't a bad sort, though one would n't want a whole church made up of them. Then we went down to the Virginia Springs in the Blue Ridge, where we passed three very queer and pleasant days, taking much sulphur both inside and out. Meantime the heat had grown to be something awful in those Northern parts, but down where we were everything was as cool and delightful as possible. On our way back we stopped and spent two days with Willie McVickar, saw lots of Cooper, smoked many pipes, and talked the whole Church over.

He took a house at Hingham for the summer, going to Boston every Sunday to preach. Of the life at Hingham he writes to Mr. Cooper: —

August 3, 1878.

I never had such a profoundly quiet summer as I am having now. I am here in a queer little cottage on an obscure back bay of Boston Harbor, where there is nothing to do, or at least where I do nothing, no sailing, no fishing, no riding, no walking. Nothing in the world but plenty of books and time and tobacco. Nobody to talk to or to talk to me. And I like it first-rate, almost as well as Heiligenblut and Bad Gastein. But it is very different.

The only thing I really do which I can put my finger on is to prepare my volume of sermons which is coming out in September. Every day some proof comes down which I have to correct and send back. I doubt if they are worth publishing, and I have had a hundred minds about going on or stopping them, but I am in for it now, and will send you a copy when they come out. . . .

In his seclusion at Hingham, he wrote often to his brother Arthur, in Europe, following his movements with the sympathy of an old traveller: —

August 16, 1878.

I am sure you will have a delightful summer, and we shall follow you through it all with our good wishes. It is about the pleasantest thing that people can do in this fallen world.

I don't think the Pan-Anglican troubled you much, and from all accounts it won't trouble anybody a great deal. I don't hear of anything said or done there which was of the slightest consequence. And it gets to be very funny when in General Con-

ventions and Pan Synods and all sorts of Assemblies of Ecclesiastical people the one thing they can crow over when the meeting breaks up is the "perfect harmony" of it all, — as if it is a wonder to sing a Te Deum over, if Churchmen come together without pulling each other's wigs off and tearing each other's eyes out. . . . No doubt you saw the little Dean, who is well I hope, but who certainly must have seemed to you very much changed from when we saw him in '74. . . . Have you seen Grant anywhere? The prospect of making him our next President is taking shape and soon will be a settled thing. All the European tour, with its receptions and parade, has been deliberately planned for this. Ben Butler is going to try to be Governor of Massachusetts this fall, and that will keep things lively here. There has been a blackguard named Kearney about here preaching low Irish Communism, whom Butler has taken up, and made an ugly mess. But what do you care for American politics when you are looking at the Madonna di San Sisto. . . . You are very good to offer to do anything for me. The picture which I saw was an etching from a portrait of James Martineau, the portrait, I think, by Watts. I saw it in Dr. Peabody's Study and liked it, and should like to have it, but don't let it trouble you.

The dread of an impending sorrow was hanging over Mr. Brooks through the summer in consequence of the illness of his father, whose health was steadily declining. He invited both his parents to Hingham, and they came, but, as the change was not beneficial, they soon returned to Andover. Nothing could exceed the thoughtfulness and tender devotion which he showed in the now changed relationship, — when instead of the father watching over the son with anxious affection, it was his privilege to care for both father and mother. He sent his friend Dr. Lyman to Andover, in the hope that the best medical skill and experience might be of some avail. He wrote every week to his brother abroad giving an account of his father's condition. He wrote often to his mother to encourage her; he sent everything that his ingenious thoughtfulness could devise which would cheer or help the invalid in his weakness, who, although he continued feeble, and evidently would never again be stronger, yet was cheerful and happy on the whole, with only occasional moods of discouragement.

The summer passed, and September brought an event of the highest interest to Mr. Brooks as well as to people throughout the country, — the visit of Dean Stanley to America. No Englishman ever came whose presence called forth more enthusiasm, nor did any one realize until he came how deep and widespread was the feeling which prompted the people out of pure gratitude to express their sense of indebtedness in every form which could do him honor. It was one of the important days in the history of Trinity Church when, on Sunday, the 22d of September, he stood in its pulpit, and, with his keen perception of the romance of history and the picturesque quality inhering in representative occasions, treated the moment as a meeting of the East with the West. The sermon which he preached was afterward printed, and the manuscript given to Mr. Brooks, who preserved it among the things that he valued. The visit to Boston came to an end with a breakfast given to the Dean by Mr. Brooks, at the Hotel Brunswick, when the clergy of Boston and vicinity had the opportunity to hear his pathetic words before he left the country.

A visit to Gambier, Ohio, which Mr. Brooks had projected as a holiday after the summer's preaching, was prevented by his father's illness. To the Rev. George A. Strong he wrote: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, Saturday, October 5, 1878.

Dear George, — My Father is very ill. He has been failing for a long time, but there has seemed to be every probability that it would go on slowly, and that the end was far away. But day before yesterday there came a change which has left him so that every day we are compelled to look for what may not come for months. But I am afraid his death is very near. His mind is failing rapidly, and every day seems to draw the veil a little closer between us and any possible communication with him. I suppose it is paralysis, though there has been no recognizable shock, only a gradual benumbing of mind and body.

The year as it came to an end found him in the midst of many occupations, of which the most laborious was the preparation of the Bohlen Lectures, to be given in Philadelphia. But he found time for loving attentions to his father. The

thought of his father was uppermost in his mind, infusing into his work a new consecration: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, December 7, 1878.

Dear Arthur, — . . . I wish I was coming on to see you as you so kindly ask me to do. We would walk and talk and look at pictures, and I 'd smoke and perhaps we 'd go and see some of the brethren. But it must n't be. This is the time to work. Wednesday Evening services and Parish Visitings and Sunday Sermons and Christmas Carollings, and all these things chase one another too fast for one to get in a visit to New York between them. So I 've written to the New England Society that I cannot help them eat their dinner, and to the Christian Young Women that I cannot associate with them. The Mexican League I have n't heard from, but I should have to give them (or It) the same sort of an answer.

I have just begun to write the Bohlen Lectures which are to come off in Philadelphia some time before Ash Wednesday. They are a fearful invasion of the legitimate and regular work of the ministry, and the longer I am a Parson the less I think I like special work, the more I like to keep down to the steady humdrum of the Parish Mill. . . .

I was at Andover last week. It happened to be rather a bad day with Father and he was a little more blue and helpless than usual, but on the whole I think he remains about the same. Mother is well, and seems to keep up her spirits wonderfully. I feel now as if Father very possibly might go through the winter about as he is now, unless some sudden shock or cold should come.

P.

The experience which he had long been dreading, whose import to himself he had been sounding in advance, came on January 7, 1879. On the evening of the day of his father's funeral, which took place at Trinity Church, he wrote to his mother. Other letters that follow call for no comment. They tell the story in its simple and natural pathos.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, Thursday evening, January 9, 1879.

Dear Mother, — I am thinking about you so much to-night that I must write you a little after all, though I said I should not. Lizzie will have told you how simply and fitly everything was done to-day, and it must surely be some satisfaction to us all to know how everybody's heart is full of honor for dear Father.

His body was borne into the church by his old friends, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Deane, Mr. Robert Mason, and Dr. George Ellis. Dr. Vinton read the service with the deepest feeling. I have not seen him except to get a pressure of the hand as we came out of the church. He is staying at Mr. Snelling's where he will have the best of care and will not suffer from his kind-hearted excursion. At Mount Auburn everything was done just exactly as you wished. As we left they were just going to strew the branches on the grave. The two evergreen crosses hung above the graves of George and Frederick, and the faithful custodian promised that this new precious grave should have the most sacred care. William and Arthur and John and James and I went out, and Edward Brooks followed in a carriage by himself. Chardon Brooks and Charles Francis Adams were in the pew directly behind us. There were a multitude of other people in the church whom I did not see.

All this is pleasant to all of us, but it is nothing beside the thought of the new life which Father has begun, and which never can be broken. When we remember his weakness and restlessness a week ago, and then think of the perfect peace and joy and knowledge that he is enjoying now, it is not so hard to bear it all and even to be thankful. It was a noble, faithful, useful life here, and now he is with Christ. It will not be long before we are with him. Let us try to be brave and wait as he would want us to do.

My dearest mother, you do not know how much you are to us, nor how we all long to have you rest upon us, and let us help and comfort you and make you happy.

May God help us all to live as faithfully and die as peacefully as dear Father has.

Your loving son, PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, January 11, 1879.

DEAR OLD COOPER, — You are a good kind fellow to write to me about Father and to speak of him so kindly. He was one of the simplest, truest, healthiest, and happiest natures that God ever made. All his life long was a perpetual delight in common things and a quiet, faithful doing of the duties that some men make a fuss about, as if they were the most natural things in the world and everybody did them. His religion was as simple as all the rest of his life, always flowing on serenely, as if to be a religious man and to love God and trust Him were not an exceptional and hard thing, but as true a part of human life as breathing. And at the last he grew simpler and sweeter as his strength faded

away, and died at last with calm dignity such as only a child or a strong man can have. But we shall miss him dreadfully. Life will never be again what it has been all these years with him behind us. And poor mother wanders about looking for some one to be anxious about and to take care of, and finding it a dreadful pain that her last anxiety is over, and that she has only to rest in peace till her happiness comes.

Yes, I shall come in February and lecture. The lectures are poor enough for they were written in the midst of all this derangement and distress, but I shall fulfil my engagement, and I shall see lots of you, old fellow. I promised McVickar long ago to stay with him on this official visit, but I shall see you all the time, and I am counting on it more than ever now. My love to Mrs. Cooper, and I am

Always yours, P. B.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, January 18, 1879.

Oh, my dear George, how I wish I was in Gambier to-night and sitting with you and M—— in front of your fire, and talking over all these things which it is so unsatisfactory to write about. First, I want to thank you for your last letter about Father. I have been feeling all these last ten days as I know thousands of men have felt before me when their fathers have died, but feeling it just as freshly as if I were the first man that ever went through it, and with the strong belief that no father ever was to his boys just what ours has been to us. He was so bright and happy and simple and strong through all the long years while our lives revolved around his, and in these last years while he has been failing and we have had the privilege that we could do something for him, he has been so sweet and gentle and childlike and so full of happiness in his constantly narrowing life. And at last he lay down and died with the same quiet dignity with which he had lived. There is nothing that is not good to remember. It was as healthy and true a life as ever was seen, and now I miss him as I never dreamed that I could miss anybody, and it will be so to the end, I know. You knew him a little. He always felt that my friends were his friends, and so he always talked of you as if he knew you well. I know that he would have been glad to think that even so far away, and with so slight a recollection of him, you would care something for his death. And I should have felt more cast adrift than I do now if I had not had your words of sympathy. It sounds very stupid and cold to say that I thank you, but I love you more than ever.

I am sorry for all the mishap about New Bedford. No mat-

ter; perhaps something else may turn up soon and may be better managed. I want you somewhere here, and somehow feel more than ever now that, as our private circles grow thinner and thinner, it would be good if we could each draw a little more together and end our ministries, when the time for it must come, in something of the same snug and pleasant group in which they began. All we can do is to be upon the watch in case that any chance of such a welcome thing turns up.

I am glad that you welcomed Casaubon. He was selected with a little more discrimination than usual, for I had just been reading his life myself, and had been charmed not so much with him as with the Book. I hope that you will like it when you read it. . . . I have been lame all winter with a queer weakness of the knee, which the Doctor don't seem to understand. It probably is rebelling at the amount it has to carry. But it is about well now. Give my best love to M——, and I am always,

Yours, P. B.

February 5, 1879.

Dear Paddock, — A thousand thanks for your kind and thoughtful letter. I have always felt as if you knew Father from the memory of the old meeting twenty years ago at Alexandria, and from knowing how you had met him occasionally here since then. What you saw him at those times he always was, simple, cordial, affectionate, and full of a desire that everybody should be happy. Underneath this there was a quiet strength and integrity and a true Christian faith, which made his presence one of the healthiest atmospheres for a lot of boys to grow up in. And now that he is gone I can thank God heartily for all that he was and all that he is.

But it makes life a different thing. It makes the world seem at first very empty. And it makes it all the more to seem not sad when one looks forward to his own going. But meanwhile it makes one cling all the more to old friends. And I am full of gratitude that you should think of me. You are a true, kind friend, and have been for these more than twenty years. God bless you. Always yours, P. B.

Boston, February 11, 1879.

Dear Mother, — I have hoped to come and have another pleasant evening with you this week, before my departure for Philadelphia, which comes next Monday. But one by one I have had to strike off my evenings for engagements which I could not escape, and now they are all gone and I must not hope to see you

until I get home again. I am very sorry, for I enjoy my little runs to Andover better than anything that I do now, and two weeks seems to be a long time to wait, but it will pass and I shall come to you as soon as I possibly can after I get home. I hope that you are all well and will keep so, for we are all thinking about you all the time, and by and by we hope to have you with us here in Boston, and in the scattered places where the Brooks boys live. So take the best care of yourself for our sakes.

I send you the remarks of Mr. Winthrop about dear Father, which he made at the Historical Society on the day of the Funeral. By and by there will be a longer tribute in their published volume. But I thought you would like to see this now. It is good to know how he is valued. Almost every day some of his old friends tell me of their respect for him, and of how he is missed in the old places where he lived so long.

I send you also Dr. Stone's letter which I believe you have not seen. It is just like him. Can you send me within a day or two the name and full address of the minister at North Andover who held the service at the house? I should like to write to him before I go away. . . . A little letter from John about the visit that I am going to make him in Lent to preach for him on the 13th of March. He is in the full tide of prosperity and happiness. I shall not see either him or Arthur on my journey to Philadelphia or on my way home, for I shall be hurried through each way. But I shall try to visit both of them after Easter. Perhaps you will go with me. I am awfully disappointed that I cannot come up, but I must bear it. Give my love to Aunt Susan and Aunt Caroline and Aunt Blossom.

Always affectionately, PHILLIPS.

To this letter his mother replied: —

NORTH ANDOVER, February 12, 1879.

MY DEAR PHILLIPS, — Your kind and loving letter deserves a letter in return, and miserable as it will be, I am going to write you one. I sometimes think I 'll write and then thoughts of Father come over me, and I am too sick at heart to attempt it.

But I want to write to you to-day, for I am overpowered with all the marks of love you show me, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate it. But oh, I feel so unworthy of it all that it surprises me that you can care so much for me. Now you must not say as you always do, "Oh, how humble you are," for I really feel it all. Believe me, dear Phillips, I am as sorry as you are that you can't come up this week, for I do enjoy your visits, but I have not expected it, for I know you must be overpowered with

work all the time, and have no time to spare, for you are in your busiest season now. But I shall dwell on the pleasure of your promised visit after your return from Philadelphia.

I hope you will enjoy your little trip, and that it will rest your mind and body, for both must need rest. Do enjoy all you can, and sleep all you can, for I consider that sleep is our greatest earthly blessing.

I thank you for sending me Mr. Winthrop's notice of dear Father. I am glad his friends do him honor; he deserves it all. Also I thank you for Dr. Stone's letter; it is a comfort to me; he was Father's first minister in the Episcopal Church, and he always admired him.

I am very sorry to see by the paper the instant death of Governor Gardner's son in Colorado, by a snow slide. How it makes me think of our poor Frederick's sudden death! Do you remember that Tuesday of this week was the anniversary of dear George's death, sixteen years ago! How I long for them all. But I thank God that he has spared me so many loving ones.

Now, dear Philly, please don't feel anxious about me while you are gone. I am very well and very comfortably situated, near to the Aunts' rooms, who are untiring in their kindness to me, night and day, and when their time of trouble comes I hope I shall be all ready to serve and comfort them.

I wish I could *sew on some buttons* or do something to help you before you go. Be sure I shall think of you a great deal in your absence; perhaps you will answer this letter while you are gone.

Good-by, and with many thanks for all your goodness and tenderness to me, remember I am always your fond and loving

MOTHER.

Among the tributes to the memory of William Gray Brooks was one from Dr. Vinton, who was moved as he recalled the history of the family with which he had been closely associated. He writes to Mrs. Brooks, at North Andover: —

The solemn service to which I was called last week at Trinity Church brought you to my mind with an affectionate sadness, and awakened all the associations which began with my rectorship at St. Paul's Church and have continued ever since with some of your family. I recall your anxiety for Mr. Brooks's religious state, and how God answered your prayers for him. I remember, too, our many conversations about your children, and how again your prayers were met by seeing them all turn to Christ, and I have often thought that you ought to be the happiest of Mothers. . . .

At the first meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society held after the death of their colleague, words of grateful appreciation were spoken in behalf of the society. They are full of meaning, for they are describing qualities which reappeared in the son, with only this difference, — an adventitious one, to which the son attached no importance, — that he had filled no exalted public station.

The president of the society, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, said, in announcing the death: —

I cannot fail to make the earliest mention of the loss which comes nearest to us and to allude first to the death of our esteemed and respected friend and associate, William Gray Brooks, Esq., a gentleman to whom we were all warmly attached, and whose companionship and hearty coöperation in our work have been so highly valued by us all. Indeed I may say that we have had but few more attentive or more useful members during the seventeen or eighteen years since he was elected. No one certainly has taken a warmer interest in our welfare, or rendered us more substantial services. As repeatedly a member of our Standing Committee, and occasionally its Chairman, and especially as a leading member of the committee to which our building was entrusted during the process of its reconstruction, Mr. Brooks was ever most diligent and devoted. I know not how we should have gone through with that protracted and often perplexing process without his practical wisdom and his faithful and untiring supervision.

Always prompt and punctual at our meetings, as long as his health permitted him to attend them, he took also an intelligent and eager interest in our historical proceedings, and from time to time made important communications on genealogical or historical topics. Tracing back his ancestry to the famous minister of old Boston and of new Boston, — John Cotton, and immediately connected with families which have given so many eminent men both to the ministry and to the magistracy of New England, his mind was naturally turned to inquiries and investigations which might aid in the just commemoration of these local worthies, and our records bear frequent evidence of his success.

The Rev. Robert C. Waterston added these discriminating words: —

He was gentle and unassuming, scrupulously true to the practical duties of life; his courtesy of manner, generosity of heart, and integrity of purpose won for him universal respect and love.

He seemed never to be troubled by that restless ambition which desires to make itself prominent. Cheerfully he pursued the even tenor of his way, satisfied with being a kind neighbor, an upright citizen, a trustworthy and honorable man. His sound sense and clear judgment gave value to his counsel. There was nothing morbid in his nature, and no tendency to unreasonable impulse or exaggeration. Calm and considerate, his words carried with them a proportionate weight. Consistent in his actions, what he did he was not obliged to undo. In his business he had no passion for unlimited accumulation of wealth. A reasonable competency satisfied his desire. He was generous; but what he imparted he sought to distribute so that it should result, as far as was possible, in permanent good. In his charities he shrank from an appearance of display. Whatever tended to promote the public welfare found in him an earnest response; and, in carrying forward plans of general enterprise, according to his means, he was ready at all times to do his part.

But there was yet a higher tribute which the son was to pay to his father, when in the human relationship he saw the medium of the divine revelation. Such had been the earthly father's life that to the son it bore witness to the nature of and the evidence for the Fatherhood of God. In the year before his father died, Phillips Brooks was speaking to the students of the Yale Divinity School on the best method of teaching religion, or the relationship between God and man which constituted religion: —

> It is merely the completion, the transfiguration of that which we can see in any healthy family. . . . For myself, every year that I have preached, that sight, the child and the father in their deepest relationship to one another, has grown an ever clearer and richer revelation of the mystery of man and God. In it I find the clearest exhibition of the highest and most comprehensive thought of duty, which is loving obedience including in itself the power and effect of education.

At the time of his father's death he was preparing his Bohlen Lectures on "The Influence of Jesus." It was while his bereavement was still fresh that he wrote these words, in illustration of the central theme of his book, — Jesus as revealing the Fatherhood of God: —

> Beyond all analysis lies the relation which every true son holds

to a true father. It is a final fact. You cannot dissolve it in any abstract theory. It issues from the mysterious sympathy of the two lives, one of which gave birth to the other. It has ripened and mellowed through all the rich intercourse of dependent childhood and imitative youth and sympathetic manhood. It is an eternal fact. Death cannot destroy it. The grown-up man feels his father's life beating from beyond the grave, and is sure that in his own eternity the child relation to that life will be in some mysterious and perfect way resumed and glorified, that he will be something to that dear life and it to him forever. All this remains. . . . The joy and pain, all the richness and pathos of his home life, while they keep their freshness and peculiar sanctity, have in them and below them all the multitudinous happiness and sorrow of the larger life in the great household of the world. The child feels something of this truth by instinct. The thoughtful man delights to realize it more and more as he grows older (pp. 184, 185).

CHAPTER VII

1877–1878

LECTURES ON PREACHING. FIRST VOLUME OF SERMONS. THE TEACHING OF RELIGION. THE PULPIT AND POPULAR SKEPTICISM

The narrative of the first ten years of the ministry of Phillips Brooks in Boston, which has now been given, will serve to confirm the impression of a change or difference when compared with that of his ministry in Philadelphia. What, we may ask, had become of that intense mysterious force, evoked by the war, by which he rose even above the high level of his work as a preacher? What is there in these years that corresponds with his wonderful power as a platform speaker or public orator when he was advocating reforms whose necessity stirred the lowest deeps of his soul? That passionate vehemence had not, like some transient flame, been extinguished, but transmuted into some other manifestation of power. These years whose record has been traced are quiet years compared with what went before or what came afterwards, — a time of silent preparation, of study, and of inward ferment, of which but little evidence is apparent in his letters. But, as has been so often remarked, the traces of his work are concealed. We must then turn to his published writings, which now began to multiply, wherein will be seen the man in other aspects, in new phases of his personality. They will show that he had been concentrating his mind on the study of his age, and on the message which that strange and troubled world was demanding.

It was in the early part of the year 1877, when the building committee of Trinity Church were making strenuous efforts to hasten its completion, that Phillips Brooks went to

New Haven to deliver his lectures on Preaching before the students of the Yale Divinity School. It was a time of unusual excitement for his parish and for himself when he was writing the lectures, an excitement and enthusiasm which culminated in their delivery. So deeply was he moved that for some reason he could not bear to make the journeys to New Haven alone, and took with him one of his relatives. The event stirred him the more deeply because for the first time he was unveiling his own personal experience, as he had felt compelled to review it when he sought to explain the secret and power which made the pulpit effective. The greatest charm of the Yale Lectures, from a literary point of view, is that they constitute the autobiography of Phillips Brooks, — the confessions of a great preacher. The book is personal throughout; he speaks often of himself freely in the first person, and at other times veils the revelation. Always he is giving the result of his own reflection and observation of life. It is a book which owes nothing to predecessors in the same field, of which there are many. He confines himself to preaching as he had experienced its workings, or studied its method, or observed its power. In this review of his life he went back to his days at the Virginia seminary.

> I can remember how, before I began to preach, every book I read seemed to spring into a sermon. It seemed as if one could read nothing without sitting down instantly and turning it into a discourse. But as I began and went on preaching, the sermons that came of special books became less and less satisfactory and more and more rare. Some truth which one has long known, stirred to peculiar activity by something that has happened or by contact with some other mind, makes the best sermon (p. 159).

He recalls how he had come very early to the conclusion that what was desired in the ministry, as the condition of effective preaching, was the combination of learning and intellectual force with the capacity for devout and deep and intense feeling. "In many respects an ignorant clergy, however pious it may be, is worse than none at all" (p. 45). He was wont to say that he had not worked as hard as he

should have done in college, but he did not make this admission regarding his time in the theological seminary.

> Most men begin really to study when they enter on the preparation for their profession. Men whose college life, with its general culture, has been very idle, begin to work when, at the door of the professional school, the work of their life comes before them. It is the way in which a bird who has been whirling vaguely hither and thither sees at last its home in the distance and flies toward it like an arrow (p. 43).

He speaks of the first sermon which he preached, "which it was at once such a terror and such a joy to preach." As he compares the earlier with the later sermons, he finds sentences written years ago, containing meanings and views of truth which he perceives in them now, but had not seen in those early days. The truth was there, but he had not fully appropriated it. It has been shown that he had no taste or capacity for mere abstract ideas apart from their concrete relationships. So far as he studied philosophies, metaphysical systems or their history, it was to catch their bearing on the practical issues of life. Ideas moved him as they did because and only in so far as he could trace this connection.

> The disposition to watch ideas in their working, and to talk about their relations and their influence on one another, simply as problems in which the mind may find pleasure without an entrance of the soul into the ideas themselves, this, which is the critical tendency, invades the pulpit, and the result is an immense amount of preaching which must be called preaching about Christ as distinct from preaching Christ. There are many preachers who seem to do nothing else; always discussing Christianity as a problem, instead of announcing Christianity as a message and proclaiming Christ as a Saviour. . . . It is good to be a Herschel who describes the sun; but it is better to be a Prometheus who brings the sun's fire to the earth (p. 20).

Here is a passage which is the climax of self-revelation. He veils himself, it is true, to a certain extent, and puts what he has to say in impersonal form, but the description corresponds to no one but himself: —

> There is something beautiful to me in the way in which the utterance of the best part of a man's own life, its essence, its

result, which the pulpit makes possible and even tempts, is welcomed by many men, who seem to find all other utterance of themselves impossible. I have known shy, reserved men who, standing in their pulpits, have drawn back before a thousand eyes veils that were sacredly closed when only one friend's eyes could see. You might talk with them a hundred times, and you would not learn so much of what they were as if you once heard them preach. It was partly the impersonality of the great congregation. Humanity, without the offence of individuality, stood there before them. It was no violation of their loyalty to themselves to tell their secret to mankind. It was a man who silenced them. But also, besides this, it was, I think, that the sight of many waiting faces set free in them a new, clear knowledge of what their truth or secret was, unsnarled it from the petty circumstances into which it had been entangled, called it first into clear consciousness, and then tempted it into utterance with an authority which they did not recognize in an individual curiosity demanding the details of their life. Our race, represented in a great assembly, has more authority and more beguilement for many of us than a single man, however near he may be. And he who is silent before the interviewer, pours out the very depth of his soul to the great multitude. He will not print his diary for the world to read, but he will tell his fellow men what Christ may be to them, so that they shall see, as God sees, what Christ has been to him (pp. 121, 122).

The "Lectures on Preaching" possess a further literary charm because they connect the pulpit with life, and with the highest, richest manifestations of life. The book took its place as an important contribution to literature, apart from its value as a treatise on homiletics. It abounds with literary allusions and illustrations new and effective, showing at once the scholar and the man widely read in the world's best books. The work that he had done in the Virginia seminary, as seen in the note-books that he had kept, is constantly reappearing. The movement is rapid; there is no lingering by the way; every page is full of condensed purpose. There is nothing artificial, no posing for effect; but plainness and great directness of speech, perfect naturalness and simplicity. The book captivates the reader, simply for this reason alone, — the transparency of the soul of its writer, between whom and the reader there intervenes no barrier. And further it

is redolent with happiness and hope for the world, as if at last the new day had dawned for humanity, and mankind might enter on its heritage, long promised and seen from afar, but now ready to be ushered in. It set the standard high, yet it did not discourage; it rather stimulated, begetting an enthusiasm which overrode all obstacles. It abounded in sentences which linger in the mind, — the perfection of expression in words.

There must be a man behind every sermon.

The intercourse with God in history.

The intelligent speculations of the learned become the vague prejudices of the vulgar.

The real power of your oratory must be your own intelligent delight in what you are doing.

You grow so familiar with the theory of repentance that it is hard for you to know that you have not yourself repented.

If you could make all men think alike, it would be very much as if no man thought at all, as when the whole earth moves together all things seem still.

To be dead in earnest is to be eloquent.

The personal interest of the preacher is the buoyant air that fills the mass and lifts it.

The sermon is truth and man together. It is the truth brought through the man.

The temptation from being messengers to be witnesses of the faith.

Say nothing which you do not believe to be true, because you think it may be helpful. Keep back nothing which you know to be true because you think it may be harmful.

This value of the human soul is something more than a mere sense of the soul's danger. It is a deliberate estimate set upon man's spiritual nature in view of its possibilities.

Never allow yourself to feel equal to your work. If you ever find that spirit growing on you, try to preach on your most exacting theme, to show yourself how unequal to it you are.

Pray for and work for fulness of life above everything; full red blood in the body; full honesty and truth in the mind; and the fulness of a grateful love for the Saviour in your heart.

Success is always sure to bring humility. "Recognition," said Hawthorne, "makes a man very modest."

In addition to their literary merit, or their value as the confessions of a soul speaking to men but always speaking before

God, the "Lectures on Preaching" have another significance in the assertion of theological or religious principles never quite so emphatically uttered before. The leading idea is that truth and moral efficiency in the will are contagious, and pass from man to man through the medium of personality. Personality is defined as a conscious relationship to God, which through the spirit of obedience to the divine will unfolds and expands all human powers and brings out the revelation of man. The subject had been before his mind from the moment he turned his thought to the ministry. He had asked himself at once the leading question, how the power which existed in abundance was to be brought to bear upon the will so as to issue in conduct. So early as 1862, in an address before the Evangelical Educational Society, he gave the answer, — training for the ministry meant the development of personal power, which as an agency for moral regeneration was mightier than any other, as bringing the power of God to bear directly on human souls. He took up the same subject when he went to Providence in 1865, to give the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Brown University. His subject was "The Personality of the Scholar." On both these occasions we know from contemporary testimony that he was listened to with absorbing attention, and the atmosphere was full of the magnetism of his presence as he expounded his vision, that all which the minister or the scholar knows or loves must go out with him into all his life. If personal character were thus sought for the service of humanity, then the world would be uplifted to a higher plane, and belief in human progress would rest upon sure foundations, for it would be nothing else than belief in God. With this same message he had gone to the dedication of the Bradford Academy in 1870, and to the students of the Andover Theological Seminary in 1874. What he said was received as new truth, so vividly did he feel his force and urge it with such effect upon those who listened. His eloquence was at the highest point when he touched upon this theme. Thus his motive had for years been slowly accumulating in momentum when he went to Yale in 1877, to deliver his lectures on Preaching.

How far was his doctrine new? Can it be called the contribution of some important discovery to the cause of religious progress? In one sense the issue was as old as the history of the Christian church. It was what the Roman mind was thinking of when it devised the theory of apostolic succession, that power was handed down in the church by verbal commission from apostles to their successors. It came up again when the question was broached whether purity of character was an indispensable requisite in administering the sacred rites, or whether the power which had been imparted in ordination was sufficient for their validity. It haunted the Middle Ages as a disturbing theory at a time when it was the prevailing opinion that the power given in ordination was sufficient whatever the character of the officiating priest. It was the issue which underlay the rise of the papacy, that disobedience to the papal will was a moral defect which vitiated ecclesiastical acts. When the spiritual enthusiasm of the first age of the Protestant Reformation was declining the old issue turned up again in new form, — whether it were necessary that a preacher should have felt the power of the truth he proclaimed in order to make it effective by his preaching. It constituted the weakness of the eighteenth century, — the tacit assumption that character had little connection with the work of a Christian preacher. It was characteristic of the Evangelical Awakening that it called for conversion in those who should minister to the salvation of others. But in the homiletic method of the time, the conversion of the preacher was mainly important as securing the presentation from the pulpit of the pure gospel, thus constituting an occasion of which God might avail himself in acting on the souls of the hearers.

When we review the history of this issue with which Phillips Brooks was now concerned, it is evident that he had penetrated directly to the heart of the difficulty which had beset the ages. His book on Preaching would not have been the event it was for arousing a new life in the churches if it had not been that he placed his finger upon the sensitive spot in the body ecclesiastic, and pointed out the remedy. No

such utterance had been heard before because the principle he now asserted was placed in the foreground of the long perspective and given the emphasis its importance demanded. Others may have said it before, many had illustrated it in living ways, but it was left to him to give it the final expression. He struck the dominant note in his first lecture, which sounded throughout the course: —

> Preaching is the communication of truth by man to men. It has two essential elements, truth and personality. . . . Preaching is the bringing of truth through personality. . . . Jesus chose this method of extending the knowledge of himself through the world. However the gospel may be capable of statement in dogmatic form, its truest statement is not in dogma but in a personal life. Christianity is Christ. A truth which is of such peculiar character that a person can stand forth and say of it, "I am the truth," must always be best conveyed through personality. "As My Father has sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." It was the continuation out to the minutest ramifications of the new system of influence, of that personal method which the incarnation itself had solved. Nothing can ever take the place of preaching because of the personal element that is in it (p. 7).

In the assertion of this principle that truth in order to its effective presentation must come through personality, Phillips Brooks was planting himself upon a psychological motive, whose latent working had been manifest in history. Nothing could take the place of preaching because of the personal element in it; no multiplication of books could ever supersede the human voice; no newly opened channel of approach to man's mind and heart could do away with man's readiness to receive impressions through his fellow man. "It is strange how men will gather to listen to the true preacher. It is to-day as it was in past ages, when Chrysostom preached at Constantinople, or Bishop Latimer at St. Paul's Cross in London." But this principle had even a wider and more significant application. It was related to the movements of religious life and thought in the nineteenth century. It met that instinct which, amid the confusions of the time, or what

seemed the shifting foundations of religious belief, called out for a return to "historic Christianity."

> This conception of preaching puts us into right relations with all historic Christianity. The message can never be told as if we were the first to tell it. It is the same message which the church has told in all the ages. He who tells it to-day is backed by all the multitude who have told it in the past. He is companied by those who are telling it now.
>
> The message is his witness, but a part of the assurance with which he has received it comes from the fact of its being the identical message which has come down from the beginning. Men find on both sides how difficult it is to preserve the true poise and proportion between the corporate and the individual conceptions of the Christian life. But all will own to-day the need of both. The identity of the Church in all times consists in the identity of the message which she has always had to carry from the Lord to man. All outward utterances of the perpetual identity of the Church are valuable only as they assert this real identity. This is the real meaning of the perpetuation of old ceremonies, the use of ancient liturgies, the clinging to what seem to be apostolic types of government (p. 18).

And again, this principle that truth must come through personality, through the man who has himself been moved and conquered by the truth, was urged as specially needed in a New England community, or wherever the later development of Calvinism, as by Hopkins and Emmons, had paralyzed the pulpit as well as the hearer. That man must wait till God chose to act in the process of conversion, that the preacher might give a message, but bore in himself no contagious witness to the truth, — this fatal assumption had acted like a subtle poison in every New England community. It had made religion something exceptional in its working, out of harmony with natural laws, something unreal also, and intangible, without relation to real life, and therefore tending to vanish away. Against this tendency, which he had recognized in his own experience and observation, Phillips Brooks made most effective opposition. He brought religion down from the clouds to an actual reality, communicated from man to man, not only in the pulpit, but in the daily course of life. The religion of Christ had been first implanted as a leaven

in humanity by the personality of its founder, and from that time had never been without its witnesses, — the children of God in every generation.

We get here some explanation of Phillips Brooks's power as a preacher, and of the comprehensiveness of his appeal. He satisfied the High Anglican in his own communion as well as the descendant of the Puritans. He did justice alike to the human and the divine aspects of religion, as coming through man, but coming also from God, who worked in and through the human personality. Thus was solved the problem of the schools which had given rise to controversy and inward perturbation and distress, — whether the will of man was free, and he were able in and by himself to accomplish the work of his salvation, or whether that work were solely of God, and man was so much helpless material in His hands to be galvanized into life.

Upon this point he was emphatic and uncompromising, — the absolute necessity of character in the preacher, the importance of impressing his audience with the conviction that he possessed the character which comes from association with Christ. "Personal piety is the deep possession in one's own soul of the faith and hope and resolution which are to be offered to one's fellow men for their new life." "Nothing but fire kindles fire." He wishes that he could find words, new and overwhelming, with which to enforce his conviction that to live in Christ and to be His, and not our own, makes preaching a perpetual privilege and joy. He cannot believe that any one will find it hard to talk about these things for two half hours every week who lives with God, whose delight it is to study God's word, in the Bible, in the world, in history, in human nature.

From this point of view he considers the pulpit problem of preaching old sermons, and of the relative merit of extemporaneous and written discourse. No one complained when he preached old sermons, but the criticism often was that the old were better.

I think that every earnest preacher is often more excited as he writes, kindles more then with the glow of sending truth to men,

than he ever does in speaking; and the wonderful thing is, that that fire, if it is really present in the sermon when it is written, stays there, and breaks out into flame again, when the delivery of the sermon comes. The enthusiasm is stowed away and is kept. . . . As you preach old sermons, I think you can always tell, even if the history of them is forgotten, which of them you wrote enthusiastically with the people vividly before you. The fire is in them still (p. 173).

He objected to quotations in a sermon, whether of poetry or prose, because they weakened the power of personality. He thought that there was such a thing as the gift for preaching, capable of cultivation, to some extent an innate power in every man, — it might be called also enthusiasm, or eloquence, or magnetism. Whether or no it existed in all, or could be cultivated, he defined it, and in defining it described himself, — the quality that kindles at the sight of men, the keen joy at the meeting of truth and the human mind, the power by which a man loses himself and becomes but the sympathetic atmosphere between the truth on one side of him and the man on the other side of him. It was the possession of this gift of kindling at the sight of men which enabled him to write the last chapter of his book, where his eloquence culminates as he describes "the value of the human soul." He attached the highest importance to his exposition of this point. To a friend who once spoke to him of his lectures on Preaching, saying that the last lecture was the most significant, he replied that out of all the comment made on his book, this was the first time it had been mentioned; that he wrote for the sake of enforcing this truth: that in the love and the reverence for human souls lay the deepest secret of power in the ministry. The doctrine of the value of the human soul was not new. It had been one of the stock expressions of the Evangelical school that the Christian minister must be possessed with "the love of souls." He heard it at St. Paul's Church in Boston and at the Virginia seminary. But he inherited it in his blood, from a father who had an untiring interest in all that was human and personal, from a mother whose heart went quickly out to every one with

whom she came in contact, where there was the possibility of exerting a moral influence. It was this motive which attracted him to teaching as a profession, because in it the contact of soul with soul was more intimate and powerful than in any other relationship. The culminative force of all his generations was behind him, till it burst forth in him in complete and unprecedented expression. He loved places and things, he loved nature, but above all he loved humanity. It was this gift which made his heart leap up when he beheld the waiting congregation. No one can forget the look that he gave when he had ascended the pulpit, as if to draw in the inspiration for the effect that was to follow before he bent himself with the fervor and tumult of his powerful soul to the communication of his message.

We shall see that this power of valuing the human soul, this reverence for man as such, increased in such proportion in his later years as almost to defeat the purpose of the great preacher, creating a multiplicity of demands upon his time to which he was no longer equal. But for many years he held himself in restraint, till the work he had been given to do was accomplished. This lecture, therefore, on the value of the human soul is in some ways more characteristic of Phillips Brooks than anything else he has written. To this result everything in his reading, his study, his experience, contributed. From being a conviction, it grew into a passion. He was full of reverence for those whom he met. He grew in humility as his reverence for others increased. There was stamped upon his manner a lofty yet tender courtesy. The traditional bearing of the clergy, distant and conscious of their own importance, wherein might be read the impression of constant deference or adulation, all this was totally foreign to him.

The "Lectures on Preaching" constitute an event in the history of the pulpit. No similar treatise ever met with such a reception. It became at once a manual for the clergy and for theological students. Some books are so thoroughly done that they pass at once into the life of a people, to reappear again in many ways. This book has influenced the

whole mass of Christian sentiment in America, leaping the bounds of denominationalism. It carried with it hope and vitality, inspiration and enthusiasm, the expansion of life and of religion. "It is the best word about preaching that has been uttered," was one of the comments upon it, "and its wise sayings deserve to pass into proverbs of the profession." "I can hardly tell you," writes a Western bishop, "how delighted, charmed, and helped I have been in its perusal." An eminent Unitarian divine bore witness: "It seems to me that it will make ministers from serious young men now trying the shifts of the meaner crafts and not entering the ministry because of the glamour and unreality about it. This unreality your book will certainly remove." One who heard the lectures, a professor of homiletics, wrote, "They read better than they sounded when delivered, which is saying a great deal, and we rejoice in the wide sale the volume is having and the expressions of satisfaction with it which we hear on every side." Another bishop in the Episcopal Church thanked him for the blessing the book had brought him, "It has met certain wants and touched experiences which seem hidden from every one but God." A distinguished professor of Sacred Rhetoric in a Congregational seminary wrote, "You do not need words of commendation from me, but I gratify myself more than you in telling you how helpful the book is to me in my work, every page of it. My pupils are all reading it with great avidity." An eminent historical scholar, who listened to the lectures and knew of their reception, says, "I have never heard of a lisp of dissent from the judgment of those who heard them with admiration and delight." "The charm of your book," writes an Episcopal clergyman, himself known as a pulpit orator, "is that it makes us all forget you and leads our thoughts up to the Lord, who gives the words and makes great the company of the preachers." A Harvard professor speaks of it as "the very word that I want to carry to the many students in the College and the Divinity School who turn to me with their plans and their hesitations." A Baptist clergyman wishes him to know of "what he is doing for a multitude of the Baptist ministers of

the generations coming." From a Presbyterian theological seminary in the South came this tribute: —

My mind sprang to the truths contained therein as if there had been an affinity between the two. My crude notions found adequate expression and a fuller and wider development than I had imagined possible. So that while sadly conscious of my failure to attain or even realize the high standard you set up, I rejoice in more definite and vivid conception of my work. The lofty ground on which through the entire course you tread fills me with new hope, new joy, and imparts a very inspiration at the thought of the holy work before me. . . . I gladly confess my obligation to you for instructions which will color my future ministry and to the operation of which any good I may accomplish will be largely due.

Dr. Stone, of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, instead of writing to Mr. Brooks himself, wrote to his mother, whose way he had guided into the Episcopal Church: —

I have just finished the reading of Phillips's "Lectures on Preaching," and I wish you to join me in giving God thanks for such a book and for such a writer. His Lectures must have been a great blessing to those who heard them, and they must be a great blessing to all who read them, specially to all young preachers who read them. And if it were in my power I would put them in the hands of every young preacher in the land. They could find no better human helper in the great work before them.

The following estimate is by the Rev. H. C. Badger of New Haven: —

I believe neither the English language nor any other has anything worthy to stand beside them, treating such a theme, — judging the wide reading, the wit, the wisdom, the mental grasp of the problem, the keenness of the analysis, the profoundness of the insight, or the perfect comprehension of the problems of our day. . . . That book I would lay beside the Bible of every young minister to-day. I would have every preacher read it every year as long as he lives.

These testimonies, which might be greatly multiplied, are sufficient to show that Phillips Brooks had made another conquest of theological students and theological seminaries

throughout the land. He had set the standard of preaching for his age.

Phillips Brooks had been preaching for nearly twenty years before he gave to the world a volume of his sermons. He had been tempted, in 1863, only four years after his ordination, to prepare a volume for the press, and had withdrawn it when half printed. From that time he had resisted the pressure to publish, and when he finally yielded it was with reluctance. The first volume of his sermons, which appeared in 1878, met with an extraordinary reception, attaining a sale of twenty-five thousand. They were welcomed as literature, as a new poem or as the newest book. But they were also received as a special religious message in an age of trial and doubt and weakness. The reception accorded by the press in public criticism was favorable, often eulogistic in the highest degree, with hardly a dissenting voice. One curious expression of dissent was given in an English newspaper, where his sermons were compared among others with Bishop Butler's, and to Butler was awarded the superiority. Others compared him with Robertson of Brighton, giving them equal honor. We have seen how he was regarded by those who heard him preach, in the many reports which were constantly appearing in the newspapers. How he was now regarded when he was put to the test of the printed book, where the competent judge could weigh his words, is shown in a criticism that may be taken as representative: —

> Unlike Robertson, Phillips Brooks constantly reminds us of him. He has the same analytical power; the same broad human sympathy; the same keen knowledge of human nature, toned and tempered and made more true by his sympathies; the same mysterious and indefinable element of divine life, so that his message comes with a *quasi* authority, wholly unecclesiastical, purely personal; and the same undertone of sadness, the same touch of pathos, speaking low as a man who is saddened by his own seeming success.

The "Lectures on Preaching" had brought to Mr. Brooks many letters, calculated to flatter the vanity of an author, if

it had been in him to be ministered to by flattery. But this volume of sermons was followed by a flood of letters, which did not speak so much of his eloquence or intellectual gifts as of the good he was doing for human souls. We are listening in them to the secrets, as it were, of a confessional, where people are pouring into his ear their sorrows, and are telling him of the relief he has given. What the public press said of his sermons was one thing, what the people were saying to him was another. From every part of the country the letters came, from those who had never heard or seen him, as well as from those who found a special pleasure in associating his voice and presence with the reading of the printed page.

The principle which had guided the author, in selecting twenty sermons for publication out of some six hundred he had written, it would be difficult to tell. It was no easy task to make the selection, and we know that it was made with scrupulous care. What strikes the reader as he glances over the titles of the sermons is the large proportion assigned to topics of comfort and consolation. The volume opens with a sermon on "The Purpose and Use of Comfort;" other titles are, "The Withheld Completions of Life," "The Soul's Refuge in God," "The Consolations of God." One other sermon similar in tone is from the text, "Brethren, the time is short." There seems something incongruous between the prevailing tone of the sermons and the man who, as we have seen him in his letters, or as he appeared in his familiar conversation, abounded in humor, in mirth and vitality, as if he had known neither trouble nor sorrow. One of the letters he received was from a person who had found consolation by the reading of the sermons, and who goes on to speak of the trials he had gone through, and the depths to which he had descended: —

> What I wished to say is this, — that I found in your first two sermons that which touched and threw new light or better light upon the crucial points of my experience and trial; for instance, when you argue the *fact* and *why* God sometimes withholds evidence for a few years. It did me good as a medicine, but I

asked, "How did my brother find this out?" "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Are you freeborn, or have you passed all through that way that even He trod, made perfect through suffering? . . . Not since Robertson's beautiful sermons has anything found me, and found me in such deep places (as Coleridge said of the Bible), as your sermons.

The question which this unknown correspondent put to him was also put by many others. But he generally turned it off with the remark that it was possible to enter into these things by the imagination. However it may be, he had made a study, a scientific study, if it may be so called, of the art of consolation. In his large parishes, as well as in the outer world, he was constantly confronted with the problem of sorrow and suffering. His own personality attracted as by a magnet those who were in trouble. He suffered with them through the immeasurable tenderness of his own soul and his vast outflow of sympathy. What the meaning of it all might be, in a world which was beautiful, which God had created and loved, was the problem that haunted him. He did not undertake to solve it by any dogmatic principle. He waited for the growing light. But of one thing he was sure, that the only consolation was in God.

It was characteristic of the letters that came to him that, taking them together, not one sermon in the volume but was mentioned by some one as having met some special need, or brought inspiration or joy or courage. One of the writers speaks of the sermon on the "Trinity" as having "broken down all misgivings, so that I can now say I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." That is one of the finest sermons in the volume, showing the capacity of insight into theological distinctions, — a sermon such as would have delighted the heart of Athanasius. The sermon on "The Symbol and the Reality," which had charmed Dean Stanley, when he heard it at Westminster Abbey, appears to have been a general favorite. It placed a common principle beneath the symbols of religion and the symbols of common life. The sermon on "Humility" seemed to reveal a new cultus for the highest of Christian virtues, "It came upon

me like a flood of light," wrote a venerable divine in whose character humility was the crowning attribute. The sermon on the "Positiveness of the Divine Life" brought out anew, and with the preacher's own peculiar force, the truth which Chalmers announced and Dr. Bushnell had reiterated, — "the expulsive power of a new affection." The sermon for All Saints' Day is the only one chosen for publication out of his Philadelphia preaching, the rest of the sermons belonging to the years from 1873 to 1878. But though one of his earliest, this sermon for All Saints' Day is perhaps the most beautiful of all. It gives the modern conception of sainthood as compared with the Catholic or mediæval ideal.

> Saints, as we often think of them, are feeble, nerveless creatures, silly and effeminate, the mere soft padding of the universe. I would present true sainthood to you as the strong chain of God's presence in humanity running down through all history. . . . That is the true apostolical saintly succession, the tactual succession of heart touching heart with fire. . . . These saints who help us on our way were incorporations not of the power, nor of the truth, but of the spirit and the character of God.

A few testimonies may be given in the words of their writers, for they are living touches in the portraiture of Phillips Brooks. They may stand for the conviction of thousands of others in the church universal which he was then addressing. They come from young and old, from men and from women, from clergymen and from laymen, from all the walks of life: —

> I am sure you will rejoice to hear how my life has been made richer and fuller through your aid, and my poor blurred sight of men as trees walking exchanged for clear outlines and effulgent day.
>
> You are speaking to *men* as no one else can.
>
> No book save the Bible gives me so much strength and holy ambition.
>
> I covet your method of presenting the truth of the Gospel more than that of any man living.
>
> The volume has become my *vade mecum*. Your sermons are the highest interpretations of Christian philosophy ever uttered from an American pulpit.

You seem to me a person who understands human nature through a close study of yourself, having thoroughly tested all natural and acquired tendencies and resistances, and with sympathetic tenderness can tell others how to live and be victorious.

They have helped me in a great and almost nameless trial through which I am now passing. Do you know there are trials, compared with which even that of a lifetime of bodily pain and prostration seems almost trivial? I cannot understand how you, who have perfect health and happiness, can know so much about the condition of those who have neither.

To young ministers of all our tribes they are invaluable. I suppose that scarcely a man among our students will fail to read them, and all who can will own them. To me they are a refreshment for the cheer they give in the assurance that the pulpit is not waning.

Among the sermons in this volume is one entitled "The Present and the Future Faith," from the text, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the Earth?" which has an historical value. When the future historian of religious thought turns back to the nineteenth century he will find that religious faith and hope reached their lowest point at this moment, and were then at their furthest ebb. It is this circumstance which may explain in part the predominance of religious comfort and consolation which prevails in the volume. The sermon above mentioned was preached on Thanksgiving Day, in 1874, when the hall of the Institute of Technology was filled with an audience that listened in intense silence, for the preacher had gathered himself up for a representative utterance. He describes the religious situation from within with deep sympathy and the tenderest pathos. There is no complaint or condemnation for any agency which may be responsible for the dark eclipse through which the church is passing. He refers to it as existing, but as sure to disappear. He offers no panacea to cure the evil; it has gone too deep for any special remedy. When Tennyson had been writing in the fifties there was a battle waging for intellectual freedom, for escape from the limitations and crude interpretation of a traditional theology. The battle was over, the freedom had been gained, but with it had come sadness

and uncertainty, the misery of religious doubt. The freedom seemed to be of no avail, the "larger truth" did not follow in its wake. It was the moment which Matthew Arnold has described in his poems, in "Obermann Once More," or the lines on "Dover Beach," — "the wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." This was the preamble of the sermon: —

> I should like to say a few words upon the religious conditions with which we are all more or less familiar. I am led to think and to speak of the disturbed condition of faith in our time. No subject is more pressing. Even the most careless man's thoughts rest very much upon it. It is discussed and talked of everywhere.

He proposes to trace some of the forces which have produced the disaster. It is owing chiefly to the wonderful increase of men's knowledge of second causes, which interferes with or overclouds their belief in first causes, in providences, in a personal and loving care, which is back of everything. There is some truth in the statement that ages of ignorance are ages of faith, in the common saying that much knowledge and elaborate life are dangerous to faith in final principles and forces. It is a magnificent story how natural science has brought out the starry host of second causes from their obscurity and shown how He who works everything works by everything in the world. This profuse discovery of means, however, has clouded thought regarding the Creator. With the religious derangement is associated corruption in political life and formalism in the church. These are really one, at bottom, with the scientific skepticism of the time. If one looks at them philosophically he must see that it is truly so. The magnifying of machinery in church or state follows from the loss of first principles of government. "Dogmatism and ritualism are all wrong when they think themselves supremely believing. Both are really symptomatic forms of unbelief."

Another feature of the age, making it a "transition time," lies in the contradictions with which it is full. Chief among the contradictions is the conflict between individual

freedom and authority. It is a time that takes its character from its relation to what has gone before and what is to come after rather than from what it contains in itself. This gives it an aspect of restlessness and unquiet. It is full of the sense of having broken with the past and of having not yet apprehended the future that is to come. But to go back is impossible. "The man who, tired of the freedom of individual thought, wants to push the church back into the peace of mere authoritative and traditional religion, and the man who, tired of the noise and confusion of popular government, wishes to push back into feudalism, both are mistaken and will not succeed. Confusion is to be escaped, not by being repressed into stagnation, but by being developed into peace." But for the passing moment the age is dark and hopeless, those to whom we look for guidance are silent, and the best and wisest do not speak.

The most pathetic sign of such a transition time is the position in which it places the best individuals who live in it. The best men in the more fixed and stationary ages speak out the loudest. They stand on certainties, and speak with clear and confident tones. The most noticeable and touching thing about such times as ours is the way in which so many of the best men are silent and will not speak. It is so both in politics and religion. The most thoughtful men are always tending to withdraw from a political confusion which they cannot understand and which makes them mere spectators. And how many of the purest and devoutest people whom we know refuse to speak a word in all the tumult of religious and ecclesiastical debate that always is so loud around us. To take again the words of a very remarkable poem of that most representative poet of our time whom I have twice quoted already: —

> Achilles ponders in his tent,
> The kings of modern thought are dumb,
> Silent they are though not content,
> And wait to see the future come.
> Silent while years engrave the brow.
> Silent, the best are silent now.

But the highest quality in this sermon for the times is the spirit of inextinguishable hope. His optimism is everywhere apparent. He is an optimist because he believes in God.

It is not a shallow optimism, repeating empty phrases, but comes from one who was competent to interpret the motives of despair. "I do not certainly say that such a time is best, though really in my heart I do not think the world has ever seen a better. There must be better ones to come. The story of the world is not yet told. 'We are ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times.'" The sermon concludes with suggestions as to how a man is to get the best out of his time and shun the worst. He offers no solution of the conflict between religion and science. From that snag he held aloof. He does not depreciate nor denounce the men of science. But he advises his hearers in the first place to cling to the solidity and persistency of nature, the calmness and oldness and orderliness of this world of growth and matter. It means something that, in the disorder of thought and feeling, so many men are fleeing to the study of orderly nature. And it is rest and comfort, whatever men are feeling, that the seasons come and go. Whatever men are doubting, the rock is firm under their feet, and the steadfast stars pass in their courses overhead. And in the second place he urges them to make much of the experiences of life which are perpetual, — joy, sorrow, friendship, work, charity, relations with one's brethren, for these are eternal. And in the last place, it is not religion itself that is unsettled, but it is only the thoughts about religion that are not clear. Love is at the root of everything. The human soul responds to the appealing nature and life of Jesus Christ. Here is the great last certainty. Be sure of God and nothing can overthrow or drown you.

Everything indicates that during these years, that is, from the time he came to Boston, he had concentrated his strength on the study of the religious situation, — why it was that faith had grown weak, and what was the best method of meeting the difficulty. As during the war he had thrown himself into the vindication of its great issues, so now he identified himself with the religious conflict, watching the phases it assumed, brooding over the subject in his hours of solitude;

in his walks also among men, as he listened to the casual conversation or the tacit assumptions, which implied so much more than was said. At the meetings of the Clericus Club these questions formed the staple element in every discussion. He contributed his share to the talk on these occasions, but among his other endowments he had the capacity of being the best of listeners. Every meeting of the club formed a picture which he studied in silence. He neglected no source of information, and preëminently he studied his own soul in deep sincerity. He was preparing for some larger expression of himself than he had yet given, not seeking the opportunity to make it, but waiting till some call should come when he should be moved to say what was uppermost in his heart.

In 1878 Mr. Brooks went a second time to New Haven, giving two lectures before the students of the Yale Divinity School on the "Teaching of Religion." In the summer of the same year he made an address before the alumni of the theological seminary of Virginia, when he took for his subject, "The Relation of the Pulpit to Popular Skepticism." The two themes are closely allied; in both he was dealing with the question, — how best to meet the spirit of modern unbelief. The lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" are specially significant as showing that he still maintained the superiority of the intellectual powers, giving to them the leadership in the approach to religious truth.[1]

Again we go back to his early years for that first hint of the task whose accomplishment he was now maturing. Then he had recorded in his note-book the conviction that there was adequate power in life for the transformation of humanity into the divine ideal, but the practical question was how to bring the power to bear upon the will. He had now reached the conclusion that the power of the pulpit was identical with the power of the teacher. The same method which made the

[1] The first of these two lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" has been published in *Essays and Addresses*, the second is still in manuscript. The essay on the "Pulpit and Popular Skepticism" was printed in the *Princeton Review*, March, 1879, and is also included in *Essays and Addresses*.

teacher effective could be applied by the preacher. It was an encouraging fact in an age of religious doubt that the remedy might be found in the principle that Christianity could be taught. As the teacher developed the capacities latent in the pupil, so there was in every man the capacity for religion, which must be evoked by the teacher's methods. But the conviction that religion was capable of being taught met with opposition in a vague and general sentiment that it was a thing that could not and ought not to be taught. In meeting this objection, it was necessary to give a definition of religion. Among the many attempts to define it, all of them containing elements of truth, that which Phillips Brooks now gave deserves attention: "Religion is the life of man in gratitude and obedience and gradually developing likeness to God;" and "the Christian religion is the life of man in gratitude and obedience and growing likeness to God in Christ. Religion is not service simply, nor is it grateful love alone, but gratitude assured by obedience, obedience uttering gratitude." [1]

Having given his definition of religion, he further clears the way for his purpose by criticising three methods of teaching it, — the dogmatic or intellectual, the emotional, and the mechanical: the first, holding that religion is taught when doctrines or truths have been imparted; the second, dwelling on the importance of moving the feelings; and the last, insisting on the confessional and spiritual directorship. Or, as he puts it again, one teaching religion as truth, another as feeling, and another as law or drill. But the true method of teaching religion is where the personality of the teacher invades the personality of the scholar. The largest idea which covers every demand of the ministry, he avows it in his own experience, consists "in bringing the personal Christ to the personal human nature." He turns this point over and reiterates it in many varying forms of expression: "The object of all the teaching is to bring Christ to men." When this principle is recognized as fundamental, other methods fall

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 35.

into their true relationship; doctrine, emotion, and conduct cease to be counted as valuable in themselves, and are valued as avenues through which Christ, the personal Christ, may come to the soul.

He has much to say about Christianity considered as doctrine. He recognizes the righteousness of the reaction in the popular mind against the assumption that men are to be saved by right opinions. But because men are not saved by intellectual belief is no reason for discarding doctrines. He protests against any tendency to "soften" the truth or pare it down to meet men's wishes. He recalls Tertullian's words, *Credo quia impossibile*, as the expression of no rare experience: —

> It is the religion of most demands that has most ruled the world. The easy faiths have been the weak faiths. Men like to feel heroic in their faith; and always it has been easier to excite fanaticism than to build up a quiet, reasonable belief. It would be a wretched falsehood, and one which would no doubt defeat itself, if a preacher tried to take advantage of this fact of human nature; but it may at least come in to help us to resist the disposition to omit or soften truths in order that men may receive the truth more easily. The hope of a large general belief in Christian truth, more general than any that any past age has witnessed, does, no doubt, involve a more reasonable and spiritual presentation of it than the past has seen, but it will never be attained by making truth meagre. . . . The only real assurance against unreal, fantastic, sensational, indulgent teaching about Christ is the teacher's own complete conviction, from his own experience, of the perfection and sufficiency of Christ, just as Christ is.

There was much talk in the days when these lectures were delivered of the necessity of doctrinal preaching. It was said of Phillips Brooks that he did not treat of this or that doctrine. "A man says to me, 'Why do you not preach this truth more?' and I reply to him, 'Why should I?' and he answers, 'Because it is a truth which many men are denying, and many other men are forgetting.' But the answer is not sufficient. It may be because men are indifferent to it that one ought to preach it, or that may be a reason for

feeling that it is not the truth most needed at the moment." As to religious controversy he has a word to say. He does not condemn it, nor dare to wish that all the great controversial voices of the past or of the present could be silenced or swept from the pedestals where the admiration of mankind has set them. But there are conditions of the public mind when a man must set his face against controversies. It is bad to cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. It is just as bad, in some ways it is worse, to cry, "War, war!" when there is no war.

It seems to me as if, were I a layman in the days when some doctrine had got loose as it were into the wind and was being blown across the Common and up and down the streets, I should go to church on Sunday, not wanting my minister to give me an oracular answer to all the questions which had been started about it, which I should not believe if he did give it, but hoping that out of his sermon I might refresh my knowledge of Christ, get Him, His nature, His work, and His desire for me once more clear before me, and go out more ready to see this disputed truth of the moment in His light and as an utterance of Him. . . . *Preaching Christ!* That old phrase, which has been so often the very watchword of cant, how it still declares the true nature of Christian teaching! Not Christianity, but Christ! Not a doctrine, but a Person! Christianity only for Christ! The doctrine only for the Person![1]

The first of the lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" was occupied with the intellectual aspects of Christianity, and how these were related to the personal Christ and to the actual life of man. He followed still the customary division of the human powers, into intellect, feeling, and will, while he protested against it as breaking up the unity of man. His own predominant tendency was intellectual, as it had been from his earliest years. To know for himself, to understand in order that he might believe, had been his ambition. But he recognized in himself other methods of knowing than through the intellect alone. The full perception of truth must come through the quickened feeling, and above all through the obedient will. In this threefold psychological

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 49, 54.

order Christian doctrine or truth is to be regarded as a clear glass held squarely between God and man in order to the reflection of the pure reality; feeling is to furnish the middle term between truth and duty; and duty is obedience to God's will, which unites the service of our brethren with the culture of ourselves. But he adds: "There is one thing which I value more than this. What impresses us most in the best, the most Godlike men we ever see is, I think, the inability to tell in them what of their power is intellectual and what is moral. It is the characteristic of all spiritual advancement that it asserts more and more the unity of man, makes him less and less a bundle of faculties, more a man, made in the image of God, who is *one* God in the complete harmony and coöperation of all his life."

But the familiar classification he still found convenient, and in the second lecture he considered the teaching of religion as it is related to the feeling and the will. Under feeling he includes worship. He does not restrict worship to the prayer and praise of the congregation; preaching and architecture and music have their important relation to worship as the outcome of feeling. He dwells on the mystery of feeling, "We talk about it as if we knew about it, yet what a mysterious, variable, and imponderable thing it is." There occurs a passage here which is so exact a description of his own preaching, and his own mysterious power, that it deserves quotation: —

> A man comes and stands before a multitude of his fellow men and tells them a story. It is of something which happened long ago, yet which concerns them. It is of something which happened in one special time and set of circumstances, yet it is universal. As he speaks, his fellow men who listen begin to change before him. They flush and glow; . . . they tremble in their seats; they almost leap to their feet; tears start into their eyes. It is a most attractive spectacle. It fires the speaker, and he goes on to make yet more intense and glowing the emotion that reacts on him. One who stands by and gazes, though he may not hear a word, is caught with the thrilling, beating atmosphere, and finds himself trembling with mysterious desires. The voice stops, but the spell is not broken. The people rise and go away exalted.

They tread the pavement as if it sprang beneath their feet and breathe the air as if it were alive with beautiful and serious thoughts.

The importance of feeling in religion is strongly urged. To the lack of feeling is due the defect in modern architecture as compared with other ages, when true feeling found expression in every part of the edifice: —

I think it is not wrong, it is not extravagant, to say that the artistic element in almost all of it (our present ecclesiastical art) comes in as a stranger. It claims a place purely for its own beautiful conception or skilful conception. Whether it be an imitation of something old, something which once uttered truths which men do not now believe or which they realize in other ways . . . or whether it be original and new embodying the sense of beauty which belongs to our own time, the reason of its unsatisfactoriness is still the same, — it does not stand genuinely between truth and duty, the truth and duty of the present day, interpreting one to the other. The architect draws a plan for a church building, so far as its artistic element is concerned, because as a student he admires that type of a church in some past age, or because simply as an artist he feels its absolute beauty, and not because it is the form in which he finds the natural utterance of the Christian thought of which his soul is full, nor because he is thinking of the power and inspiration which it ought to exercise upon the men who are to worship within its walls. And the decorator draws dreadful mechanical patterns or paints his artificial saints upon your walls with the same imperfection of purpose, and so with the same failure of result. But none the less is it true that the architect who builds the perfect Christian church for any age must be a man who believes in the Christian truth which that age realizes, and who is enthusiastic in the desire that the Christian men and women of the age shall do the Christian duty, outward and inward, which the conditions of their age demand and make possible. . . . He must be neither the pious mediævalist nor the modern skeptic. He must be the modern Christian.

He takes the opportunity of speaking about music, and especially music in the churches. Here are the thoughts which were running through his mind as he stood in church or pulpit while the service of song was performed: —

I think that many of the disputes about its methods are seen

to be of little consequence, and many of the dogmatic decisions about those methods appear shallow and false. Disputes about methods always grow loud and positive in proportion as the conception of purpose is vague. Shall all the people sing, or shall the trained and gifted voices of a few declare the praises of the Lord? I believe in congregational singing. I believe it should altogether be the chief and preponderant method of our worship. But remember that the question altogether should come first, what is the purpose of singing at all? I suppose it is twofold. First, church music is the general utterance of the melodiousness, the joy, the poetry of religion. And second, it is the special means by which a special truth is fastened on the soul, and a special duty made winning and authoritative. Now there are two ways in which any strong feeling finds satisfaction and increase. One is by the man, in whose heart it is, uttering it himself in what best way he can; the other is by his hearing its ideal utterance from the lips most gifted to declare it. . . . When a great congregation is to praise the Lord and to learn truth and duty by the melody of song, I for one should be sorry to have it lose either of the two exaltations, either that which comes of the great, simple, sublime utterance of its own emotion, or that which comes from listening while voices which the Lord has filled with the gold and silver of His choicest and most mysterious harmony reveal to us the full beauty of truth and the full sweetness and sacredness of duty.

There is another passage in this lecture in which he speaks of the music of preaching, and throws light upon his own work in the pulpit: —

What I have said of music applies, I think, to all the graces and appealing tones of the preacher's art. There is a music of preaching. What the melody of a hymn is to its words, that the eloquence of the preacher is to his truth. . . . The Quaker hushes the sacrilegious chant, and then listens to the hymn of the inner life. The Puritan breaks the window, and then paints in soft or lurid words a picture from his pulpit which tempts or scares the souls who listen and believe, and weep or tremble. Where is the difference? . . . Words like notes or colors may lead from truth to duty, or they may stand helpless, leading from nothing to nothing. We are afraid of eloquence nowadays, and no doubt our fear of it has borne good fruit. There never was a time when so many men wrote and spoke good English. . . . The only misgiving which one has, I think, the only want which one allows himself to feel in reading the great abundance of good writing

which he meets with everywhere, is in a certain absence of that glow and richness, whose absence he knows is the price he pays for the crystal purity of the pages he reads. He sees that eloquence of style or gesture has acquired a suspicion of unreality. It has gone out of favor in our colleges. It only lingers in our pulpits here and there. The fact that there is where it lingers makes us sometimes hope that there is where it shall be born into new power. We wonder whether it may not be for the pulpit, having learnt with all the other writing and speaking of the age that the primary necessity of written or spoken words is clearness, then to assert that clearness is more, not less, clear for the warm glow of earnest feeling, and to give back to the best writing and speaking of the age to come a power of personal appeal and legitimate attractiveness in return for the necessity of careful thought and clear expression which no doubt the pulpit has learned from the best writing and speaking of this accurate but uninspired age.

Having treated of the place of the intellect and of the feeling in the teaching of religion, he comes to the will, and to obedience he pays high tribute. To the will as to the goal and termination come the intellect and the feeling. In his definition of religion he puts obedience as the crowning glory of the whole, — obedience, in gratitude for what we know of God in Christ. No ancient Roman, whether pagan or Christian, ever asserted more strongly the claims of obedience to be the highest virtue. A most impressive catena of passages might be selected from his sermons in which he glorifies obedience. It is not the badge of servitude, but of freedom and equality. It is the mightiest of words, because it stands for the final expression of the man in whom the knowledge of Christ has entered, taking possession of the whole range of being. The obedience of Christ was the crown of his glory, the badge of his divinity. And in order to obedience the freedom of the will, in every sense of the word "freedom," is the inalienable prerogative of man.

The point of view from which he treated the subject of obedience in this second of his lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" was its importance and relationship in a system of ethics. It was possible to conceive the service of others as the motive of duty, or duty might be urged as a means of self-culture. He accepted both theories as legitimate, but

subordinated both to duty conceived as obedience to the will of God. The hard sense of obligation in the one, or the danger of self-consciousness in the other, disappeared when duty sprang from gratitude and love to a person, — to God revealed in Christ. This was the ground on which Christ rested when inculcating the seemingly ungracious duties of life, "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you;" and not merely that His disciples would thus engage in the service of men, or attain higher reaches in self-culture, although these objects are implied, but "that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

The lectures on the "Teaching of Religion" were aimed to meet the conditions of the hour, — "times like these when men's power of believing seems to be weak and sickly." He comes to the subject more directly in the essay on "The Pulpit and Popular Skepticism." The prevailing type of skepticism differs from that of other ages, in that it is marked by its completeness and its despair. It does not merely reject this or that doctrine, but the whole body of the Christian faith. It goes so deep that it has a perpetual tendency to defeat itself. Because it offers no substitute for the discarded religion, it leaves men's religious natures unprovided for and hungry, and in this there is hope, for it gives to Christianity the perpetual advantage of human nature. In speaking of the deeper sources of unbelief he says: —

> It is not the difficulty of this or that doctrine that makes men skeptics to-day. It is rather the play of all life upon the fundamental grounds and general structure of faith. It is the meeting in the commonest minds of great perpetual tides of thought and instinct which neutralize each other, such as the tides of faith and providence, the tides of pessimism and optimism, the tides of self-sacrifice and selfishness.
>
> Let this not seem too large or lofty an explanation of the commonplace phenomena of doubt, which are thick around us in our congregations in the world. The reason why my hearer, who sits moodily or scornfully or sadly before me in his pew, and does not

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cordially believe a word of what I preach to him, the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity or for the Atonement unsatisfactory. It is that the aspect of the world, which is fate, has been too strong for the fundamental religion of the world, which is Providence. And the temptation of the world, which is self-indulgence, has seemed to make impossible the precept of religion, which is self-surrender; and the tendency of experience, which is hopelessness, has made the tendency of the gospel, which is hope, to seem unreal and unbelievable.

Because this is the character of the skepticism of the time it cannot be overcome by any special skill in proving this truth or disproving that error. "The main method of meeting it must be not an argument, but a man. The method which includes all other methods must be in his own manhood, in his character, in his being such a man, and so apprehending truth himself that truth through him can come to other men." Among the most needed and the rarest qualities that such a man must have is candor. The mind of the people, and of the clergy also, is confused and doubtful about the once received doctrine of "verbal inspiration." Another doctrine called in question is that of everlasting punishment; there are those who reject it, while others are timidly asking whether a man can be a Christian and yet keep a hope for all God's children. Let the clergy be candid in dealing with these points. "A large acquaintance with clerical life has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen gathering together and talking freely to one another will express opinions which would greatly surprise and at the same time relieve the congregations who ordinarily listen to these ministers." A venerable preacher standing in his own pulpit had said not long before that no man was a Christian who did not believe that this world was made in six literal days. Such a statement should not be allowed to pass without most clear and earnest disavowal. The old talk about holding the outworks as long as possible before retreating to the citadel is based upon a metaphor than which none could be more mischievous. It is a dangerous experiment

for parents to try with their children, teaching them what they themselves have long since ceased to believe.

The true man must also escape from partisanship, and from the reproach of it. What hurts the clergy is the idea in the popular mind that they are committed to these things, and are no longer seekers for truth, but advocates of certain accepted positions. Let the clergy at least cease to use questionable arguments, and at any rate prevent their ministry from seeming like a scramble for adherents rather than a Christlike love for souls.

He repeats what he had already said in his lectures on the "Teaching of Religion," that it is a foolish and base idea to suppose that in days like these men want to have Christian truth made slight and easy for them: —

> In times of staggering faith, as is shown in Christian history, men need the whole truth. They should not be asked to believe just as little as possible and told that the most exacting articles of faith may be cast away. . . . It would be no strange issue of such times as we are living in if out of them should come a great demand for difficult doctrine, a time of superstition, a fever to succeed the chill; for the spirit that cries, "*Credo quia impossibile*," the heroic spirit of faith, is too deep in our human nature for any one century to have eradicated it. That we may guard against such reaction into superstition, as well as meet the present infidelity, what we need is not more easiness, but more simplicity in the doctrine which we preach, and in our way of preaching it. In other words, it is not a smaller amount of doctrine, but it is a larger unity of doctrine. It is a more profound entrance into the heart of doctrine, in which its unity and simplicity reside, a more true grasp and enforcement of its spiritual meaning.

He illustrates his meaning by reference to the doctrine of endless punishment. The best way of meeting the subject is to cease to preach about it, and to seek to bring the power of the person of Christ to bear on the lives of men, awakening in them a dread of sin and a desire for holiness. "I will not care nearly so much that a man should hold what I believe to be the truth about future punishment as that he should be deeply convinced of the enormity and persistency of sin." It is vitally important that all religious truths should be

shown to have some necessary connection with righteousness of character. Only in this way can they be established in the minds of men.

There are doctrinal statements, which puzzle and bewilder, which are in reality excrescences on the faith and must be cast away by the natural and healthy action of the system. There are doctrinal statements, which once were true and did vast good and yet were only temporary aspects of the truth. There are men living by them still, as men are still seeing the light of the stars extinguished in the heavens long ago. The time will come when these temporary statements will disappear, and when their light goes out it will be of all importance that they recognize the sun by whose light these accidental and temporary points of its exhibition have been shining.

This sun of all truth is the person of Christ. The characteristic of our modern Christianity, which correlates it with all apostolic times, is the substitution of loyalty to a person in place of belief in doctrines as the essence and test of Christian life. This is the simplicity and unity by which the Gospel can become effective. These are the ideas of Christianity which are in conflict to-day, — one magnifying doctrine whose great sin is heresy; the other magnifying obedience. To follow the latter is in these days, I think, the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism. The superiority of this method, whose essence is the personal relationship with Christ, lies in this — that it offers "the highest picture of the combination of stability with progress while, on the other hand, the intellectual conception is always sacrificing stability to progress or progress to stability."

In this connection he takes occasion to speak of the subject of Christian Unity: —

I do not see the slightest promise in any dimmest distance of what is called the organic unity of Christendom on the basis of episcopacy or any other basis. I do not see the slightest chance of the entire harmonizing of Christian doctrine throughout the Christian world, — that dream which men have dreamed ever since Christ ascended into Heaven, that sight which no man's eye has seen in any age. But I do see signs that, keeping their different thoughts concerning Him and His teachings, men, loyal to Christ, owning His love, trusting His love, may be united in the only union which is really valuable wherever His blessed name is known. In that union, and in that alone, can I find myself truly

one alike with Peter and with Paul, alike with Origen and Athanasius and Augustine, alike with Luther and with Zwingle and with Calvin and with St. Francis and with Bishop Andrews and with Dr. Channing, alike with the prelate who ordains me and with the Methodist or Baptist brother who is trying to bring men to the same Christ in the same street where I am working. And no union which will not include all these ought wholly to satisfy us, because no other will wholly satisfy the last great prayer of Jesus.

The essay offers some practical suggestions. Since the popular skepticism is one in character with the skepticism of the scholars and of the schools, therefore the Christian minister should keep himself acquainted with the newest developments of thought. He urges the importance of preaching Christ, but would enlarge its range. There must be no sacrifice of the intellect.

The Christian minister should be so familiar with what men are thinking and believing that he can know the currents of present thought, see where they cross and oppose, where they may be made to harmonize with the thought of Christ. This familiarity is something which must be constantly kept up in the active ministry. But its foundations ought to be laid in the theological school.

And so he concludes with this statement of his attitude: —

My one great comprehensive answer then to the question, What is the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism? is really this: Make known and real to men by every means you can command the personal Christ, not doctrine about Him, but Him; strike at the tyranny of the physical life by the power of His spiritual presence. Let faith mean, make faith mean, trusting Him and trying to obey Him. Call any man a Christian who is following Him. Denounce no error as fatal which does not separate a soul from Him. Offer Him to the world as He offered and is forever offering Himself.

CHAPTER VIII

1879

THE BOHLEN LECTURES ON THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS

The Bohlen Lectures on the "Influence of Jesus" were published in 1879. This work must be regarded as one of Phillips Brooks's most important contributions to the development of theological science. More even than his lectures on Preaching may it be said to be his autobiography. He has here expressed himself most fully in describing his own inner life and the deeper motives which inspired his preaching. Incidentally, also, he has spoken upon many important points correlated to his main theme. The treatise is a small one, allowing little opportunity for expansion, but the expansion will be found in his sermons.

It is now nearly the lifetime of a generation since this treatise was given to the world. Issues then living have been determined and new ones have arisen. The book has fulfilled its true mission in meeting a widespread popular need and in changing the trend of religious thought. Its large circulation bears witness to its influence. But it requires some comment here in order to bring out its full significance, to show wherein its power lay in meeting the age, — in closing a chapter of confusion and contradiction in religious thought as well as introducing a new era in religious life. To those who are passing through the mood of the last generation the book has still a special mission. But it has also certain enduring qualities which secure its permanent place in religious literature.

And in the first place, to touch upon its autobiographical value, it shows this to have been the main characteristic of Phillips Brooks, whether as a man or as a preacher and theologian, — that he was from the first in search of a

stronger religion and a stronger Christ than the age presented. He needed it first for himself and then for others. His powerful tumultuous nature cried out for strength, for some one to obey, whose will would subdue him and bring him into the captivity wherein lies perfect freedom. There is a passage in his essay on the "Pulpit and Popular Skepticism" which must be taken not only as his appeal to others, but as the outcry of his own soul, where he calls for a powerful Christ, "a Christ so completely powerful that once perfectly present with a human soul He must master it and it must yield to Him. If the reason why men doubt Him is that they do not, cannot, will not, see Him, then I think it must be certain that what they need is a completer, more living presentation of His personality, so that He shall stand before them and claim what always was His claim, 'Believe in Me,' — not 'Believe this or that about Me,' but 'Believe in Me.'"[1] Like all great men and strong natures, Phillips Brooks could live only in contact with strength and greatness. For this reason he had been fascinated by Carlyle, by the study of Mohammed and Luther and Cromwell, — men to whom he had first been introduced in "Heroes and Hero Worship." But as Carlyle had been disappointed in his search for great men in history, so also did Phillips Brooks become disenchanted with Carlyle. For Carlyle had passed over in silence, we need not here discuss for what reason, the strongest man in history. There is one passage in his writings where one would have expected at least some allusion to the Founder of Christianity, but it is not made. The passage may be given as indicating the point where Phillips Brooks made his departure from the famous teacher. It is a passage significant also as showing how men were content with talking about a situation without explaining it: —

> How did Christianity arise and spread abroad among men? Was it by institutions and establishments and well-arranged system of mechanism? Not so; on the contrary, in all past and existing institutions for those ends, its divine Spirit has invariably been found to languish and decay. It arose in the majestic deeps of

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 75.

man's soul; and was spread abroad by the "preaching of the word," by simple, altogether natural and individual efforts, and flew, like hallowed fire, from heart to heart, till all were purified and illuminated by it; and its heavenly light shone, as it still shines, and as sun or star will ever shine, through the whole dark destinies of man.[1]

It is interesting to note at how early a period Phillips Brooks fastened upon the truth which was to underlie and control his thinking. He had begun his studies for the ministry with some grave misgivings as to whether the preacher could wield the power which the times demanded. He soon came to the conclusion that the preacher's influence depended on his character as a man, that truth was contagious through personality. Thus in a sermon preached so early as 1861, at the age of twenty-five, on the text, St. John xiv. 6: "I am the way and the truth and the life," he had expressed his conviction that the defect of the age was its tendency to seek after abstract truth divested of personal relations: —

I maintain that all such impersonal truth, when it is acquired, however much it may do for the sharpening and stocking the brains and improving the outward conditions of mankind, is as bad as useless as far as any immediate effect upon the character and temperament is concerned. All truth must be brought, in order to be effective, through a personal medium. Which of us can dare to say that he would hold the most effective truths that he believes in just as much and just in the same way as he does now, if they had come to him anonymously, if they had reached him so that he could not doubt their truth, but resting on no fellow man's authority; if some night the stars had spelt out the story in their ordered courses, or it had woven itself in the filmy tissues of a dream, or the morning winds had awaked us with it, as they blew their message across our sleep? We have some personality behind them all; a mother's voice yet trembles in them, a father's authority makes them solemn, a teacher's enthusiasm will not let us count them trivial, and so they first have gained and so they still hold their great power over us.

Yes, it is the personal power that is mighty in the world. It is not merely a difference between different orders of minds, that the higher are more moved by abstract truth, while the lower, the

[1] Carlyle, *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 242.

great mass of mankind, are open only to the more palpable touch of personal power. That is the conceit of culture. All men are influenced mostly by *embodied truth*, by truth coming to them through some relation of a fellow man. . . .

The trouble which so many have in finding any power in the truths that they believe is, that strange as it may seem, Christianity is to multitudes of people a purely abstract system. It has lost its personal aspect. But Christianity is what? The service of Christ. Its very essence is its personality. It is all built about a person. Take Him out and it all falls to pieces. Just because He *has* been taken out of the religion which many of us call our Christianity, just for that reason is our Christianity a poor thing of the remote brain, bringing no peace to our hearts, and no strength to our hands, no comfort to our sorrows, and no benediction to our joy.[1]

With such a conviction in his mind he had rejected the conception of Christ offered by Strauss in his "Leben Jesu," where the Christ-idea was presented as the essential thing, and His personality of no account; so that it would have made no difference in the result if Christ had been the product of a mythical tendency, not an actual personage, but a creation of the human mind, at a moment when the tides of human aspiration were flowing strongly. All this now seems remote. It has become hard to understand that such a view should have been put forth by a serious thinker. But the work of Strauss, in its first form, and translated by George Eliot, had great vogue in the middle period of the nineteenth century.

Again, Phillips Brooks felt repugnance for the conception of Christ in Renan's "Vie de Jesu," where Christ is drawn as an amiable creature, full of soft and tender sentiment, with no strong definite purpose of a mission to the world, acted upon from without, changing His attitude, involving himself in contradiction and inconsistency, full of charming naïve impressions, but in his softness possessing strength. It is said of the author that when the Germans were at the gates of Paris, he stood at a window watching the careless people

[1] Cf. *The Message of Christ to Manhood, being the William Belden Noble Lectures for* 1898, p. 12, where this passage is referred to in a study of Phillips Brooks.

as they came and went, and remarked, "Voilà ce qui nous sauvera, c'est la mollesse de cette population."

It was in 1865 that the book "Ecce Homo" appeared, by the late Professor J. R. Seeley, to which no one gave more earnest welcome than Phillips Brooks. It may be called the English "Life of Jesus" as compared with the works of Renan and Strauss. It took English ground in discussing the subject, rendering the verdict of cool common sense by an inquirer who brushed aside as irrelevant the difficulties created by Biblical criticism. The author refused to discuss the actuality or the possibility of the miracles, or whether John wrote the Fourth Gospel, whether Luke or Matthew borrowed from Mark, or what were the sources of Mark, or when exactly these narratives were written. He simply assumed that they were in the main trustworthy, and that the disciples believed that Christ worked miracles. This assumption was sufficient for his argument. One element in the strength of the book lay in this, that when the author had presented the picture of Christ, it so explained and justified the Christ of history that difficulties about the narratives and sources no longer embarrassed. A strong man, the strongest man in history, with a clear view of His purpose from the moment He began to teach; no mere teacher uttering placidly His sentiments, but from the first assuming the position of an authoritative lawgiver, enforcing His word by the most powerful of sanctions, calling into existence a society, legislating for that society to the end of time, — this was in outline the Christ in the pages of "Ecce Homo." "The achievement of Christ in founding by His single will and power a structure so durable and so universal is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and unsubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether." [1]

The welcome which Phillips Brooks gave to "Ecce Homo" did not mean that he accepted its presentation of Christ as

[1] Cf. Am. ed. p. 354.

complete or final. We shall see that the total picture of Jesus in his mind after years of reflection was quite different. But it included at least the conception of strength and authority, and also the method, which waived the questions raised by Biblical criticism in regard to the genuineness and authenticity of New Testament writings, as having no practical bearing upon the final issue or on the work of the preacher. He followed the conflicts of scholarship on these points, but never allowed them to embarrass his mind.

When Phillips Brooks came to Boston in 1869 he found that the New England Transcendentalists had left their influence on the public mind. This brilliant group of scholars and thinkers were asking the question, What is truth, and what are the canons for determining its authority? The answer uniformly given was that the authority was within the soul, and faith was the direct vision of the truth. This was positive teaching, but it was accompanied by large negations. No special unique authority was accorded to the books of Scripture or to the person of Christ. Christ was spoken of with respect and even reverence as a great teacher, but it was one of the conventionalities of transcendental speech to associate Him with others, more particularly with Socrates or Plato. It became a sort of commonplace among them to speak of "Socrates and Jesus and Mohammed." It is said of one of those eminent among this brilliant school of thinkers and talkers that on a certain occasion, speaking before a small audience, he ventured to place himself in the same category, — "Socrates, Jesus, and myself." He even declared that he was willing to make the words of Jesus his own, and to proclaim, "I am the resurrection and the life." When one of his audience demurred, querying whether he would be believed if he made such a proclamation, his reply was that such a demurrer could only come from an unregenerate Calvinist.

The Transcendental school had found its chief religious exponent in Boston in Theodore Parker (1860). He accepted its principle to the fullest extent, that the inward, individual assurance of truth was its highest and sole author-

ity. He was a courageous man, fighting his way through great difficulties in heroic fashion. But he became entangled in controversy; his tone grew more aggressive and vehement as he assumed the position of an iconoclast. He made no effort to appreciate his opponent's attitude. He did not recognize that sober combination of the transcendental principle with historic Christianity which gave distinction and influence to Coleridge, marking a new era in the theology of the Church of England. In his vehement desire to enforce the truth he saw he made utterances which did him injustice, and taken without qualification did injury to others. Here are passages from his famous sermon on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity" which reveal at once his strength and weakness: —

> That pure ideal religion which Jesus saw on the mount of his vision and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant; which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth; which makes sacred the ground he trod and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them, — cannot pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of religion and love, they never can outgo the flight of truth and Christianity. It will always be above them.

Yet in this same sermon he denies that the truth which Jesus taught depended on His personality for its propagating power in the world: —

> Almost every sect that has ever been makes Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus, and not the immutable truth of the doctrines themselves or the authority of God who sent him into the world. Yet it seems difficult to conceive any reason why moral and religious truths should rest for their support on the personal authority of their revealer, any more than the truths of science on that of him who makes them known first or most clearly. It is hard to see why the great truths of Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus more than the axioms of geometry rest on the personal authority of Euclid or Archimedes. The authority of Jesus, as of all teachers, one would naturally think, must rest on the truth of his words, and not their truth on his authority.[1]

[1] *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion*, p. 244, Boston, ed. 1842.

Even Parker's friends and sympathizers were disturbed by this last statement. Mr. Martineau called it a "painful paradox," intimating that he used language in other places inconsistent with it. But Parker was on fire with his conviction that every soul should be the judge and arbiter of truth in virtue of the gift of immediate vision. Painful though the paradox might be, he repeated it in his later "Discourse of Religion," and in more intense and aggravated form, "If Christianity be true at all it would be just as true if Herod or Catiline had taught it."

Phillips Brooks sought to avoid controversy, and his book on the "Influence of Jesus" is impersonal, reviewing the religious situation of his time, yet mentioning no names or treatises, although familiar with them all. But the following passage from its opening pages, where he states his purpose, shows that he felt called upon to resist the disintegrating tendency in the popular mind, springing from the belief that the personal character of the teacher may be disconnected from the message: —

> What is the power of Christianity over mankind, its source, its character, its issue? That is the question which I wish to study with you in these four lectures I have been invited to deliver. . . . I have been led to think of Christianity and to speak of it, at least in these lectures, not as a system of doctrine, but as a personal force, behind which and in which there lies one great and inspiring idea, which it is the work of the personal force to impress upon the life of man, with which the personal force is always struggling to fill mankind. The personal force is the nature of Jesus, full of humanity, full of divinity, and powerful with a love for man which combines in itself every element that enters into love of the completest kind. . . . Every man's power is his idea multiplied by and projected through his personality. The special actions which he does are only the points at which his power shows itself. . . . The power of Jesus is the idea of Jesus multiplied and projected through the person of Jesus. . . . The message entrusted to the Son of God when He came to be the Saviour of mankind was not only something which He knew and taught; it was something which He was. . . . The idea and the person are so mingled that we cannot separate them. He is the truth, and whoever receives Him becomes the son of God.[1]

[1] *Influence of Jesus*, pp. 12, 13.

And again, in another passage, he makes this more definite allusion, "Not from simple brain to simple brain, as the reasoning of Euclid comes to its students, but from total character to total character, comes the New Testament from God to man." [1]

We are admitted behind the scenes, as it were, when we turn to the note-book, in which Mr. Brooks is seen making the preparation for his book on the "Influence of Jesus." He rarely changed his plan when he had once fixed upon it; but in this case he made a notable change. He had intended to call his subject "Faith and Life." The respective lectures were to be entitled (1) "Faith and Morals;" (2) "Faith and Society;" (3) "Faith in Relation to Pain and Pleasure;" (4) "Faith and the Intellectual Life." He drew up a synopsis of each lecture, rich in spiritual suggestiveness. His object was a defence of the spiritual interpretation of life. Then suddenly, and as it would seem at the last moment, he changed his subject, and hastily modified the plan of treatment. He may have felt that this first scheme was weak in that it put him in controversial or defensive attitude, not the most effective method of accomplishing his aim. As he came closer to his task the real motive which inspired him was growing more clear and definite. Behind the Christian faith and life stood the Christ. To give the portrait of Him anew to the world was better to accomplish the end in view. Here are some of the sentences from his note-book which betray first the working of his mind: —

For centuries the Christian faith has been and still is making life. We have Life from which to tell what the faith is and Faith to tell what the life must be. What is Christianity that it makes such men as these?

How far may we legitimately think that the present condition of the social and personal life of Christendom is due to Christian Faith? Very largely. Point to church, Bible, uniqueness of Christendom, and unwillingness of all men to disown first Christian ideas.

The Faith and the Man, then, we want to trace in relation to one another. The Faith we find in the Book to which the heart

[1] *Influence of Jesus*, p. 234.

of man has always returned more truly than it thinks. The man we find in History. — Observation and consciousness. — There are two questions — What has Christianity made of man? and What, when it is freed from all hindrance and given its full power, can it make of him?

Such an inquiry, it will be seen, was too vast, and almost beyond human capacity to execute. Still it is interesting to know that it was in his mind, nor could it have failed to produce fruit. It was a larger background, vague, perhaps, and unexplored in all its subtle unperceived relations, yet reinforcements came from it at every turn. The thing to do, the simplest and yet the truest, the method which could not be questioned, was to study the influence of Jesus as the seed which had been actually lodged in the heart of humanity.

The lectures were written with the greatest rapidity, for the time at his disposal was short. They were begun at the Christmas season, when the claims of parish and social life were most pressing, but he brought to them the preparation of years. He wrote them out of his own soul, full of emotion and intellectual fervor. Many of his sermons were here condensed, a sermon in a paragraph; such, for example, as he preached when Principal Tulloch was listening, with its flash of insight and reality. The constant study of the Bible and of the life of Christ, wherein he had gained more than he could give in yearly Bible class or Lenten meditations, or Wednesday evening lectures, was yielding its unsuspected contributions. The book was done in haste, but it was the product of the long, slow processes of life.

And still another circumstance must be mentioned, most important of all. As he wrote his heart was very tender, for he was passing through a great sorrow in the last illness and death of his father. That event in his experience left its impression on his theology, for his theology was the reflex of the revelation of life.

It is intended in these remarks that follow to point out some features of the book, in its methods and conclusions, which will throw light on the position that Phillips Brooks occupied in his age. In the first place, he attempted the

portrayal of a strong Christ, whose mastery was capable of dominating every soul, and of subduing all humanity to Himself. To this end he boldly identified the personality of Jesus with the essence of His religion. By personality he understood the inmost nature and character, that within a man which rules the life. He had brought out this truth in his "Lectures on Preaching," and elsewhere in his writings. But now he drags it once more into the foreground of a great picture, holding it up to his hearers with tireless energy, and with all the strength of eloquent conviction. Others had thought of it, perhaps only a few would have denied it. But everything depends on the prominence which is given to a principle. This is originality, this constitutes power, to make a truth supreme through the setting which is given it. Thus it becomes a new truth. Here lay the distinctive difference between him and his predecessors. It was not enough to present Christ as a moral Guide, uttering ethical precepts worthy of obedience; nor as the Master, imparting knowledge and conveying information about the spiritual world. He was indeed the *Way*, and He was the *Truth*, but He was these because He was first the Life.

This principle of the identification of the personality of the teacher with his message, the culmination of precept and of truth in a life, might be in danger of becoming a formula, another shibboleth in religion, an idea abstract and unprofitable, unless the secret of the personality of Jesus could be unveiled, and become the living possession of humanity. This was the task, undertaken in the "Influence of Jesus," to present the idea which inspired Him, the clue to His divine consciousness, and the motive of His acts. This inspiring idea is "the Fatherhood of God and the childhood of every man in Him."

> Upon the race and upon the individual, Jesus is always bringing into more and more perfect revelation the certain truth that man and every man is the child of God. This is the sum of the work of the Incarnation. A hundred other statements regarding it, regarding Him who was incarnate are true; but all statements concerning Him hold their truth within this truth, — that Jesus came to restore the fact of God's fatherhood to man's knowledge and to its central place of power over man's life (p. 12).

There is a change in the tone of the Bohlen Lectures when compared with the Yale Lectures on the "Teaching of Religion." Then religion had been defined to be the life of man in gratitude, obedience, and growing likeness to Christ. Now it is conceived as the "relation of childhood and fatherhood between man and God."

> Man is the child of God by nature. He is ignorant and rebellious — the prodigal child of God; but his ignorance and rebellion never break that first relationship. It is always a child ignorant of his Father; always a child rebellious against his Father. That is what makes the tragedy of human history, and always prevents human sin from becoming an insignificant and squalid thing. To reassert the childhood and fatherhood as an unlost truth, and to reëstablish its power as the central fact of life; to tell men that they were, and to make them actually to be, the sons of God — that was the purpose of the coming of Jesus and the shaping power of his life. . . .
>
> It is more important than we often think, that we should grasp the general idea, the general purpose, of the life of Jesus. The Gospels become to us a new book when we no longer read them merely as the anecdotes of the life of one who, with a great, kind heart, went through the world promiscuously doing good as opportunities occurred to Him. The drifting and haphazard currents gather themselves together, and we are borne on with the full and enthusiastic impulse of a great river which knows itself and knows the sea it seeks. And when the ruling idea is this which fills the life of Jesus, it is doubly true that only by clearly seizing it can we get at the heart and meaning of His life (pp. 16, 17).

It had been the usage in the Evangelical school, in which Mr. Brooks was reared, to speak only of the baptized or the regenerate as the children of God. The stress was laid upon the grace by which the change was accomplished that made a man a child of God, who before the change was not entitled to the name. Phillips Brooks did not deny the change, nor its necessity; he affirmed it in all his preaching, declaring it to be wrought of God. But he builds upon the antecedent truth that every man is the child of God by nature. It is because he is the child by nature that he is capable of becoming the child by grace. In making this truth a first principle in his teaching, he was not departing from, but rather reaffirming what the Church of England, followed by the Protestant

Episcopal Church in America, had asserted in its standards. There were those in the Anglican Church who had preceded him in building on this truth, — Maurice and Robertson, Ewing, the Bishop of Argyle, and many others. He differed from them, if he differed at all, in making it the basis of his powerful appeal in the pulpit, as also in making it the central point from which by necessary inference proceeded all other religious teaching. He brought together nature and grace, the creation and the redemption, in organic relationship. All men alike everywhere inherited in virtue of their birthright the privilege to pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

> Surely, we cannot be wrong if we say positively that to Christ himself the truth that man was God's child by nature was the great fact of man's existence; and the desire that man might be God's child in reality was the motive of His own life and work (p. 20).

The merit and power of this idea of divine fatherhood revealed in the natural order and carried up into the spiritual is seen first in Christian morality. Ethics have often been separated from religion. Phillips Brooks identifies them.

> The difference between Christian morality and any other which the world has seen does not consist in the difference of its precepts, — for these can be matched in no other codes; the substance and power of moral law does not lie in its commandments, but in the conception of the commander which breathes through it and gives it life. The motive of all the injunctions in the Sermon on the Mount is the Father, first as the standard of the moral life enforced, and then as the power by which that standard is pursued and attained. There is nothing abstract and cold. Everything shines and burns with personal affection. "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven." "Love your enemies, that ye may be the children of your Father." "Let your light shine before men that they may glorify your Father." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The idea of God which fills the great discourse is the idea of the father.

Most men have held separately the principles of authority and reasonableness. Lordship and command have gone with

kingship, love and care have been associated with the fatherhood. But here they are combined as organically one. Kingship in its primary conception means fatherhood. The Sermon on the Mount keeps the combination of reason and authority, the essential and the arbitrary, which is characteristic of the child's obedience in the earthly household.

> I am sure that all of us have felt, as we have read those sacred chapters of St. Matthew, how exquisitely these two lights play through them and harmonize with one another, — the light that comes to any duty from the command of God that we should do it, and the light which the same duty wins because we ourselves perceive that it is the right thing to do (p. 32).

Here is a passage in which Phillips Brooks is at one with those who have asserted the arbitrary sovereignty of God, as if in its very arbitrariness lay its charm, — Augustine and Anselm, Calvin and Edwards: —

> The essence of every beatitude is in the human heart, and yet the human heart loves to hear the utterance of the beatitudes from the mouth of God as if they were His arbitrary enactments (p. 32).

It is the experience of the earthly home wherein is learned the reconciliation between the arbitrary will and the awakening mind which calls for the reason of the enactment: —

> I want you to notice that this interplay of essentialness and arbitrariness is exactly what characterizes every true home life, when the children learn truth and receive commandments from their father. The child's partial and growing perception that it must be so chimes and harmonizes with the father's injunction that it shall be so.

All this is so simple and clear, and withal satisfactory, that one does not at first realize the width and depth of the abyss he is bridging. This had been the question of the ages, dividing the schools from the time of Augustine, — whether the arbitrary will in God takes the precedence or the reasoning mind? Phillips Brooks, we shall see it more plainly as we proceed, tends to fuse intellect and will into organic unity; but yet if we may distinguish, where he refused to make the

distinction, at the heart of the mystery of the universe, it is will, not idea, always the loving will of the Father.

The motive of ethics is the filial sense; and the standard is likeness to God. The question is raised whether this standard be intelligible and practicable. The answer is derived from the first great principle of the Fatherhood of God and the sonship of every man.

> It is in the fact that He is your Father, and that you are His Child, that the possibility of likeness lies and that the kind of possible likeness is decreed. You are to be like Him as the child is like the father, by the attainment of that echo of the Father's nature which is the child's essential inheritance. You are to be like him by coming to that expression of Him which is the true idea of your child life. You are to fulfil the unfulfilled programme of your own life, which is involved in the fact that you are a child of God. . . . Man is to return into the idea of his own life as the son of God. He is to be equal to his own conception, as that conception is written in the nature of the Holy Being from whom he came and to whom he belongs. At least, that is a standard whose perpetual presence shaped our Lord's treatment of the men and women whom He was trying to restore (p. 36).

He sums up his treatment of the ethical life by dwelling on some of the perpetual marks of a morality which is the outgrowth of such a faith. First, there is the duty of sentiment, — thou shalt *love*. He notes the exaltation of sentiment over action, — the action valuable as the utterance of sentiment. There is danger of weakness here and of sentimentality, but in the end is vitality and permanence. No Christian should be ashamed of this quality of love and duty. Second, the harmony between the absolute standard of goodness and the various responsibilities of men, discriminations which yet do not tamper with the unchangeable sanctity of righteousness. Third, the attainment of humility by aspiration and not by depression. And fourth, the morality of Jesus as involving the only true secret of courage and of the freedom that comes from courage. Courage is a positive thing, not merely the absence of fear, but "that compactness and clear coherence of all a man's faculties and powers which makes his manhood a single operative unit in the world."

What is now known as "sociology" had not then attained the prominence which it has since reached. The late F. D. Maurice had been the leader in England of a movement called Christian socialism, destined to become popular among the English clergy and laity; but with this movement Phillips Brooks never identified himself. He noted with some surprise and regret, in his later visits to England, that the rising generation of clergy were turning aside from Maurice's theology in order to devote themselves more exclusively to social studies and methods of social reform. He deprecated the change, for it seemed to him as if it waived the more vital method, out of which alone social progress must come, — a confession, also, that the theological and religious problem was insoluble. His own conception of social development is here given: —

> The character of Christ's own reforming spirit was clear enough. He said that he wanted not to destroy but to fulfil the agencies which he here found in the world. He never cared to reshape circumstances until he had regenerated men. He let the shell stand as he found it until the new life within it could burst it for itself. It is very wonderful to me to see how thoroughly His disciples caught His method. They could not have caught it so completely and so soon if it had not been that it was based on a large principle, if it had not been more than a special method or trick. Almost instantly, as soon as the disciples began their work, they seem to have been filled with a true conception of its divine method, — that not from outside, but from inside; not by the remodelling of institutions, but by the change of character; not by the suppression of vices, but by the destruction of sin, the world was to be saved. That truth with whose vitality all modern life has flourished, with its forgetfulness of which all modern history has always tended to corruption, that truth only dreamed of by a few spiritual philosophers in the ancient world, — it is one of the marvellous phenomena of human thought, that it should have leaped full grown to life with the first of Christianity. A few faint flutterings about the old methods of repression, and the disciples of Jesus settle at once to the new methods of development (p. 253).

But Phillips Brooks was alive to the importance of the social aspect of Christianity, as is seen in his treatment of

the "Influence of Jesus on the Social Life." He takes the Madonna, prominent in ecclesiastical art, as the true type of the Christian religion, rather than the Sphinx, calm and eternal in its solitude.[1] Both recognize the feminine nature of the religious instinct; but the first is Christian because so truly human; "it has not lost humanity in trying to interpret Deity." "A father, a mother, and a child are there in the scene at Bethlehem. No religion which began like that could ever lose its character." The first unit of human life is the personality of the newborn child, the second unit is the family. In showing what Jesus was to his fellow men, it is most important to recognize the growth in his consciousness from childhood to manhood mediated by the human family.

I think that it is a most happy sign of the healthy reality which the life of Jesus is gaining in men's thoughts in these modern days, that this idea of the development of His consciousness, the gradual growth into the knowledge and the use of His own nature, is no longer an idea that bewilders and shocks the believer in our Lord's divinity. It is felt to be a necessary part of the belief in His humanity. . . . The seventeenth century believed the divinity of Christ, but its belief in the divine Christ was weak, and the belief in the human Christ was well-nigh lost, and with this loss I cannot but feel that we must in some way connect the dislike of Christmas and its observance which then arose and which is but just now passing entirely away. . . . The whole idea of childhood, with its necessary concomitant idea of growth, was a bewilderment and almost an offence to that theology whose Christ was a mysterious and unaccountable being, a true spiritual Melchisedec, without vivid and real human associations, without age, without realized locality, a dogma, a creed, a fulfilment of prophecy, an adjustment of relations, not a man. It is because Jesus to-day is intensely real, intensely human to us, that we welcome and do not dread the truth of increase and development from childhood to the full strength and stature of a man (pp. 78, 79).

This chapter on the "Influence of Jesus on the Social Life of Man" is written with the conviction that the key to all Christ's treatment of men is the constant desire to foster the

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 570, for the first form which is given to this striking comparison. See, also, *Influence of Jesus*, pp. 73, 74.

consciousness of divine sonship by intercourse with those who are fellow sons of the same Father. The incidents in the life of Christ are brought together with singular felicity in illustration of this truth, that the social nature of man is the provision at once for his most complete self-consciousness and for his fullest activity and efficiency. So important is the social life in the constitution of humanity that it must needs have its analogue in Deity.

It was by losing His life in the multitude and mass of lives, in the body of humanity to which He belonged, that Jesus at once found His own life and found the lives of the lost, whom He had come to seek. At the very outset He bore witness that not in absolute singleness, not in elemental unity and perfect solitude of being, is the highest existence to be found. He recognized at once in man that multiplicity and power of relationship within the unit of humanity which makes the richness of our human life. If it be so, as we believe it is, that in the constitution of humanity we have the fairest written analogue and picture of the Divine existence, then shall we not say that the human Christ gave us, in the value which He set on human relationships, in His social thought of man, an insight into the essentialness and value of that social thought of God, which we call the doctrine of the Trinity? May it not be that only by multiplicity and interior self-relationship can Divinity have the completest self-consciousness and energy? Surely, the reverent and thoughtful eye must see some such meaning when Jesus himself makes the eternal companionship of the life of Deity the pattern and picture of the best society of the souls of the earth, and breathes out to His Father these deep and wondrous words, "As thou Father art in Me and I in Thee that they all may be one in us."

The subject of the social life of man leads him to the consideration of its relation to the individual life. This is an ancient and familiar problem whose adjustment varies; the issue clear, but the application of the principle uncertain. Throughout the nineteenth century there have not been wanting those who have condemned what they call "individualism" as the "source of all our woe." This has been one of the motives which has strengthened the ecclesiastical reactions of the century. Upon this point Phillips Brooks held a very definite opinion, and he has expressed it in no uncertain

words. He asserts as the fundamental truth that "society does not exist for itself, but for the individual; and man goes into it not to lose, but to find himself" (p. 98). He then proceeds to arraign his age for having lost the true principle. His words have significance in themselves, an added interest in coming from him: —

The ancient society, the heathen society of to-day, whether in some savage island or in some fashionable parlor, is ready always to sacrifice the personal nature, the individual soul. As if society itself were an object worthy of perfecting for its own value; it overwhelms individual character and pitilessly sees lives lost in its great whirlpool. I think the great charge that Jesus, if He spoke to-day, would bring against our modern social life, our present society, as it in large part exists, would be this: He would see its impurity; He would recognize the falseness that pervades it; He would turn away from its sordidness with disappointment; but, most of all, He would miss in it that power to cultivate the personal life of the individual by the revelation of the divine side of human existence which is everywhere His ideal of social living. It is not always so. There are small groups of men gathered on such high ground that each of them becomes aware of himself, of his capacities and duties, in the association with his brethren. Especially there are friendships, the sympathetic meeting of man and man, in which each knows himself as he could not in solitude. But our ordinary life with one another, what, in the language of the world, we call *society*, has so left and lost the spontaneousness of natural impulse and so failed to attain the highest conception of itself as the family of God, it so hangs fast in the dull middle regions of conventional propriety and selfish expediency, that it becomes not the fountain, but the grave, of individuality. Men go to it to escape themselves. Men dread it, as they grow older, for younger men, because its influences seem to be fatal to original and positive character. Men flee to solitude to recruit their personality. Nowhere do we find on earth that picture of society reconstructed by the idea of Jesus, society around the throne of God, which shines out upon us from the mysterious promises of the Apocalypse; the glory of which society is to be this, — that while the souls stand in their vast choruses of hundreds of thousands, and all chant the same anthems and all work together in the same transcendent duties, yet each bears the sacred name written on the flesh of his own forehead, and carries in his hand a white stone, on which is written a new name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. It is individuality

emphasized by company, and not lost in it, because the atmosphere in which the company is met is the idea of Jesus, which is the fatherhood of God (pp. 98, 99).

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, and more especially in the decade of the seventies, there was one subject uppermost in the consciousness of all thoughtful minds, — how to maintain the goodness of the existing order of things against pessimistic tendencies which were stimulated by the teaching of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. For although this teaching came from speculative thinkers and was presented as a system of philosophy, yet it somehow found a response in, or we may say penetrated in some mysterious way into the stratum of the common consciousness. Its influence may be traced in the pulpit, in modifying the tone of the preaching, leading to more emphatic and continuous assertions of the goodness, the love, the beneficent providence of God. Among the confusing contradictory currents of the time, this tone of preaching seemed to some as though it were an effort to soften the religion, to avoid the severer aspects of the gospel. But its real motive lay in some more positive purpose, — the justification of the ways of God with men. The quickened sensitiveness of an age in which humanitarian sentiment had been so dominant as in the nineteenth century, where sentiment was constantly degenerating into sentimentality, proved a congenial soil for pessimistic theories of the universe. Men were becoming more keenly alive to the evil in nature and in the moral order, so that the balance was easily disturbed in individual minds to whom the total picture of the universe presented the seeming predominance of evil. To meet this kind of doubt, which was generically different from the form of doubt which preceded it, required a different tone in the message of the pulpit.

To the new necessity Phillips Brooks responded. Long before he knew of Schopenhauer and Hartmann he had become sensitive to the issue. His subtle spirit divined the coming mood because his own life was deeply rooted in his age. He encountered the pure pleasure of living more than most men, but he had also encountered human suffering on

a large scale in the ministrations of the pastoral charge, as well as in his own experience. Out of this experience had been born the discourses of comfort and consolation which, it has been remarked, form so large a proportion in the first volume of his sermons. To this subject he now comes anew, with a more scientific aim, with the qualifications of years of self-observation and of association with men, with a rare power of psychological insight and analysis. His third lecture was entitled the "Influence of Jesus on the Emotional Life of Man." He had before him the life of Christ as the ideal expression of humanity; he must enter into the experience of Jesus by the open door of the common experience of humanity.

It tells us nothing, he remarks, about a life to say that it is made up of joy and pain. We discover very early that happiness may mean much or little; that before we can determine the quality of a life we must penetrate the consciousness that lies beneath the sorrow or the joy. The joy and the pain are simply the expressions of emotion. Here is a passage bearing on this point, which is also self-descriptive: —

> The man who lacks emotion lacks expression. That which is in him remains within him, and he cannot utter it or make it influential. And on the other hand the man who lacks emotion lacks receptiveness. That which other men are, if it does not make him glad or sorry, if it gives him neither joy nor pain, does not become his. The emotion of lives is the magnetism that they emit, something closely associated with their substance and yet distinct from it, in which they communicate with one another. There is a condition conceivable in which the emotions should be so delicately and perfectly true to the quality of him from which they issue, that they should furnish a perfect medium of expression. . . . Can any true connection be reliably traced between the way that a man lives and the joy or sorrow his life emits?

There is something, then, that lies behind the phenomena of pleasure and pain, and that is experience without regard to emotions. He now repeats what he had been impressed with as a student years before: —

> The words which have become exclusively appropriated to pain belonged originally to experience without reference to the distress

or pleasure it might bring. The old Greek and Latin words for suffering simply meant "to undergo." The very word "suffering" itself, and "patience" and "submission," and that hard word "bear" all mean nothing but experience. The first step in studying the life of Jesus is to get back into the actual experience of His life. His power over men to-day lies in His experience not essentially because He was happy or sad. His life in a world like this involved the cross. Yet would His life have still been the influential power of the world if His years had passed in sunny joy? The experience is separable from the pain, and in the experience, not in the pain, His true life abode.

He takes another step in this analysis. The mere experiences considered by themselves do not constitute life. "Our histories are not our lives. The idea of life is unity. Experiences are manifold." Behind the experiences lies the law of life — God wills these things. God's will, not his own choice, underlies the acts and contacts that fill up the days of Jesus. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." That, in the deeper meaning, was the life of Jesus, — the law by which He lived, the will of God.

There is one step more in this analysis of the consciousness of Jesus.

> A law is not the final life. It cannot be. Law is external, but life is something which may fill every inmost part of a man's being. . . . A law cannot do that. It is not intimate enough. There must be some inspiring idea, moving the intelligence, firing the affections, and so possessing the whole man. . . . That idea is the fatherhood of God to man, which Jesus made known through the manifestation of His sonship. . . . Ideas make for themselves laws by their own inherent and divine creativeness. The law of Christ is obedience to God, but this obedience is fed by the idea of His sonship. In that idea is the real life of Christ. Behind this no analysis can go.

All this is beautiful and true. But the writer has a remoter purpose. He is laying foundations with a view to ultimate inferences. He is not only meeting for himself and for his time the passing tendency to pessimism, but also theories of the Atonement which do not satisfy, and those forms of mediæval asceticism whose temporary reappearance was characteristic of the time.

Jesus always thinks of Himself as undergoing the will of God, because God is His father. The pain and pleasure which come to Him in undergoing that will come not simply with their own inherent qualities of comfort or discomfort, but with the values they get from that obedience of which they are the signs and consequences. This is the key to all His attitude towards them. Jesus, with all His sensitiveness to pain and joy, never allows pain or joy to be either the purpose of life or the test of life.

The sensitiveness of Jesus to pain and joy never leads Him for a moment to try to be sad or happy with direct endeavor; nor is there any sign that He ever judges the real character of Himself or any other man by the sadness or the happiness that for the moment covers His life. He simply lives, and joy and sorrow issue from His living, and cast their brightness and their gloominess back upon His life; but there is no sorrow and no joy that He ever sought for itself, and He always kept self-knowledge underneath the joy or sorrow, undisturbed by the moment's happiness or unhappiness. They were like ripples on the surface of the stream, made by its flow, and, we are ready to imagine, enjoyed by the stream that made them, not sought by the stream for themselves, nor ever obscuring the stream's consciousness of its deeper currents. The supreme sorrow of the cross was never sought because it was sorrowful, and even while He hung in agony it never obscured the certainty of His own holiness in the great Sufferer's soul. These are the perpetual characteristics of the emotional life of Jesus, which our theology has often conjured out of sight, but which are of unspeakable value, as I think; for a clear understanding of them puts the Man who suffered and enjoyed more than any other man that ever lived in a noble and true relation to His suffering and joy, and makes His pain and pleasure a gospel to men in their sadness and their gladness everywhere (pp. 156, 157).

The greater part of this chapter is occupied with a suggestive and, though complete in its outline, all too brief an analysis of the experiences of Jesus in the pleasure and the suffering they involved. But it is a careful study, too condensed to be summarized without injury. The plan of treatment leads to the consideration (1) of the pain and pleasures which come inevitably through the medium of the human body; (2) of the joys and sorrows which have their roots not in the senses, but in the affections; (3) of the pleasures and the sufferings which belong to all devoted ideal natures,

which come from the acute perception of right and wrong, of moral fitness or unfitness in the things about us. Under the third head is the remark that we cannot think of Jesus as a mere moral enthusiast, because with Him everything is personal: —

> It is this personalness of all His moral enthusiasms, as it seems to me, that keeps us from ever feeling or fearing in Jesus any of that moral pedantry — or what, with a word that has no dignified equivalent, we call that priggishness — which haunts the words of the moral enthusiasts who kindle at the harmonies and discords of abstractions, whether they talk as utilitarians or as transcendentalists (p. 194).

Under this same head is raised the interesting question whether there was anything in Christ of what we call the sense of artistic beauty, or whether He found delight in the fitness which the æsthetic nature recognizes and loves. In the treatment of this question is hardly given the answer to have been expected from one with his own æsthetic tastes. All the more, therefore, is his attitude remarkable, showing how carefully he preserved the balance of a true judgment, and responded to the finest instincts. He mentions the judgments that men have given on this point and their reasons: "One who was walking towards Calvary had no time in the intenseness of His moral life for art and its luxuriousness;" or again, "He was a Jew in whose nature it was not to gather happiness from beautiful things;" and still further, "We may say that though Jesus has made nothing of artistic beauty, yet His religion has made much of it, and out of Christianity the highest artistic life has come." While there is truth in all these statements: —

> Still the great impression of the life of Jesus as it seems to me must always be the subordinate importance of those things in which only the æsthetic nature finds its pleasure. There is no condemnation of them in that wise, deep life. But the fact always must remain that the wisest, deepest life that was ever lived left them on one side, was satisfied without them. And His religion, while it has developed and delighted in their culture, has always kept two strong habits with reference to art which showed that in it was still the spirit of its Master. It has

always been restless under the sway of any art that did not breathe with spiritual and moral purpose. Never has Christian art reached the pure æstheticism of the classics. And in its more earnest moods, in its reformations, in its puritanisms, it has always stood ready to sacrifice the choicest words of artistic beauty for the restoration or preservation of the simple majesty of righteousness, the purity of truth, or the glory of God (p. 201).

The Bohlen Lectures culminate with the last chapter, in which is treated the influence of Jesus on the intellectual life of man. To understand Phillips Brooks one must dwell upon what he here tells us; for while his tone is still impersonal, none the less is he disclosing his own method of self-culture and his distinctive attitude towards the theologies of his time. All through the chapter we move in the atmosphere of greatness. Only from a great soul could it have proceeded. But it is the atmosphere of poetry and beauty as well. The ease, the grace, the repose, the transparency of the style, the consciousness of mastery, the sense of finality, the irresistible appeal, — these are the accompaniments of a strain of divine melody. This chapter must be read, it cannot be described. But some things may be said about it.

In the first place he refuses to give the intellect in man the supremacy when taken by itself. He has said this before, but now repeats it with deeper conviction. In speaking of the Person of Christ, he asks the questions, How does Christ compare in intellectual power with other men? How did He estimate the intellect? Was His intellect sufficient to account for the unique position He holds in the world's history as the mightiest force that has controlled the development of humanity?

He finds the answer by turning to the Fourth Gospel, which gives us most that we know about the mind of Jesus. It is to the other Gospels what Plato is to Xenophon. He does not pause to allude to questions of criticism, — when it was written, or whether it was written by John. He anticipates the decision of scholars; he knows that the picture in itself is its own vindication. It is the intellectual Gospel, because in it there is one constantly recurring word. That word is "truth," which is distinctly a word of the intellect.

He whose favorite word is truth must be a man who values intellectual life, who is not satisfied unless his own intellect is living, and who conceives of his fellow men as beings in whom the intellect is an important and valuable part. This must belong to any habitual use of the word at all; and so, when we find it appearing constantly upon the lips of Jesus, in the record of that one of His disciples who understood Him best, we feel that we know this at least about Him, — that He cared for the intellect of man, that He desired to exercise some influence upon it, that He was not satisfied simply to win man's affection by His kindness, nor to govern man's will by His authority, but that He also wished to persuade man's mind with truth (p. 213).

He takes up the word "truth" as it is used in the Fourth Gospel, finding that in every instance it is employed in a sense different from that of the schools. In its scholastic use it is detached from life and made synonymous with knowledge. But knowledge is no word of Jesus. With information for the head alone, detached from its relations to the whole nature, Jesus has no concern. Truth was something which set the whole man free. It was a moral thing, for he who does not receive it is not merely a doubter, but a liar. Truth was something which a man could be, not merely something which a man could study and measure by walking around it on the outside. The objective and the subjective lose themselves in each other. Truth can be known only from the inside; it is something moral, something living, something spiritual. It is not mere objective unity; it must have in it the elements of character. "To this end was I born," says Jesus, "and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." And upon these and similar utterances of Jesus is made this comment: —

You see how the air grows hazy with the meeting of the subjective and objective conceptions. They are words of character. A "man of truth" is something more than a man who knows the truth, whose intellect has seized it; that, we are sure, would be the very tamest paraphrase of the suggestive words. It would take the whole life and depth out of them. A "man of truth" is a man into all whose life the truth has been pressed till he is full of it, till he has been given to it, and it has been given to

him, he being always the complete being whose unity is in that total of moral, intellectual, and spiritual life which makes what we call character. He is the man of whom Pilate's prisoner said, "He hears my voice." No wonder that Pilate, hearing a new sound in an old familiar word, felt all his old questions stir again within him, and asked with an interest which was too weary to be called a hope, "What is truth?" (p. 218).

From this use of the word "truth" is deduced the intellectual portrait of Christ, if we may call it such. The great fact concerning the intellectual life in Jesus is this, that "in Him the intellect never works alone. You never can separate its workings from the complete operations of the whole nature. He never simply knows, but always loves and resolves at the same time. . . . What God knows is one and the same with the love with which He loves and the resolve with which He wills."

We reach now the conclusion of the whole matter. When Phillips Brooks spoke of God's knowledge as one with His love and will, he had in view the definition of the schoolmen that God is *actus purus*. Man was to be known by contrast; in this respect the human had no likeness to the divine. The intellect and the will worked separately in man, and the difference could always be distinguished, so that it was easy to divide men into classes, and label them according to their opinions, — men of intellect and men of action. Against this inference Phillips Brooks is making a protest. It was with Jesus as it was with God. It should be the same with all men, — in this respect they should follow Christ. It is not an impossible divine ideal, but rather the feasible human standard. He illustrates the possibility of this organic fusion of intellect with the affections and the will by an appeal to experience, calling it the true unity of a man.

When we see how constantly it is the crudity of an unappropriated, unassimilated intellectuality that disappoints us in intellectual people; when we find ourselves turning away from a learned man whose knowledge has not been pressed into character; when we find that the action of the intellect forcing itself upon our notice because it is working out of proportion to or out of harmony with the other parts of a man's nature, his conscience, his

affections, and his active powers, always dissatisfies and makes us restless, and, with all the interest which we may feel in him, does not let us think that we have found the fullest and most perfect man, — when we see all this, it becomes clear to us what a distinguishing thing in Jesus was this unity of life in which the special action of the intellect was lost. We catch something of the spirit with which His disciple, fondly recurring years afterwards to the bright days when He first knew Jesus, twice used the same description of Him: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth." "The law was given by Moses, but by Jesus Christ came grace and truth."

It is not the intellectual man as such, not the man in whom intellect stands crudely forth as the controlling element in life, that other men are drawn to most. The greatest men that ever lived are those in whom you cannot separate the mental and moral lives. You cannot say just what part of their power and success is due to a good heart and what to a sound understanding. And in every circle there are apt to appear some persons of great influence and great attractiveness, of whom you never think as being specially intellectual; it startles you; but as you think about your wonder, you discover that it does not come from an absence of the intelleetual life in those who are thus spoken of, but from the fact that the intellectual part of them is so blended and lost in the rounded and symmetrical unity of their life that you have never been led to think of it by itself. All this is very frequently true concerning women, whose unity of life is often more apparent than that of men (pp. 220, 223).

He finds confirmation of this unity of life in those moments of exaltation when a man realizes himself in supreme degree, and the "intellectual action, without being quenched, nay, burning at its very brightest, blends with the quickened activity of all the being, and is not even thought of by itself."

So it is when death comes near, that with our truest, profoundest thoughts about the great mystery, we hardly know that we are thinking at all. In these and similar conditions, the intellect works vigorously, but it works in the midst of a being all quickened and exalted together, and so it is lost in the large action of the whole. This is the meaning of Lessing's remark, "He who does not lose his reason in certain things has none to lose." Or again in the lines of Wordsworth: —

> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of Visitation from the Living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.

In the further exposition of this principle, he turns to the comparison of Jesus with Socrates. It had been in his mind as he began the book to make this the climax of his treatment; he comes to it finally with the momentum which had been growing with each successive chapter. He would take the last five chapters of the Gospel of St. John and place them by the side of the story of the death of Socrates which Plato has written for us in the "Phædo." "Nowhere could the essential difference as well as the likeness of the two great teachers become more apparent." To this comparison he invites "the critics who loosely class Jesus and Socrates together," showing them where their classification fails, where the line runs beyond which Socrates cannot go, "beyond which the nature of Jesus sweeps out of our sight."

We recall in this mature expression of his thought his own youthful devotion to Socrates. We go back to the days when he was a boy of fifteen, just leaving the Latin School, for the first utterance of this enthusiasm. It had been Socrates, the "innocent martyr for truth," who had fired him with zeal in the immortal quest. Two sonnets entitled "Socrates" he had written while at the Virginia seminary. The "Phædo" was then his favorite dialogue, which he exercised himself in translating into his best English. When he took his first journey to the Old World in 1865, he seems to have given an almost equal place to Athens and Jerusalem in the enthusiasm which was stirred within him, as he gazed with his own eyes upon the sacred cities. But now for twenty years he had been studying the life of Jesus, and though he had lost none of his reverence and admiration for Socrates, there had grown up in his soul a higher and a different reverence, which is mingled with love and grateful obedience. Then he was in the intellectual stage of his development, now he has passed more completely into the sphere of the spiritual. We will not spoil the beautiful comparison which he has drawn at length by attempts at quotation or condensation. But here is the concluding paragraph: —

I know not what to say to any man who does not feel the difference. I can almost dream what Socrates would say to any man

who said that there was no difference between Jesus and him. But how shall we state the difference? One is divine and human; the other is human only. One is Redeemer; the other is philosopher. One is inspired, the other questions. One reveals, and the other argues. These statements doubtless are all true. And in them all there is wrapped up this, which is the truth of all the influence of Jesus over men's minds, that where Socrates brings an argument to meet an objection, Jesus always brings a nature to meet a nature, — a whole being which the truth has filled with strength, to meet another whole being which error has filled with feebleness (p. 243).

It had been part of Mr. Brooks's intention to show the influence of Jesus, not only by the presentation of His ruling idea, but by tracing its presence and power in His disciples and then in the actual history of the world. The scheme of course was too large. Yet he could not resist in closing to give a brief summary, where he hints at what he would have done had the opportunity permitted: —

A poetic conception of the world we live in, a willing acceptance of mystery, an expectation of progress by development, an absence of fastidiousness that comes from the possibilities of all humanity, and a perpetual enlargement of thought from the arbitrary into the essential, — these, I think, are the intellectual characteristics which Christ's disciples gathered from their Master; and I think that we can see that these characteristics make, as we set them together, a certain definite and recognizable type of mental life, one that we should know from every other if we met to-day a man in whom it was embodied. It is a type in which, according to the description which I tried to give, the intellect, while it is plentifully present, does not stand alone and force itself upon our thought. It is a type in which character is the result that impresses us, — character holding in harmony all the elements of the nature, rather than intellectuality, which is the predominant presence of one element. It is a type in which righteousness and reason so coincide and coöperate that you cannot separate them, and do not want to (p. 259).

This book, therefore, the "Influence of Jesus," may be called the Apologia of Phillips Brooks. It is the defence of himself and of his method, the exposition of his ideal of life, his final answer to the question how to meet the doubt, the weakness, the skepticism of the time. Although he seemed,

and indeed he was, in such entire sympathy with his age, yet he also saw its defect and raised against it one mighty protest. A one-sided, exaggerated intellectualism was the evil which had infected every department of human inquiry, including the things of religion. He pointed out the remedy, — the influence of Jesus tended to the restoration of a lost symmetry. This was the result of his experience in the first ten years of his Boston ministry, which gives to his preaching in Boston a different tone from the Philadelphia life. Then he had delighted in exploiting the rich allegorical import of human life and human history, with Christ as its centre and interpreter. The Boston ministry led him to proclaim the stronger Christ, who was powerful enough to subdue the world to Himself. There are hints in this book that another change was awaiting him, when he would pass into an ampler and diviner sphere. At times he seems to be tempted to give the primacy to the will. When he speaks of the obedience of Christ, it is clear that he is tending to divinize obedience as the potent faculty in Christ, through which His inspiration came, through which came also the wisdom of God. It is in the sphere of the will that the intimacy is closer than in the intellect. Through the perfect obedience of Christ comes the consciousness of oneness with the Father. Everywhere the inference is that perfect obedience of Christ means not subordination or inferiority, but coequality with the Father. With these eloquent words he closes the book: —

> I dare not, I do not hope that I have succeeded; but I hope that I have not wholly failed. For to me what I have tried to say is more and more the glory and the richness and the sweetness of all life. The idea of Jesus is the illumination and the inspiration of existence. Without it moral life becomes a barren expediency, and social life a hollow shell, and emotional life a meaningless excitement, and intellectual life an idle play or stupid drudgery. Without it the world is a puzzle, and death a horror, and eternity a blank. More and more it shines the only hope of what without it is all darkness. More and more the wild, sad, frightened cries of men who believe nothing, and the calm, earnest, patient prayers of men who believe so much that they long for perfect faith, seem to blend into the great appeal which Philip

of Bethsaida made to Jesus at the Last Supper, where so much of our time in these four hours has been spent, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And more and more the only answer to that appeal seems to come from the same blessed lips that answered Philip, the lips of the Mediator Jesus, who replies, "Have I been so long with you and yet thou hast not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

CHAPTER IX

1879–1880

VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA. CONVENTION SERMON. CORRESPONDENCE. THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER. SERMON BEFORE THE QUEEN. WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THE NEW RECTORY

THE lectures on the "Influence of Jesus" were delivered in Philadelphia in the month of February, 1879. On the second day of December, 1878, he had written to Rev. W. N. McVickar that only one of the lectures was completed, "and is so bad that the others cannot be worse; so I have a free mind and push on, and will be ready." Again he writes to McVickar regarding the lectures: —

February 8, 1879.

I was just putting the last words to the last page as your letter came in. There could not have been a better moment. Yesterday it would have seemed like a mockery to talk about the delivery of what looked as if it never would be written. And now I hate to think that I must ever read them again, and especially that I must read them to anybody whom I care about. . . . But I have one or two suggestions to make which are serious.

1. The lectures are an hour long, each of them. Can it not be arranged that there shall be little or no service?

2. They are not in the least the things for a popular audience. Not that they are learned, but they are quiet and dry. I want to have them not in the great Church, but in your Lecture Room which will make it much easier for me to read them. I think you will agree with me in this. At any rate I wish it so, and I am sure you will oblige me.

If you will do both of these things for me I will preach all day for you at Holy Trinity. If not, I will see you at Jericho before I open my mouth in the afternoon.

And then I want you to let me make a very quiet visit and not go out to dinner anywhere but at Cooper's. I don't feel up to parties, and I want to see you. Won't you say so to any kind

people who want to arrange dinners and breakfasts before I come, or who desire to invite me when I am there.

All this sounds foolish, but the fact is I have had a dreadful winter. These poor lectures have been worried through in all the distress and bewilderment of Father's death. I have n't known what I was writing half the time. Now I want to have a quiet, restful time, and I shall come trusting your good love and tact to get it for me. . . .

I count upon my visit more than I can tell you. I hope Tiffany will come. Tell him he need n't go to the lectures. James Franks is doubtful, but I hope to bring him. Give my kindest regards to your sister, and expect me Monday night.

Always affectionately yours,

P. B.

This visit to Philadelphia was an event to Phillips Brooks, to his former parishioners, and to the city. Everything connected with it moved him strongly. To the memory of Mr. John Bohlen he paid this tribute in his opening lecture: —

The subject I have chosen would not have been unwelcome to my dear friend of years ago, whose honored name this lectureship bears, and in whose behalf I shall in some sort speak. For of the men whom I have known, there has been none whose daily moral life, whose association with his fellow men, whose meeting of the joy and pain of living, and whose ways of thought and study have been more in the power of the idea of Jesus, more inspired by his Lord's revelation than his were, more obedient and trustful to his Lord's authority in order that he might become the son of God.

It is needless to say that the great church was thrown open for the purpose, and not the lecture room, as he had demanded. How the lectures were received, and how he appeared as he gave them, is told in a newspaper paragraph of the day. The tendency to describe his personal appearance is here again manifest, as though the man and his utterance were inseparable.

Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston lectured last night in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, at Nineteenth and Walnut streets, to an audience that filled every pew in that vast church and left scarcely any sitting room in the galleries. It has been

ten years since he left his pastorate of that church to take charge of a parish in Boston. . . . A tall, broad-shouldered man, with a perfectly smooth, open face, strong lines about the mouth, bright expressive eyes and dark hair, was the *personnel* of the man who came out of the vestry room with Mr. McVickar last evening at eight o'clock, and after the singing of a hymn and the delivery of a brief prayer ascended the high pulpit steps. There was no pause for preparation after he got into the pulpit. He placed the manuscript before him and began the lecture. The delivery of the man was remarkable. He announced the title and introduction in words that came so rapidly that it required the most concentrated attention to keep up with him. He spoke for about an hour. During all that time his tremendous energy of delivery kept up at the same rapid pace, reminding one of a torrent rushing over rocks. The words seemed not to flow out to the audience, but to shoot out. The ground he got over in an hour was equal to that of three ordinary lectures. And when he closed, the attention of the audience was as rapt as ever. Occasionally there would be a stumbling over a word. Then his head would jerk to this side and that impatiently, as though the word must come, despite all impediments. He kept his eyes on the paper almost continuously. Probably four times, certainly not more than half a dozen, he gave a glance out towards the audience. He seemed to lose himself entirely in his subject. His eyes were bent on the manuscript, his whole expression, his features, the twitching of his facial muscles, showed the tremendous concentration of energy put into the effort. Here was an absence of all self-consciousness; his hearers lost sight of the man and only saw the ideas, rapid, whirling, and tremendous in their force of utterance, keeping up the idea of the torrent all the time.

As to any attempts to save him from the invasion of his friends, while he was in Philadelphia, they were futile. If he could not go to them, they came to him. When he returned to Boston he wrote to McVickar, "I counted upon this visit, after this sad and dreary winter, more than ever I did on any other, and it has been to me far more than I had counted on." But he came back tired and somewhat dispirited. He was obliged to return earlier than he had intended in order to officiate at a wedding, and for a moment brides and bridegrooms lost their attractiveness to him. Boston suffered in his eyes when he thought of the happy days in Philadelphia, "And now here I am back here, and

it 's snowing, and I 'm lonely; there 's work to be done and it 's doleful generally."

In March of this year he accepted the honor of an election to the Massachusetts Historical Society. There began at this time an interesting correspondence with M. Nyegaard, a clergyman of the Reformed Church in France, whose parish was at St. Quentin (Aisne), and who had been greatly impressed by the "Lectures on Preaching:"—

Le 4 Avril, 1879.

Permettez moi de vous dire, Monsieur, malgré le peu de goût que vous devez avoir pour les compliments, que vos belles conférences m'ont fait du bien, et de vous en remercier. Elles seront désormais sur mon bureau, à côté de la Théologie pastorale de Vinet et j'éspère qu'elles deviendront comme le manuel de mon ministère.

A second letter from M. Nyegaard asked for permission to translate the lectures into French, which was granted, but the translation was not published till 1883. Somewhat later the "Lectures on Preaching" were translated into Dutch. There came an urgent invitation from the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," who explained his purpose by saying that he had just been reading the sermon, already referred to, on the "Present and Future Faith." A series of articles of the general tendency of that sermon would find their best audience if clothed in literary form. But any utterance from him would be welcome, secular or religious. To this and other invitations of a similar kind he gave a firm refusal. He speaks of Lent as going on most pleasantly, "I have no impatience for it to be over." He was then preaching as usual in many places, three times on Sunday, and often during the week. He gave the preference to invitations from his two brothers, for the family claim was the strongest, and the tie of blood the deepest in his nature. Easter week he spent in New York. He was at New Haven in April to lecture again before the students of the Divinity School. He seemed to be doing the work of an evangelist, preaching in various towns in churches of his own denomination, but almost as often in churches of other

names. There were certain Congregational churches where it seemed to be a settled arrangement that he should appear once at least every year.

At the annual convention of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, which met at St. Paul's Church, Boston, May 14, Phillips Brooks was the preacher. The words of his text were the commission of Christ to his disciples, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." In the familiar association of these words with theories of ecclesiastical organization, or with the exclusive authority of the ministry in some one particular church, he finds a meaning had been read into them which they did not originally contain. His method of overcoming the wrong interpretation and recommending the true was to dwell on the purpose for which Christ had been sent by the Father and in turn commissioned his disciples. The sermon was one for the times, cutting athwart current ecclesiastical tendencies. From the most characteristic words of Christ, four passages were selected as heads for the divisions of the sermon: —

I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. It seems to me that among all the warnings that the Church of Christ needs to-day there can be none that she more imperatively needs than this, — not to teach doctrine save as a means; not to elaborate and strengthen her own organization save as a means; but to convert, and rescue sinners. The Church so easily forgets her ends in her means. We are too apt to speak in church to artificial sins which the great universal human conscience does not recognize, to rebuke the improprieties that are not wrong, and to denounce the honest errors which good men may hold, and yet be good, as if they were the first enemies with which we and our Gospel had to fight.

I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. All earnest life which has not reached clear religious faith, all doubt, however radical, which at its heart is truthful and not scornful, all eager study of the marvellous world of nature as if the final facts of our existence must be somehow hidden in her bosom, all glorifying of humanity, as if it were an object for our worship, all struggle to develop society as if by its own self-purification earth could be turned into heaven, — all this is to the Church to-day what Judaism was to Christ, what He came not to destroy but to fulfil.

. . . The Christian church has made and makes to-day too much of settled views of Truth which may be dead, too little of the search for truth which *must* be living. One trembles when he sees the Church in any way separating itself from the pure instincts and from the earnest thought of men, and counting itself the enemy to destroy them instead of the missionary to enlighten them.

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. There are meanings in these words that can never be true of any other beside Him, not even of the Church which is to perpetuate His mission in the world. But if they declare what was the great truth of the Incarnation, that a perfectly pure obedient humanity might utter divinity, might be the transparent medium through which even God might show Himself, then is there not an everlasting sense in which the words of Jesus may become the words of the Church and the declaration of its highest privilege. . . . When one feels this, he earnestly deprecates, he deeply dreads the "clericalism" to which the church is always tending. It is not by the truth the clergy teach, it is by the lives the Christian people live that the church must be the witness of the Father.

He that is not against us is with us. They are the words of one to whom ends are more than means, to whom not regularity of method but rightness of aim and energy of purpose is the important thing. It would be interesting if we could know what became of these irregular casters out of devils in the Lord's name. By and by we hear no more of them. They seem to have disappeared. They have not been aggravated and exasperated into a sect by the insistence of Jesus that they should not work for Him unless they worked side by side with Andrew and with Peter and exactly in their way. It would not be a surprise, if we could look into the company about the cross, or into the company which gathered after the Ascension to wait for the full commission of the Spirit, to see some of these workers there drawn into the fellowship of Jesus by His sympathy with the irregular, spontaneous effort they had made to do some of His work in His name.

To the Rev. Arthur Brooks he wrote: —

Boston, May 25, 1879.

I wish we wrote oftener, but I suppose we shall always go on pretty much in this way. One of these days when I get a little further into decline perhaps I may get a country parish near New York, succeed Wildes at Riverdale or something, and then we shall see each other all the time. Wildes was here the other day at our Diocesan Convention, supposed to be attending to some

obscure and complicated business about the next Church Congress. It did us all good to see him, and owing either to his presence or Jim's absence in New York the Convention went off very tamely. There was one bit of a breeze at last between the Bishop and the Advent Fathers, but it blew over. There will be no persecution of Ritualism here like the pretty mess they have made in Pennsylvania. I thought that Dr. Hare was the sensiblest creature there. But people can never seem to see beyond their noses' ends, nor anticipate that what they break other men's heads with to-day may break their heads to-morrow. . . . We, that is William and I, have a little house down at Cohasset on the Jerusalem road where we go in two or three weeks, and where you will find us pretty nearly any time before October. Come down and look at us.

To think that Garrison is dead! What a chapter of History that closes.

He was preaching often at this time in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, before the students of the University. One of the sermons which he delivered in May, 1879, exhibited his power in extraordinary manner, — a sermon to the young from the text, "Thou . . . makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." Some special circumstance had roused him to write it. His subject was the unity of life, the continuousness of all its experiences. There was no lurid picture of endless torment, with which he sought to alarm his hearers, but even Jonathan Edwards in his most terrific discourses could never have produced a more intense or fearful impression. It was very rare with him to preach such sermons, but in this case the sermon was consistent throughout, — the dark side of life under the consciousness of sin. This is a passage which may serve to illustrate its purpose, but no extract can represent its power: —

It is when some great trouble comes to you, the death of your friend, the failure of your business, the prospect of your own death, then it is you are dismayed to find that under the changed habits of your life you are the same man still, and that the sins of your college days are in you even now. This is what makes men dread any great event in life so strangely. It brings back the past which they want to forget, or rather it compels them to see that the past is still there in the present. It is when you fire a cannon over the pond that the dead body which is sunk there rises.

It was not invective which marked the sermon, but throughout calm self-dissection of the conscience, and an intimate penetration of experiences unspoken. It ended with this sentence, "I know that there are words of comfort which I have not turned aside to speak to-day."

He was asked to include the sermon in his printed volumes, but he declined. It might do, he replied, to preach such a sermon occasionally, when judgment without mercy was the theme, but he would not give it a place in the open record.

The first day of July was the twentieth anniversary of his ordination to the deaconate. To one of his classmates, then rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, he writes: —

Boston, July 1, 1879.

Dear Paddock, — . . . Do you know, old fellow, that it was twenty years ago to-day, Friday, July 1, 1859, that we were ordained deacons in the old Chapel at Alexandria? In the morning at eight o'clock we had a Class Prayer Meeting in George Strong's room, at nine we met Bishop Meade in Dr. Sparrow's study, and at eleven the service began in the Chapel. Kidder and Townsend and Strong and you and I were ordained, and a certain Gibson of Petersburg preached the sermon. Twenty years ago, Old Fellow! We must be pretty nearly halfway through our active ministry, and what do you suppose that the next twenty years will bring? Nobody in the old Class has gone yet, and we have been something to each other, some of us, all this score of years. You know we have George Strong back in the preaching ministry. He is at New Bedford, and I see him every few weeks. Good-by, old fellow, and God bless you always.

P. B.

He replies to an invitation from Rev. Reuben Kidner to make an address at the meeting of the Eastern Convocation to be held in Ipswich: —

Boston, August 27, 1879.

I will be with you on the evening of the 17th. Please state the subject on which you wish me to speak, as you think best, only don't say anything in it about "workingmen." I like workingmen very much and care for their good, but I have nothing distinct or separate to say to them about religion, nor do I see how it will do any good to treat them as a separate class in this matter, in which their needs and duties are just like other men's.

In the fall of the year he made the acquaintance of Dean Plumptre, who was visiting this country with his wife. He had come with letters of introduction to Mr. Brooks, desirous to hear him preach after having read his sermons. But the case looked differently to Mr. Brooks, and he persuaded the distinguished visitor to preach for him at Trinity Church on Sunday, September 24. In October he was in New York, preaching at Grace Church, morning and afternoon, for his friend, Dr. Henry C. Potter, and in the evening a special sermon at St. Thomas's. While there he attended the Clericus when Dr. Channing was the subject of discussion. He gives us a glimpse of the Boston Clericus in letters to Rev. Arthur Brooks, where he also speaks of declining an invitation to the New England dinner in Brooklyn, N. Y., commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

November 4, 1879.

We had a meeting of the Club last night, and I told them all about Channing and how we talked of him at Washburn's. We were n't very intellectual, but then we were a very jolly crowd and smoking was allowed, which was more than we did at Washburn's. I have had a letter from Bishop [Horatio] Potter transmitting the letter of the City Missionary, and ending with this remarkable aspiration, "I hope that you are none the worse for the exposure of your journey and the effort of Sunday evening at St. Thomas's." Does he think that I, too, am eighty years old?

Boston, December 1, 1879.

You will have to say to your friend who sends me the kind invitation that it will be quite impossible for me to come to the New England Dinner this year, just as it was last. The fact is that Christmas and these Puritans interfere with one another now just as much as they ever did. I believe that they landed just before Christmas on purpose, so that the celebration of their landing might forever interfere with the preparation of Christmas Trees and Christmas sermons. So I can't come. I 'd rather like to, all but the having to speak. That spoils a dinner.

Next Wednesday we are going to have a time here because Dr. Holmes is seventy years old. All the folks that ever wrote for "The Atlantic Monthly," and some of us that did n't, are going to breakfast with him at the Brunswick.

On his forty-fourth birthday he writes to Mrs. R. J. Hall what was for him a long letter: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, December 13, 1879.

My dear Elise, — I do not want Christmas to come and go without sending you a word of greeting in your new home. I thanked you truly for the note you sent me so soon after you were in Vienna. I was exceedingly pleased to find that the new life had not blotted an old friend out of your mind. And I dare to think that Christmas will bring back the life at home and the life at the Church so that you will not be sorry to get a word or two. I am glad to say that there was not a murmur of objection about your wedding, and I shall always be glad to have had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Hall to Trinity. Everything there looks just as you so well remember it. The people come and go and I hope grow better. Certainly their minister enjoys it more and more every year. The Sunday-school has its multitude of small people who never seem to fail, and I think they never looked more bright and happy. Certainly they never were more numerous than this year. We are just getting a new organ for their room to take the place of the Cabinet Organ on which you have so often kindly played.

I think you must look back on all the days of work with real pleasure and gratitude. John Foster and the rest of them I dare say are getting a little bit dim in the New Lights. They are very hard to see from Vienna. But you were very much to them, and I think they must have been very much to you. One does not take so deep an interest as you had in them for so long, and then ever lose it entirely out of his life. It is like a minister's first parish, which he never loses or ceases to feel, however much he cares for the other parishes that come afterwards.

I envy you Vienna and its brightness. No place seemed to me more full of sunshine than it was when I saw it thirteen years ago. But perhaps it has dull days like other places. I wonder if you have met Dr. Mixter and his wife, who are in Vienna for the same purpose which takes you and Dr. Hall there. She was married in Trinity a couple of months before you, and has been at the Church ever since I came there when she was a child (Miss Galloupe). Do find them out and give them welcome.

If you ever come across either of the two books which I have just been reading, I am sure that you will like it. One is the "Life of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen," and the other is the "Life of Bishop Ewing" of Argyle and the Isles. The first is rather a rare book and a little hard to get; the other you may find. Both of them were noble Christian men of the best type,

fair and true, "without partiality and without hypocrisy," Broad Churchmen of the noblest sort. Every now and then we get a glimpse in the lives of such men of what Christianity yet has to do for the individual and for the race before its work shall be complete. I think I grow to have more and more tolerance for every kind of Christian except one, and he is the Christian who thinks that his Christian faith is *done*, that there is nothing greater for it to do than it has done already. He does not believe in the Second Advent, which is a true doctrine of the Gospel, not about a fantastic idea of a new incarnation and of a visible Christ in Palestine, but about a power of Christ over the destinies and institutions and hearts of men more real and spiritual than any that any age has seen yet. But I must not preach to you, and I do not know that I ever before wrote a letter eight pages long. I only wanted to assure you that I did not forget you at Christmas time, and to make sure that you should not quite forget me. I send my kindest and most cordial regards to your husband, and with all best wishes for God's truest blessings I am, my dear Elise,

Your sincere friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In replying to a letter from Mrs. Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), who had thanked him for the "Lectures on Preaching," he says: —

December 22, 1879.

I am so strange still to authorship that I do not realize that I have actually written books, and any allusion to them always embarrasses me.

To the Rev. George A. Strong he sends his thanks for a Christmas present of Clifford's writings: —

December 23, 1879.

Thank you, dear George. I have wanted to see Clifford, heathen though he be, for he is about the best specimen apparently of these men who are telling us that we have no souls, and that there is no God. They must pass away some time if anything that we believe is true. But they will surely leave some mark upon the Faith which they so patiently and ingeniously try to murder, and which will outlive them all. There is something almost picturesquely like our muddled time in Clifford being made a Christmas present of. I accept the omen. And I accept your kind good wishes, as I have all the way along for these last twenty years, and thank you ever more and more. This year is especially bright in that it has brought us more near together, after these long years when I never saw you.

There are some letters written in a hurried, anxious tone from Phillips Brooks to his brothers Arthur and John, in the early weeks of 1880, speaking of the illness of their mother. On the 1st of February she died, at the age of seventy-two. To the letters of condolence which he received from his friends he replied, but not with the same freedom from reserve as when he spoke of the loss of his father. His grief went deeper. A gentleness and softness of manner came over him, the tenderness which can find its best expression not in words, but in the features, reflecting unspeakable moods in the soul. He went heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he wrote: —

My mother has been the centre of all the happiness of my life. Thank God she is not less my pride and treasure now.

To Mr. Cooper: —

I did not know I could ever be so much like a child again, but to-night the world seems very desolate and lonely. All my life I have feared and dreaded what has come this week. And now that she is with God, I seem to know for the first time how pure and true and self-sacrificing all her earthly life has been. Surely with all these that have gone before it will not be hard to go to Him when our time comes.

To another friend: —

The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother, and with God's help she will be more to me than ever. The sense of God and his love has grown ever clearer in the midst of all this sadness and bereavement.

To members of his family he wrote these letters: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, February 15, 1880.

Dear Arthur, — I am sure we have been thinking pretty much the same thoughts for these last two weeks. It does not seem possible that two weeks have passed almost since that Monday morning. Surely Mother's departure was the quietest and most placid of all deaths. And there have been a dozen things since of which the first feeling was that I must write to her about them, and of which I wondered what she would have to say about them. Last night I had a letter from Aunt Susan, very pleasant, but very sad. They must miss her terribly up there in the old

house. What strange events in our lives will always be those two visits, so much alike when we waited together there between Father's and Mother's deaths and their funerals.

And so the new chapter of life has begun, and the Brooks Boys have got to stand together as long as they are left. Well, we have done it pretty well so far, and I guess we shall do it to the end. May we all get through with the faithfulness and simplicity with which Father and Mother have finished their course. My love to L——. Affectionately, P.

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, February 15, 1880.

Dear Aunt Susan, — I thank you with all my heart for your thoughtful and kind note. It was real good of you to write it. I knew that you had been thinking of us, and you have known I am sure that we have thought of you all constantly ever since we left you at the door in Andover. It does n't seem possible that two whole weeks have gone since that Monday morning when your message came, and when we started for the last time to go up and see dear Mother. How many times I have been over since then every moment of that day until the quiet peaceful drawing of her last breath in the evening. I never shall be thankful enough that both with her and father it was my privilege to be with them at the last and see how peacefully they both passed into the everlasting life. And ever since we laid her body in the little lot at Mount Auburn I have gone over and over all her life, and remembered all that I thought I had forgotten about the years when we were all together. You know, in some respects even better than we do, what she was to us from our birth. And it is impossible to think of her without thinking how much you were to her, and how she loved you and leaned on you, and how you helped her in everything that she did for us. Our gratitude to you and to her will always go together. Her life looks more and more beautiful every day as I think it over, and the new life that she has begun seems only the continuation and fulfilment of the life on earth which we knew and loved so well. Thank you for Uncle Gorham's letter which is very good and kind.

Give my love to Aunt Sarah and Aunt Caroline, and may God keep us all.

Your affectionate nephew,

Phillips.

We must pause for a moment longer to dwell on the mother of Phillips Brooks. Her greatest endowment was in the power and intensity of her emotional nature. She had a

vast capacity for feeling, pouring it forth inexhaustibly, untiringly. She lavished upon her family an untold wealth of devotion. His father writes to Phillips Brooks at Virginia, in 1859: —

I don't think one of her children has an idea of the extreme, incessant, and maternal anxiety she constantly feels for each one of you; just now for you and Fred. You can perhaps conceive somewhat what she feels for Fred from your recollections of *your* entrance into College life. Such anxiety and love ought to be repaid back a thousand-fold, and then the debt would still remain.

She showed the intensity of her affection in little ways that are pathetic. When she was expecting her son's return from Virginia for his vacation, she was accustomed to pin a paper on the wall of her room with a stroke for each week remaining, and draw a line across the marks as the weeks diminished. Her letters to him abound in such expressions as this, "I am longing to see you, and I cannot wait much longer." The devotion of a mother's love was the power by which she trained and ruled her children. From the time the new household was set up, she concentrated her energies in one single purpose, — the care of her family, first its religious, and then its secular welfare. As the family income at first was limited, she studied economy, serving with her own hands. She never accepted an invitation from home for any social function until her youngest child was grown up and no longer needed her care. Dr. Vinton said of Phillips Brooks that he was made by his mother. He also said of her that if she had chosen to go into society she would have been a power in the city of Boston. But the quiet household over which she ruled was a veritable nursery secluded from the world. Everything was sacrificed to this end, — the welfare of the children. Phillips Brooks recalled the picture when he went abroad for the first time. From Germany he wrote in 1865: —

My dearest Mother, — You cannot think how strange it seems to be writing in this little German inn, and knowing that you will read it, in the old back parlor at home, where you have read my letters from Cambridge, Alexandria, and Philadelphia.

Johnnie will bring it up from the post office some night, and Trip will break out into one of his horrible concerts two or three times while you are reading it. Then as soon as it is over, father will get out his big candle and you will put up the stockings, and all go up the old stairway to the old chambers, and to bed. Well, good-night and pleasant dreams to you all, and don't forget that I am off here wandering up and down these old countries and thinking ever so much about you.[1]

While solicitude for the religious life of her children was the mother's deepest anxiety, yet it did not interfere with, it may have intensified, her anxiety for their physical well-being. She was the mother careful and troubled about many things, but she had somehow reconciled the two types of womanhood; like Martha, but like Mary also, in the good part that could not be taken away from her. She was religious, and yet the simple human instincts of motherhood carried her away. It was her custom, when the boys were at a distance from home, to make up boxes, filled with everything to eat which she knew was liked. Into their preparation she put her heart and thought. Her husband writes to Phillips Brooks of one of these presents, "It was mother all over." When she sent them it was with the injunction that they would think of her while enjoying her gift.

She understood the nature of boys. Her task must often have been a hard one to curb the natural merriment which threatened at any moment to break loose in riot, or the natural play of the physical powers which often became tumultuous. Even after the boys had grown into men she still felt called upon to exercise her sway in quieting the tendency to uproar. When Phillips and Frederick were on a home visit, the one rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, and the other rector of St. Paul's Church in Cleveland, she is recalled as putting her head into the doorway of the room from which the sound of merriment came, and saying, "Boys, remember it is Sunday." She was a woman very much alive in every pore of her nature, with a watchful eye for any incident that she might distract into a

[1] *Letters of Travel*, p. 18.

spiritual channel. She studied her opportunities of approach to the soul. "That was a very beautiful prayer, father, that you read" was her remark to her husband after the morning devotions, but the remark was intended for the children.

A visitor once came to her, a young and anxious mother, in the confidence that she could get aid from one of so much experience in the bringing up of boys. At first there was demurral, and then, according to the report of the conversation, she admitted that she could say something in regard to the management of sons. This is the substance of what she said, though in passing through the mind of another it does not reflect her manner of speech, or give her exact language: —

> There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him; you are his best friend; he is never happy unless the story of the day has been told; you must hear about his friends, his school; all that interests him must be your interest. Suddenly these confidences cease; the affectionate son becomes reserved and silent, he seeks the intimate friendship of other lads, he goes out, he is averse to telling where he is going or how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently to his room. All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving, and praying for, and absolutely trusting her son. The faithful instruction and careful training during his early years the son can never forget; that is impossible. Therefore trust not only your heavenly Father, but your son. The period of which I speak appears to me to be one in which the boy dies and the man is born; his individuality rises up before him, and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by his first consciousness of himself. I have always believed that it was then that the Creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with Him, while I, their mother, stood trembling, praying, and waiting, knowing that when the man was developed from the boy I should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us.

For the illustration of this in her own experience, the reader may recall the account which has been given of Phillips Brooks's reserve, in his youth, when his mother understood him, keeping silence in the years of transition which

shut him up to the issue between God and the soul; or of the conversation with George Brooks after his confirmation, when, like Monica with Augustine, after years of waiting the full communion of spirits came at last. She was making an act of faith when to her son Phillips at Alexandria she wrote that she would not doubt his love even if she did not hear from him for years.

Phillips Brooks resembled in appearance his mother more than his father. The contour of the head, the large dark eyes, the form of the nose, something also in the poise and the carriage of the head, are those of his mother. But the large stature seems to be a remoter inheritance, coming into the Phillips family, together with the deep darkness of the eye, in Phœbe Foxcroft, his great-grandmother, the wife of that Samuel Phillips who founded the institutions at Andover. The indebtedness of Phillips Brooks to his mother in the line of a rich heritage is perhaps the greater, yet what he owed to his father is of such importance that without it he would not have been the man he was. Thus his handwriting, which is a symbol of many other things, and from which to some extent the character may be read, at one time so closely resembled his father's that it appears at a casual glance to be the same. But as the years went on it changed, and became more distinctly his own, graceful and symmetrical and most legible, without affectation, — a sort of reflection of the man. Many of the higher intellectual qualities of Phillips Brooks are those of his father. His love of historical studies, his taste for architecture, his accuracy, his interest in minute details, his literary sense, and his sober judgments of men and things, — these are traits which his father possessed. He was like him in his habit of writing out on paper what went through his mind. Had his father devoted himself to literary work, he would have achieved distinction. He loved patient, laborious research. There are several large volumes of his journals running through many years in which he notes all that came under his gaze with admirable reflections of his own, in a graceful style, and always most interesting to read. These journals stand for an immense

amount of work. No monkish chronicler in his cell in the days of the Crusades was more alive than he to the necessity of recording minutely and accurately the events of the passing hour. In that respect his son resembled him, always fastening upon that which had a genuine human interest. His father was something of an onlooker upon life, stationed a little outside or above it, in order to note its movement, and here, too, there was a close resemblance. The father had the constant play of humor without which the highest results in character and achievement are impossible, and these also the son possessed in larger measure. Phillips Brooks's almost invariable mood outside of the pulpit was one in which his humor played with all the events, the changes, and chances of this mortal life. It is said that sons inherit from the father the moral qualities. If this be true, then the high unbending integrity, the uprightness of the perfect man, who could be trusted in all circumstances to do what was right and fitting, was an invaluable paternal legacy. For of the father the truest words that his sons could speak were these, "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

In this comparison with his father, there are some other points of resemblance. They had in common the love of relics. When the father was leaving Boston in 1877, he entrusted to his son, as if his work in life were over, the relics that he valued: —

Boston, February 7, 1877.

Dear Phillips, — I have put with this bundle the book with the autograph of George Phillips, our ancestor who came over in 1630. I have always valued it from its rarity, and entrust it to your keeping as a curiosity. I know of but one other. It has the bookmark also of the Rev. Samuel Phillips of South Andover, who graduated in 1708, and died in 1711. Also his portrait. Also a Latin Bible. All of which please accept from

Father.

The mother was content to remain at home, abiding in the consciousness of an interior wealth, where lay her happiness. The son was not without this same satisfaction, but like his father he loved to travel. Thus his father writes to him on one occasion, "I have been so long at home that I

begin to feel uneasy." Phillips Brooks might have often made these words his own.

This comparison may be summed up, then, in the statement that the invaluable gift of the observation of life came from the father to the son. It is this gift which underlies the imaginative power, and indeed may be said to constitute the imagination when it is united with the other gift of expression, enabling one to reproduce what he sees. In Phillips Brooks the power of observation was enlarged in its range, and was fused with that vast and almost unlimited power of feeling which came from his mother. The gift of observation as seen in the father implies the recognition of a certain importance and significance in secular things, in life as it is and not solely as it ought to be, that kind of realism which is based on the conviction that the divine idea is actually and already working in the ways and institutions of common life. The mother had more of the spirit of the reformer, who is born to set the world right and cannot contemplate with serenity the world as it is. She hungered and thirsted for the righteousness whose coming is so slow. So strong was her will, so intense her nature, that she grew impatient with the obstacles in the way. One who knew the family well speaks of this difference between the father and the mother: —

> It always seemed to me that Phillips owed to his father the clear common sense and realization of the rights and, so to speak, the personality of others, which kept him from jarring, and made him able not to try for too much or too impulsively. I remember his once speaking with amusement of that difference between Mother and Father. "Mother," he said, "always felt that everything must be set right at once. Anything wrong roused her to appeal, 'William, are n't you going to do something about it? Why don't you talk, then!' And then Father with his quizzical smile would say, 'But it is none of my business.'"
>
> Now, it seems to me that it was just that capacity to see what was his business, and how in the prosecution of it he yet must regard other men's views and peculiarities, and could help them only by sympathy and honest respect, — in that lay Phillips's great exceptional power. We have had many fanatics, whom we have honored for their single-mindedness, but few men of such breadth of mind that we could be sure they understood those who

differed from them. And one such does more for the unity of the Church universal than all the others.

A friend of Phillips Brooks, who had seen him at home and knew his father and mother, writes of his impressions regarding them: —

Mr. Brooks always gave me the notion of a typical Boston merchant, solid, upright, unimaginative, unemotional. Mrs. Brooks gave me the notion of a woman of an intense emotional nature, the very tones of her voice vibratory with feeling, deep spiritual life, the temperament of genius, the saintly character. I felt that Phillips Brooks owed his father very much, the business-like and orderly habit, the administrative faculty which worked so easily and was so overshadowed by greater powers that it never received full recognition; the clear logical understanding that framed so well the skeletons of those sermons which the intuitive reason, the active imagination, the literary sense, the spiritual fire so richly filled out, and clothed and inspired afterwards; and the strong common sense that no fervor of feeling, no passionate outburst of soul, could ever sweep from its anchorage. But I never had a question that what made Phillips Brooks a prophet, a leader, a power among men was from the Phillips side of the family. The big heart, the changeful countenance, the voice that so easily grew tremulous with feeling, the eager look and gesture, the magnetism, the genius, seemed to me, and I believe seemed to him, his mother's. The father saw things as they were; she saw things in vision, ideally as they should be. So Phillips Brooks knew the facts of life, seeing with his father's eyes, and all the hopes and possibilities of life through the eyes of his mother.

It is unnecessary to carry this comparison further. The conjunction in one personality and in organic fashion, according to the marvellous mystery of life, of the qualities inherited from both parents constituted the foundation of the greatness of Phillips Brooks. Had he received by transmission only the outlook of his father without the inspired heroism of his mother he would not have risen to greatness. But, on the other hand, had he inherited from his mother alone, he might have been known as an ardent reformer, not wholly unlike his distinguished kinsman, Wendell Phillips, — a type familiar in New England; but the wonderful fascination of

his power for men of every class and degree, the universal appeal to a common humanity, would have been wanting. He himself recognized the divergence of these possibilities within him. Sometimes it seemed almost to amount to a contradiction whose resolution into a harmony he was seeking to accomplish. There was a moment in his Philadelphia ministry when he really identified the pulpit with the cause of social reforms. He changed, but the process of the change is buried in silence. All that we know is that when he came to Boston he must have reached the determination to confine himself to preaching. He saw that there was an evil side to this perpetual agitation, danger of life passing away while one was getting ready to live. Some said, "Remove first the obstacles which stand in the way of human progress, and then men will be able to live." He said, "The world, humanity, has already been redeemed by Christ. The opportunities of the divine sonship are open to every man. Live! Live greatly now!" [1]

The mother of Phillips Brooks, as she went about her household duties, was brooding over a world to be won for Christ. The possibility filled her with strange unuttered enthusiasm. She was thinking much about foreign missions. Her heart would have been torn with natural anguish, but she would have bravely bidden farewell to all her sons had they been going forth into heathen lands to carry the gospel of Christ. "How Mother used to talk to us about Henry Martyn," wrote Phillips Brooks to one of his brothers, when two years later he was in India. A new zeal for foreign missions was born in him from that time. The concentration of his powerful will in combination with the brooding love and tenderness for humanity, the vast almost superhuman yearning for the well-being of humanity and of individual men, the clear single purpose, from which he steadfastly refused to be turned aside, even by the fascination of intellectual culture or literary creation, the growing devotion to Christ which mastered his whole being, — this we came to know as Phillips Brooks, and this in another form was the spirit of his mother. The

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi., for a sermon on the "Battle of Life."

words of Scripture upon which he fastened as representing his mother's life, to be engraven upon the stone that marks her burying place, were these: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Shortly after her death he preached upon this text in the pulpit of Trinity Church. The sermon contains no personal reference, but it is the son's memorial of his mother.[1]

There are many of his sermons, where one familiar with his life may trace his experience in the home. It was his peculiarity to dwell on the simple facts of his own life till he saw them in their truer, because diviner meaning. There is one sermon entitled "The Mother's Wonder," on the text, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" which may be called his apology for the inevitable divergence from the standards of the household in which he had grown up. Every man must take his life finally into his own keeping, responsible only to God for his methods and conclusions.[2] Both father and mother, and particularly the mother, held stringently by those religious opinions which in that day were accounted safe, fearful of the newer books and movements in religion, lest they should shake the foundations of Christian faith. Thus the mother warned her children against Bushnell's writings as dangerous. The following letter was written by her while Phillips Brooks was in Philadelphia, after he had been for two years the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity. It will be read in a spirit of profoundest reverence, for the intensity of its convictions, its entire devotion to truth, that sense of responsibility, as it were, for the world which made the mother great: —

Boston, Sunday evening, November 27, 1864.

My dear Philly, — I have just been hearing William read two sermons by Dr. Bushnell, just published, one upon the "Agony of Christ," and one upon the "Cross." And I am so shocked by them that I cannot refrain from warning you against them as being a preacher of the Cross of Christ. Philly, they are nothing better than Unitarianism that I suffered under all my

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iii., "The Greatness of Faith."
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* vol. iv.

young life. They tear the view of Christ's vicarious suffering all to pieces. I know you admire some of his writings, therefore I warn you not to be beguiled by these; for God knows, Philly, I would rather never have you preach Christ's blessed Gospel than wickedly pervert it as Bushnell does.

I hope you do not own the book called "Christ and His Salvation." But if you do I want you to burn it with Frederick present to witness and exult over it. I have no patience with the book or with the man. It is shameful to put forth such a book under the guise of an orthodox preacher, when it is nothing better than Unitarianism. I am afraid he will beguile many a one who is not on his guard, and so I cannot help warning you. No, my dear child; remember, you have promised to preach Christ and *Him crucified* in the *true* meaning of the words, and I charge you to stand firm. If you do read the book, I would love to see you come out with a scorching criticism of it. He is also going to bring out another volume, which I also warn you against, upon "Christ's Vicarious Sufferings." I shudder to think how he will deny all Christ's blessed dying *for us*.

No, Philly, I 've sat under such preaching a long time, and I know how to warn you all against it. I know Dr. Vinton would not like those sermons; he is so simply sound. I heard him condemn Dr. Bushnell fifteen years ago.

Philly, I wish you would let Frederick read what I have written. It may do him good too. And excuse the plainness of my writing, and impute it all to my love of the Truth and my earnest desire that you may continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end.

Your faithful and affectionate,

FRIEND AND MOTHER.

P. S. I hope you will answer this letter. Perhaps it would be better after you have read the sermons. But perhaps you had better not read them at all.

The significance of this letter is its valuation of the truth of vicarious atonement, which, apart from all reasoning, is the expression of some deep human feeling, too persistent to be set aside as an accident in the history of the religious life. Dr. Bushnell, it is well known, changed his opinion on the subject, and after much serious consideration withdrew the book in which he had questioned the vicariousness of the great sacrifice. This letter from the mother of Phillips Brooks, it may be taken for granted, had its influence on

the son. He was too deep a student of the religious life and of the instinctive utterances of Christian feeling to deny the validity of a conviction which meant so much in his mother's experience. The subject will be referred to again when treating of his theology. But here it may be said that this letter stands to his theology somewhat as the letters of his father, in regard to carrying politics into the pulpit, stood to his general attitude as a preacher. He was a loyal son, even when forced to differ from the parental injunction.

Another instance of the parental anxiety was displayed when the book "Ecce Homo" appeared, creating bewilderment through its unusual treatment of the person of Christ. Phillips Brooks sought to allay the anxiety which his enthusiasm for it had created in the home circle by appealing to the authority of Dr. Stone, who was regarded as a safe guide, "I am happy to report to you that Dr. Stone is an enthusiastic admirer of 'Ecce Homo.'" But any concern which the mother may have felt because of the son's divergence from those opinions to which she rigidly adhered ceased to exist after he came to Boston. His preaching entirely satisfied her soul in its most exigent demands for the bread of life. This confirms what has already been said, that he had now taken up her mission and was fulfilling it after her heart's desire. Sometimes he himself or his friends would seek to tease her by speaking of his tenets as not in harmony with her doctrinal system, but she was no longer annoyed. She kept the counsels of her heart about intellectual difficulties and new developments in theology. It was enough that he was preaching the Christ whom she knew and loved with a power and insight she had never known before.

Both father and mother felt the natural human pride in such a son. At the time when the services of Trinity Church were held in Huntington Hall, the father is remembered as going to the robing room, before the service began, and leaving there his hat and overcoat before entering the hall. The mother sat with a rapt countenance, leaning slightly forward as her son was preaching. She would often come up to him

in her shy, gentle way, saying, "Phillips, that was a beautiful sermon." She had fears, sometimes grave anxiety, lest his popularity and success would injure his character. "Do you think they are spoiling him?" she once asked in her pleasant but abrupt way of a young clergyman whom she casually met. She did not like the new style of Evangelical preaching which came in with the younger generation, with its finical play upon the letter of Scriptures, the finding of surprising meanings in the absence or presence of grammatical particles. She also refused to believe that there were any "Romanizing germs" in the Prayer Book. Thus she wrote: —

BOSTON, May 7, 1869.

MY DEAR PHILLY, — I hear that you are to preach the Convention Sermon next week. Do stand up with all your strength for our dear good Prayer Book. Plead that not one jot or tittle of it be altered. It never was the cause of that hateful ritualism, and our Faith and our Church will go when our Prayer Book is changed. Let us show we can defend our good old Mother when she is in danger. I trust in your power and will to do it, and may God help you to defend the right.

Anxiously, your Mother, and earnestly.

The mother is also remembered for that peculiar power of sympathy which was illustrated so amply in her son. A lady who had given up her religious home among the Unitarians to attend Trinity Church, and who felt still as a stranger in the new position, recalls how Mrs. Brooks introduced herself once after service, alluding to her own loneliness when she made the transition to the Episcopal Church. Another lady says of her, "I never saw her without feeling a desire to be better." When her sister went to Washington during the war to serve as a nurse in the hospitals, she writes that she wishes she could go herself. For many years she taught a class of boys in a mission Sunday-school on Purchase Street. But her main work was at home, caring for her household and her children. There she revealed her greatness. Of the devotion of Phillips Brooks to his mother much might be said, and especially in those last years of her life, when he seemed to live for her in constant acts of thoughtfulness for

her comfort and happiness. She came to wonder at his goodness. She grew deeper into the childlike spirit. Gratitude and humility were the graces of her character. Her favorite hymn was one of Bonar's, called the "Everlasting Memorial:"

Up and away like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

The reputation of Phillips Brooks as a preacher had now extended into England and Scotland. To trace the process of his growing fame abroad would be only to repeat the story of his first appearance in the pulpit of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia or of his coming to Trinity Church in Boston. Abroad as at home he awakened the same interest in himself as a man, as well as overcame his hearers by his power in the pulpit. It had been through Dean Stanley that his first introduction to England had come. Then Dean Stanley's friends had become his own, speaking of him among themselves. This was the first beginning of his English fame. When his first volume of sermons appeared, it reached a wide circulation in England, because those who read it spoke of it to their friends as something which had left a rare impression on their minds. Beneath the thought they penetrated to the man, and felt the same desire to know him that had been felt at home. A pathetic interest attaches to this first volume because Dean Stanley read it by the bedside of his wife in her last days. A distinguished dignitary of the Church of England wrote to a friend who sent it to him: —

January 21, 1879.

. . . The volume you so kindly sent me to look at is a treasure, and it has already been brought under my notice by Canon Spence, of St. Pancras, who was introduced to it by Canon Farrar. I have ordered a copy for myself, for I had already dipped into the volume and seen what wealth it contains. Canon Spence said, "The man who wrote those sermons is a *giant*," — little knowing that his words applied *physically* as well as *intellectually!* I must say that Phillips Brooks is of all living divines

the one with whom I feel I have most in common, — whose view of Christianity and the Christian life appears to me to be the wisest and the healthiest. I wish I had the chance of "sitting under" such a teacher. If we could import him into a stall at Westminster what a gain it would be! Our Dean says he considers the last sermon he preached at the Abbey the best he ever heard there.[1]

The knowledge of the sermons came to the Queen, who read them with deep interest, and made them a gift to the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty having expressed a desire to hear him preach when he next visited England, the invitation was conveyed to him by the Dean of Windsor, and on Sunday, the 11th of July, he preached in the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle. The text of the sermon was Rev. iii. 12: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God . . . and . . . my new name." As it was the first instance in which an American clergyman had preached before the Queen, Dean Wellesley was naturally interested in the result. Writing to Dean Stanley the next day he says: —

Phillips Brooks was a complete success. The Queen and —— who were here admired him very much. His word-painting — if one may use the expression — was very fine, clothing matter most lucidly arranged and with much unction. I do not remember having heard a finer preacher; and with it the man himself, most simple, unassuming, and agreeable.

To Phillips Brooks Dean Wellesley wrote, July 19, 1880: —

I received with great pleasure your letter of the 18th, more especially as it gives me the opportunity of letting you know that the Queen is most anxious to have a copy of your sermon. She has twice asked for it. If it is not giving you too much trouble, you would have it copied in a fair round text, although she would certainly prefer it in your own hand. It would be very nice, if on your return to Boston you would include the sermon preached before the Queen of Great Britain in your next volume of printed sermons.[2]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. i., for the sermon referred to, under the title, "The Symbol and the Reality."

[2] The request was complied with, and the sermon is given in *Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 60.

To Mrs. Messer, a daughter of the late Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, living in England, Mr. Brooks wrote the following letter describing his visit to Windsor: —

CALEDONIA HOTEL, EDINBURGH, July 18, 1880.

DEAR MRS. MESSER, — You took such a kindly interest in my going to Windsor that I know you will allow me to tell you about my visit, and how pleasant an experience it was. I went down on Saturday evening and spent the night at the Castle. Everybody was most hospitably cordial, and curious and new as it all was I enjoyed the evening very much. Sunday was a delightfully pleasant day, and the service at noon was full of heartiness and spirit. The place was not, as I had feared, too small to preach in; and the people, Her Majesty and all the rest, were good enough to listen, so that the twenty minutes of preaching was not disagreeable. After the service the Queen sent for me, and I had a short interview with her. She was kind and pleasant, and I liked her. In the afternoon I went to service in St. George's Chapel, and in the evening came back to London. It was all a very enjoyable experience. I shall always look back to it with much interest. We left London early the next morning, and have been in and about Edinburgh ever since. I have been trying hard to understand what the Scotchmen are saying and how their very queer and complicated Ecclesiastical System is working, and I make some little progress in both. It rains most of the time, otherwise everything is most pleasant. To-morrow morning we are off for the Highlands.

I thank you for all your kindness, and with all good wishes, I am, Ever sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Besides preaching before the Queen and at Chester Cathedral, Mr. Brooks preached at Westminster Abbey, delivering his famous sermon, "The Candle of the Lord." As the Sunday fell on the Fourth of July, many felt that the Dean had given a very difficult task to an American in asking him to preach on that day in such a place. The Dean himself felt some anxiety about the result. Lady Francis Baillie, a sister-in-law of Dean Stanley, has contributed an interesting incident in connection with the occasion. After the service she slipped out into the deanery by the private door, and reached the drawing-room before any of the guests

who were to come in from the Abbey. She found the Dean with tears running down his face, a most extraordinary thing for him; and as soon as she appeared he burst out with expressions of the intensest admiration, saying that he had never been so moved by any sermon that he could remember, and dwelling on the wonderful taste and feeling displayed in the passage at the end. This is the passage referred to, appended to the sermon in order to commemorate the day: —

My Friends, — May I ask you to linger while I say a few words more which shall not be unsuited to what I have been saying, and which shall, for just a moment, recall to you the sacredness which this day — the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence — has in the hearts of us Americans. If I dare — generously permitted as I am to stand this evening in the venerable Abbey, so full of our history as well as yours — to claim that our festival shall have some sacredness for you as well as for us, my claim rests on the simple truth that to all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men. Not by the traditions of its history, nor by the splendor of its corporate achievements, nor by the abstract excellence of its constitution, but by its fitness to make men, to beget and educate human character, to contribute to the complete humanity, the perfect man that is to be, — by this alone each nation must be judged to-day. The nations are the golden candlesticks which hold aloft the glory of the Lord. No candlestick can be so rich or venerable that men shall honor it if it holds no candle. "Show us your man," land cries to land.

In such days any nation, out of the midst of which God has led another nation as He led ours out of the midst of yours, must surely watch with anxiety and prayer the peculiar development of our common humanity of which that new nation is made the home, the special burning of the human candle in that new candlestick; and if she sees a hope and promise that God means to build in that land some strong and free and characteristic manhood, which shall help the world to its completeness, the mother-land will surely lose the thought and memory of whatever anguish accompanied the birth, for gratitude over the gain which humanity has made, "for joy that a man is born into the world."

It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I love with all my heart and soul. I may not ask your praise for any-

thing admirable which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday I may do something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour. I may ask for your prayers in her behalf. That on the manifold and wondrous chance which God is giving her, — on her freedom (for she is free, since the old stain of slavery was washed out in blood); on her unconstrained religious life; on her passion for education and her eager search for truth; on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities; on her quiet homes where the future generations of men are growing; on her manufactories and her commerce; on her wide gates open to the east and to the west; on her strange meeting of the races out of which a new race is slowly being born; on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness, — on all these materials and machineries of manhood, on all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I may ask you to pray that the blessing of God, the Father of man, and Christ, the Son of man, may rest forever.

Because you are Englishmen and I am an American; also because here, under this high and hospitable roof of God, we are all more than Englishmen and more than Americans; because we are all men, children of God waiting for the full coming of our Father's kingdom, I ask you for that prayer.[1]

These words of international amity, which if they could be realized would put an end to jealousy or suspicion or hostility between England and America, were rendered memorable by the sublime associations of the place and the day as well as by the preacher who uttered them. The occasion becomes representative, impressive to the historical imagination. It has in it the element of the picturesque, in which Dean Stanley delighted. The accessories of the moment have been described by an eyewitness: —

A vast congregation filled the grand old Abbey, the most striking scene of Christian worship in the world. There was the presence, too, in spiritual communion of the great dead whom the Abbey commemorates, the men of renown in English history, — statesmen and warriors, poets and philosophers, men of letters, of science and of arts, who have made England great, and in whose greatness America claims a share. The noble anthem of Mendelssohn, "I waited for the Lord," resounded through the arches of the vener-

[1] *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 20, 21. Cf., also, *Essays and Addresses*, p. 354, for a reference to the occasion by Mr. Brooks.

able fane. Dean Stanley, the most eminent ecclesiastic of the century, read for the first lesson the story of Absalom's death in pathetic, almost dramatic manner. While Keble's hymn, "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," was being sung the American preacher in his black gown mounted the pulpit. There were many in the large congregation who had come attracted by his fame. The eyes of all fastened upon him as he spoke. He held their attention by the freshness and suggestiveness, the beauty and spiritual power, with which he invested his theme. He was cultured and classical in his style; there was also noted the absence in the voice of any American peculiarity which grates upon English ears. But yet he reminded in some subtle way of the wide prairies, in the largeness and freedom of the atmosphere which enveloped him as a garment. There was one common verdict on the sermon, — it was worthy of the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. From that time the fame of Phillips Brooks was established in England. He had the royal approval in having preached before the Queen; it was but a short step to the confidence and love of the English people.

There was an event in ecclesiastical circles while Mr. Brooks was in England which was making no slight commotion, — the renunciation of the Church of England by the Rev. Stopford Brooke in order to join the Unitarians. In this event there came to a focus some of the conditions of religious thought which characterized the moment. Mr. Brooke left the Church because he no longer accepted the miracle, joining the Unitarians because among them he was free to preach a non-miraculous Christianity. The question was raised whether he was justified in leaving the Church on this ground. As the national establishment of religion, the Church of England, it was said, might reflect the passing phases of religious opinion in the nineteenth century, as in the eighteenth, without detriment to her spiritual constitution or effectiveness. It must be remembered that at this time the scientific presumption against the miracle was so strong that it almost amounted to an intellectual proscription of its adherents. To scientific minds the miracle had become impossible and unthinkable. To a friend in England who asked for his opinion on the questions at issue, Phillips Brooks wrote this letter: —

233 Clarendon Street, November 4, 1880.

Dear Mrs. Messer, — I must thank you in a single hurried word for your kindness in sending me the account of Stopford Brooke's Sermon. I differ from him very deeply. To me the Incarnation and the miracles which Christ Jesus is said to have wrought seem to be sublimely reasonable, and contradicted by no knowledge of man or of the world which God has given us. I believe that they are true historically and most natural philosophically.

But as between Mr. Brooke and those who blame him for leaving the Church of England, I cannot doubt which is right. Of course *he* is. He could not stay in justice to the Church or to himself. The "Spectator" had an article upon his action a few weeks ago with which I thoroughly agreed.

Ever sincerely yours,

Phillips Brooks.

Mr. Brooks was accompanied on this visit by his youngest brother. Leaving London after a few delightful weeks, they went to Scotland.

Scotland, July 25, 1880.

Dear Arthur, — . . . Here are John and I, way up in the Highlands, with everything redolent of heather and broom and gillies and pibrochs and burns and tarns and the "Princess of Thule" and that sort of thing. Your letter reached me at Oban a day or two ago, and it was pleasant to learn about Commencement up among those wretches who never heard of Harvard. The Highland journey has been very beautiful and everything has gone well, the weather being exceptionally well behaved. We had almost a week in and about Edinburgh with a little visit to St. Andrew's, where we saw Shairp and Tulloch and the little Divinity School over which the author of the "Rational Theology" presides. One gets quite interested in theological quarrels here, and listens to the battle which is raging over Robinson Smith and his articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" with a curious sort of sense that he is hearing the roar of an out-of-the-way skirmish of the same battlefield that he is so familiar with at home. The Kirk and the Free Church and the U. P's keep up a perennial turmoil, and divide the people of every little county town among them. . . .

In London everything was very pleasant. Stanley was very devoted, and put us in the way of seeing lots of pleasant sights and people. I preached for him in the Abbey on the Fourth of July, and was quite shamed with the way in which Farrar in the

afternoon outsaid everything that I possibly could have said about America. Then I went down to Windsor and preached. . . . Last Sunday we spent in Edinburgh and heard their great man there, a certain Dr. MacGregor. . . . John spent at Boston the Sunday which I spent at Windsor, and preached in old St. Botolph's there.

Mr. Brooks returned to Boston with the prospect of taking possession of the new house, No. 233 Clarendon Street. It was intended, of course, as the rectory of Trinity Church, but was built primarily for him, the architect Richardson advising with him in regard to the plan. Mr. Brooks had at first protested against the purpose of building him a fine house, which should be a permanent home. So long had he been accustomed to transient residences in hotels or hired houses that it seemed to him inappropriate to live in any other way. But he acquiesced in the arrangement, and soon appreciated its advantages. The house on Clarendon Street became very dear to him as to all his friends. It was part of his recreation to adorn and beautify it with pictures and relics and souvenirs of travel, till it took on a personal character and seemed the expression of himself. Among the relics which he valued and gave an honored place were an old chair from the house in North Andover, and a cabinet richly carved, for which he had a peculiar reverence, as associated with the generations of the Phillipses. He writes to his aunt Susan that it is a perpetual pleasure, asking for information about its history.

Among the letters of this year there is one to his college friend, the Rev. James Reed, pastor of the New Church in Boston: —

April 29, 1880.

My dear Jim Reed, — It has not been carelessness or ingratitude that has kept me from acknowledging your book before this. But I wanted to read it first, and I found no time until a few days ago, when I went to New York and took it with me. Then I read it all carefully, and I want to tell you how much I enjoyed it.

I am not a New Churchman in the special meaning which the words have for you, but I hope still that I have some small part and lot, as I certainly have the deepest interest and delight, in

the great New Church which one feels moving everywhere under the crust of sects and dogmas in these days: the New Church which comes down from heaven and not up out of the earth, and whose power of life and unity is love and loyalty to the personal Christ.

I thank you with all my heart for your Book, for it has shown me how much there is that is dear to both of us alike, and has helped me I know in faith and life.

May God bless you always.

Your old friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the fall of the year he participated in the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston, where his ancestor, John Cotton, had been a minister, and again at Watertown in the commemoration of the founding of the town and church in 1630, in which his ancestor, Rev. George Phillips, had been an important factor. "I am afraid," he writes to his aunt Susan, "that my ancestors would not approve of the people who are celebrating them."

To his brother in bereavement by the death of a child he writes this letter: —

December 2, 1880.

DEAR JOHNNY, — I hope that you will feel like coming down on Monday. I am sure that it will do you good; you know what a simple, quiet time it is. All the fellows will be glad to see you, and you know what a treat it will be to me.

I have been thinking of you all the time, and hoping that you were happy, and that everything was going well with you and H——. The Sundays must have been hard enough, and yet I know the work has helped you. I am sure it is a blessing to a minister that the work to which he has to go when he is in sorrow is not a foreign thing which vexes and chafes him, but he is busied with the thoughts which he needs most, and which bring him into the presence of God where he most wants to be.

I am so glad that I was with you those two days, and that I had part in choosing the pleasant spot where the body of your little child and my godchild was to be laid. I shall always be thankful for it. How beautiful it must be out there this bright winter morning!

To the Rev. W. N. McVickar he writes in reference to the consecration of the Church of the Holy Trinity: —

RECTORY OF TRINITY CHURCH, 233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 4, 1880.

My dear McVickar, — Your good letter came yesterday, and I am glad to be able to clap you on the back at this long distance, and rejoice with you in the Church of the Holy Trinity. Long may you live to flourish there, dear fellow, and may each year be happier and brighter than the year before it.

Thank you for wanting me to come. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. If the consecration should be on the 11th of January, I 'll come and spend the 9th with you and preach all I know how on that day and stay over the Consecration day. But I won't preach the Consecration sermon. Dr. Vinton is expecting to do that, and I have n't a moment between now and then to preach a consecration sermon. Get him to come and give the occasion the proper solemnity and dignity which neither you nor I, old boy, are capable of giving.

If you 'll do that I will be with you on the 9th and the 11th. I don't see how I could possibly be there on the 13th, for I must lecture here upon the evening of the 12th, and the 16th is our Foreign Missionary Sunday, when I must surely be at home.

Now think of all this; ponder and digest it well, and when your mind is clear write to me all about it, and I will make a big mark in my Almanac, and when the day comes so will I.

My best remembrance to your sister and to you. Oh, William, what more can I say than that the longer I live I am more and more,

Yours respectfully and affectionately (if you only would n't cross your letters),

Phillips Brooks.

CHAPTER X

1881

THE CALL TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AS PREACHER AND PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS. EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE

One of the features of the ministry of Phillips Brooks was its adaptation to all classes of men. He spoke to all alike as though in some way he had bridged the gulf which divides the people. He touched the common humanity. But, for the most part, it was his mission in life to preach to people of intellectual culture; nowhere was he more eagerly welcomed than in colleges and universities where the standard was intellectual. Like Schleiermacher in his famous appeal to the educated people of Germany, he made thoughtful men and women realize the power of religion in an age when the current of tendencies ran strongly against religious faith. It is all true, so he seemed to be constantly saying, — this old religion; it has a deeper, larger, grander meaning, and a diviner beauty than you knew. It only needs to be seen as it really is and you would receive it again with enthusiasm. His temperament was intellectual, and therefore he met the human intellect in all stages of its development. Had he been free to follow his natural bent he would have pursued the lines of intellectual research and activity in which his age was interested. But the preparation for the ministry and the experience of the pulpit had forced upon him the conviction, that if the intellectual appeal was to be effective it must come from an intellect fused in organic relationship with the heart and will, — the whole man on the one side reaching forth to meet a simple humanity on the other.

It was through his power to meet the needs of those who were seeking to connect intellect with life that he became the

favorite preacher to young men in that stage of their progress where the intellect is supreme. To an age of over-intellectual refinement and subtlety, where the reason was defeating its own end, he brought a mind which had been subjected to special training in the logic of life. Educational institutions recognized his mission and asked for his aid. While in Philadelphia he had been called to the presidency of Kenyon College, in Ohio. He felt an attraction for such a call, but declined on the ground that he would not be free to carry out his purpose in his own way. He had been invited to take the chair of Church History in the Philadelphia Divinity School, and, as we have seen, his impulse had been to accept it. In 1880 he was requested to consider the question of the provostship of the University of Pennsylvania. To Dr. Weir Mitchell he then wrote: —

I must not think of the provostship; though if I were free there is no place in the country that would attract me so. I think the work of a provost there, should it be thoroughly and in the best way successful, would be so fine, that nothing I could think of would compare with it. But I am a preacher to the end.

But there came a call which shook his resolve to abide exclusively by the pulpit. In the early spring of 1881 he was invited to accept the position of preacher to Harvard University and professor of Christian Ethics. It was an opportunity that strangely realized the dreams of his youth, when it had been his ambition to become a great teacher, when his highest hopes would have been fulfilled if he had been offered a position in Harvard College. It was a characteristic of the man that what he had once loved he had loved forever, and to Harvard his whole heart had been given. The call came as the natural sequence of his devotion to it during his ministry in Boston. On coming to Boston he had been at once elected to its Board of Overseers, and when his first term of service had expired was reëlected for a second term. In this capacity for twelve years he had now served the College.

In his position as an Overseer [says President Eliot] he supported all changes which enlarged the freedom of the students,

simplified regulations, and tended to develop in the young men the capacity for self-control. In his judgment of character and of conduct, he was generous without being weak. He was tolerant of all religious, philosophical, and political views and opinions, — so much so that I never heard him raise a question on any such matter when the appointment of a teacher was under discussion; but he had a strong dislike for the pessimistic or cynical temper, and in a few instances he expressed distrust of College teachers on the ground that they exhibited this quality, in his judgment so injurious to young men.

His first connection with the College as a religious teacher was indirect, through the chapel of the Episcopal Theological School. The most noticeable feature of these Sunday evening services for the seven consecutive years he had preached there was the large number present of its officers and students. It was something unusual for students in such large numbers voluntarily to crowd a place of worship in order to listen to a sermon, and the spectacle awoke reflection as to the place of religion in the College. During those years the attendance of Harvard students never slackened. They knew that the service was intended for them, and the feeling grew that Phillips Brooks was devoting himself to their interest. When this arrangement came to an end in 1877, a petition was sent to him from the students, with a large number of signatures, asking that he continue to preach in the chapel. But for various reasons it was not possible to comply with the request, and there came the feeling of a void, which could be only partially filled by his occasional appearance at the college chapel. In 1881 came the opportunity to bring him into an official relationship, through the resignation of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, who for many years had held the post of preacher to the University. To this vacant place Mr. Brooks was at once invited.

The call of Phillips Brooks to Harvard produced a widespread and intense excitement. There was much speculation as to its import and possible consequences, — deep searchings of heart when one considered all the issues involved. In the minds of some the consideration was foremost that the University was breaking with the traditions of its history in

handing over the responsibility for the religious training of its students to an Episcopal clergyman, a representative of the Church of England in America. And again for several generations the College had been identified with Unitarianism. To call a minister of another denomination must mean at least that the University was swinging away from its old position as a sectarian institution. But if this meant calamity to Unitarians it must mean jubilation to Episcopalians, as though there were a possibility of their ultimate possession and control. Or, still further, there was ground for the sinister suspicion that Mr. Brooks had changed his creed, and under some tacit understanding with the Corporation had been called to the high position. In the absence of definite information, and in the intense interest and excitement which prevailed, unnatural rumors were magnified into facts. Mr. Brooks himself was so stirred by these reports that he went to President Eliot, and asked if it were understood by those in authority that he was a Trinitarian in his belief. The answer was definite and satisfactory that he had been called with full knowledge of his theological position. Thus the religious history of more than two hundred years seemed to be condensed in this simple issue.

Whether the President and the Corporation of Harvard had foreseen these things or not, they could not have realized how profound and widespread would be the interest which their action would awaken, how it would stir the city of Boston, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and become a question of importance to the country at large. But in the midst of the excitement and the confusion, one thing stood out with great clearness, from which there could be no dissent, — the Corporation of Harvard University in calling Phillips Brooks had performed an ideal act which was above all criticism; they had asked for the one man in all the world whom they most wanted, who if he came would fill the vacant place, and bring increasing honor and confidence to the institution. They had called him not because he belonged to any one religious body rather than another, but in spite of his denominational affiliation. They had supreme confidence in the man

himself, that under all circumstances he could be trusted to do that which was right and honorable and beautiful in the eyes of all men.

It was understood from the first that Phillips Brooks not only felt free to consider the offer, but that he was strongly inclined to accept it. He had freely said so when the offer came to him. It would seem as though this were a question which a man was entitled to decide for himself, and above all that such a man as Phillips Brooks would insist upon this simple prerogative of his manhood. If he had done so, all would have admitted that he had acted conscientiously and from the highest motives. But here we touch an extraordinary phase in this most important of the experiences of his life. He was not to be allowed to decide it for himself. The issues at stake were so vast and so momentous, he represented so much more than himself, that he was compelled, as it were, involuntarily to submit the question to be determined by the people while he waited for the verdict. Such is the impression made when the full picture of the moment is gathered in. There came a month of waiting and suspense, filled up with personal interviews, when anxious letters flowed in upon him daily from all parts of the country, from all classes of people, from the governor of the Commonwealth and the president of the University down to the humble serving woman who had found him her support and consolation in the struggle with the hard necessities of life. As one studies this mass of letters, where the question of his going to Harvard is discussed frankly and in all its bearing by scholars and statesmen and thinkers, by lawyers and men of business, by the clergy of all denominations, by women in all ranks of life as well as by men, by those who were his closest friends and by those who had never seen or heard him, there is conveyed to the mind a rare and intimate vision of how people are feeling at a certain moment in life, such as one never gets from books or history.

To Phillips Brooks it must have proved a strange revelation. In his simplicity he had thought he could act in such a juncture as did other men. Now it was borne in upon him

that he did not belong to himself and was no longer living for himself. Others were claiming him for their possession, each for his own. It reminds one of that earlier experience when the spirit of the world also recognized him for its own, and blocked his way when he was seeking to direct it for himself. The spirit which then sent him into the ministry was now at work to prevent the defeat of its design. To this end it invoked methods that were almost weird in their effects. Those who wrote and spoke to him broke the customary reticence of life, and told him all they thought and felt. It was like listening to a long eulogy while he was yet alive. It must have had its effect. It humiliated him to the very dust. He could never again be quite the same that he had been. There was from this time a change in his face and bearing, as of one who had seen a vision of things unspeakable.

It may be interesting to review, now that twenty years have gone by, the history of that critical moment in the life of Phillips Brooks. He was the object of a controversy, almost a battle, between contending parties, not unequally matched. In the first place the cause of the University may be presented. And from the first it had this advantage, that Mr. Brooks felt a strong inclination to accept the call. He liked young men and the associations of student life. Throughout the years of his ministry he had not discarded his early ambition to do some scholarly work. Amid the pressure of duties in a large parish he felt at a disadvantage when issues were at stake which could be solved only by intellectual research. To this research he could bring a mind that had learned how to connect abstract ideas with life. He may even have felt that he had for this reason a special mission to young men at the age when the intellectual is too apt to be divorced from the moral and the spiritual. There was a possibility that he might help them to a more complete culture. He was at this time forty-five years of age, not too late to betake himself again to the distinctive work of a student, — the moment in a man's life when all his powers have reached their perfection. But it was manifest enough

that he had no time to lose. If anything were to be done in this direction it must be begun now, or he must abandon the dream forever.

And still further, he was beginning to be wearied with the burden he had so long been carrying. For twenty years he had stood in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, preaching his matchless sermons. To exert the influence he did was to take the life out of him. With the constant drain on his vital powers it was a marvel that he had endured so long without the breaking down of his health. People had come to think of his work as calling for no effort or preparation, welcoming and rejoicing in his appearance as in the sun shining in its strength. In the rich endowment of his nature, he seemed to work with such absolute spontaneity that no one thought of a possible exhaustion, or if they did, postponed it to years in the remote future. Yet there were signs already that he had overtaxed his strength. He said nothing of them, perhaps did not consciously recognize them as warnings. Yet he knew that he needed some great change, and the opportunity was here presented to him.

These personal considerations were reinforced by the most earnest appeals from the University, its officers and its students, and by others throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever the interests of Harvard were cherished. The late Professor J. P. Cooke wrote to him: —

> Of the great opportunities for influence which the College offers, you need no one's testimony; but I doubt if you appreciate how very great they are. I have had an intimate knowledge of the facts for some thirty years, and I speak of what I do know when I say that your power here at this time would exert a greater influence over the educated minds of the country than in any other position however prominent. As is the case with all planting, we are obliged to wait long for the fruit of our labor, but it is a noble harvest when it comes. This is a place where conviction at once leads to action, and you know this is not the case where men are engrossed in the cares of the world. The one place in the country to fight and overpower the agnosticism which is weakening the religious faith and sapping the manhood of the community is just here. You have a wonderful power, and I do hope you can view this field of labor as I do.

The College is offering you [wrote a prominent educator] the very finest chance for working "Christo et Ecclesia" that has ever before been offered to any man in this country.

The greatest religious opportunity in this country [wrote another distinguished teacher] will be lost if you say No.

And who knoweth [were the words of Scripture quoted to him] whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?

You can touch [says a Unitarian clergyman] the young men at Harvard. I will not say "you know to do it," for I doubt if you do know how you do it. But God helping you, you do it.

Allow me to express my very earnest desire and hope [wrote the late Dr. Ezra Abbot] that you will accept the call to Harvard, where I am sure your influence would be a power for good hardly to be measured.

No other man [wrote one of the younger professors in the College] has such a hold on the young men as you. No matter what the explanation is, you do, as a fact, hold their ear and their whole confidence. . . . I believe you can do with these thousand young men practically anything. . . . People of every church would welcome you, without distinction of creed and with open arms.

Among the clergy, as among the students, the sense of religious divisions was subordinated when they thought of Phillips Brooks at Harvard. Yet in some of the letters there is the consciousness that religious changes are impending, not without significance. Most of the clerical opinion was in favor of his remaining in Trinity Church. But there were some exceptions. The late Rev. J. F. Garrison, a learned and thoughtful Episcopal divine, not so widely known as he deserved to be, writes: —

My acquaintance with you is too slight to give me any right to express an opinion to you upon so weighty a matter, but my sense of its vast importance is so profound that I shall let it override conventionalities. I feel that no congregation in this Union can give you such a mighty field of work for God, just where it is most needed, as there. To be the privileged teacher of thousands of men, themselves well-nigh all to be in their future life in

some high sense teachers, and of such an institution, will enable you to do a work for the cause of Christ such as is seldom offered to a man. And in this age, when there are such intense mental awakenings and so much silly orthodoxy quailing under them, to have a man who knows how to be true to the essentials and yet not bound in the grave clothes of dead formulas, seems to me one of those providences of God you ought not to regard in any other light or on personal grounds.

Among other letters which came to him was one from the late Rev. John Henry Hopkins of Williamsport, Pa., the son of the Bishop of Vermont with the same name, an ecclesiastical controversialist all his life, devoted to High Church principles, but also capable of seeing the larger bearings of religious problems. He writes: —

Your election to succeed Dr. Peabody at Harvard is the most *stunning* fact in regard to religious changes that our country has seen since the Cutler and Johnson tempest in the "good old colony times." It means more than dozens of Rectorates or even Episcopates. *Accept by all means.* There ought not to be one moment's hesitation, unless merely to enhance the *effect* of your acceptance. Your acceptance will do more to leaven the intellect of the land than can well be conceived of. Rejoicing with all my heart in the wonderful field thus opening before you for widespread good, I am, etc.

This following letter was from the late Dr. George E. Ellis, who was watching the career of Phillips Brooks with an interest deep and undisguised: —

110 Marlborough Street, Boston, April 5, 1881.

Dear Mr. Brooks, — With inexpressible satisfaction do I read in the papers that the Corporation of the College have invited you to the office of the College Pastor. Allow me to say frankly that I can think of no other minister of any denomination whom I would so gladly see in that office, and whose accession to and occupancy of it would be so grateful to our whole community, and so hopeful of good to the College.

And I shall find this satisfaction in the call to you whether your judgment and conscience decide on its acceptance or otherwise, for I know that your decision will be made upon most thoughtful religious deliberation on the way of duty. Hard indeed it must be for you to weigh the alternatives presented to you.

In talking confidentially to one of the Corporation recently, I said I did not believe they could find an able, earnest, and self-respecting man who would be willing to accede to the office held by Dr. Peabody on the conditions under which he had exercised it. I think you yourself would exert a mastery over those conditions. One might perhaps suppose that I should feel something of a shock at the thought of the old Puritan College being ministered to by an Episcopal clergyman. But I feel nothing of the sort. Circumstances and relations, coming with the changes of time, modifications of opinion and the expansion of the College, I will not say *reconcile* me to the result, but dispose me to welcome it. Nothing will ever lower my sense of the profound indebtedness of the obligations of this especial community to that class of persons, clerical and lay, of the last generation, who were known as Liberal Christians, devout, serious, earnest Bible Christians. Their works and services have left an enduring benefaction to this good city and to the College. But with existing so-called Unitarianism I have for many years had no concern. It has left no authoritative basis for religious instruction and institution common to preachers and people. The preacher has for his stock and capital his own individualism of opinion and belief, and his utterances are like notes, dependent on his own credit and integrity and resources, instead of current coin of Divine or human realm.

Of course, I am wholly ignorant of any conditions offered or required of you or by you in reference to the acceptance of the discharge of the official duties proposed to you.

I have written these lines solely from the promptings of my own loving respect for you, and in view of the gleam of a bright way of relief for the College from what I feared would be an almost hopeless difficulty. Excuse me if I have in any way trespassed upon delicacy or propriety.

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE E. ELLIS.

There were many other things said in connection with the call by those who favored it, but the burden of the argument has been given. It was well summed up in the Christian Register (Unitarian), "Phillips Brooks would not be lost to Boston, but would be gained by the whole country." Nor could anything nobler in spirit be found than the attitude of the Unitarians, who while they felt that the College was to be no longer identified with the religious body which they repre-

sented, could yet rejoice in the call to Phillips Brooks, and yield their support to the comprehensive and far-sighted policy of the President of the University, as he sought to give religion the foremost place among the agencies and influences in the college world.

Among the incidents of the campaign, as it may be called, was a mass meeting of Harvard students, where speeches were made and a petition signed, expressing not only the hope that he would come, but the conviction that he could not refuse. Accompanying the petition was a letter from the late Mr. Frank Bolles, afterwards secretary of the College, whose untimely death is still lamented: —

You will receive to-day the signed copy of the resolution passed at the great meeting of last evening. It was probably the largest spontaneous meeting of students ever held here. The Chapel was packed (it holds over three hundred), and more were turned away than could find seats or standing room. The speeches, all made by students, were so earnest, so full of confidence in your coming that I wished you could have heard them and seen for yourself what Harvard thinks of your coming. Of the speakers, certainly seven to one were not churchmen, and throughout the whole meeting not one word was said which did not show, not only the deepest regard for you and admiration for your work, but the fullest confidence that you would decide to come, and that it was wise for you to come. I mail you a copy of the "call" for the meeting, which was posted at eleven o'clock yesterday afternoon.

And now, my dear Mr. Brooks, I can only say a word or two more of the much that I think about this matter.

I beg of you to remember in all this clamor, that we all knew that you were doing a great work in Boston, that we all knew how Boston valued you; and yet when you were asked to come here, we believed we were asking you to a more useful field, and to a congregation of hearts whose devotion to your teaching would bring forth even better fruit than that of Trinity parish.

Your coming here will be the opening of the new reformation in thought and faith of American manhood. It will give the needed example to all our great universities, and show them that in calling to their chairs the great preachers of the day, they will be laying the foundation of a revived faith among *men*, — a faith, which equipped with all that modern learning can afford, will have a strength and vigor unknown in any earlier age of the Church.

From the situation in Cambridge we turn to Boston and to Trinity Church. The letters that came to Dr. Brooks urging him to remain at his post were no less positive and exigent in the expression of convictions than those advising his acceptance of the call, but in number they exceeded them in the proportion of ten to one. What he had been to Boston in the twelve years of his ministry at Trinity Church it is impossible to describe; it must be left to the imagination to conceive. He had become one of its foremost citizens, so identified with the city that he had given it a new lustre and reputation. Visitors to Boston from all parts of the country and from abroad thought of it as the home of Phillips Brooks. To see him or to hear him was one of the inducements which led strangers to remain over Sunday, or brought pilgrims as to some sacred shrine. Trinity Church during these years had been like an open cathedral, the common property of the people; or, to change the figure, it had become a vast confessional for human souls, whose spiritual directorship was bringing strength and consolation, faith and hope, to the thousands whom no man can number. At first there had been symptoms of coldness, suspicion, or uncertainty in the reception given to Phillips Brooks, but all that was long gone by. Boston had taken him to its heart as well as to its head. He had no superior, no rival in its affections. It had been impossible, even had he wished it, to confine his influence to the limits of his parish. He spoke to all, and his heart went forth alike to all, without regard to distinctions of class or religious sects. He had the freedom of the city and its many suburban towns, and he had the freedom of all religious denominations.

The devotion to Phillips Brooks, it need not be said, rested upon solid foundations at a very peculiar juncture in the history of religious faith. He had risen up as a deliverer from the causes that were shaking religious opinion and undermining or destroying religious belief. There was no illusion about it; it was most real. The people are not mistaken about these things. And yet there was danger of its becoming a fashion to worship him. A distinguished clergyman,

who knew Boston well, remarked that so long as Phillips Brooks remained there, it was impossible that any other clergyman should be estimated at his true merits. The remark was not meant to be disparaging, but only to state the simple fact. It had reached such a point that the veriest commonplaces of religious thought or sentiment when uttered by him were received on his authority as true, or as if they had never been spoken before. Those who listened to him wrote down his remarks to send them away to their friends as what Phillips Brooks had said. They treasured up his sayings as the first principles of religion. He was the standard of comparison by which others were judged. The clergy of Boston knew better than most the deeper significance of Phillips Brooks's position. Nor was there a better test of their manhood, or of their Christian character and power of intellectual and spiritual appreciation, than when they asked him to remain in Boston. There were some who thought it would have been a gain to every one of them had he left. They did not take this view. They knew, and they said to him, that every church was the stronger for his presence in the city, that they themselves were stronger to do their work, that every agency for good was more effective under the stimulus of his inspiration.

It had been one of the arguments for inducing him to go to Harvard that he would influence the future teachers of others as they passed through the College on their way into the world. He was now reminded that he was doing this work at Trinity. Teachers in the public and private schools of Boston and the vicinity were drawn there in large numbers by his magnetic influence, living by his strength, for somehow he spoke to teachers of every grade, from the highest to the lowest, as if teaching were his profession. And then again, he was reminded that he need not go to Harvard to meet young men, for there was a university in his own parish, drawn in part from the College and from all the higher institutions of learning and professional schools in and around Boston. Theological students came from their seminaries in every direction to listen to the sermons on Sunday after-

noons, — from Boston University, from Newton, and from Cambridge. And they came also with the knowledge and approval, even the recommendation of their teachers. It would not, therefore, do to assume, as some had done, that it would be no loss to Boston if he went to Harvard. In this discussion the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took part. He, if any one, could speak for the city and the State, and the value of his testimony is enhanced in that he was not a member of the same religious communion: —

April 13, 1881.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — May I add my sincere word in behalf of your remaining in Boston? It seems to me in the interest of the Commonwealth, with its population accumulating and its young men gathering in its capital, that your close relation to them should not be lost. The Harvard boys do not need you so much. They have everything already. If they develop some wild oats, yet the general surroundings of their college life lead them to higher opportunities and standards sooner or later. But your reach in Cambridge will be nothing compared with what it is in Boston, extending to homes, families, the shop, the counting-house, and every fibre of the city. I cannot help feeling that to change would limit and not enlarge your work. I know your own judgment is best, but I think you will pardon my suggestion which is certainly sincere.

Very truly yours,

John D. Long.

The call had been given to Mr. Brooks in the latter part of March, and by the middle of April the excitement had grown to an unprecedented extent. The daily newspapers in Boston teemed with communications, representing every point of view. Throughout the country the conflict was watched in its varying phases and commented on as having some strange import for all the higher interests of life. It may be said for Phillips Brooks that he was now waiting to give his answer, not of his own volition, but because he was earnestly besought to wait until the question should have been discussed in all its bearings. Only in the multitude of counsellors was there safety. Both parties in the conflict felt secure, if only time could be taken for the fullest consideration.

One effect of the discussion was to make men realize as they had not done before the unique greatness of the man in whom the interest concentrated. In the history of pulpit oratory, it was asked, who was there to compare with him? He was to be ranked among those most eminent, whose fame had come down through the ages, the few who came first to the mind. Great names were recalled, St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Chrysostom, in the ancient church; St. Bernard, St. Francis, Tauler, and Savonarola, in the Middle Ages; Jeremy Taylor and Bossuet, in the seventeenth century, — that age of great preachers; Chalmers, or Tillotson, or Beecher, in the modern world. What one among them all was greater than he, especially when one took into consideration the vast growth of the modern day, and recalled that he was now moving by his voice or by his writings the English-speaking world, with its colonies in every part of the globe?

There were those who took these things into consideration and were impressed and awed as they revolved in their minds the issue. This gift of inspired speech, so divine and so rare, had he any right to endanger its possession for the world by any experiment? All the conditions of his place at Trinity Church had favored its expanding power. What would be the result if he were to withdraw himself into the seclusion of the University town? He was reminded that his power as a preacher must in some real though subtle way be dependent on conditions which would be lost if he were to abandon the pulpit of Trinity Church. Mr. Robert Treat Paine wrote to him with these thoughts in his mind.

April 14, 1881.

My dear Brooks, — Let me too pour out my heart to you, about what is filling all our hearts. I know how you are overwhelmed with counsels from all sides.

Take it in patience, and let it at least convince you of the Love and Respect of the whole city for you, — your hold on the heart of the whole Community — their terrible earnestness that you should remain doing your grand work among them — and their pain at the thought that you may think it a duty to go.

What a sight this is! A great city stirred at the fear of losing you, and many sects, forgetting all sectarian ties, men as well as

women, youths as well as strong men, uniting to speak out to you, not only their affection, but their strong sense of how you have brought to them and the whole city the Blessings of God.

Boston is just the city to-day for ideal work — large enough for a vast work to be done — bad enough to be almost hopeless — good enough to fill us with hope passing into certainty. Boston has a certain great privilege among the great cities of this country. She holds an influence second to none. Work done here has a potency and value multiplied all over the land.

College life is full of fun and froth and frolic and frivolity and scurrility. It is acutely critical. It turns into sport everything, sacred and profane. Life is free there first — full of joy and sparkle, full of study and sports, absorbed and preoccupied. Entire absence of variety in experience; death, marriage, children, business, failure, sickness, suffering, danger, all that makes adult life so full, — none of all this enters the life of the student. Gather them together into a single audience, and it is the hardest in the world to hold in constant interest to religion. Scatter them into their own churches and it is far easier. Compel them to attend at Appleton Chapel and some will be studying for the Lampoon, and their spirit is contagious on all around.

Surely this is the least impressible part of life. It is not responsive, it has no magnetism in it. The power of the Preacher rises to the need. Great need is great inspiration. Life in a great city with all the sufferings and joys and anxieties of the infinitely varied lives of a multitude of men and women and children crowding upon a minister's sympathies keep him full of fire, and make him surpass himself.

The secluded life of a college minister, with boys critical and cold and free, and so simple in their relations to life, lacks almost every inspiration except Duty, *stern* Daughter of the Voice of God. Others might go there and do as well as they could elsewhere, but surely you feel the magnetic influence of responsive numbers too powerfully not to know the danger of settling down as the permanent, regular college preacher and professor. Not that I make light of such important work, but the question is where you can find the Great Field for those transcendent powers which God has poured out upon you in such full measure. You, the great Missionary to the Masses of the People! You, who have let us build a splendid Temple, full of beauty and art and lavish outlay, — because all unto God and a joy to offer — this splendid Temple not only, nay not so much, for ourselves, as for the masses of the people, now and hereafter, setting a grand example of rich and poor, of favored and unfavored, meeting to

worship God! Can you, the people's leader, go apart to the favored few, the sons of wealth, present or prospective, — the sons of culture, and leave the Great World behind?

Among others who did much to clear up the issue and bring all its aspects before Mr. Brooks was his friend Colonel Charles R. Codman, who studied the situation with the keen and practised eye of a man of affairs. He pointed to a few actual facts which afforded the basis of a conclusive deduction. Trinity Church was so near the University that its students could attend there freely if they wished. In case he went to Cambridge he would have only a fraction of its students for an audience, for a large proportion of them spent Sundays at their homes, and went to their various places of worship. A large part of the University, indeed, the Medical School, was in Boston. And more important still, it had been in and from his place in Boston that he had already exerted such an influence upon Harvard as to lead to his call, and it was not necessary to go there to reside in order to retain or increase his influence. It was also pointed out what many felt, that the sectarian feeling really constituted an element in the problem. There would be jealousy of him as an Episcopalian. Already in the communications to the press this cry had been raised. The Episcopalians, it was said, were "working like beavers" to secure the transformation of Harvard College into an American Oxford and to make it as far as possible an Episcopalian institution. If he went to Cambridge he would have to suppress his own convictions and would not be as free as at Trinity. The doctrine of the Trinity, the liturgical worship of the Prayer Book, the method of the Christian year, he could not keep these colors flying for fear of some sectarian protest. The truth was simply this, that the University had outgrown the possibility of any longer being ministered to in its spiritual life by any one clergyman, no matter to what denomination he might belong.

The Episcopal clergy for the most part were agreed that the Church would suffer a greater loss by his removal than the College would gain. Those more especially who looked

to Phillips Brooks as a leader, leavening the Episcopal Church with the elements of a more comprehensive theology, and weakening the ecclesiastical stringency which separated it from other Protestant communions, were unanimous in the expression of their conviction that it would be nothing short of a calamity if he abandoned the parish ministry. He would gradually lose his identification with the Episcopal Church altogether.

There were still other considerations which had their weight. "The aptitude of the student mind," wrote the Rev. C. C. Tiffany, "to sheer off from the direction of official teachers, especially preachers, gives me the conviction, that in your present position you affect these students more positively than you could from the University pulpit." The Rev. William R. Huntington fastened upon a point which no one else had urged. The post to which Mr. Brooks had been called carried with it not only the preaching in the University pulpit, but the work of a teacher in the chair of Christian Ethics. "A sophomore," wrote Dr. Huntington, "is not likely to be the more interested in your preaching on account of your having given him, the week previous, a poor mark in his examination paper."

There were letters from representative business men in Boston pleading in behalf of those who were neither scholars nor teachers, but that large class of young men who would influence the business interests of Boston in the future. One of them, from an old schoolmate and dear friend, will be read with interest: —

Boston, April 12, 1881.

Dear old Chap, — Forty years is it since we began learning Latin and mischief together — you the Latin and I the mischief? Since which we have never had a cross word, and so I will run the chance of one by impertinence.

Folks say that the College is asking for you; and it is true, I know. Since you took your course for life, you have gone on steadily and enthusiastically until you 've won a great place. Just think of the empty old church and of the present full church! Just think of the men and women of the intelligent and educated classes whom you 've drawn into your fold! Think what these

men will do for the less fortunate people of our city, and still more think how your women work! We have not seen the like for a great, great while. It has fallen to you to do this thing, and I will not pass on your deserts, but merely on your luck to have done something in this life worth doing. Is not that what we all are after, and what goes far to save us from remorse or despair? How can a chap be content for a day, unless he is aiming at something of a serious kind? It is the only theory on which one can explain this life, is n't it? And how many of our comrades have made a success of their lives? or how often does it occur in our experience to see it?

You have, — no matter how or why; and still more the future for you is greater in promise than the past has been in performance. Don't dream of leaving your own field. Your personal contact with all these folks is a necessity, if you will go on. How can you then think of Cambridge and the dear old University? You can't work on those boys in the same way, simply because they are at the questioning, critical, restless age. The worst of them are not bad, but frivolous or idle-minded. The best of them are seeking for the truth everywhere, and had better seek by themselves. Let them ferment. Of course you can help many a restless spirit, when he *wishes* to be helped — but you can do it as well here as at Cambridge. You certainly can talk to or preach to or teach them at Cambridge occasionally — as in Boston. But, for Heaven's sake, don't leave your stronghold for this new field. It would be the mistake of your life — and you will rue it deeply and forever.

Now how do I know? I do not know, and yet I feel absolutely sure of it. I 've talked to some of the middle-aged and some of the younger folk of it, and listened with much interest — to but one reply.

You know that personally I get nothing from your being in town. We both are too busy to meet often unless at church; and there I do not go. So I am free from bias. But I can't but feel much interested in your work, and glad of your great influence. Don't risk losing it — don't go away until your sun sets.

This letter calls for no reply. If it annoys you, burn it and forgive me for the sake of old times. I know that it is presuming, impertinent, arrogant even. It has not one word of praise or admiration for you. Such a word is not called for or needed, but no one can value work and enthusiasm more than I. You know full well how I feel about your life.

God bless you, old fellow.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

As the time went on the forces that multiplied against the call were stronger than those in favor of it. If the students of Harvard had a mass meeting to urge his coming, so also a mass meeting was held in Boston in Huntington Hall, at which hundreds of young men raised their voices in protest against his leaving. The entire membership of the Young Men's Christian Association signed their names to a request that he should remain in Boston. There came the same request in a petition from the large business establishment of C. F. Hovey & Co., signed by more than fifty names. Other petitions there were, with the names of prominent business firms appended. It was no slight consideration with Phillips Brooks that the members of his own family were opposed to his going. The wise counsel of the Rev. Arthur Brooks, in whose judgment he placed great confidence, condemned on the whole what seemed a doubtful experiment. The bishop of the diocese asked him to remain. Trinity Church spoke in its organic capacity through the wardens and vestry: —

Boston, April 11, 1881.

To the Reverend Phillips Brooks, D. D.,—We, the Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, feel it our duty to address you on the invitation that you have received to become the preacher to the University at Cambridge.

As individuals, we have expressed our personal wishes that your relations to the Parish may continue for many years, but we have not hitherto felt called upon to take official action.

We were confident that you thoroughly understood our feelings, and we have desired not to embarrass you by any act of ours.

But we cannot forget that we are the chosen representatives of the Proprietors of Trinity Church, and we feel that we should not be acting justly to them, nor to the large number of worshippers who are connected with the Parish, if we did not in their behalf affectionately, but most urgently and earnestly, beg you to consider well, not only what may be your duty to them, but to the larger community to whom you have ministered. We speak not only for ourselves, but for the highest spiritual interests of those whom we immediately represent, and chiefly for the city in which we live, to great numbers of whose inhabitants our Parish, altogether from your connection with it, has been and is a blessing. We beg you to remember — and this with no desire to pain you

by saying anything that may seem extravagant, but solely from our regard for what we believe to be the simple truth — that the pulpit of Trinity Church has given you the opportunity, which you have improved with results altogether unparalleled, to exercise an influence for good upon the people of this city, including all classes and both sexes, — the young and the old, the poor and the rich. Parents are thanking you for the blessing to their children of growing up inspired by you, and they cannot see the possibility of your going from them without speaking out to you their sense of loss.

The mothers, wives, and daughters of our great congregation have seen under your ministry new visions of life and love and work and devotion to Christ. Business men, full of the sense of life and power, are moved mightily by your words to consecrate their lives to the service of God.

The young men of the city, of our schools, our colleges, our stores and homes, know the way to Trinity Church, and go there at the critical moments of their lives, when perhaps for years before they have been unimpressible, and go away inspired and consecrated, and carrying your power widely through the land.

Those of our community who are not the favored ones of the earth in education or worldly circumstances have received from your words comfort and courage, and many of these would sadly feel the loss of your presence from their homes and families, in their hour of sorrow or distress.

The work that you are doing is one of transcendent importance. It is steadily growing and cannot be left to suffer or halt. We solemnly believe that if you will appreciate this work and its infinite needs, you must come to our conclusion, that no other place can give you so much power for good.

Trinity Church, with its open doors, its generous welcome, its great congregations, its varied audiences gathered from every sect and section of the city, attracting the men and women of thought and influence from all parts of the country as they pass through Boston, — Trinity Church as a means of carrying your power and inspiration into the hearts and lives of the whole people, far surpasses in our judgment any other possible field of usefulness.

Your parishioners have not believed it possible that you could take a different view; and if they have seemed silent, we who know their strong and unanimous feeling can assure you that it has been from a conviction that a separation was impossible, and because they have shrunk from believing that such a thing could be seriously contemplated.

The grief which all your people feel at the suggestion of your

withdrawal from the Rectorship cannot adequately be expressed by any words of ours. They do not dare to contemplate the effect of your departure upon all the activities and missionary work of the parish already vigorous and rapidly developing; still less, its effect upon the Parish itself.

We beg you to allow them ample time and opportunity to express their feelings and wishes before you come to a final decision. We ask you to determine nothing until you have heard the representations that will be made by many persons of whose deep and personal concern in your decision you are possibly not now aware; and when you have heard all that can be said by those for whom we speak, we trust and believe that it will be given you to see that it is your present duty not to abandon the field in which God has made it manifest that your power and influence can do a great work for the souls of all conditions of men.

CHARLES HENRY PARKER }
CHARLES R. CODMAN } *Wardens.*

Thomas C. Amory, John C. Ropes, Stephen G. Deblois, C. J. Morrill, B. F. Nourse, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., William Amory, Jr., Edward D. Peters, Samuel Eliot, Robert M. Cushing, *Vestry.*

Phillips Brooks had sometimes doubted whether his work at Trinity were successful, judged by the higher standard of success. He had longed for some response, which he did not get, which indeed it was almost impossible to give, to those impassioned, exalted appeals which he poured forth, Sunday after Sunday, year after year. But from this time he could have had no doubt as to his place in the hearts of his congregation. Into the sacred confidences of personal letters, where he was told what he had been to the hundreds of families in his congregation, we must not enter. They have one common feature, — a determination that he should know at last, not merely in a general way but by the unveiling of individual experiences, that his work at Trinity had been the agency under God of illumination and consolation, of moral reformation and of spiritual life.

There is still one point to be mentioned, as the vision gradually faded from his mind, of the possibilities involved in the call to Harvard. In one of the letters which came to him there is this remark: —

There is one other thing that I hardly dare to say. I cannot

believe, as some people do, that you care only for your work with men. It would be too ignoble a thought. But I do believe that you think women by nature more religious, less needy than they are. You do not feel always that triumph and joy in helping them that you do in helping men. But when you give up a mixed congregation, do you realize what a tremendous indirect influence upon men you lose, men who never care for church or preacher but who have homes? You spoke not long ago of the queenly power in the household as the most subtle though the least manifest. Only to-day some one said to me, "Our home is utterly different since we went to Trinity Church; we are different people." And this is only one.

A gentleman in his congregation wrote to him with reference to the same point: —

I think more Harvard students hear you preach every Sunday in Trinity Church, brought there mostly through the influence of women in one way or another, than would hear you on Sundays in Cambridge; for most students that live in Boston and vicinity spend their Sundays at home. I believe women are the minister's strongest support in religion and all other good works, and the great secret of the power of the Roman Catholic Church is its influence over and *through them*. Most men, in my belief, that join the Church do so directly or indirectly through their influence, and the best way to reach young men is through them. It seems to me that in losing the direct aid and support of women, you would be losing more power than you have any conception of.

No words except those of the writers of these letters can adequately portray the "terrible earnestness," the "intense anxiety," the "severity of the shock," the "fearful strain," the "sorrow and the gloom," of that long, agonizing day at Trinity Church when this question was pending. But it was also a day not wholly dark, for the trial cemented more strongly the already strong bond of unity in the parish. People and minister alike were impressed anew with the reality of the religious life. If the people realized what the ministry of Phillips Brooks had been to them, he too was made to know, as he had not known before, what was the work which it had been given him to do. He did not forget the lesson. There was to follow still another epoch in his life, when its fruit would become manifest. It might seem

233 Clarendon Street.
Boston.

April 12. 1883

My dear Mr. Parker,

I want to acknowledge at once with the profoundest gratitude the letter of the Warden & Vestry which I have received. I wish that I could tell them & you how deeply I feel their kindness. While I can put no such estimate upon my work at Trinity as they have done I am ready enough to believe that it has not been useless & to thank God for every enc-

cess which He has given to it.
I certainly shall not bring
it to a close lightly, nor hast-
ily, nor with out great re-
luctance. I am sure you
will all believe that I shall
not go if I can help it. And,
whether I go or stay, to have
received in any small de-
gree to have seemed to de-
serve such a letter as my
friends of the Vestry have
written to me will always
be one of the deepest sat-
isfactions & happiest recol-
lections of my life. I will

try not to tax your patience any longer than seems to be absolutely necessary. And I ask your prayers that we may all be led to do what is right.

Believe me always, my dear Mr. Parker, Your faithful friend

Phillips Brooks

as if he had now exhausted the line of ministerial experiences, or as if he had reaped the highest earthly reward for which a man can hope in this world. He appeared to be standing on the highest pinnacle of fame. But yet he was to be called to take another step in the way of self-renunciation, before the sacrifice should be complete.

The letters of Phillips Brooks relating to this incident in his life tell us but little of what he thought or felt. Yet in this very circumstance a light is thrown on his character. He was bewildered and hardly knew what to think. His mind was rent with contradictory impulses. There was something in him of the feminine mood which led him to go where he was wanted. He would like to have gone to Cambridge, but he also wanted to remain at Trinity. To go, or to remain, meant some inward suffering. These are a few of his letters: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 31, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I have been elected by the Corporation of Harvard College to be Preacher to the University. . . . I wish you would tell me when you have a leisure moment what you think of my resigning Trinity and going there. I am much puzzled. Many things about it attract me very much indeed. Tell me perfectly frankly what you think. But don't mention the matter till you hear it in some other way, for it is not "out" yet. I count much on hearing your judgment about it.

Boston, April 4, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I want to thank you right off for your kind letter. It stated both sides very satisfactorily and I think on the whole inclined towards "Go to Cambridge." I incline very much that way myself, more because I don't see exactly how it is possible to decline the call than because I particularly want to go. But I think it will come to going, unless you write me speedily to tell me some overwhelmingly convincing reason why I should decide otherwise. . . .

To the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, April 5, 1881.

My dear Dr. Ellis, — I must thank you at once and with all my heart for your letter. I thank you for its friendliness and for its wisdom. Both will help me. While I feel, of course, that the difficult question which is given to me must be answered

by myself, it is very good indeed to know how those whom I esteem and honor feel about it, and how my acceptance of the place, if I should venture to accept it, will be regarded by them. I am in no danger of underestimating the interest and importance of the work in Cambridge. I am much more likely to err by being afraid of it than by being indifferent to it. It would offer the most delightful and satisfactory life that any mortal minister could live. I shall always thank you, my dear Dr. Ellis, for your letter and for the kindness which made you write it.

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To the Rev. Percy Browne he writes: —

Fast Day Morning, April 7.

I can't thank you as I wish I could, dear Percy, for your letter. It makes me feel frightfully ashamed of myself when I hear that you really care so much about what I decide to do. I feel like a horrible fraud. I know it is not a great matter for the Church or the world whether I go or stay, but I do want to make what life I have still to live tell as much as I can, all the more because I honestly feel every year more and more how poor it is. I think now that this feeling will carry me to Cambridge, but it is far from settled, and you and my other friends must have patience with my hesitation. Only, my dear Percy, don't talk as if the going to Cambridge would break or even strain the friendship and intercourse which has been growingly one of the greatest treasures of my life here. If you are going to give me up, why that settles it, I won't go. No, we will have Monday morning somewhere in Cambridgeport, or if you won't come there I 'll come to Millmont Street.

I thank you more than I can say.

To the Rev. John C. Brooks he writes: —

April 13, 1881.

DEAR JOHNNIE, — A thousand thanks (in a great hurry) for your kind letter and your good sympathy. I am getting to feel just as you do about it all, and I don't believe that I shall go. The work at Trinity looks more and more. The chance (though not the need) at Cambridge less and less. It is n't settled and probably won't be for a week. . . .

One of the earliest and most important of these letters is addressed to Dr. Vinton, at Pomfret, whose counsel and blessing on all the changes in his life he had invoked hitherto, without which no event was complete: —

DEAR DOCTOR, — You won't forget that you are to come and spend Passion Week here and go to church all the time and preach as much as you can, will you? Let me know just when I may meet you at the station and you shall have the cordialest of welcomes.

I want to see you very much. I want to talk with you about Cambridge, whither I have been called and whither it seems now as if I might go. Don't fail to come. It will be the last chance perhaps to get you under this roof.

Affectionately yours, P. B.

Dr. Vinton came up from his retirement at Pomfret, — it was to be for the last time. For several days he remained the guest of Mr. Brooks at the Clarendon Street rectory. Then, as we know, the question was turned over in all its aspects, with calmness and dignity and the sense of repose after the excitement. To Dr. Vinton he sent this letter, announcing that he had declined the call to Harvard: —

April 18, 1881.

DEAR DOCTOR, — I write to you at once to say that the thing is settled and I am to stay at Trinity. President Eliot was very courteous, said that he was sorry and did n't know where to look; and then I came away. It was the quietest death of the pretty little project that you can conceive of, and the pretty little project never looked so pretty as it does now in death. Just at this moment I feel as if I would rather be Preacher at Cambridge than Rector of fifty Trinities. But I think it 's all right, and I cannot thank you enough for the kind patience with which you listened hour after hour to the endless talk about it all. You must have been badly bored, but it was very good of you and I do thank you. . . .

Well, on Thursday we meet in Philadelphia and Sunday we are in New York. Till then adieu.

Gratefully yours, P. B.

To another friend on the same day he wrote, "I hope it 's all right, but I 'm awfully blue about it." His call on President Eliot had been a severe ordeal; his face was pallid during the short interview, as of a man who saw egress denied him at a critical moment and his life shut up, for his future years, to a work from whose limitations and its fearful strain on all his vital powers he had dreamed for a moment of

escaping. It was the old story with which we are familiar already in his history. There was not the time in his parish ministry to read, or study, or think. Under these conditions the task of preaching began to loom up more formidably before his eyes. From this time he began to forecast the future with misgivings and an occasional touch of despondency.

What, then, shall be said upon "the merits of the question"? In view of his own profound silence, one's words must be brief and cautious for fear of error. We may believe that if he had accepted the call to Harvard, he would have made no failure. He was wise; he would have committed no mistake by attempting too much; he was under the restraints of sobriety of judgment; he knew what was in men and how to address them. President Eliot saw that, amid the conflicting variety of opinion, this was the point to be kept in the foreground. He went to the friends of Phillips Brooks who were doing their utmost to keep him in Boston, and in answer to the question whether Mr. Brooks could exert an ideal influence at Cambridge, he received from them all the testimony that he could desire. "As they testify with reluctance," he wrote to Mr. Brooks, "their testimony is the more trustworthy." We may also believe that had he given his remaining years to study, he would have surely left a student's mark upon the thought of the world.

And again, he did not like the exceptional position which he held. In going to Harvard he would have passed from the glare of publicity into the simple quiet life which he coveted. He could do there his work as a teacher with at least the same success as any man. He alludes to this feeling as possibly a touch of the boyish morbidness which had led him to feel that in going into the ministry he was crawling into obscurity. There was a certain contradiction in his being, as though two lives were struggling within him for the ascendency. He would have liked to lead the life of his father, doing an honorable man's work without ostentation. He might have married, he was a man who could have given himself to and lived for one woman. He was torn by an

inward contradiction. For when he was living so publicly, for all the world, confiding to the sermon his most intimate feeling and thought, he could not belong to any one in the same interior way. It may then have seemed to him like a last chance to reconstruct his life.

He acquiesced in the verdict, knowing that an opportunity had been lost which would not return. Yet was he convinced that he had done the right thing. The voice of God and the people assured him. There seems to be here something of supernatural direction. A call had come to him again with renewed force to give himself in more complete self-surrender to the larger number who wanted him.

There came another series of letters after the decision had been announced, for the most part of a congratulatory character. Among them is one from the president of Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, who had been watching the situation with deep interest: —

April 25, 1881.

Dear Mr. Brooks, — I am not surprised by your decision, which the newspapers announce this morning, nor can I blame it, for it is a serious thing to leave a post of great usefulness, however strong the inducements to enter another. But will you not, even more than before, be an unofficial pastor and teacher for those Harvard boys, and help them to find the substantial reality amidst the fogs and darkness of our times? You would certainly be welcome at any time in the College pulpit; and, regarding it as a simply Christian and undenominational position, can you not occasionally address the students from it? Can it not be understood, too, that there will always be a seat at Trinity for any Harvard boy?

But wherever you speak, I beg you to feel that you are privileged to command the attention of men at a very critical period in the history of Christianity. Religion and morality itself are menaced by wild and one-sided speculations; but you will continue to teach that there is an eternal, unchangeable moral law, a God in whom we can trust, a Saviour to whom we can cling.

I had pleased myself with a day-dream of you at Cambridge as a better Newman, leading the intellectual hope of the country, not, like the Oxford preacher, into the lions' den, but to the promised land. It may be, however, that you will be almost as influential in the University from Boston as from any "Appleton Chapel,"

however enlarged, at the same time that your influence over the whole country will be wider from your present post.

Let me tell you that I have often read your printed sermons here, on Sunday afternoons, with great satisfaction both to them and myself.

Ever very truly yours,

THOMAS CHASE.

There is a sense, then, in which Harvard University gained in the struggle. The whole subject of religion came up for discussion, and the old arrangement was abandoned by which one man ministered to the miscellaneous body of students. A body of chaplains was constituted, of which Mr. Brooks was one, who, coming in from outside, with a wider range in the observation and experience of life, could bring their spiritual force to bear upon the college life. This plan which Harvard was the first to adopt was gradually introduced into other colleges. During the next ten years of his life, Phillips Brooks seemed to have at his command the open door to students' life, throughout the leading colleges in the country. It was an additional burden, but he thought of it as a glorious privilege. It was Harvard University that was sending him forth with this mission. She had placed her seal upon him as the great University preacher.

CHAPTER XI

1881–1882

MEMORIAL SERMON ON DR. VINTON. DEATH OF DEAN STANLEY. SPEECHES AT CHURCH CONGRESS. SECOND VOLUME OF SERMONS. THE STANLEY MEMORIAL. DEATH OF DR. STONE. REQUEST FOR LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR A YEAR

On April 26, 1881, Dr. Vinton died at the age of seventy-four. The eulogy which Phillips Brooks pronounced upon him in a memorial sermon preached at Emmanuel Church, Boston, and again in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, was published by request in pamphlet form, but deserves a permanent place among his writings, for it is the description of an ideal which had been before him from his boyhood. For nearly forty years these two lives had been intertwined. A few extracts from this sermon will show what the relationship had been, how profound had been the influence of the older man upon the younger, but incidentally they show us what manner of man was Phillips Brooks. Thus he describes Dr. Vinton as the great presbyter, to whom the episcopate would have been no gain. He is interpreting the working of the organization of the church by his own experience when he says: —

> And so he was in his true place in that degree of the ministry where preaching is the constant duty. Once or twice they talked of making him a bishop. But it was well in his heart, I think he knew that it was well, that they who formed such plans for him did not succeed. So far as it would have separated him from the pulpit where he belonged, it would have been a loss and not a gain. The great work of the church lies with the presbyters. The deacon saves the presbyter from some details of work

that he may be the freer for his tasks. The bishop watches the ramparts of the church and secures for the presbyter the conditions of peaceful and effective labor. But the great work of the church is in the presbyters. And this was our great presbyter. That is his name and honor. A bishopric could never have increased his dignity, while it must have weakened his power and fretted his life out with minute details. He was our great presbyter, the elder, the brother, with a special experience and education, but still the elder brother, telling his brethren in brotherly simplicity and earnestness the truth of God.

Here follows a description of the pastoral office as embodied in Dr. Vinton, always before the mind of Phillips Brooks as his own ideal: —

I stop a moment and think of that great pastorship, of all it meant to countless souls; and to have lived in it and carried it on as he did seems to me to be an indescribable, an inestimable privilege. A great pastorship is the noblest picture of human influence and of the relationship of man to man which the world has to show. It is the canonization of friendship. It is friendship lifted above the regions of mere instinct and sentiment and fondness, above all thought of policy or convenience, and exalted into the mutual helpfulness of the children of God. The pastor is father and brother both to those whose deepest lives he helps in deepest ways. His belonging to his people is like the broad spreading of the sky over the lives of men and women and little children, of good and bad, of weak and strong, on all of whom alike it sheds its rain and dew. Who that has ever known such a pastorate can believe that death, which sets free all the best and purest things into a larger spiritual being, ends the relationship of soul to soul which a true pastorship involves?

It is with profound respect that he goes on to speak of Dr. Vinton's theology, from which he had diverged. Many and earnest had been the discussions between them on this subject, as they maintained their differing views, but always with mutual deference and toleration: —

He won in the community where he lived a profound respect for the theology which he preached; not necessarily an acceptance of it, but a respect for it. No people listening to him could think that the theology of the Incarnation and the Atonement was irrational or absurd. There never was a pulpit which more

clearly uttered a definite truth than his, and yet there never was a pulpit more respected. . . . Many of us who listened to Dr. Vinton thirty years ago have seen truth differently now from the way in which he showed it to us then, but we have seen it still with eyes that he helped to open; and many a vision which he never bade us see, but which is now our joy and feast and inspiration, we owe still to his ministry, and may thank him for it, next to God.

The change in the religious outlook which comes to every new generation is a trying experience to the older men, who would fain have the world abide by the conclusions they themselves have reached. Dr. Vinton bore himself well under this ordeal — a model to young men who in their turn must encounter the same difficulty.

Those years from 1858 to 1861 were interesting years to any minister of our church, because of the new drifts and tendencies of Christian thought which were beginning to become pronounced. Ritualism and rationalism were claiming their places in the church. Especially in the latter of these two directions the movement became vigorous and prominent about that time. The famous "Essays and Reviews" were published in 1860, and the whole liberal or broad church tendency attracted the interest of thinking men. It would not be right to try to sketch the life of Dr. Vinton, and not to tell how he regarded that movement in which he was, through all the last years of his life, so deeply interested. He mistrusted it and feared it. He disagreed with many of its processes and most of its conclusions. At the same time he never withheld his friendship and his love from those who were most earnestly in sympathy with it, nor ever gave them anything but help and godspeed in their work. He never recoiled from it with horror. And his own spirit, which, above the spirit of any other man I ever knew, was devout without the slightest taint of superstition, had much to contribute, both in the way of check and in the way of stimulus, to the new thought of the younger men in whose society so much of the years which still remained to him was passed. . . . For my part, I thank Dr. Vinton for many and many a word even of protest against what I thought was true, which, while it made me more anxious and careful to be sure that what I thought was truth was really true, made me also more earnest in holding it as I became convinced that I was not mistaken. And I am sure that his great soul would not grudge me that gratitude. And I think that it is one which

many others share with me. . . . He has been the Socrates to many a poor boy's unborn power of thinking. He was never shocked at honest heresy, however earnestly he argued to disprove it and dislodge it. He has set many a glad soul free from the constraint of what it thought it ought to believe and sent it out to the delight of a real faith.

There came a letter in response to this sketch of Dr. Vinton from a distinguished Congregational clergyman, which forms part of the record, showing that Dr. Vinton's power continued to be felt through the influence of Phillips Brooks's portrayal: —

Boston, September 13, 1881.

My dear Brother, — I can address you by no other name since reading, as I have just done, your Memorial Sermon on Dr. Vinton. Never by anything you have before written have I been so profoundly stirred as by parts of this noble discourse. I am not ashamed to tell you that tears have fallen on the pages where you describe a great pastorship as "the noblest picture of human influence," and where you tell of Dr. Vinton's work in the national judgment day of this generation.

Rebuked and humbled have I been by the vision you have given me of a great life, the humbling I trust to be followed by new inspirations to a higher service of Christ. Indeed, I now believe that no such moral quickening has come to me for years as I have had on this blessed morning.

Within a few weeks I am to go from my work here to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. In the one happy year of my ministry in Boston, I have felt the inspiration, not only of your words, but of your nearness, and I cannot go away without telling you of it.

There creeps into the correspondence of Phillips Brooks at this time the evidence of some physical weariness. He found, so he writes, the sermon on Dr. Vinton one of the hardest things that he had ever undertaken; and he mentions that while he was writing it the weather was atrocious. He declines an invitation to take a journey, which would call for physical activity or endurance, on the ground that he is no longer good for such things. On hearing that one of his clerical friends proposed to take a long rest of more than a

year, he says: "It is getting to be kind of tame and vulgar to plod right on. But it is pleasant nevertheless."

It was a novel event at Harvard, creating a deep interest, when the "Œdipus Tyrannus" was given in Sanders Theatre. No one was more interested in following it than Phillips Brooks, for the Greek tragedies had formed an essential part in his education. He speaks of it as a "most tremendous success."

Among the important books which appeared in 1881 was Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God." It was important because it broke the long silence of the younger men, speaking for them on the religious issues of the day. Mr. Brooks was asked to review it for "The Atlantic Monthly," but declined. He read it, however, despite its philosophic terminology, against which he rebelled. To a lady who wrote to him a few years later, after Dr. Mulford's lamented death, asking his opinion of the book, he wrote: —

> Dr. Mulford was a most interesting man, and his book is one of the most inspiring and exasperating things that anybody ever wrote. It is as bright and deep and vague as the sky. It will never be much read, but a few men will get out of it what they will interpret to the world. He was not a man for the ecclesiasticism of the Church to make much out of, but he was felt, and his loss nobody can make good.

Mr. Brooks took no vacation from preaching during the summer of 1881. Every Sunday found him in his place in the pulpit of Trinity Church. But he gained some relief from the burden of pastoral cares in visiting his parishioners in their summer homes. It was a summer long to be remembered because of the assassination of President Garfield, when for weeks the country was in suspense waiting for the fatal issue. To the Rev. James P. Franks he writes: —

> Boston, 233 Clarendon Street, July 3, 1881.
>
> Dear James, — . . . This week has been Commencement and Φ. B. K., and we have been revelling in Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis. It was very beautiful, and made eloquence seem as easy as breathing. Arthur and John were both here, and we had a very beautiful time and sentimentalized about the lapse of

time in a very maudling sort of way. Then, when that was over, I went yesterday and spent a day with Charles Parker, the Senior Warden of Trinity, who has just returned from Europe, and when I came home from there this morning, we were met with the President's assassination. How it brings back that awful Friday sixteen years ago, only this is more wretched because it is not connected with any great issue and has no more dignity than must always belong to death — if it is to be death. The assassin seems to have been the most miserable moonstruck vagabond — and his object nothing more than disappointed spite. I met —— on the street just after we had heard of it this morning, and he told me of an article he had been writing upon the folly of allowing the President of the United States to go about without a bodyguard! Every goose will sting his own sermon into the dreadful tragedy. I saw ——, and he had several delightful and subtle theories about it. But the one thing to do now is to hope that Garfield will get well and that we shall be spared the infliction of Arthur as President. We shall pray for the President to-night at the "usual meeting previous to the Communion." Well, all this is to tell you why I have n't come to Beverly to thank you for asking me to come. And now, though I am to be in Beverly twice next week, I am afraid I shall not tread your hospitable piazza before our Mountain tour. The truth is that the Summer looks as if it were going to use itself up in a sort of parish visiting on a big scale. . . . It is the old struggle of duty and desire, and, of course, with you and me duty conquers. But it 's only a week from next Monday when we start under William's care for the Mountains — that will be the *Cor Cordium* of the Summer. Till then we 'll think of one another, and you will give my Love to S—— and the chickens.

Ever affectionately, P. B.

The summer brought another sorrow, in the death of Dean Stanley, which took place July 18. On first hearing the sad intelligence he wrote to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

July 22, 1881.

The suddenness of the Dean's death is most startling and seems to flash all that was lovable and beautiful about him upon one with a terrible sense of loss. We shall not see another such interesting man in our day, and I have a sort of feeling as if the Abbey and the Deanery could not possibly be standing there in the old way we used to know them, now that he is gone. Well, it is a good thing that he has lived and a delightful recollection to have known him.

To Lady Frances Baillie, a sister-in-law of Dean Stanley, he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, July 23, 1881.

My dear Lady Frances, — I hope that I shall not seem to you strangely intrusive if I try to tell you something of my deep sympathy with you and of the deep thankfulness with which I think of our dear friend's beautiful life. It seems to me as perfect a picture of human living as the world has ever seen, — and what it suggests and promises for his great future, for the other life (as we blindly call it) which he has begun, is past all expression. My first thought is all of him, of the rich and sacred delight which has come to that insatiable appetite for truth and that deep love for God.

But when I let myself think of all his kindness to me, of how he has welcomed me with that beautiful welcome of his which was like no other man's, of how England has been bright and tempting to me, most of all because he was there, the world seems sadly altered now that I shall never see him again.

I remember so perfectly the first time I saw him. Lady Augusta was with him in the Library of the dear old Deanery, and before we had loosened hands, it was as if she and he had given me the right to count them friends forever. That was in 1874, and from that day on, with all his cares and interests, he was so full of thoughtful kindness, that he did not even let me think how little right I had to any word or thought of his. But I did give him, and I will give him always, that love and gratitude which is all that such as I am can give to such as he is.

Surely we cannot lose him. We have not lost him. We are with him in the love of God in which he rests at peace.

I wish that I could tell you what he was when he was here in America; what friends he made, what a memory of him remains, and what a multitude of hearts are mourning for him, as if he was their friend.

But more than this is the blessed work that he has done for Christ and for the Church. That cannot die. It will be part of the great future for which he kept such an unfaltering hope, and which we may believe he now discerns with perfect clearness. And it is sweet for us all because he believed in it so.

Will you forgive me if I ought not to have written, for his sake. I send my kindest remembrance to your daughter, and I am, with truest sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

Phillips Brooks.

Phillips Brooks now for the first time broke the rule to which he had hitherto invariably adhered, and in response to a call from the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" wrote his article on "Dean Stanley."[1] For two months he gave himself up to the task, collecting material enough in the preparation for it to have made a considerable volume. Only a fraction of what he desired to say could find room within the required limits. The article glows with devotion to Stanley, to whom he felt deep personal indebtedness. "The life of Stanley when it appears, if it is worthily written, will be one of the richest records of the best life of our century and one of the most attractive pictures of a human life in any time." He reviewed Stanley's career so far as it was known to the world. He delineates his characteristics with loving appreciation, for, as in the case of Dr. Vinton, he is describing the ideals of his own youth and manhood. He speaks of Stanley's love of right, his desire to look facts in the face and to know the exact and certain truth. He remarks on his method of approaching all truth through history; of his dislike and inability for metaphysics and for abstract thought. Stanley loved men for the sake of man; special arts and occupations in which he had no personal interest were to him full of the great human drama, full of divine meanings. The world was full of poetry to him. There is need of other methods for the entire mastery of truth, but there is great value and beauty in the historic method which Stanley followed: —

> In the turmoil of *a priori* reasoning, in the hurly-burly of men's speculations about what ought to be, let us welcome the enthusiastic student of what is and of what has been. The gospel in the ages must always be part of the same revelation with the gospel in the Bible and the gospel in the heart. We cannot afford to lose the softening and richening of opinions by the historic sense. The ecclesiastical historian and the systematic theologian must go hand in hand. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa," says Athanasius, "abideth forever," but the personal History of the Council, which Dean Stanley has so won-

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 340 ff.

derfully told, is part of the word of God which comes from that memorable assemblage to all the generations.

Stanley's last volume on "Christian Institutions," Phillips Brooks especially admired for "its wonderful clearness and power," and as "making Christian faith and worship stand forth in calm and majestic simplicity." In an age of perplexity and disbelief Stanley stood high among the faithful souls who refuse to despair of the Church of Christ. As we read his "Christian Institutions" —

it is as if we heard the quiet word spoken which breaks the spell of ecclesiasticism, and the imprisoned truth or principle wakes and stands upon its feet and looks us in the eye. The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth.

He dwelt upon the work of Stanley in making the Bible live to a great multitude of readers. He had not only invested it with a fascinating interest, but he made it the Book of Life. Thus his work was constructive. As an American Mr. Brooks did not sympathize with the idea of an established church; but he refused to believe that there was any low Erastianism in Stanley's interpretation of the church-and-state theory. "It combined the view of Dr. Arnold with Maurice's inspired and glorified doctrine of the kingdom of heaven. His volume of 'Essays on Church and State' is a book which every religious student should read."

He recalled Stanley's personal charm, the charm also of his preaching, — a point on which he could speak with authority: —

Apart from the beautiful simplicity of his style and the richness of illustrative allusion, the charm of his sermons was very apt to lie in a certain way which he had of treating the events of the day as parts of the history of the world, and making his hearers feel that they and what they were doing belonged as truly to the history of their race, and shared as truly in the care and government of God, as David and his wars, or Socrates and his

teachings. As his lectures made all times live with the familiarity of our own day, so his sermons made our own day, with its petty interests, grow sacred and inspired by its identification with the great principles of all the ages.

Of Dean Stanley's visit to America, and his first sermon in the New World, at Trinity Church, he says: —

He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America.

The article brought to Mr. Brooks gratifying letters from relatives and friends of Stanley. Dean Plumptre writes: "It is, I think, the truest and fullest presentation of his character that has yet appeared." Lady Frances Baillie thanks him for giving "such a living picture to the people of your country and to us all. . . . How *she* would have thanked you!"

After Stanley's death, the English friendships grew dearer and more intimate, — with Lady Frances Baillie, Sir George Grove, who had accompanied Stanley to this country, and with Archdeacon Farrar, through whom he kept his connection with the sacred Abbey unbroken, always preaching within its precincts at St. Margaret's whenever he visited England. Another friendship in England was formed at this time with Dr. Thorold, Lord Bishop of Rochester, afterward translated to the See of Winchester. On failing to find Mr. Brooks at home when he called upon him in this country, Bishop Thorold had written: —

You are so well known to me by your sermons and have so blessed me by them, I wanted to thank you face to face. They are my constant companions. Some of them, — the "Consolations of God" and the "Soul's Refuge in God," I almost know by heart. This morning I read the one on "Humility." As life

goes on I am always trying to grow new blood in the shape of new friends, and I had dreamed such a dream of a cup of tea with you to-night, to which I had meant to invite myself; and we should have soon found out that we had much in common. . . .

But I write chiefly to say, when you next come to England you must be my guest. I am very near London, Selsdon Park, Croydon; and I shall rely on your proposing yourself.

Part of the summer was spent in New Hampshire, where he recalled old associations connected with the familiar tour of the White Mountains. He speaks of the visit as "pleasant and pathetic. We have been watching the telegraph just as we used to do in the old war times, and the last thing we do before going to bed is to go down to the village and see what the President's pulse and temperature are. After a short stay at Mount Desert he returned to Boston.

The effect of the call to Harvard was to bring Mr. Brooks into closer relationship with the University. A temporary arrangement had been made by which he was appointed one of several chaplains, who were to take their turn in preaching at Appleton Chapel and in conducting morning prayers. Had he accepted the call to be the sole chaplain, he could not have felt more keenly the responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the students. In his devotion to the students he did not begrudge the claims upon his time. But the tax was none the less severe. "I am chaplain this week at Cambridge," he writes to Rev. Arthur Brooks (November 6, 1881), "and go there every morning for prayers. It is very pleasant, but it takes lots of time. I have to leave here at eight o'clock and do not get back till ten."

At the seventh Church Congress, which was held at Providence, in October, Mr. Brooks was one of the appointed speakers on the subject of "Liturgical Growth." It was a subject full of interest at the time, for it had been brought before the General Convention in 1880 by Dr. William R. Huntington, then rector of All Saints' Church in Worcester, and a committee had been appointed to consider the question of the enrichment of the Prayer Book. For long and weary

years the leaders of the Evangelical school had been asking for changes in the way of omissions, and also for greater flexibility in the use of the various services. These demands had been refused. There had grown up in the minds of many the feeling that the Prayer Book was too sacred to admit of alteration or change. Dr. Huntington's motion, however, had passed the convention and the subject was before the Church. It was distinctly understood that the purpose in view was not to alter the Prayer Book in the interest of any school of opinion, nor to make changes for the sake of change, or in order to adapt the Church to any changed condition of the time; but to enrich the worship by additions from the great treasury of devotions. There were some things which all alike would have been glad to see incorporated in the Book of Common Prayer. Whether this could be done without also making doctrinal changes, or without invading the Communion Office, was the question which agitated many.

To the Church Congress at Providence Mr. Brooks went with a determination to speak his mind on the subject of changing the Prayer Book. Others were suggesting what changes were desirable, and he, too, had changes to recommend. What he chiefly wanted was the formal recognition in the Prayer Book of the liberty of extemporaneous prayer. In his paper on "Liturgical Growth"[1] he pleaded for this permission on the ground that in a comprehensive church such as the Episcopal Church claimed to be, this element of power and flexibility should be included. It was not enough that a clergyman was already at liberty to make the extemporaneous prayer at the close of his sermon, — a liberty of which he freely availed himself. So long as the rubrics did not authorize it, he felt bound to refrain from indulging his preference, for he was scrupulous in adherence to the prescribed form and order. Yet it may be told here — for there are many who will remember it — how in saying the beautiful prayer which was a great favorite with him, — "O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the Faithful," he always included

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 96.

himself with the congregation, and changed "them" to "us:" "Visit *us*, we pray Thee, with Thy love and favor." He also changed the abstract expression "the truth" to "Thy truth:" "Graft in *our* hearts the love of *Thy* truth." Slight changes, but bearing witness to his passion for the personal relation of truth and his avoidance of the abstraction. Whether he were conscious of these innovations may be doubted. In some nervous impressible moment, on informal occasions, when he was quite at liberty to make such changes, they may have been stamped upon his memory, and grown unconsciously into a habit.

The paper on "Liturgical Growth" shows that he keenly felt the restriction which made it impossible to pray with an open heart at critical moments, when the freedom of the soul should be granted. Thus he was indignant, and also amused, that when the city of Chicago was in flames the General Convention, then in session, showed its sympathy and asked for the Divine aid by reciting the Litany, while the name of the city and the awful occasion were passed over in silence. Even the Roman Church possessed flexibility in striking contrast with this hard conservatism and immobility. To this defect in the Church he called attention in vigorous speech, denouncing the conservative habit as showing lack of faith in the principles of liturgical worship.

Upon one other topic he volunteered to speak at this same Church Congress, — a thing unusual with him, for when people were met to talk it was his custom to be silent. The Revised Version of the New Testament was one of the subjects for discussion. He listened to the objections to it by the various speakers, — its sacrifice of rhythm in style and of familiar expressions which had become dear. He listened till he could bear it no longer, and rose in his majestic presence to make his way to the platform.

The thing that is really upon trial, he said, is not the Revised Version but the Church. If a man is going to translate a book for me, the one thing I demand is scrupulousness, — the most absolute fidelity to details, the absolute binding of themselves to the simple question how they could most completely represent the

Greek in English, letting the question of literary merit take care of itself. That is the one great evidence of faithfulness to their charge which we had a right to ask of those men who undertook this responsible work, which work so far Christendom has stamped with its approval as to its accuracy. If a man came to me to-morrow, and wanted to know what Christianity was, to understand the words of Christ, I should be absolutely bound to give him the New Version and not the old one.

The great body of new Christians are reading the new book. God grant that our Church may not condemn us to read the old and faulty book in our churches, to the exclusion of the new and corrected one, and so lag behind, as we have done again and again, and only with a tardy run by and by come up abreast of the great dominant sentiment and the prevailing convictions of our fellow Christians.

This instance of his volunteering to speak without special preparation is not a characteristic one. Mr. Brooks was a man that usually weighed his thoughts and his words in long meditation beforehand. He was accustomed to qualify his utterance by considering the other side. He was quite alive to the truth which the late Master of Balliol had expressed in such perfect form, — that there might be more inspiration in the received version than in the original Greek. Nor was Mr. Brooks aware of the importance which others attached to his words, how he spoke now to the country at large, and not merely to his own religious fold. The consequence of these speeches at the Church Congress, especially of his remarks on the subject of Liturgical Growth, was an editorial criticism in "The Churchman" which sharply resented his strictures upon the ecclesiastical conservatism, not mentioning him by name, but referring to him as "a brilliant and popular preacher" who had recently been making some rash remarks. The use of the Litany, when Chicago was burning, was defended as the most appropriate thing to have done. How Mr. Brooks regarded the criticism is shown in a letter to his brother: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 6, 1881.

Dear Arthur, — I thank you very much indeed for your kind sympathy. The brutal attacks of "The Churchman" have kept

me awake o' nights and I have thought several times of either writing a reply or else committing suicide — but I have n't yet done either. The only consolation I have is that " The Churchman " seems to enjoy it, and that I have no doubt —— congratulates himself that the Church is still sound. One serious injury that the articles do me is that I don't feel quite as much at liberty to abuse " The Churchman," which has been one of my chief amusements. I am afraid now that people will think I am spiteful.

In the fall of 1881 Dr. Brooks published his second volume of sermons, under the title "The Candle of the Lord, and other Sermons." It met with the same reception accorded to the first volume, reaching a sale of over twenty-one thousand. The titles of the sermons are felicitously chosen, and linger in the memory. Most of them had been written in the seventies in the ordinary course of his preaching at Trinity Church. Out of the twenty-one sermons which the volume contains, the texts of nine are from the Old Testament, which is a large proportion. If this circumstance has any significance, it lies in showing his gift of the poetic imagination applied to the interpretation of life, the continuation of the spirit of his Philadelphia preaching. Phillips Brooks indignantly repelled the insinuation, that the Christian pulpit lingers too long among Jewish antiquities. He found in the Old Testament perpetual inspiration, the disclosure of the process by which God reveals his life to the world. These texts of sermons in his second volume recalls some of the most abiding impressions of his preaching: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord;" "The good will of him that dwelt in the bush;" "And he said, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee;" "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help;" "Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;" "Behold he smote the rock that the water gushed out and the streams overflowed. But can he give bread also? Can he provide flesh for his people?"

As we read these words of Scripture the preacher stands forth again in his strength with his insight into the deeper meanings of life. The bush which burned and was not consumed stands for the continuity of one's years; the joy of self-sacrifice is typified in ancient ritual, as when the "song of the Lord began with trumpets" at the moment of the burnt offering; to lift up one's eyes to the hills is to see all lower sources of comfort and consolation as having their origin in the highest, which is God; the curse which was upon Meroz is the curse upon human inactivity in any age whenever the crises of life are upon men; the accumulation of faith makes it possible to believe that God is as powerful in the present as in the past, — "He could overcome the worldliness of the eighteenth century, He can overcome the materialism and fatalism of the nineteenth century; as in ancient times He not only smote the rock that the waters gushed out, but He also provided bread for his people."

It is hard to speak of some of these sermons without speaking of all. But a few must be specially mentioned. There is the sermon on the "Manliness of Christ," which strangely touched the conscience of every one who heard it. The keenness of psychological analysis is here, going beneath the surface to the depth of the consciousness, as he probes it for the reason why men have failed to see the strength of Christ, who in his human personality was the manliest and the mightiest of men. The defect, and the cause of the defect, felt in the traditional portraits of Christ, is here made apparent.

The sermon on the "Law of Liberty," delivered many times, has in it a reminder of Chalmers and Bushnell, but does not suffer by comparison. No one who heard it can forget the closing passage, where he describes the judgment day as simply taking off the restraints of education and of social order, at last leaving each man free to seek his own place.

The sermon on the "Mystery of Light" gives a contrast between the two kinds of mystery, that of light and that of darkness. It is no more possible to measure the depths of

one than of the other. The object is to show that current popular objections to the doctrines of the Trinity are mistaken in considering it as a mystery of darkness, when in reality it is the dazzling, bewildering mystery of light.

This second volume of sermons, like the first, bears witness to that moment in the history of religious experience when, according to the familiar comparison, trite indeed but always most expressive, there was a storm on the ocean of life and much wreckage of faith. Then Phillips Brooks had stood forth as a commander to the people, pointing to the haven and the way by which it was to be gained. Thus on Thanksgiving Day, when his church overflowed with hearers who anticipated the value of the message to be delivered, he took for his text the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." His subject was the need of self-respect as a condition for hearing the voice of God in revelation.

There are many passages in the Bible which describe the servants of God as their Lord's messages came to them, falling upon their faces to the earth, and in that attitude listening to what God had to say. . . . There is a great truth set forth in all these pictures. It is that only to human humility can God speak intelligently. . . . But in the passage which I have taken for my text this morning, there is another picture with another truth. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." Not on his face but on his feet; not in the attitude of humiliation but in the attitude of self-respect; not stripped of all strength, and lying like a dead man waiting for life to be given to him, but strong in the intelligent consciousness of privilege and standing alive, ready to coöperate with the living God who spoke to him; so the man is now to receive the word of God. . . . The best understanding of God could come to man only when man was upright and self-reverent in his privilege as the child of God.

If this be a truth, is it not a great truth and one that needs continually to be preached? The other truth is often urged upon us that if we do not listen humbly we shall listen in vain. But this truth is not so often preached, nor, I think, so generally felt, — unless you honor your life, you cannot get God's best and fullest wisdom; unless you stand upon your feet, you will not hear God speak to you.

With this introduction the preacher turned to pessimism, whose prophets were vehemently declaring that "human life is a woe and a curse, that the will to live is the fiend which persecutes humanity." Because unphilosophical men, who have no theory of life, are practically accepting this teaching, he proposes to show what the "will to live" must mean.

I am sure you know whereof I speak. In large circles of life, and they are just those circles in which a great many of us live, there is an habitual disparagement of human life, its joys and its prospects. Man is on his face. It seems to me that he must hear God's voice calling him to another attitude, or he is hopeless. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee."

The year 1881 as it came to a close brought the usual commemoration days with their inevitable reflections. The friends of Mr. Brooks continued to insist that his birthday should be observed, though in the swift passage of time the years were coming which made it no more a pleasure. He was confused a little with the transition of life. A birthday should be a day of rejoicing. But as he entered the forties he began to sigh for the youth that was passing, and to realize that something had been lost. He was now forty-five. When he was reminded of the increasing wealth that came with maturity, the larger vision, the mature ripeness of the powers, he declared there was in them no compensation for that which was gone. There was a conflict going on in his soul as he measured the significance of the changes in the life of man, and out of this conflict were to be born some of the most valuable truths which it was given him to reveal to the world. Let the reader turn to his sermon on the "Manliness of Christ" and he will find him brooding upon this issue: —

It would seem, then, as if this truth were very general, that in every development there is a sense of loss as well as a sense of gain. The flower opening into its full luxuriance has no longer the folded beauty of the bud. The summer with its splendor has lost the fascinating mystery of the springtime. The family of grown-up men remembers almost with regret the crude dreams which filled the old house with romance when the men were boys.

The reasonable faith to which the thinker has attained cannot forget the glow of vague emotion with which faith began. . . . Who is not aware of that strange sense of loss which haunts the ripening man? With all that he has come to, there is something that he has left behind. In some moods the loss seems to outweigh the gain. He knows it is not really so, but yet the misgiving that freshness has been sacrificed to maturity, intenseness to completeness, enthusiasm to wisdom, makes the pathos of the life of every sensitive and growing man.[1]

This is but one of the passages scattered through his sermons where Phillips Brooks is telling the congregation before him what he would not speak of in the intimate intercourse of friendship. It was when these moods were on him that he took them to the pulpit, as to some Horeb or mount of vision, to test them there. What he could not tell to his people out of his own experience which would prove a source of strength and elevation and joyous triumph could not be true. Let the reader then turn to his sermon on the "Symmetry of Life," preached on Advent Sunday, where he gives the corrective of all depressing moods. His text was from the Book of Revelation, in whose mystic imagery his soul delighted, "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, Christmas Eve, 1881.

Dear Johnny, — How many Christmas Eves we have spent together! Do you remember how we used to go up to St. Mark's and then come back and wander through the toy shops and look up children's presents, and then how you would go home and find father nailing up Christmas wreaths? Well, that 's all over, and here I am all alone with the Christmas festival safely over and the Christmas sermon done, and cheering myself up by looking at the mighty pretty little vase you have sent me, and by thinking how very kind you were to send it. I do thank you, and I do think it just as pretty as possible. It came quite safe and has taken its place among my treasures, and every club the fellows will see that the study looks a great deal brighter than it used to look, and will wonder what it was that did it. I do indeed thank you for all your kind thoughts of me.

Give H—— my very best love, and for you, dear Johnny, you know how truly I am your affectionate old brother,

Phillips.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 258, 259.

Watch Night had been kept as usual at Trinity Church, and on returning to his house in the first hour of the New Year he found a gift awaiting him from the members of the Clericus Club, — a bronze statue of John Baptist in the attitude of preaching. In this letter he describes one of the familiar meetings of the Club and speaks of the gift he had received: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 5, 1882.

Dear Johnny, — A Happy New Year to you and Hatty and Josephine and the Baby! I have been meaning to write you a beautiful letter, but somehow the sermons have got all my time and all my lovely thoughts. What a lot of them (the sermons) there have been! Thank you for sending me your Advent sermon, which I enjoyed exceedingly. It was a delightful sermon, and I envy the people who hear such sermons always. Pray send me everything of yours that goes into the papers. The Club went off first-rate. There were sixteen men here and Bradley's paper was capital. Parks and Percy got a foul of one another in the discussion. Willie Newton turned up when we were halfway through. Charles Richards stayed here all night, and altogether we had a first-rate time, barring your absence which was very bad. Did you know that the Club made me a splendid New Year's present of a bronze John the Baptist, who stands upon my centre table now? It came in just after the watch meeting on Saturday night. We have called Kidner to succeed Killikelly and he has accepted. Jim was up yesterday and Parks is going to preach in Appleton Chapel next Sunday morning. You will come down and spend a night or two soon, won't you? But send me word beforehand or I 'm awfully likely to be away.

Good-by, Johnny.

Affectionately, P.

In this month of January Mr. Brooks undertook with enthusiasm the task of soliciting subscriptions for a memorial of Dean Stanley to be placed in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The subject had been first suggested at a meeting held in the Chapter House on December 13, 1881, to commemorate Stanley's birthday. At that meeting the American minister, Mr. James Russell Lowell, had been present, making one of those felicitous speeches which pleased the hearts of Englishmen. It had then been suggested that

the opportunity be given to friends of Stanley in America to contribute to the memorial already determined upon in England, — the completion of the Chapter House, — by supplying one of the great windows, for which Stanley had already furnished the designs. With reference to this point Dr. Bradley, the successor of Stanley, wrote early in January to Mr. Brooks and a few others, asking that the amount required, £1000, should not come from three or four rich persons, but from a large number. So quickly did the response come in to Mr. Brooks's appeal that by the month of March some three hundred persons from all parts of the country had sent in subscriptions whose total amount exceeded what was called for by several hundred dollars. In a letter to Dean Bradley, in which was enclosed a bill of exchange for £1064 9s. 10d., Mr. Brooks requested in the name of those subscribers whom he had been able to consult, that the surplus, if there were any, should be given to the Westminster Hospital and Training School in which the Dean and Lady Augusta were so deeply interested. To Lady Frances Baillie he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 15, 1882.

Dear Lady Frances, — I want you to see one of the small tokens of the way in which our dear friend was honored in America. So I send you the list of names of the people who, without urgency, have contributed most gladly and often most eagerly to the window in the Chapter House. It has been most delightful to see the feeling with which people have sent their small or large sums. The subscriptions have ranged from one dollar to one hundred, many of the givers not being able to afford more than the single dollar.

You will know many of the names: Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Adams among our oldest public men; Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier among the poets; Parkman and Bancroft among the historians; Emerson, the philosopher, who was most glad to make his contribution; the Bishops of Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Nebraska; clergymen of all sorts, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Baptists, Congregationalists; men of business, college students, and professors, and then a great many who have simply read the Dean's books and have personal gratitude for him. You will no doubt recognize more than

one who have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of the Deanery, which nobody ever forgets.

I hope that you are well, and I know that the months must bring you more and more of peace and thankfulness. I wish that I could hope to meet you this summer, but, though I probably shall go abroad, I do not think that I shall be in England.

Will you remember me most kindly to your children and to my kind friends at Megginch Castle, and believe me, dear Lady Frances,

Always sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On January 13 Dr. John S. Stone died at the age of eighty-six, almost the last of the great leaders of the Evangelical school. To his death Phillips Brooks refers in the following letter: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, January 28, 1882.

DEAR COOPER, — You know, I suppose, that dear Dr. Stone has gone. Last Friday afternoon he took his dinner as usual and very shortly after had a stroke of paralysis from which he almost immediately became unconscious. He lingered through the night, and the next forenoon at about eleven o'clock without any return of consciousness he passed away. He has been pretty feeble lately but very bright and happy. I saw him about two weeks ago, and he was lying on the sofa in his study, as cheery and full of fun as ever. He spent his days there, without pain, till the stroke came, and I believe he died in the study where you and I saw him a couple of years ago.

It was a beautiful old age and death. On Monday the funeral service was held in the Chapel and his body was taken to Greenwood.

What good old days those were which it brings back, when he used to come down to Race Street and when he used to come and sit in the chancel of Holy Trinity. Well! Well!

He was very fond of you and always talked of you when I saw him. I wonder what he will be like when we see him again.

Ash Wednesday fell on the 22d of February. It had been the custom of Mr. Brooks in the earlier years of his ministry to confine the Lent services to Wednesday and Friday of each week. That was then the prevailing usage. But a change had taken place; there was multiplication of ser-

vices till they were held every day of the week, and in Passion week each day was observed by two and even three services. Mr. Brooks accommodated himself to the change, but with some misgivings. He humorously remarks in a letter that he is wearing out the bricks between his residence and "the meeting-house." He writes to Mr. Cooper accepting an invitation to preach at the consecration of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Philadelphia, and expressing his doubts about Lent: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 2, 1882.

Dear Cooper, — Of course I 'll preach at the Holy Apostles on the evening of the Second Sunday after Easter. That 's half the fun of coming to Philadelphia. I am depending immensely on my visit. When the services get a little thicker than usual I say to myself, in six weeks I shall be in Cooper's study. . . . That cheers me up and I go on with the services again. I do believe you are right about Lent. We have got the thing a great deal too full and complicated. No one service amounts to much in the way of exciting thought or feeling, and the whole long stretch of services grows tame if not tiresome. Besides this there has got to be a sort of rivalry between Parishes, as if the one which had the most services were the most Godly flock and shepherd. Men get each other's "Lent Cards" and compare them, to see who is doing the most "work." There 'll be a great collapse some day. Meanwhile we are keeping on with two or three services a day and counting on the Second Sunday after Easter. When that comes we 'll talk things over and set the whole world right. . . .

After Easter Mr. Brooks showed signs of physical weariness. He continued to say of himself that he was as well as ever, but he knew and admitted that he needed a complete change, and a long one. The subject was mentioned to the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church. He had not yet made up his mind definitely how long he should wish to be absent from home, but intimated that he might possibly conclude to ask for an entire year. The answer of the Proprietors of Trinity Church was prompt and generous. These were the resolutions they adopted, drawn up by the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, and presented by Colonel C. R. Codman: —

Resolved, That the Proprietors of Trinity Church, deeply grateful for the invaluable services which have been rendered us by Mr. Brooks, during the more than twelve years of his rectorship, and fearing that he may be in need of a longer and more continuous rest from his devoted labors than he has even yet been willing to allow himself, desire to express their sincere wish that, in going abroad this Summer, he may not feel bound to limit his vacation too narrowly, but may be at perfect liberty to linger in other climates for the Autumn, Winter, and following Summer, if he shall deem such a stay more likely to bring him back to us with invigorated health and strength for the work which we count upon so earnestly in future years.

Resolved, That the Wardens and Vestry be instructed to communicate the foregoing Resolution to Mr. Brooks, with full powers to make any arrangements which may be agreeable to him, and to assure him that much as we should regret even a temporary loss of his services, we should still more regret to deprive him of the rest and recreation which he needs, and which he has so richly earned.

Boston, April 10, 1882.
Easter Monday.

Just before sailing for Europe Mr. Brooks wrote this letter to Mr. Cooper: —

June 20, 1882.

Dear Cooper, — While I am waiting for the carriage which is to take me to Europe my last letter shall be to you. I got your good kind letter yesterday, and it was like the Benediction I had been waiting for, the last blessing, which I had half hoped to get on board the Servia at New York, but your dear old handwriting is the next thing to it.

What lots of good times we have had together! Race Street and the mountains and the lakes and the Tyrol and Switzerland and Paris and Boston and Spruce Street for twenty-two years. And now it seems as if you ought to be going with me. The journey does n't look lovely or attractive this morning, but of course it will all brighten up by and by and there will be lots to enjoy, but the best of it all will be getting home again. So keep well and young and strong so that we may have still a lot of talks together.

Thank you, dear Cooper, for your long friendship and unfailing kindness. May God be good to you as you have been to me.

Well, well, a year from next September.

Good-bye, Good-bye. P. B.

CHAPTER XII

1882

PLANS FOR THE YEAR ABROAD. GERMANY. CORRESPONDENCE. RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK AND FROM JOURNAL OF TRAVEL

It seemed to Mr. Brooks a simple and natural thing to do when he asked for a year's leave of absence from his parish. It was the rule at Harvard to grant its professors this privilege once in seven years. And among the clergy it was not uncommon, especially in large city parishes where the strain of labor was severe, to seek this mode of relief. But when it was known that Phillips Brooks was to be absent for a year, that his voice was to be silenced during all that time, people wondered, and were amazed, and even alarmed. They were asking of him and of one another why he should go away. It seemed inexplicable that he should stop preaching when the world was waiting to listen. How great the work was which he had been doing he did not realize, nor was there any one then who could tell him. In reality he had been leading people in all the land through one of the darkest, strangest crises in religious history. The popular gratitude and devotion to him seemed overwhelming in its length and breadth and depth, but it must have been only in proportion to some service of immeasurable value he had rendered. That at such a moment he should withdraw himself seemed unreasonable. There were fears that something was wrong. Vague rumors were in the air. An interruption like this of his unprecedented work seemed to portend disaster. In the forecast of the future, it was feared he might not return. When he was asked, as he often was, why he was going, he answered to some that he wanted a change;

or to others that he had been giving out for a long time and he would like to stop for a moment in order to take in. But his answers seemed unsatisfactory. No one felt that it was necessary for him of all men to be in such need. He had made them realize the meaning of the words that it was more blessed to give than to receive. But there was another side of the truth, that one must first have received in order to give; and one must continue to receive if one would have the reward of giving.

A few words of comment upon the situation are required. They must take the nature of surmise, for he was silent while all were talking, as he had also kept rigid silence during the public discussion of his call to Harvard, and at every other turning point in his life. It must then be said that his health was in danger from the severe and prolonged strain of his twelve years' ministry in Boston. There were no impending signs of physical collapse, but the danger was real. He had no misgivings about his health, and when the subject was alluded to would simply remark that he wanted a change. But he had been undergoing a strain during these years, to which flesh and blood were not equal, no matter how perfect their organization in the human body. People marvelled sometimes at his powers of endurance, but for the most part were content to accept the fact and to rejoice in it, as in the regularity of natural phenomena.

When we stop to think of what he had gone through, we recall the unbroken line of wonderful sermons, each one better, so it seemed, than the last. It was no slight task for him to be always equal to himself. Those who thought that it was as easy and natural for him to preach great sermons as it was for the sun to shine are now seen to have been mistaken. Others could not have done it at all, but neither could he accomplish it without the life going out of him. To this must be added that he usually preached three times every Sunday, that he preached once a week beside in the Wednesday evening lecture, and in addition to this very often on other days in the week as the call came to him. There were also the occasional addresses of which it is useless to attempt

the record. But they were numerous, for he was wanted in every direction, and where he was wanted he went. He was accustomed to go abroad for his vacation; he had gone six times in these twelve years, while the other six summers he stood in his place in Boston, preaching to the strangers that were passing through the city, or to the toilers who stayed at home because they were unable to leave. He carried the responsibility of a large parish, involving innumerable calls on his time and strength. This was the inevitable strain under any or ordinary circumstances. But it must be remembered that those years of the seventies were also no ordinary years. He was watching the trend of thought and discovery, as it necessitated changes in his own attitude to meet the spiritual need of the hour. Those who lived through the seventies realize, now that they have passed away, the trial and strain to faith and to life which they brought. Materialism, fatalism, pessimism, agnosticism, were words which describe the moment. To lift the world above them into the light of faith was the task which had been assigned him. To this end he must cultivate the larger faith in himself. He lived through the strain, but the virtue which went out of him was a drain upon the vital powers. For multitudes of people he had been living vicariously; they were content so long as he believed.

Then again, he had suffered, and it cost him to suffer, from the loss in such rapid succession of his father and his mother, and at last of Dr. Vinton. The world was changing to him. There was inward agony as he adjusted himself to the new stage of his life when he was to be henceforth without a home. The situation was the harder because he was not married, and would be forced to realize what loneliness meant. Had he been married he would not have felt as keenly as he did the changes of this mortal life. They would indeed have gone over him, but with compensations which he never knew. His large heart, with its vast capacity for affection, was hungering for human love. He should have married, and yet perhaps he knew that if he had now attempted to give himself to one, the spirit of the world which held him for its own

would have resented the attempt and made it impossible. He realized that he was losing the richness and the consolation and the gift which God so freely bestows on others, but did not vouchsafe to him. But he pondered the more deeply on what it was to lose these gifts divine, which constitute the joy of life, and out of his musing came comfort and hope for others.

It is evident that the health of Phillips Brooks was now in danger from the lack of exercise or some method of relaxation from the incessant strain of life. He felt the need of it the more as the opportunities for it diminished. He clung to the Clericus Club as offering freedom to an overburdened man; where there was no danger that he should be misunderstood as he unbent himself in the amusement which some of its members, himself among them, were wont to furnish. He was a member of the Saturday Club. He took an active part in the formation of the St. Botolph Club in 1880, whose object was social, artistic, and musical. For a few years after its establishment he went occasionally to its weekly gatherings.

But there was no diminution apparent in the seemingly boundless vitality of Phillips Brooks. He will be recalled at this time as carrying that manner of boisterous mirth which has heretofore been mentioned to an almost abnormal extreme. If he suffered at all, or were lonely, or ever knew what depression meant, the world would not have guessed it. He seemed to be the very soul of joy. His coming was always and everywhere the signal for an outburst of wild hilarity. His very presence on the street seemed to have power to carry happiness and content to hearts that were heavy. "It was a dull rainy day, when things looked dark and lowering, but Phillips Brooks came down through Newspaper Row and all was bright." This was one of the items in a Boston daily paper.

His presence in a house was so exciting that it seemed to penetrate every part of it, and the effect was long in subsiding after he had left. When he took his journeys, the tumult began from the moment he landed at the station. He walked

up the street, the observed of all observers, though he did not know it; people turned to look at him and stood and watched while he stopped at the windows of shops and made humorous comments on their display, or paused at posts or signboards to read notices and to detect or fabricate some absurdity or incongruity which provoked his laughter. When he reached the house he threw family discipline to the winds. He would call in a loud voice for the children, regardless of considerations of convenience, and when they came their elders passed into the background and the scene of revelry began. He would incite, or seem to do so, the children to revolt and disobedience, as though law and order in the household were a sham; but he deceived no one, least of all the children. To them it was some fairy scene, some picture from "Alice in Wonderland," where all things were reversed or lost their normal relations. To considerations of personal dignity of bearing he would become oblivious, as when he would romp on the floor or stand as Goliath for some small David of a boy to use his sling. This was his amusement and recreation, so far as he had any. But at times there seemed to be something almost desperate about it all, as though he were striving hard to escape from his influence for a moment or to throw off the burden he was carrying.

But the worst of the situation was that he had little time for quiet reading or thinking. Only by the strictest economy of his opportunities could he have managed to read as much as he did. This diligent improvement of the casual hours, coupled with his power of taking in so quickly the purport of a book, still enabled him to do what to others seemed a large amount of solid as well as of discursive reading. Thus he placed books before him and read while he was shaving. Twice, as we have now seen, he had endeavored to obtain for himself a mode of life in which there would be leisure for thought and study, — in Philadelphia, where he wished to accept the offered chair in the Divinity School, and again in Boston, when he was called to Harvard. "The years," he would say, "are not so many as they were." Time was flying and there was much that he wished to know. He admit-

ted there were great questions which he wished to think out for himself. He may have fondly recalled that second year in the Virginia Seminary, when the intellectual world in all its splendor first opened to his view. We may surmise all this and other things to fill in the picture. He seemed to tell nothing when he answered those who asked him why he was going, but in reality he told all there was to tell. Some deep instinct impressed him with the necessity for a change which should be as prolonged and as thorough as opportunities in this world would allow, and he would fain secure one long year for study and reflection.

The plan for spending the year abroad included a sojourn in Germany, India, and England, giving some three months to each country; and it also provided for a short tour in Spain, to glance at its monuments and churches. It was a plan for study, but he proposed to study from life as well as from books. He wanted to know for himself, by personal inquiry and observation, how the world was thinking and living at a moment so significant in its history. He found it hard at first to realize that he had a long year before him.

> And so the year of wandering has begun. It is not easy yet to realize that it is more than a mere summer's journey, but every now and then it comes over me that the gap is to be so great that the future, if there is any, will certainly be something different in some way from the past. I don't regret that, for pleasant as all these past years have been, they don't look very satisfactory as one reviews them; and although I am inclined to put a higher value on their results than anybody else would be likely to do, they have not certainly accomplished much. I should like to think that the years that remain, when I get home, would be more useful. There is surely coming, and it has partly come, a better Christian Day than any that we or our fathers for many generations have seen. One would like to feel before he dies that he had made some little bit of contribution to it.

He went attended by his friends Rev. W. N. McVickar and Rev. James P. Franks; Mr. Richardson, the architect, and Mr. John C. Ropes were also fellow passengers. The appearance of three such men together as Brooks, McVickar, and Richardson, all of them far above the average in their

stature and physical proportions, was the occasion of humorous anecdotes, in which the humor ran beyond the actual fact. Their stay in England was brief, and Mr. Brooks preached but once, at St. Botolph's Church in old Boston. He was invited to speak at the English Church Congress and his name was advertised, but owing to some delay in the mails, there was misunderstanding which prevented his keeping the engagement. In London he went to Stanley's grave and had much talk about him with Lady Frances Baillie. He called upon Burne-Jones, the artist, and William Morris, the poet. The arrangement was here made with Mr. Richardson to visit southern France and Spain. Architecture under these circumstances must be the main interest, but "art, life, and scenery," he writes, "shall not be forgotten." The journey was a delightful one, including Provence, with its wealth of old Roman remains, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Ravenna, and then Venice. "I think that I enjoyed," he writes, "the re-seeing of old places almost, if not quite, as much as the discovery of new ones. The deepening and filling out of old impressions is very delightful." At Venice the delightful party began to break up, Richardson and his friend Mr. Jaques, then a student of architecture, of whom all became very fond, taking their way toward Spain. With McVickar and Franks he went to Paris, and after a few days together, he was left alone to follow out his plan of study. On August 28, 1882, he writes: —

> After three pleasant days together in Paris, they have gone this morning, and I am all alone. It has been a delightful summer, and now I feel as if my work began. A week from to-day I hope to reach Berlin, where I shall stay for some time. I am very anxious to study, and the prospect of unlimited time for reading opens most attractively. I do not feel as if it were a waste of time, or mere self-indulgence, for all my thought about the work which I have done for the last twenty years, while it is very pleasant to remember, makes it seem very superficial and incomplete. I do not know that I can make what remains any better, but I am very glad indeed of the opportunity to try.

How he felt on being left alone is evident from this letter to McVickar: —

August 29, 1882.

I tell you it was a lonely fellow that walked back in the rain all the way from the Gare du Nord to the Hôtel de l'Empire last Monday morning. It seemed all wrong that I had n't got in with you. I had a sort of feeling of having missed the train. I felt like a fool, and I have no doubt I acted like a fool, and so I called myself a fool. It is better now, and I am looking forward to a very pleasant winter. But did n't we have a good time? I like to sit and think about it all, and one by one the queer, delightful scenes come up, and I find myself laughing all alone at the Brionde kitchen or the St. Nectaire Church, or the night on board the Indian, and then to think that it 's all over and poor little Jimmie is already crawling sideways down the channel in the Malta. I never shall cease to thank you for coming.

Before leaving Paris he wrote this letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Paris, August 29, 1882.

My dear Bob, — I have come to a sort of a way station on this long journey and it seems as if it were time for me to report myself. Besides I want to have a talk with you, and if you were in Mt. Vernon Place and I in Clarendon Street, I should come up and spend the evening with you. This is a very poor substitute for that, but it is all I can get.

To talk about myself, then: the summer journey is over, and you have no idea how good it has been. We went down almost to the gates of Rome, and saw the beauty of northern Italy at its most beautiful. My eyes swim with light and color now. We went also into southern France and saw a great deal of soberer beauty, — quiet old towns, and queer, quaint churches, and kind, dirty people. Richardson was with us till we reached Milan, and then went off into Spain, where he is now. You should have seen the man in Venice! The wonder is that any gondola could hold such enthusiasm and energy, or that he ever, having once got there, came away. Fortunately he has been very remarkably well all summer, and has been most capital company. McVickar and Franks are both old friends, of whom I am very fond, and they made the summer even more delightful, and Mr. Richardson's small friend Jaques was always pleasant and kept the money accounts. We sent you a counterfeit presentment of the party. Did you get it? You will find Richardson glowing with splendid projects for Trinity. A front Porch, a Chapter House, and the great Piers to be covered from top to bottom with mosaics. You

TRINITY CHURCH, WEST

will listen with interest, and dream as I do of how more and more beautiful the dear old Church may be made from generation to generation.

Now I am going to Germany, and for a good while to come I mean to be very quiet in or about Berlin, certainly somewhere in Germany. I still mean to start as near the 1st of December as possible for India. . . .

Well, my dear fellow, I think of you all constantly. What a good time we have had together for the last thirteen years. For myself, I am almost scared when I think how happy my life has been. And now, when it seems as if a new period of it were beginning, I have no wish except to go forward and trust the same good God. Your life, too, has been very bright, I know, and in the heart of your deepest sorrows there must lie some of your brightest hopes.

My best love to your wife and children.

Your and their friend, P. B.

To the Rev. Percy Browne he commended the interests of the Clericus Club while he is away: —

You won't let the Club flag this winter, will you? It seems to me that we all owe so much to it; and while we have grown used to it and don't think so much about it as we used to, it has never been better than in these last years. . . . You don't know how pleasant the old life looks from this distance, when one understands that he is to get nothing of it for a year. What good times we have had! and how few the dull and disagreeable spots have been! May the winter be as bright as possible, and yet I hope you may find room to miss me a bit.

One other pleasant incident remained, however, before the real work should begin. At Cologne he met his brother Arthur travelling with his wife; and of this he writes: —

HANOVER, September 4, 1882.

The great event of the last week was the meeting of the waters. Two Brooks boys, Arthur and I, came together in the ancient city of Cologne. It was Thursday evening when it happened; Arthur had started that morning from Mayence and come down the Rhine, — the way you know, — and I had started from Paris, at an awful hour, and come all the way through by rail, and we met in the hall of the Hôtel d'Hollande at about eight o'clock P. M. We had a long talk that evening, and the next morning we went

through the sights of Cologne once more. Then we took rail to Aix la Chapelle, and I saw that again in this new company. I had been there once before this year with James and McVickar.

Then we went to Maestricht, where we spent the night, and saw a queer cave. Then we came to Brussels, with various experiences on the way, and once more I found myself in that very familiar town. There we spent a very quiet, pleasant Sunday, went to church, and talked to each other a great deal. Late last night we bade each other a long, long farewell. This morning I was called at half past four, and have come to-day (passing through Cologne again) as far as here. . . .

I have started my journey three or four times already. Now to-day it really has begun. I have said good-by to my last relative, and there is nobody else whom I have any engagement to meet until I land in New York a year hence. I am quite alone. To-morrow I am going to Hildesheim and Magdeburg, and the next day to Berlin.

While Mr. Brooks was in Germany and India he wrote a large number of letters, many of them long letters, in which he spoke much of himself, giving expression to his thought and feeling in a most unwonted degree. He seems to have felt at last, in his separation from home and friends, the absolute necessity of letter-writing for his own satisfaction. Not since he was at the seminary in Alexandria do we get such a complete picture of the man. In the twelve years of his life in Boston, his letters had been comparatively few, short, and conventional, so that only through what was said of him by others, or by what personal allusion might be read in his sermons and other published writings, do we get any strong light upon his character. Some of these letters, which he now writes, but mostly those of a lighter character, have been included in his "Letters of Travel." Even these, however, are always characteristic in their quality. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of these published letters that only after reading them did he feel that he knew the man. In them we see the great child-heart and the exquisite humor, as he writes to little children, — his nieces Agnes, Gertrude, and Susan, who were to him as his own children, or the other little nieces in the home at Springfield. While he was away he carried all the interests of his life at home close to his

heart, — the Clericus Club, Trinity Church, the households of his friends, and the varying phases of ecclesiastical life. Many of his friends at home charged themselves with the duty of writing to him often, so that he could easily follow the familiar stream of the things he loved.

So voluminous is the correspondence and other material during this year abroad that it would require a considerable volume to contain it. Only a small part, therefore, can be given here.

To the Rev. Reuben Kidner, one of the assistant ministers at Trinity, in charge of St. Andrew's Church, he writes: —

BERLIN, September 9, 1882.

I am sorry to know that the ecclesiastical world of Boston is being stirred up again by troubles at the ——. It seems sometimes as if the world outside the Church must get to think of it solely as a field for the scramble of small ideas, and small men for prominence and precedence. We know how small a part that plays in church affairs. The —— people have worked conscientiously and faithfully. Their ideas seem to me to be vastly fantastic, and their whole conception of Christianity is one that I cannot enter into at all. But I think it is a great pity when anything happens which would make these people seem what they are not, — partisans ready to quarrel with each other for personal preëminence.

But I am talking about all this at a distance and quite in the dark. Very likely I do not understand the case at all. At any rate there is nobody here in Berlin whom I can ask about it. The people in the streets look as if they had never heard of the ——, many of them as if they had never heard of Boston. They are discussing whether the Jews have any right to live here, and whether there ought to be such a thing as property, and whether there is a God. There is plenty to interest one here, and having settled myself quietly after a summer of hurried travelling, I shall probably be here for some time.

Early in September Mr. Brooks had reached Berlin, taking up his residence there for some two months, but in the mean time visiting other university towns, Giessen, Leipsic, and Heidelberg. For Heidelberg, where he spent two weeks, he felt a strong fascination, as combining beauty of scenery with history and with thought. It was unfortunate that the

universities did not open till the middle of October, so that he missed in consequence conversations with many distinguished men to whom he carried letters. Thus he writes from Berlin, September 17: —

I am going out to dine at Wansee (which seems to be a sort of Berlin Brookline) with Baron von der Heydt, who is going to have some of the Court preachers to meet me. A good many other people have called on me, and talked about German things and people; so that I see all I want to see of folks, and the days are only too short. Unfortunately, the university is closed, and the professors are all off on vacations, so that I miss many men whom I should like to see.

Here are some hints of how he passed his days, of the effect upon him of being for a moment associated with men whose whole time was occupied with speculative thought and learned investigation.

I get up in the morning and breakfast at eight o'clock; then I go to my room, which is very bright and pleasant, where I have a lot of books and a good table, at which I am writing now. Here I stay until eleven or twelve, reading and studying, mostly German; then I go out, see a sight or two, and make calls until it is two o'clock. Then I go to Dr. Seidel, my teacher, and take a lesson, reading German with him for two hours. Then it is dinner time, for everybody in Berlin dines very early. They have North Andover fashions here. Four o'clock is the table d'hôte time at our hotel, and that is rather late. After dinner I get about two hours more of reading in my room, and when it is dark I go out and call on somebody, or find some interesting public place until bedtime. Is not that a quiet, regular life?

This week I have been like a college student, going to hear what the great men have to say about theology and other things. I have German enough now to follow a lecture quite satisfactorily, and you do not know how I enjoy it. Of course I have not taken up any systematic course of attendance. My time is too short for that. I only roam round and pick up what I can and fill it out with reading from the books of the same men, a good many of which I have. There are four thousand other students here in Berlin, so that one can go and come in the great university quite as he pleases, and be entirely unnoticed. . . .

It is very pleasant to see how quietly and simply these scholars live, and what cordial, earnest folks they are. I have also seen something of the ministers, but I do not think I like them so much as the scholars. German religion seems to be eaten up with controversy, and is hampered everywhere by its connection with the state. There is much work being done here, and the thoroughness of their real scholars makes me feel awfully superficial and ashamed.

To Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes more fully of what he is doing: —

October 12, 1882.

Dear Arthur, — I have been as German as I could, and while I have no revelations to make about the tendencies of German theology, I have been quite successful in seeing what I wanted most to see, and if we could sit down and talk about it all together I think I could be very interesting, but I shall not try to put it in a letter. I will only say that every one who seems to know best gives strong assurance that there is indeed a strong awakening of religious thought in Germany, and while very much calls itself Christian here which would puzzle the House of Bishops and makes even the broadest of us open his eyes, yet still a candid and respectful interest in Christianity and a decided disposition towards a theistic explanation of the world and man have largely gained, and are still gaining, among men who think about religious things at all. In Berlin everybody says that Lotze is the truest representative of the prevalent tendency in Metaphysics, and his death so soon after he came there to teach is almost pathetically lamented.

That he had been greatly impressed by reading Lotze is evident from the following important letter: —

Berlin, October 29, 1882.

Dear Arthur, — I got a real good letter from you yesterday, which told me all the things that I liked most to hear and made me feel as if we were very near indeed together. And I wanted to write off at once and tell you so and report myself to you, but I am only at it now after your letter has been almost two days with me. For this morning I went to preach at the American Chapel, and after service I met your friend Evart Wendell, who is a very nice boy, and he came home to lunch with me; and then he wanted me to go home with him and see the photographs that he had bought, and so the whole afternoon got used up, and

here it is Sunday Evening. Understand that Wendell sent his best love to you, which I hereby give. I am now back something over a week here in Berlin, and my time here draws to a close. Just think of its being two months since we parted in Brussels! Of that time about half has been spent in Berlin and the rest in other parts of Germany. On the whole I have been as successful in carrying out my rather vague plans as I could anyway have hoped. I have been only unlucky in being rather too early for the universities, which did not begin their lectures till last Monday; so that I have not had much of that sort of life, and the vacation time also prevented a good many men whom I should have liked to see from being at home. On the other hand I have found people everywhere most accessible, and although very few of the theologians speak English they mostly understand it, and the study I have had here makes their German quite intelligible. Both in such lectures as I have heard here in the last week and in the conversations which I have had with men in various places, I have found no real difficulty. In Halle and Heidelberg and Leipsic I have found interesting people and got pretty good ideas of what theologians were at. A thoroughness of Exegesis which is beautiful, and an inquiry into the Old Testament History which makes it very living, and a rearrangement of dogmatic statements in philosophical systems: — these are their great works. The books which I have read with considerable struggle are the new "Life of Jesus" by Weiss, of Berlin; the "Life of Luther" by Köstlin, whom I saw at Halle, which is the last great work on the Reformation; the "Christian Belief and Morals" of Pfleiderer of Berlin; and, above all, the lectures of Hermann Lotze on the "Philosophy of Religion" and on the "Foundations of Practical Philosophy." Then I have dipped into Schleiermacher, of whom I knew nothing before. But Lotze is the most interesting of men. I wish you would get somebody to translate his "Grundzüge der Religionsphilosophie," — somebody who knows German well. It is a little book, the mere notes of one of his students from his lectures, which has been published this year in Leipsic. If I knew enough German to be quite sure that I was n't making him say just what he did n't mean to I would translate some of it myself, for it is full of as rich sound meat as any book I ever read, and with my poor German knowledge I know I have got at the gist of it. The way that people speak of him here is very impressive. I have heard one or two lectures from his successor Zeller, who is also an interesting man. It is the jolliest thing, this University. There it stands wide open and anybody can go in to any lecture that he chooses. I have heard Dillman and Weiss and

Pfleiderer, who are the best of the theological people here except Dorner, who is the Nestor of their faculty, but is now very ill and off at Baden-Baden. The city preachers, of whom I have seen several, seem to be very earnest but not very inspiring men. On the whole I feel as if there were not in Germany just the type of man whom we have in England and America, — the really spiritual rationalist or broad Churchman, the Maurice or the Washburn. Their positive men are dogmatists and their rationalists are negative. Such men there must be somewhere, — successors of Schleiermacher on his best side, — but nobody seems to be able to point them out, and except in vague and casual approaches I have failed to find them. Outside of theology I have made some very pleasant acquaintances. I have seen a good deal of Baron von Bunsen and his family. He is the son of the Bunsen of many books, the Chevalier, and is a very charming man, and his house is always full of pleasant people. Lately I have seen something of Hermann Grimm, the translator of Emerson, and the author of Goethe's Life and of Michael Angelo's. Then there is a most hospitable doctor (Abbot) who has been here for many years, and whom I knew when I was here seventeen years ago, whom I have found a kind friend and at whose house I have seen lots of nice people. All this about my Berlin life, but I hoped you would care to know what had come of my venture. Now I leave here on Wednesday for Dresden, and then Prague and Vienna and so to Venice, whence I am booked for the Poonah, which sails for Bombay on the 1st of December.

Is your new church coming on to your satisfaction? How I should like to be where I could hear all about its details and know what all the knotty points are which you will have to settle. Do get in a bit of La Farge glass somewhere. It is too splendid a chance to be neglected now when you have such a wonderful genius living at your doors who may die any day. The more I see of what work in glass is being done abroad, the more remarkable his work appears. Just think of Trinity Church, Boston, being on fire the other day! Do you know young Peters, the son of your friend the Reverend Doctor in New York, who came to see me the other day in Leipsic? He seemed to be a fine fellow, an enthusiastic scholar and a wise broad Churchman. Surely, there ought to be some place for such a man in some one of our seminaries.

To Professor A. V. G. Allen he writes, with reference to an article on the "Renaissance of Theology in the Nineteenth Century:" —

VIENNA, November 13, 1882.

MY DEAR ALLEN, — I have been reading this evening your article in the "Princeton Review," and before I go to bed I want to tell you how deeply I am delighted with it. Its great idea, the distinction between the *extra*-mundane and the *intra*-mundane conceptions of God's revelation, has happily grown familiar to multitudes of us in their own thinking under the half-recognized influence of the disposition of our time. Little by little we have awaked to the knowledge that we had attained to such a richer and worthier idea of our relationship to God. Not least among the delights which it has brought has been the sense of how with it belonged all the best, the most characteristic work of the human mind in our time, from Emerson's essay on the Oversoul to Darwin's teaching of the constant presence of live, creative force in nature. Of course this truth, as opposed to the Napoleonic conception of Deity, verges toward Pantheism. All the Orthodox ministers of Germany say that Schleiermacher was a Pantheist, as some Englishmen say of Coleridge. But it has been a great joy to find how in such a more intimate knowledge of God a nobler and realler sense of His Personality has ever come.

All this has been familiar to many of us. But to trace the history of the Christian thought upon the subject, and to show that in the knowledge of God that is true which the Alt-Katholiks have claimed so barrenly to be true of Christian institutions, that the youngest is the oldest, and the last the first, — this you have done beautifully in your essay. Henceforth I am an old Greek. I wish that you would develop that part of your Essay, the presence of this better theology before Augustine, into a book. It would be a flood of light to many souls.

But I only wanted to thank you, and to say how glad I am with all my heart, away off here, that you are teaching our youngsters in Cambridge. God bless your work.

I hope that you are all well and happy. You ought to be.

In two weeks now I am off for India, but I shall think of you from the Ends of the Earth.

With best remembrances to your wife and boys.

Ever your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It is interesting and important to note that Phillips Brooks was impressed by Lotze's philosophy. We have seen that in his youth it was the philosophy of Lord Bacon which influ-

enced him. For the abstractions of speculative thought he felt no attraction. There is no evidence that he ever made any effort to understand the purpose of Hegel, though one sometimes encounters in his sermons thoughts which are akin to those of the Hegelian philosophy. But they may have an independent origin. There are also traces in his sermons of the influence of Plato, as in the sermon on the text, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount" (Hebrews viii. 5).[1] On this sermon, which was preached in England, at old Boston and at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, an English clergyman remarked to him that it was not what was wanted in England. The influence of Lotze was to raise the question whether the intellectual formula at any moment was adequate for the full and final expression of the content of human soul, of human faith and belief. That one did not come to the truth solely by the intellectual process had always been one of the ruling ideas of Phillips Brooks. But in the first stages of his development, he has assigned the lead to the reason. In his lectures at Yale College on the "Teaching of Religion" he had assumed that truth came first to the reason, then from the reason to the feelings, and finally from the feelings to the will. In some degree that had been the law of his own growth. His temperament was predominantly intellectual, and in the early years of his ministry this tendency was prominent in his preaching. But as he passed through the struggle of the seventies, he found more and more that men must believe through the cognitive power of the feeling, — those deeper instincts of the human constitution which do not originate so much in the mind as in the heart, or in the experience of life. With this growing tendency in himself, he found Lotze in harmony, as also in another direction which he was forecasting, that the reason had been given a predominance in modern philosophy which obscured or subordinated the mighty function of the human will.

While Phillips Brooks was in Germany he seems to have been profoundly moved by the intellectual environment. It

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iii.

was a time with him of most intense activity, affecting the whole man, as he was engaged in translating into terms of life the thoughts with which his mind was teeming. He appears as reviewing his experience, religious and intellectual, in the light of a more satisfactory philosophy. He enters in his journal a series of connected statements regarding his religious beliefs, prefacing it with the words: "I want to try to draw out in order and connection those personal convictions about religious truth which have slowly and separately taken shape in my mind." The paper was not exhaustive, and as these words quoted indicate, it was the working of his individual experience which he was seeking to trace. Upon this point something remains to be said in another chapter. It is interesting also to note how his mind assumes a devotional tone in dealing with theological problems. To this beautiful and impressive paper, the reader will now turn: —

1. GOD.

Man does not seem to reach the idea of God by any conscious process. All conscious processes appear to be either the subsequent analysis of what has gone on already unconsciously, or else the support which study and thought bring to a conviction which already exists on other grounds; very much as the filial impulse or instinct finds itself supported by many considerations of human nature and society, but was not *made* by any of them.[1]

If we look into this first idea of God, which seems self-born, a direct impulse of the heart of man, its origin, I think, will be found to lie in a transference by man to the universe of that one sole primal cause of which he has any knowledge, which is *will*. This is a very simple transference and is made almost unconsciously. Man finds only one stopping place in tracing back the claim of cause and effect in his own activity. That stopping place is in what seems to him to be truly an uncaused cause. When, then, he pictures to himself the stopping place of the chain of cause and effect in the greater world of active life, then, too, he thinks that at the beginning must lie *will*.

This seems to be to man a supposition to be verified by experi-

[1] Alle Beweise sind blos Rechtfertigungsgründe für unseren Glauben und für die bestimmte Art, in welcher wir dies höchste Princip meinen fassen zu müssen. Lotze, *Grundzüge der Religionsphilosophie*, § 5.

ence. God is first to the world, and to some extent to every man a Working Hypothesis. It is in the way in which this working hypothesis seems to meet, and abundantly cover, all the events of life and conditions of the world, that man finds himself justified in accepting it as true.

Of course for every individual this process is not merely in large part unconscious, but it is also complicated with *tradition*. Each man receives the result of the process as it has gone on in the minds of men before him, and often it is by the greater or less tendency to traditionalism (that is, to the acceptance of the testimony of previous men) which is in different men's dispositions that they are led to adhere to or react from the witness which this process bears to the existence of God in their own minds.[1]

We must not understand *will* too narrowly. It includes the whole creative force in which there is an element of affection and desire, and so this testimony is not distinct from, but includes, the impulse which man feels to believe in a God, because he craves to be loved and to have some interested purpose outside of himself governing his creation and his life.

2. REVELATION.

How does such an Idea of man arriving at the Idea of God by the examination of himself affect the doctrine of a Revelation?

In the first place, it *is* a Doctrine of Revelation. When man has thus reached the Idea of God he adds almost of necessity the notion that God *meant* that he should reach it. God's first revelation of Himself must be in human nature itself. All other kinds of revelation would be useless unless this lay behind them all. There is here the first appearance of the truth that man is the *Child* of God. Both the wish and the possibility of God to show Himself to man in man's own nature are involved in the Idea of Childship. To no being but a child could such a revelation from the Father come.

The traditional element, of which I spoke, makes the access to the knowledge of God seem all the more a revelation. God seems to the man to have been using not merely this man's own self, but the selves of other men and the great self of humanity, to make Himself known to this one of his children.

But with this first revelation (which is often not called a Reve-

[1] Im Gegentheil hat das religiöse Gefühl immer die *expansive Leibe*, die zur Mittheilung ihrer Seligkeit an andre Wesen drängt, als das Motiv der Schöpfung angesehen. Lotze, § 52.

lation, but is spoken of, by way of contrast, as a part of natural religion, — an unreal distinction) then the expectation of other revelations immediately follows. Man cannot think of God existing and creating *him* without thinking also of God making some effort to communicate with His creature.

The result is a searching curiosity to find God's communication, which, whatever fantastic form it takes, is still valuable as testifying to the fundamental conviction of man that there is a God and that He will speak. It takes form in the belief in Visions, Oracles, divinely written Bibles, and more vaguely in an undefined idea that at the origin of human life God must have said, in some way, things to man of which man has preserved the tradition.

The degree of truth in each one of these is a separable question from the fact of *a* truth being resident in them as a whole. In this, most religious men, however they may hesitate about each particular Vision or Bible, are always tending to believe.

Still in close association with what I said about man's finding God's first witness in himself (i. e., in man), there is always a half-consciousness that it must be *in human life* that the truest and fullest and deepest revelation of God is given. No other paper is fit to hold that awful writing. Hence all great religions, however they may rely upon their sacred books, have also their sacred *man*, their Prophet or Saint, in whom God is supremely shown.

This comes to its completeness in Christianity.

3. CHRIST.

The Principle of Christianity is that God was in Christ. Not a revelation by a *Book*, but by a *Being*. This the point to which all disturbances of literal faith in the Book are tending, and so in this there is no tendency to deny or to depreciate the true humanity of Jesus, but rather a necessity of exalting and emphasizing it.

The *Possibility* of such supreme manifestation of God in Jesus must lie in the essential nearness of humanity to Divinity. Such revelation in a person could not take place in any person which did not thus naturally belong with God.

Hence it is not strange that there should be much in the lives of the best men which seems to be identical with the life of Jesus. In them, too, there is the capacity to manifest God. In them, too, God is endeavoring to manifest Himself. Here is the true key to the inspiration of Thinkers, Poets, and Saints.

And this has been always and everywhere, so that Religion has been in all times and places. What we call the heathen religions

are thus real utterances of God. After man has passed beyond mere fear and the adoration of Power in the forms which seemed to him to represent it (as, for instance, the heavenly bodies), wherever he has tried to come into the genuine companionship and communion of a Great Father, there has been a vision of the same truth which became completely manifested in the Incarnation. Therefore we ought to welcome and not disparage every resemblance between heathen religions and our own, and find in them the point of approach to heathen minds. Christ certainly is to be thought of, not primarily as a revelation of God's will or intended *way*, but as a revelation of God's character.

This does not do away with the *separateness* of Jesus, but only shows the way in which His separate life becomes a possibility. His seemingly contradictory name, the "only begotten Son of the Father," seems to contain this double idea of the uniqueness of His life and at the same time its being the consummation of the life of man. The testimony to its uniqueness is in His own words as historically recorded (of which I will speak later when I come to treat of the Bible) and in the solitary strength of His influence.

His miracles are to us not so much the *proofs* of the separateness and superiority of His life (whatever they may have been to his contemporaries), as they are the natural and altogether to-be-expected utterances of it in its reaction upon the material world. Supposing such a special presence of God in any human life, it would seem altogether likely that that life would have a peculiar relation to nature, perhaps a peculiar mode of entrance on the mortal career and a peculiar mode of departure from it, as well as peculiar power over it during the intervening years. Thus the question of Christ's miracles becomes purely an open question of historical evidence.

In this view the higher power over nature which belongs to man as God's utterance in the world, compared with the lower power over nature which the brutes possess, is also of the nature of miracle. The recognition on our part of the means and processes of the exercise of that power seems not to change the nature of the case, and the miracles ascribed to other men than Jesus (using the word "miracle" in its ordinary sense) become the natural expression of God's superior life in them and are also pure questions of history. There is no antecedent presumption against their truth. The supernatural is only the manifestation of a higher nature and so is natural.

Hence, also, no man who believes in them can reasonably deny the possibility of present miracles.

I cannot but think also that the whole present tendency of

physical science, which, with its theories of evolution, dwells upon the presence in the world of nature of a continually active formative force, is in the line of Christianity. Christ not merely taught that the divine Power was always at work in the world. He *was* Himself that present active divine power, and so, in some sense, not merely made miracles seem occasionally possible, but made all events seem miraculous, which is not the abolition of the idea of the miraculous any more than the flooding of the world with sunshine is an extinction of the sun.

4. PRAYER.

The revelation in Christ of the intrinsic relationship of man to God furnishes the true ground for the Idea of prayer, the presence of prayer outside of Christian influence being, as in the other points mentioned before, an indication that the essential truth of Christianity is everywhere present in the world. Prayer, as Christ, not merely by His practice and precept, but by His nature, makes it known to us is the entire expression of loving and dependent sonship, — the complete resting of the life of man upon the life of God, of the child upon the Father. While Petition will be certainly included in the utterance of this, it will not be limited to petition. Confidence, love, sympathy, thankfulness, all will be part of Prayer. And when Petition comes it never will be absolute, but always conditioned on the higher knowledge and complete love of the Father to whom the Prayer is offered. See the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done," and the Prayer in Gethsemane, which is the pattern of all petitions.

In this view the so-called "difficulties of prayer" by no means disappear, but are seen to be identical with the difficulties of moral life in general. They are not involved in any relation of a subordinate to a superior will, one working within the other. They do not make prayer impossible or unmeaning any more than the difficulties of free-willed life make choice and action impossibilities or fictions.

The evidence of the reality of Prayer and of its efficacy must lie not in our recognition of its specific answer, but in our assurance of the nature of the Being to whom it is offered.

5. ATONEMENT.

Of such a revelation of God in a human life what should we say beforehand would be the results? First, Suffering to the Humanity in which the Revelation is made; and second, Recon-

ciliation or assertion and establishment of the essential oneness between God and man. The first of these is accidental, belonging to the special circumstance of human sin in the midst of which the Revelation must be made. In a pure, though imperfect humanity the Revelation by Incarnation might be painless. The second result is essential, and must come under whatever circumstances God thus showed Himself to man.

In other words Atonement by suffering is the Result of the Incarnation ; Atonement being the necessary and Suffering the incidental element of that result.

But Sacrifice is an essential element, for Sacrifice truly signifies here the consecration of human nature to its highest use and utterance, and does not necessarily involve the thought of pain. It is not the destruction but the fulfilment of human life.

Inasmuch as the human life thus consecrated and fulfilled is the same in us as in Jesus, and inasmuch as His consecration and fulfilment of it makes morally possible for us the same consecration and fulfilment of it which He achieved, therefore His Atonement and His sacrifice, and incidentally His suffering, become vicarious.

It is not that they make *unnecessary*, but that they make *possible* and successful in us the same processes which were perfect in Him.

The Vicariousness of Jesus is of the same sort with and has its distant repetitions and illustrations in the Sacrifices by which the men in whom God is most revealed open for other men the way to God and the divine life.

6. THE BIBLE.

If the true revelation of God is in Christ, the Bible is not properly a Revelation, but the History of a Revelation. This is not only a Fact but a necessity, for a Person cannot be revealed in a Book, but must find revelation, if at all, in a Person.

The centre and core of the Bible must therefore be the Gospels as the Story of Jesus. There is no necessity of supposing them to be other than the natural records of the events of the life of Jesus which they appear upon their face to be. The critical discussion of them has in the larger part confirmed their genuineness and authenticity. The Fourth Gospel has sufficient claims to be accepted as the work of John; but even if that were doubtful there would be abundant authority in it as issuing very early from the Church's consciousness and tradition and holding the Church's loyalty of faith.

The course of our thought with reference to the Gospels is this:

(1) They set before us the character of Jesus in such way as demands our supreme honor for His knowledge and His truthfulness. (2) Then *upon His own word* we accept His higher claims; there being, as I have already said in speaking of Him, no antecedent impossibility or even contrary presumption.

The Epistles have their natural value as the commentary of those most likely to know the mind of Christ, or what He was and did and said.

The Old Testament gets its value from the New. It is the story of the gradual shaping of the world for Christ. For the purpose of giving this story there is brought together the whole literature of the very peculiar nation in whose midst He came. That literature consists of History, Poetry, Biography, Essay, and Discourse. It was formed under the same laws under which all literature is formed, only made peculiar by the facts that (1) the Jews were under special divine training for a peculiar purpose, and that knowing this fact themselves they were (2) very careful of their national Records, and (3) very anxious to find signs of the divine interposition in their affairs.

There is in these facts nothing to prevent the occurrence in the Bible of mistakes or misconceptions; on the contrary, there is strong reason to believe that certain great tendencies (e. g., love of the miraculous) will distort special facts, while the great spiritual current of the story will be preserved more faithfully than that of any other ancient history.

Inspiration is primarily in the events with which the Bible deals; secondarily in the nature of the Bible writers; only through these in their literal words. It was a noble story told by noble men. So comes the nobleness of the narrative. The Bible claims nothing else for itself. We must not give it qualities which simply seem to us necessary. It is the word of God, speaking not through passive trumpets, but through living History and acting characters.

7. MORAL LIFE.

Taking the Bible thus, not as a series of oracles but as the utterance to the world of the Revelation of God in Christ, its treatment of man's moral condition and hope is clear.

Its great characteristic is that it is positive and not negative. The Idea of Jesus is of a true personal moral life for every man, which belongs to every man as the son of God, to which by his deepest nature every man tends, from which sin hinders him, into which he is to be set free. It is the need that every man should

thus fulfil his own true life which makes the obligation, and must ultimately make for every man the attractiveness, of *duty*.

While this is the distinctive New Testament Idea of Duty, the other Ideas of Duty have their true place. Always "mere morality," as it used to be called, is included and involved, not set aside by the Gospel. Such motives as the fear of the consequences of sin, the honorable gratitude to God, the regard for the well-being of humanity, the instinctive sense of the beauty of conforming to the moral law, are freely used to surround and sustain the central motive which comes of the soul's revealed possibilities. Indeed some of these motives may be considered only as other forms of this motive.

The entrance into this deeper consciousness and into the motive power which it exercises is Regeneration, the *new* Birth, not merely with reference to time, but with reference also to profoundness. Because man has something sinful to cast away in order to enter this higher life, therefore Regeneration must begin with Repentance. But that is an incident. It is not essential to the idea. A man simply imperfect and not sinful would still have to be born again.

The presentation of sin as guilt, of release as forgiveness, of consequence as punishment, have their true meaning as the most personal expressions of man's moral condition as always measured by, and man's moral changes as always dependent upon, God.

8. PERSONALITY.

Christ's whole conception of life is Personal. Every man is a true and distinct will and nature. There is no shadow of Pantheism or Fate in His teaching. It is the union of this clear sense of personality with the full declaration of God's all-pervading life which makes the greatest wonder and power of His life and doctrine. It is put forth in His teaching of the Father and the Son. Here is the strong irreconcilable issue of Christianity and Buddhism.

This personality of Christianity is involved in the fact of its being a moral religion, and not a system of ideas or a condition of feeling. It is in moral life, in responsibility and duty, in personal attainment of character and personal suffering for sin, that personality becomes clear.

We want to be very clear, in speaking of Christianity, about the real meaning of Salvation. Only when it means the release from sin and the attainment to holy personal *character* does it keep the essential peculiarity of Christ's teaching, which is personality.

9. THE CHURCH.

The struggle of man for personal character directly and consciously pursued must to some extent defeat itself. It must become self-conscious and selfish. Men's social relations giving birth to constant duties are provided for the training of character in self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. Man forgets even to question about his own growth in goodness while he serves the souls connected with him and the great whole of humanity.

Although society gets its value from the individuals of which it is composed and has no existence apart from them, yet as made up of them it is capable of being conceived of as a Being, with duties, with rights, with character, able to be developed indefinitely in wisdom and goodness.

It is this ideal society which Christ contemplates when he established the Christian Church. In other words the Church is simply the Ideal world. A perfect church would be a perfect world. The church is imperfect so long as it is not coterminous with the world.

The church therefore possesses no real existence or character except those of the men and women who compose it.

The sacraments in their largest view are *human* rites, that is, they indicate the universal facts of humanity.

Baptism is the declaration of the universal Fact of the Sonship of man to God.

The Lord's Supper is the declaration of the universal fact of man's dependence upon God for supply of life. It is associated with the death of Jesus because in that, as I said, the truth of God giving himself to man found its completest manifestation.

10. DEATH.

The soul which has lived in society passes through death alone. Death is the point where it is reminded of its individuality and where the points of its life in society are gathered up. This is the real criticalness of Death, the way in which it becomes proper to speak of it as a Judgment Time and of the period which precedes it as Probation.

The continuance of Life *through* death is the natural assumption of humanity, conscious in itself of something which the apparently wholly physical phenomenon of Death seems not to touch. Man believes in continued existence because the burden of proof seems to him to be upon the other side and no one has proved that death ends all.

According to the strength and clearness of the sense of personality will be the strength and clearness of men's belief in Immortality.

The ordinary argument for immortality, like that drawn from the need of moral adjustments, of the need of rewards and punishments, never could create the Faith. They are only its occasional helpers in its weaker moments.

The Resurrection of Jesus has power in assuring our resurrection, in the fact that it confirms and illustrates that expectation which the consciousness of our own personality had produced.

Here, as in other cases, the sense of our own personality in some weak times will resort to and rest upon the sense of individual personal life which is strong in other men, and which, as I said, was supremely asserted first in Christ's own self-consciousness, and then in the way in which He treated the lives of other men. This is one of the deepest ways in which He "brought Life and Immortality to light."

11. ETERNITY.

The more natural Death seems the more truly the world beyond Death will seem to be one with the life on this side of it. Christ, therefore, in redeeming Death (which we must remember was a true *re*demption or bringing it back to its ideal self) redeemed also Eternity.

At the same time, death, while not the end of Life, must certainly be a very significant event *in* Life, and therefore there may well be a criticalness in it which will make it a true time of Judgment.

There is no possibility of logically denying the eternal continuance of sin and suffering. It is bound up with the continuance forever of free will.

On the other hand, there is no possibility of asserting it, for that, too, assumes a determination of men's free wills which has not yet been made and which nobody can know.

This life is probationary, but only as every period of existence is probationary with reference to the times which follow it. It is not ended in a fixed decree, but in a more strongly assured character.

Heaven is the soul finding its own perfect personality in God.

The activity of the Eternal Life must be intense. Stated philosophically, it will be the soul working without resistance or reluctance in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Stated religiously, it will be the child reconciled in perfect love to the

Father and serving Him in the delight of love forever. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast!"

The strong undercurrent of Phillips Brooks's life during the year abroad was religious. Natural scenery, art, architecture, historical monuments and inscriptions, everything relating to famous men, the customs and manners of people, the course of ordinary life — in these he was deeply interested. But beneath them all he was seeking for the spiritual meaning of human existence in this world. He took the opportunity which his leisure gave him to study the life of Luther, visiting every spot connected with his career. He made himself the possessor of many of the original editions of the great reformer's writings, surprised to find that they could be bought so cheaply. Köstlin's "Martin Luther," which had just appeared, was eagerly read. Next to Luther in his admiration stood Goethe. He studied the Second Part of Faust, and witnessed an attempt to reproduce it in the theatre, which he pronounces a failure. He devoted much of his time to Lessing. He had long been familiar with Lessing's ideas regarding the education of the human race, but he now gave himself up to a thorough study of that most suggestive work, "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," writing out in his note-book an abstract of each one of its paragraphs.

Much of his time was given to writing in his note-book the thoughts with which his soul was glowing or the impressions he was receiving. Not for many years had he done such systematic work in recording what passed through his mind.

The lateral and terminal moraine, — that refuse of misconception, superstition, etc., which an old institution or faith throws off on its sides as it moves while it is still living, and that which it leaves as refuse at the end after it has exhausted itself and perished.

The heaven of Truth lies deep and broad and still,
And while I gaze into it, lo, I see
Some human thought, instinct with human will,
Gather from out its deep serenity.

Awhile it hovers, changes, glows, and fades,
Then rolls away; and where it used to be
Naught but the heaven of Truth from which it rose
Looks down upon me deep and broad and free.
So have I seen, shaped in the noontide blue,
A floating cloud attain to gradual birth,
And then, absorbed in that from which it grew,
Leave only the great Sky which domes the earth.
What are men's systems, thoughts, and high debates
But clouds which Truth creates and uncreates?

Standing in the cloud and seeing the dew upon the mountain tops in front of us.

The sad story of the earnest minister who went to give himself to study so that he might be more useful. And as he learned more and more his faith more and more decayed, until at last he was a learned skeptic, and knew himself that he had destroyed the vessel in filling it with its true wine. The awful dilemmas which his life must have presented to his mind.

The truth and value of George Eliot's remark in "Romola," apropos of Savonarola, that it is not always the strongest spirits of a time who are most free from its superstitions. The illustrations in one's own time.

"Show thy servants thy work and their children thy glory" Psalm xc. 16 (Prayer Book version). One generation doing a piece of the work of God, and the next generation seeing how splendid it is.

The day returns, and street and lane
Throb with the human life again;
As if one poured the rich, red wine
In the dull glass and made it shine.

The mosaic work, whose pieces being long they can cut the mass across at various points and find the same figure or face less a quarter in size, but keeping the same expression. So perhaps of various ages in history.

"Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The answer of Christ. The cry of dissatisfied men who only need more impulse and "go" for a complete change of thoughts and

principles; when what they want is only to put to use more conscientiously and vigorously what they have.

In Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," when Gessler's cap is on the pole the priest comes with the host and stands beside the pole, and the people bow themselves down to that and so avoid the appearance of disobedience.

As the one test of a well-tied knot is that it shall be so tied that the more the strain is put upon it the stronger it holds.

As when you fling your window open on the crowded street it seems as if the noises then began.

The way you sit in a great square in some foreign town (Erfurt) and see the monument of some dead local hero, but do not care to go and examine it, sure that you would know nothing about him; but yet you get a clear and deep and pleasant feeling of past life and history from it all.

The blessed little towns which have no *sights*, where you may just wander about the streets and take it in.

Herder's Wahlspruch, — "Licht, Liebe, Lehre." It is on his tombstone in Weimar and on the scroll which he holds in his hand in his statue in Herder Platz.

Text: "Living or dying, we are the Lord's."

Text: "And my people love to have it so." The final critical decision of what the preaching is to be is in the people.

Text: "And what shall be done in the end thereof?" The culmination of processes. The "entering wedge." The danger and duty of anticipation.

One of the old Heidelberg professors in the Jesuit days used to say, "wenn die Fragen der Schüler ihn in die Enge brachten, 'Unus asinus plus protest negare quam decem docti probare.'"

"No fine view to-day," says the guide who shows the castle; "there is too much cloud." And so the glory of the cloud view goes for nothing. His one idea is that the greatness of a view is measured by the distance you can see. Sometimes you can almost see Strassburg minster eighty miles away. So talk often the

guides into the regions of truth. But constantly it is the very clouds that make the landscape most worth studying.

In the old church which fronts the square,
By the third altar in the southern aisle
There hangs a picture radiant and fair,
The Virgin Mother with the heavenly smile.

Then describe the same picture standing there still, even in the dark with no one to see, but the same beauty in it all the while. The blessing of knowing it is there. So of God's unseen grace.

Comparison of the people to a fountain (Warzburg Schloss Garden, Sunday afternoon, October 15, 1882). The constancy of it, though its particles are constantly changing. The constant effort to go higher and yet the ever undiscouraged failure. The power proceeding from a mysterious and hidden source — the power telling on each separate particle, yet seeming to move the whole as one mass, etc.

The figure of the "Stream" of time (or life) is true not only in other respects but also in this, that it expresses the constant change along with constant *identity* which life possesses.

Text: "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." This text in the light of the idea that original utterance of God's true prophecy had ceased since Ezra's time, and that since that, "Halacha, Midrash, and Hagada had become the forms of all literary effort." (See Robertson Smith, *Old Testament in Jewish Church*, p. 141.)

"A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." Text for sermon on the passage through darkened periods of Life and Faith.

Lessing's "Der Junge Gelehrte" must be more than an amazing farce. In it we certainly can see two things, one temporary and local, the other universal and eternal. The universal teaching is that mere pedantry is not true learning, and that life, no less than books, has lessons for the learning man. The local application must be to a state of Germany in his time, when the studying people, filled with the new enthusiasm of study, were often using it foolishly, as if it were a valuable and noble thing for its own sake, — the crude condition of the ordinary German student in those days, of which we see many signs.

In all this travelling one is overcome and oppressed with the multiplicity of life. The single point where we stand is so small, yet it is the best and dearest of all. I would not for the world be anything but this, if I must cease being this in order to be that other thing. But I would fain *also* be these other things, — these College Students, these soldiers in their barracks, these children playing round the old fountain, these actors on their dotage, these merchants in their shops, these peasant women at their toil, these fine ladies with their beauty; I want somehow, somewhere, to *be* them all! and the simplicity, the singleness of my own life, with its appointed place and limits, comes over me oppressively. Where is the outlook and the outlet? Must it not be in the possibility, which is not denied to any of us, of getting some *conception* of life which is large enough to include and comprehend all these and every other form in which men live, or have lived, or will live forever? And is not such a conception to be found in Christ's large truth of God the Father? Oh, to preach or hear some day a worthy sermon on "In Him we live and move and have our Being"!

This morning as I looked up at the castle [Heidelberg], the sun streaming through a vacant windowpane just caught a branch of autumn vine and made it burn so that it seemed as if the room within was glowing with the light of fire. All the rest was dull and brown and sombre. Only this one window shone like a lighted palace window on a winter night. It was as if Frederick and Elizabeth had come back to the English Bau again.

Text: "Till the time of the restitution of all things." Acts iii. 21. Pointing to a great *return*, but not to a previously realized condition of things, which would be terribly disheartening — rather to that ideal conception of things which is the true "before," the antecedent of all intelligible being. Apply to Genesis.

You complain of the details of life and duty, but after all they are to the great principles what the countless objects of the Earth's scenery are to the sunlight, the points of manifestation. What a world empty of everything but sunlight it would be! That would be a life with noble principles, but no details of duty or lines of small events.

Oxenstein's speech to his son, "See, my boy, with how little wisdom the world can be governed."

The present condition of our churches is something like an orchestra tuning up. Each instrument trying itself altogether by itself. Some time they must all strike in together and the great Symphony begin. The high unselfishness of the instruments in an orchestral piece.

The way in which each speaker in a play must make the situation ready for the player who is to follow him, prepare for his speech or action.

Text: "The Son of Man cometh like a thief in the night; watch therefore." The whole subject of suddenness; nothing is sudden and yet everything is sudden. Examples in history, Christ, Luther, Darwin, — the illustrations which you 'll find in your own life. The value of the knowledge of this in bringing about the true *poise* of temperament. Expectation without terror, a sense of naturalness and wonder together.

Sermon on the verse about the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.

Text: "Sacrifice and meat offering Thou wouldst not, but my ears hast Thou opened." Ps. xl. 8. Sermon on God's love for intelligent worship and for a desire after the truth upon His people's part.

Text: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." The absolute creed that only by belief in something higher should man master the lower. Oh, the necessity of *loving* purity and great thoughts about great things, not merely being *driven* to them. This the child's salvation from brutal vice and infidel cynicism. Point also to the men who are overcome by the world for want of Faith.

In connection with the above think of the great danger of abolishing that for which we give no substitute. Sometimes it must be done, and the development or discovery of the substitute must be left to wisdom and power greater than ours, but there is always terrible danger.

We in America have no complete substitute for the military training which we rejoice to be free from. The mercantile rivalry is not a substitute. It lacks the possible self-devotion and nobleness.

The "Rundschau" for October, 1882, contains a most interesting address delivered by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, in September, 1882, at the meeting of German naturalists and physicians in Eisenach. It is called "Die Naturanschauung von Darwin, Goethe, und Lamarck." It is really a eulogy on Darwin. It opens with an allusion to the place of meeting and a claim that the New Era which Darwinism opens is a fit successor to that with which Eisenach and the Wartburg must always be associated in connection with Luther. It is interesting to think what degree of truth and what amount of fallacy there is in this. Luther's protest in behalf of freedom was indeed the opening of a new world, but its real value was measured by the worth of the positive authority to which he appealed. Darwin's protest against the crudeness of popular Creationism must be his real claim to remembrance in spite of the very striking letter from Darwin to one of Haeckel's pupils, which the Professor quotes, in which Darwin says that "Science has nothing to do with Christ." It may perhaps turn out after all that Science has wiser teachers than the Great Scientist knew, that Christ's truth of the Father Life of God has the most intimate connection with Darwin's doctrine of Development, which is simple, the continual indwelling and action of Creative Power.

I do believe that it is a real test of men's character to ask yourself whether you can think of them in connection with their mothers and fully realize the association. The greatest, the wisest, the oldest, if only they have kept simplicity and freshness, if they have genuine reality and truth, will easily enough allow such thoughts. But the sophisticated, the unreal, the vicious and untrue, repel them. You cannot bring the mother thought home to them. It does not seem as if they ever had mothers. Try it with the thorough-going man of the world and you will see.

Some people seem to have almost exactly the influence of *Music*. It is an inarticulate influence. It does not communicate ideas, but it creates moods. It is incapable of analysis. Men ask you to give an account of these people's power over you, and you cannot. You tell your story and the listener asks, "Is that all?" and wonders at your delusion. All that you can do is to say, "Come and see," as after vainly trying to describe the power of a piece of music you take your friend to hear it. All influence of man over man, however rich it may be in the imparting of ideas and the awakening of the moral sense, seems to be incomplete unless there is in it something of this musical power of creating moods.

Stein had great contempt for what he called *metapoliticians*, who are, as Seeley in his "Life of Stein" defines it, "those who stand in the same relation to politicians as metaphysicians to the students of nature." The same feeling which crudely and coarsely breaks out in our time against the "scholar in politics," those "damned literary fellows." There are reason and unreason in it both.

Text: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." Spoken in perfect honesty. A naïve expression of the worldly man's sense of the difficulty of life and of the inadequate equipment of merely spiritual natures to cope with it. "I really do not see what the world would come to if all men were Christians." Let us see.

Text: 2 Cor. v. 11. "We are made manifest to God and I trust also to your consciences." The two great objects of the true man's appeal.

Text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A sermon on the need of essential purity, unselfishness, and loftiness of purpose as a condition for all special entrance into the Reality of Things, which is *God*.

The beasts in a zoölogical garden always trying to get out; their pathetic, brutal inability to be convinced that it is hopeless. You come back after years, and there is that same bear walking up and down just as you left him, trying the same bars, and never giving up the hope that somewhere he may find a gap. It is the dim memory of savage free life — nay, see how even the beasts born in captivity, who have never known by experience the freedom of the desert, they too are at the same endless undiscouraged effort to escape.

Apply to man's everlasting working away at the problems of existence. (Berlin Zoölogical Garden, October 27, 1882.)

Like the bear in his disgraceful humiliation begging for nuts.

The remembrance which we leave behind us when we die only like the blue smoke which floats off from the candle for a moment or two after you blow it out.

Launce, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," says, "Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable." So some people give out their new ideas about religion.

What was the dream which long ago
  Filled this sweet face with pensive pain?
What pity at some tale of woe
  Or longing for some hopeless gain?

Gone are the dreamer and the dream,
  Yet still among the things of earth
The pensive pain, like sunset's gleam,
  Outlives the sun which gave it birth.
  (Picture by Bronzino, in the Dresden Gallery.)

In the palace of the Countess Nostitz, at Prague, is a most curious picture by Van Eyck which singularly illustrates the way in which mysticism opens on the one side into coarse materialism, as we see so constantly in the history of the church. Christ stands literally in a winepress. On His bent back the great board is crowded down by the great screw, and out of the gash in His side the pressure drives a torrent of blood which flows into the vat in which He stands. Out of mouths in the sides of this vat the blood comes flowing in smaller streams, and angels catch it in cups and hand it to the faithful all about, who are drinking it before one's eyes. Yet there is nothing in all this horrible realism which is not easily enough matched in the writings of Calvinistic and Romish theologians.

The Franz and Carl of Schiller's "Die Räuber" is another illustration of that disposition to disparage respectability as against vagrant generosity which is always appearing. It is the same thing whose real key we have in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

The nature of the cause in which heroism is shown does not affect our honor for the heroism itself. We do not like confession, but the constancy of this St. John Nepomuk, who would not reveal to Emperor Wenzel (1383) what the Empress had told him in the confessional, wins our honor nevertheless.

In the old castle at Prague the Bottle-Shaped Dungeon, where they put victims for starvation, has in its floor a hold leading to a lower cavern still. When any prisoner was put into the horrid place the dead body of the last occupant was thrust into this hole and there decayed, the new wretch dying in the horrid stench of his predecessor's corpse. So sometimes with doomed Ideas and Institutions.

The English minister at Prague compelled every week to send his text to the police authorities; sometimes compelled to send his whole sermon too.

Like a bell buoy got adrift and ringing wildly all over the ocean.

The conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria comes out very strongly as the type of the narrowness of orthodox conservatism (in this case combined with a life of sin) set over against the breadth which had its root in first principles. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship;" "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, a woman of Samaria?" How often I have heard this sort of talk from the true sectarian. And then the richness and depth of Jesus, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

As when the music of the organ suddenly stops and leaves only the solid, stolid tramp of outgoing feet.

We are not called upon to set in opposition the two great conceptions of the results of conduct, one of which thinks of them as inevitable consequences naturally produced, and the other as the rewards and punishments meted out by the superior insight and justice of a ruling Lord. Each conception has its value, which we cannot afford to lose in seeking for the total truth. The first gives reasonableness and reliability to the whole idea. The second preserves the vividness of personality. The time was when the second conception monopolized men's thought. In the present strong reaction from the second to the first conception it would be a great loss if we let the second be denied or fade into forgetfulness.

When St. Francis Xavier had been buried at Goa, "le corps du saint fut officiellement déclaré vice-roi des Indes et lieutenant général; et c'est de lui que le véritable gouverneur était censé tenir ses pouvoirs; encore au commencement du dix-neuvième siècle, il allait les demander en grande pompe à Bon Jesus avant de prendre possession de son gouvernement." (Reclus, *India*, iii. 447.) A picturesque illustration of the way the living are ruling by the work the dead have done. The great dead still really rule.

The Ten Commandments based on the idea of liberty. "Thus spake Jehovah who brought you out of the house of bondage," and issuing in the injunctions of duty and righteousness "Thou shalt and thou shalt not;" so Liberty and Duty lie together here. (See Robertson Smith's *Prophets of Israel*, pp. 40, 41.)

It seems to be almost an indication of the incompleteness of each thing by itself, and of how each needs all the rest to make a whole, that we find the full illustration of the qualities of each in other things than itself, — often in those things which are its opposites. Thus we say of the frank man that he is "simple as a child," and then we bid the boy "behave like a man." The hero is "bold as a lion," and the strong voice rings "like a trumpet." It is in the individual and the host coming to their several completenesses together that the final completeness of the whole must be attained.

I read in a religious paper, "Nothing short of this can difference the gospel from any other ethical system in kind." Do we, then, want to *difference* the gospel from the ethical systems of the human soul? Is the impulse which makes us want to do so the highest impulse of the soul? Is there not yet a higher and a truer impulse whereby we may rejoice to see the gospel sweep into itself all of man's moral effort, and prove itself the highest utterance of Him who in the million cravings of man for righteousness has always been, *is* always, making Himself known?

There are who hold life like a precious stone,
Hither and thither turning it to see
The rich light play in its mysterious depths;
And other men to whom life seems a bridge
By which they pass to things which lie beyond;
And others still who count life but as wine,
In which they drink their pledges to their friends.
But then there are to whom life's dearness lies
In that it is the pressure of God's hand,
With which He holds our feeble hand in love,
And makes us know ourselves in knowing Him.

There is a stronger and stronger reluctance to have religion treated purely as a regulative force for conduct. That it will surely be, but that it will be most surely if it be primarily considered as the power of a higher consciousness, the power by which the soul knows itself divine, and enters into conscious communion with God. So, if I could do what I would, I would

reveal the power of religion to a soul, and thus it should arrive at lofty contempt for sin, which should be its perpetual safety and strength. And is not this the real thought which was in all the ancient talk about works and Faith?

> As when a mother proudly holds the hand
> Of children, walking one on either side,
> Who fight their fights across her, and yet still
> Are one in being hers, howe'er they fight;
> So walk we 'mid our struggling fears and hopes.

The way in which the fact that Nelson was mortally wounded was kept from the knowledge of the men as they fought on to victory at Trafalgar. (See Rossetti's Sonnets, p. 271.) Some people seem to think they can do so with a dying doctrine.

The Banyan Tree, dropping its supplementary branches, which take root; then the main trunk decaying, and the tree supported by these secondary supports. So of institutions and doctrines, and their history and first evidences.

"Is there not a lie in my right hand?"
The tragedy and misery of having falsehood at the very seat of power, not merely an accident of the life, but in possession of its very citadel.

In addition to his letters and the note-book from which these extracts are taken, Mr. Brooks kept a journal where he records his impressions of travel. By its aid we may follow the lonely man in his wanderings from place to place. It is too voluminous to be given in full, but a few extracts from it, which are as characteristic as they are beautiful, bring us near to the man himself, nearer than his friends could come as he moved in and out among them.

BERLIN, Thursday, September 7, 1882.

The first day in Berlin certainly does not impress one with anything like brightness or gayety. Everything is dull and lumbering. The people, for the most part, very homely, the shops tiresomely ugly, and the whole having the look of a piece of coarse material which has not well taken polish, perhaps which has not yet found the right way of being polished, but has tried other people's ways and so has failed. At the same time there is an evident strength, the constant suggestion of not being yet

finished, but having a future, and the general homeliness in which the simplest affections show out not unpleasingly.

He comments on the picture of George Gisze, the merchant, by the younger Holbein in the Museum: —

Berlin, Friday, September 8, 1882.

It is a picture perfect in its kind, of the best sort of northern life and mercantile character. No southerner, no dealer with the abstract as the business of his life, ever looked like that. He knew affairs. The lovely green wall, before which he sits, is covered with the apparatus of concrete concerns. He writes and receives letters, which are what fasten men to common, present things. And yet he thinks. Those eyes look beyond his ledgers. And he has suffered. Not idly is his motto written on the wall, "Nulla sine merito voluptas."

Where shall such a merchant meet such a painter now? It is a sober strength which comes from such a picture, a genuine inspiration to good and faithful work.

Sunday, September 10, 1882.

Took tea with Baron George von Bunsen and his family, who were most interesting people, old friends of Stanley's, son of the famous Bunsen, now member of German Parliament, a broad churchman and liberal in politics. Is under prosecution for libel by Bismarck, who, it seems, makes three hundred such prosecutions every year. Baron Bunsen gives but poor accounts of religious conditions. Liberal church empty; dogmatists and unbelievers have things their own way. But it is good to hear of the power of what he calls the second class, — professors, judges, etc., — who are the real power, the higher society having no power to oppose them.

Tuesday, September 12, 1882.

Spent some time in the Kunst Gewerbe Ausstellung, where they have a sort of show and salesroom of the present artistic manufactures of the town. One thing pervades it all, a certain heaviness and lack of inspiration and careless ease, which is the delight of all such work. "Go to, now, and let us make our furniture beautiful," they have said, and the result is what we might have expected. The old German work is delightful because it is unconscious and quaint, very little of intrinsic or eternal beauty in it. Take the unconsciousness away and let the race *try* to be beautiful, and they fail just where the Greeks, whom they seem to worship with a sort of despairing adoration, so wonderfully succeeded.

BERLIN, September 15, 1882.

I paid a long visit to Dr. Carl Abel, and found a very intelligent and learned man. He told me of the strong tendency which he believes exists at present among the better German classes towards religion; not distinctively towards Christianity, but in general towards theism, although some of it still keeps a pantheistic aspect, towards reverent thoughts of the mystery of the causal powers of life and death. Lotze, who seems to have been highly honored here, represents the real tendency of German thought. Of course there is also the growing irreligiousness of a great busy community, and there is the narrow materialism of absorbed scientists, but these are special phenomena with their own explanations. . . .

Monday, September 18, 1882.

In the morning to the Royal Library, — a free public library, where whoever will may come and read, and with simplest precautions books may be taken out, — every way apparently as free as our own Public Library. It is the love and care for learning that mitigates the hardness of this northern city. Without that, and with its all-pervading military habits, it would be barbarian. In the library are many interesting manuscripts, but perhaps the most interesting is the Bible and Prayer Book which, on the morning of his execution, Charles I. of England gave to Archbishop Jaxon. How comes it here?

Dined at Baron von der Heydt's. A lovely view over a quiet lake not far from Potsdam, royal estates all around. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Potter dined there; also Dr. Strauss, the court preacher at Potsdam. . . .

BERLIN, Wednesday, September 20, 1882.

The beautiful picture of the dead Christ in the Museum, which was formerly ascribed to Mantegna, is now called by the name of John Bellini. It is rather hard to give up the old association, and though no doubt the evidence is sufficient, one cannot help feeling that the old name suited best the picture's character. It is a greater picture than Bellini, with all his wonderful sweetness and beauty, ever made. The greatness of the Christ, and the tenderness of the sorrowing angels who support him, are both wonderful.

A pleasant dinner at Dr. Abbott's with Herr von Bunsen, Dr. Abel, Mr. Sargent, our new minister, and Dr. Frommel, Hof Prediger, the last a very interesting man, full of eloquence and imagination, a bit too declamatory for private life, but very earnest. He differs altogether from Stöcker about the Jew ques-

tion; thinks Christianity is suffering the reward of its misdoings but sees the outcome in the return of the Jews.

BERLIN, Friday, September 22, 1882.

A long morning with Herr von Bunsen at the Falk Real Schule in the Charlottenberg district. The bright little boys and their oral arithmetic, the tendency to guess, the frequent mistakes, but the general quickness and correctness. The gymnasium full of boys of about fifteen at their physical exercise, the absence of manly games among German boys, the consumptive look, the pale faces and thin frames. Then the melancholy religious teaching, boys being taught to analyze and explain the Epistle to the Galatians, evidently very tiresome to them; a strong confirmation of the belief that the Bible is not suited to such ways of being taught. . . .

BERLIN, Saturday, September 23, 1882.

I leave Berlin to-day after a little over two weeks' visit. The people impress me not wholly pleasantly. The enormous power of the army overshadows everything. Great commercial activity is everywhere. Social life is generous and free, and in its best specimens unsurpassed doubtless in all the world, but in its ordinary aspects it is crude and rude. A coarse personality is everywhere, and through the whole community there runs a certain restlessness and fear, a disappointment that the nation has not won, out of the wonderful success of 1870, the advantages which were so confidently looked for; a sense of constant pressure from without, the two great neighbors, France and Russia, never being forgotten for a moment, and a sense of watchful surveillance within, which makes liberty a partial and *always precarious* possession.

WITTENBERG, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

A delightful Luther Sunday. In the morning at eight to his old parish church, where a dull sermon wearied a quite numerous congregation. The singing was good, and all the time there was the association of his having preached there, and of this having been the place where first, in 1522, the communion, in both kinds, was given to the laity. How formal an event it sounds, and how essential it really is. The standing of the people while the text is read is very good. The Augustinian Convent, with the great Reformer's rooms, is a perfect monument. And that strange wife of his, who is said to have been so pretty, and looks so ugly in all the pictures, gives a homely reality to it all. His little fourteen-year-old girl's picture, hanging in the chamber where he died, is very pretty. . . .

HALLE, Monday, September 25, 1882.

Halle has grown greatly since I saw it seventeen years ago. Now it has 80,000 people, and all the new fine streets which every growing town, it seems, must have. But still the University is here, and Francke's Institute. The latter is enormous, and seems as if it must be very difficult to guard from false developments, and perhaps also from corruption. But its look of simplicity is very charming, and the German teacher, with his class of girls, was the very picture of unsophisticated earnestness. One is ready very seriously and literally to ask who has left a more enviable name in the world than Francke. The University has the same simplicity. Its class rooms are as plain as rooms can be made, and even its Fest Hall has not succeeded in being fine. But its library building is superbly arranged. Professor Conrad went through the buildings with me, — a youngish man, Professor of Political Economy. I took tea afterwards at his house: a strong man, talking as they all talk about the poverty of Germany and the crushing effects of the war. I saw with him the very curious and interesting cast from Luther's face after death, which is made into a sitting statue, and, with his own Bible before him, sits at the window and looks into the market.

EISLEBEN, Tuesday, September 26, 1882.

Professor Conrad rode with me in the train almost to Eisleben, getting out at the station before, where he has a little country place. He talked of the Church and its lack of hold upon the people, their slight religiousness. He ascribed it to the dead life of the clergy, who study theology but not life, cultivate the head and not the heart, and have not sympathy with the people. It is the old story, with probably about the usual amount of truth in it. At least he earnestly regretted that there was not more religion. He talked also of the superabundance of students, more than Germany can provide for in learned occupations. Divinity students are increasing. . . .

WEIMAR, Wednesday, September 27, 1882.

The poetic character of this town, with its long worship of Goethe and Schiller, has something artificial, an eighteenth century look about it, but very pretty, and the town suits it perfectly. It is like a very well-kept room of an unforgotten but dead friend. One can see Goethe going in and out of Herder's door, and the park all about the town is a beautiful setting for it. And Luther preached here in the Stadt Kirche, they say, on his way to Worms. . . .

Weimar and Gotha, September 28, 1882.

Of all the pretty Thuringian towns there seem to be none so pretty as these two. Weimar is a monumental town. It is a sort of German Concord, with most characteristic differences. . . . The new Museum, quite at the other end of the town, has the Odyssey frescoes of Preller, which are models of their kind of decorative art. The pale and quiet colors keep the dreamlike vagueness and distance of the whole story. No one can help being interested, but no one can become anxious or excited over the doings or the fate of these far-away people. It is as if the transparent veil of twenty-five centuries were between them and us. Then, in the Bibliotek, you come to the startling reality of Luther's coarse and ragged cloak which he wore when he was an Augustinian monk at Erfurt.

Frankfort, Sunday, October 1, 1882.

There must have been something in the early Reformation times which tended to bring out the best German character. Luther is constantly interesting. It must have been partly the fresh sense of discovery and the feeling of an opening future, which is always suited to the German mind, and inspires it to its best. It may also have been the presence of conflict, which the German also loves. But, whatever it was, it has strangely disappeared. Modern German Protestantism is the driest thing. It seems to have had no power to develop any poetry or richness. At present it seems to be ground between the upper millstone of a military state and the lower millstone of the learned universities. It was almost a relief to be again in the Catholic worship in the Cathedral here this morning.

Heidelberg, Tuesday, October 10, 1882.

. . . In the early evening on the great terrace, where after all is the finest point of view. I watched the lights gradually kindling in the darkening town, and thought of the Reformation breaking out at point after point in Europe. . . .

Heidelberg, Wednesday, October 11, 1882.

Goethe chose a most beautiful spot in the Elizabeth Garden for his point of outlook over the town, which looks very grim and gray and sets off richly the broad sweeps of color which are on either side of it. A still finer point is further on towards the brink of the castle hill, where the garden seems to sweep out for the very purpose with a sudden jut into the air. Here the leaves were falling thick as I sat taking my last view of it all to-day. Last Sunday the English minister preached a very dreary and

dull sermon about "we all do fade as a leaf." Here was the real sermon. It was inspiring, but terrible to see each leaf fall, carrying with it its whole history since it was a bright little green thing last spring, falling with such perfect quietness, but having done its duty all summer. . . .

Würzburg, Sunday, October 15, 1882.

It is something of a notable Sunday in Würzburg to-day, for it is the anniversary of St. Burkard, one of the many planters of Christianity in this region, — for it seems to have been planted and destroyed and replanted again and again. This morning the Mass in the Neumünster Kirche, under which St. Kilian, the martyr, another of the early apostles of Würzburg lies buried, was fine and crowded. The singing of the people was splendid. There was a strange spontaneousness about it. It burst out almost as if it were a common thought of the moment. So different from our "giving out" hymns. . . .

Leipsic, Thursday, October 19, 1882.

The religious question in Germany has suffered from that fate, which always is disastrous to it, of being made a political question. But leaving aside those whose whole interest in the question is to be explained on political grounds, there remain certain clearly recognizable classes: First, the Virchows and Haeckels, the simply naturalistic people, whose hatred to church and religion is something quite unknown among us. Second, the opposite extreme, the dogmatic churchmen, whose whole theological position is retroactive and obstructive. Third, the liberal church party, who esteem the church purely for its social and police value, and take little or no interest in its missionary aspects. Such are some of the rationalistic preachers. Fourth, there is not clearly shaped nor very prominent a school of thoughtful, earnest, and enlightened men, to whom the real future of Christianity in Germany belongs, the men of reasonable faith like Lotze.

Leipsic, Friday, October 20, 1882.

The life of young students here is very curious, supposing them to be real students, and genuinely in earnest with regard to what they are about. They are all specialists, none of them are seeking a complete or rounded education. Each of them is dealing with a people not imitable by him, however admirable they may be in themselves, out of whose learning he is to pluck the special knowledge he desires. And they are mostly at an age when a special hero-worship or enthusiasm seems to satisfy the life and when the habits of the life are being very deeply founded. There

certainly could be no circumstances in which the value of loftiness of purpose and purity of life could come out more strongly, — and with many it does seem to have these inspirations, I mean among the young Americans.

BERLIN, Saturday, October 21, 1882.

As one gets back again to Berlin, after a month's absence, there is a new sense of how modern the town's life is, and of how plain and prosaic the people are. German art so lacks spontaneity, is so scholastically overridden, and German taste is so enterprising and so bad. One is very much struck with the lack of humor which is the rectifying sense. There is immense heartiness and good feeling, enthusiasm for country, pride in their heroes, and devotion to ideas; but of easy and graceful expression of it there is very little. The public monuments are generally most unpleasing. The officers of the army are the only well-built and well-dressed men. The streets lack lightness and liveliness. . . .

BERLIN, Monday, October 23, 1882.

The minute divisions of the Established Protestant Church of Prussia within itself are very complicated and numerous. They suggest, of course, the one thing to be said in favor of a State Church, that it keeps the different schools of thought in association with each other. On the other hand, it certainly develops animosities and jealousies which are exasperated by the forced union of antagonistic minds. It is the old question which we have settled for ourselves by the free liberty of sects. In all their preaching there is too much eloquence and too little thought.

BERLIN, Friday, October 27, 1882.

A visit to Dr. Hermann Grimm, the author of the "Life of Michael Angelo," "Life of Goethe," etc., translator of some small parts of Emerson, lecturer on art in the university. The picture which, from his point of view, he gives of religion in Germany, and the way in which it has affected his whole feeling about religion, is most interesting. He speaks of all that goes on in the churches as something that does not appeal to him in any way, and so he never goes to church. He claims that there are no men who are what Schleiermacher seems to have been, distinct both from the dogmatists on one side, and from the equally acid rationalists upon the other. And certainly I myself have failed to find any such either in personal intercourse or in reading contemporary books. Professor Grimm then curiously talked of a certain power which distinctly belonged, he said, to the Roman Catholic ceremonial, and made many educated men

feel it as they felt nothing in Protestantism. It was historical and it was self-possessed. The priest at the altar, with a certain disregard of the people, busied himself directly with God. He did not attempt to teach what is unteachable, but he stood between the soul and God, and in some vague way made the divine present. Strange enough, surely, to find a man like Professor Grimm feeling all this, and at the same time feeling the power of the preaching of Channing and of Parker, of both of whom he spoke. He speaks hopelessly of religion in Germany, but surely there can be no room for despair until first the trial of a voluntary religion shall be made, and some attempt at a higher priesthood than either the Romanist's or Channing's shall be seen.

BERLIN, Saturday, October 28, 1882.

It is strange how, in a great gallery like this of Berlin, one finds his special mood met by one class of pictures and special rooms attracting him on special days. . . . One day you go there and Holbein's portraits fascinate you completely, and satisfy your cravings, while, if you wander into the other room, the faults and crudities of Botticelli are all that you can see. But to-day his St. John in the Madonna picture seemed full of mysterious beauty, and even the Eve, with yellow hair on the black ground, appeared to appeal to something very real in one's power of enjoyment. . . .

BERLIN, Monday, October 30, 1882.

Professor Zeller's lecture room at eleven o'clock was crowded with students who had come to hear him discourse on the History of Philosophy. He was talking especially of the Greek philosophies as they influenced mediæval times. The lecture was interesting, but still more interesting the audience. One wondered what had brought them there, and what they proposed to do with the knowledge they were getting. They had not the look of pure students for the pure sake of knowledge, nor did they seem intellectually ready for great thought. On the other hand, the profitable purposes to which such knowledge could be turned it was impossible to see. Professor Herman Grimm, who lectured from one till two on the Earliest History of Christian Art, gave a very good sketch of the changes of early German art in the way of representing the persons of the Trinity. A well-put, intelligent account, with nothing particularly suggestive or profound. In the afternoon I walked a long, long way, and came at last down Schleiermacher Strasse to the Dreifaltigkeit Kirchenhof, where I saw Schleiermacher's tomb, and in the evening, on my way home from hearing Pastor Frommel talk to the coach-

men and postilions, I passed the Dreifaltigkeit Church, where Schleiermacher used to preach.

BERLIN, Tuesday, October 31, 1882.

It is very interesting indeed, in the Dorotheen Burial Ground, to see the two quiet simple monuments of Fichte and Hegel facing each other across the narrow path, which was all wet this afternoon with rain, and covered with dead autumn leaves trodden into the ground. Fichte's monument bears on one of its three sides his name, with dates of birth and death; and on another that of his wife, with the assurance that she was the worthy wife of such a man; and on the third, the Old Testament text which tells how those who turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars. One feels how *late* all German greatness is. In the Reichstag Chamber the things that interest you are the seats of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and the tablets of great Germans in the corridors go back no farther than a century. . . .

DRESDEN, Saturday, November 4, 1882.

One comes back to the sight of anything which he has seen in his mind's eye, so long as he has seen the Dresden Madonna, with a sort of fear whether, in all these years, the memory has not been deceived by the imagination; whether, dreaming of the world's most perfect picture, his dream has not passed into a region where no actual power of human art can follow it, and so the point from which it started will fail to satisfy one who comes back to it. This is the sort of question which is in one's mind as he passes through the curtained doorway which leads into the shrine of the great picture. And he finds it greater than his dream! A deeper wonder than his memory has been able to carry is in the Mother's eyes. The Child looks into a distance farther than his thoughts have run. The faint, rich heaven of angel faces behind the scene is sweet and holy beyond any conception which his senses have been fine enough to keep. Before the picture begins to open to him again its special treasures of detail, it blesses him with this renewed knowledge of the wonderful power of the highest art.

DRESDEN, Sunday, November 5, 1882.

Among the religious manifestations of Germany one finds it hard to discover any trace of that which in England and America seems to many of us at the present day to be most full of attractiveness and hope, — the devout and spiritual rationalism of Maurice and Erskine and Washburn, all the more spiritual for the freedom of its thought, free in its thought just because of the profoundness of its faith in God. This may exist, but it is cer-

tainly not a prominent or powerful element in the religion of the land. There is Pietism; there is scholarly Dogmatism; there is hard, critical Liberalism; but unless it be in some trace of Schleiermacher's influence, or possibly in some power of Tholuck and such men as he, making their followers broader than they were themselves, it is hard to find the religious life of which I speak. The Orthodox all call Schleiermacher pantheistic, as if every attempt to depict the essential closeness of God's life to His world must not incur that charge.

DRESDEN, Tuesday, November 7, 1882.

After seventeen years I come back to the Sistine Madonna, and find it greater than I thought. One of the things that most impresses me about the picture is the wonderful life that is in it. There is such a stillness in it that it hushes the room in which it hangs, but yet it is all alive. The Virgin is moving on the clouds. Her garments float both with the blowing of the wind and also with her motion. Strangely different it is in this respect from the many pictures in which the Divine Group simply stands and meditates, or gazes from the canvas. The nobleness of the arrangement, too, is most impressive. Every rule of highest art is there, but swallowed up by the sublime intention of the work. The pyramid of figures has built itself. What, one wonders, were Raphael's feelings as he sent his work off to Piacenza? Did he know what a marvel he had done? For among the wonderful things about this picture is the immeasurable degree in which it surpasses everything else of Raphael's.

DRESDEN, Wednesday, November 8, 1882.

A perception of the wonderfulness of the art of painting comes nowhere more strongly than in some of the great portraits. Here are the Rembrandts, which get, more than any others, the total conception of the man they portray. No detail detains you. Just as it lay in the artist's mind, a distinct human thing, not a mere composition of features and beard. The person looks out at you from the canvas. There are the Vandykes, so full of lofty refinement, gentlemen and ladies always, appealing to the part of us which always feels the power of good taste, even in Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Titian, with the sumptuousness of Venice, and yet able to portray something as sensitive and delicate and shy as the timidity of the girl in white, who holds the fan, full of the quality as distinct from the quantity of color. Battoni's St. John Baptist, which one sees through the door if he turns his head from looking at the Madonna, is a beautiful, sunny, living picture.

PRAGUE, Friday, November 10, 1882.

Two figures occupy the eye at Prague. One is John Huss, who once was university professor here, and who has left behind him a power that passed through the great defeat as a spirit passes through a solid wall and leaves the wall puzzled and defeated behind it. Huss's power is in the liberal thought and intelligence of the university to-day. There is nothing left of him by way of relic except a very doubtful house, which perhaps stands where he used to live, and may have in its walls some of the old material of his. The other figure is Count Wallenstein, the very type of earnest, fiery mediævalism, strong, able, true to conviction, narrow, cruel, dark, and spreading darkness. . . .

VIENNA, Monday, November 13, 1882.

The first sight of Austria to one who comes from Germany is full of suggested contrasts. The people in Vienna are brighter and handsomer than in Berlin. The whole movement of life is gayer. But at once is felt, what I believe all later observation will confirm, that the people to whom we have come are not the really interesting and respectable people we have left. Germany teems with ideas, conceives of itself as having a mission in the world, and expects a future. Neither of these things is true of Austria.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 15, 1882.

In the Belvedere there is a picture of St. Catherine of Sienna, which, if the story of that very unpleasing person, that canonization of hysterical young womanhood, is ever to be put in paint at all, paints it aright. It is hard and white, but there is a real ecstasy about it, the ecstasy of intense, distracting pain. It is no comfortable damsel, pluming herself on the romance of a celestial lover, and enjoying the éclat which her adventure brought her among her earthly friends who were less fortunate. It is the eager, straining, yearning after a mysterious love which is, indeed, more than life to her, for which she would rejoice to die, nay, for which she is dying as we look at her. She does not make the subject pleasing or profitable, but at least it gives the only ideality of which it is capable.

VIENNA, Thursday, November 16, 1882.

A figure carved on a gem such as are the most beautiful in the great collection here seems to have reached a sort of apotheosis. It floats in light. When it receives the sunlight through it, it seems to bathe itself in the luminous color, and yet to keep its own brilliant identity and shape, to be a brighter and distincter form of light within the light that bathes it. Somewhat as we

conceive of how in the great world of spirit one spirit, while it is part of all around it, has its own special personal glory intensified and made more personal. There is also something in the sense of fineness and eternity combined with the brightness and glory of a gem that makes it beautiful and impressive to the imagination. Size is nothing except to connoisseurs. There is a very small green stone down in the corner of the case hung in front of the window which is glorious.

VIENNA, Friday, November 17, 1882.

In the great Treasury there is what seems as if it must be the most glorious opal in the world. It is as large as a small pear, and as it hangs there with the light upon it, it quivers through and through with fire. The flame which you see seems not to come from any surface lustre, but out of its very heart. The mystery of it and the life of it, every one must feel. Indeed, standing before the whole wonderful collection one feels very strongly the preciousness of precious stones. It is no fanciful or conventional value, but something which springs as truly from a real relation to human nature, though on another side, as the value of a beautiful face or of a noble thought. It does not depend on rarity. If sapphires like that which tops the Imperial crown were as plentiful as are gray pebbles, the healthy eye would see their beauty all the more, not less.

VIENNA, Saturday, November 18, 1882.

In the Belvedere the greatest wealth is in the paintings of the Venetian school. Titian is there in quite bewildering profusion, but, as seems always true, it is not in his great compositions such as the Ecce Homo, which is here, that he is most admirable, but in the single portrait where an individual life glows with the richness which it seems to have gathered from generations of ancestors who have basked in the sunlight of the south. On the other hand, Tintoretto, who is represented here only by some noble portraits, is equally great in splendid compositions, as Venice bears abundant witness. There is at least one glorious picture of Giorgione's, where the vine-crowned youth is caught by the mysterious person who holds him by the collar and gazes into his astonished face. Only those two heads, but wonderful union of color and expression.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 22, 1882.

One building at least our cities at home cannot share, and that is the barracks of an army. One sound is not heard on our streets, with which, in the streets of Europe, one's ears become

awfully familiar. It is the bugle which summons the soldiers to their drill. They may say all that they can about the value of the military discipline in Germany and Austria as a school for raw youths, and we ourselves may sometimes fear lest, in the absence of anything corresponding to it among ourselves, a certain tameness may settle down upon our young men's life, and heroism and obedience to authority may fail; but, after all, when we come to speak seriously about it, words cannot express the privilege we enjoy. Of course its danger and responsibilities come with it. Its dangers are those to which I just alluded. Its responsibilities are summed up in the duty which must rest upon us of finding new and higher cultures for the virtue which the army does no doubt rudely train, and of developing a purer and loftier social life out of a soil which is not cursed and exhausted by the rank weed of military life.

Venice, Thursday, November 23, 1882.

The Pont Ebba route from Vienna to Venice is the very poetry of railroad travel. It is very long. We left Vienna at seven in the morning and did not arrive much before midnight. As we left, Vienna looked its dreariest, dark, cold, and rainy, with the comfortless, need-driven people crawling to their early work. But soon after we got out of its gloomy shadow, came the approach to the hills, and they were streaked and flecked with snow. Sometimes a sloping side would be completely covered, then the fields of thin snow would try to make their way up to the heights, for all the world like great waves breaking on a rocky shore. . . . The afternoon, rich with sunset, lights up the valleys, which seemed to lead to heaven; the moonlight superb and full on mountains made of silver, and afterwards on cold plains and marshes which stand guard round Venice.

Venice, Friday, November 24, 1882.

Strange how there is nothing like St. Mark's in Venice, nothing of the same kind as the great church. It would have seemed as if, standing here for so many centuries, and always profoundly loved and honored, it would almost of necessity have influenced the minds of the generations of architects, and shown its power in their works. But there seems to be no sign of any such influence. It stands alone. Either because it seems a work beyond all chance of being copied, or else, as is more probable, because the whole disposition to be consistent in architectural work, to preserve characteristic styles in certain places, is a modern and artificial idea; or perhaps because the Eastern influence, which made St. Mark's, died away, and Western influences,

such as made the Frari and Salute, came in instead. Whatever be the reason, there it stands alone, and there is nothing like it in the rest of Venice.

VENICE, Monday, November 27, 1882.

Venice has two aspects, one sensuous and self-indulgent, the other lofty, spiritual, and even severe. Both aspects appear in its history, and both are also in its art. Titian often represents the former. The loftier, nobler Tintoretto gives us the second. There is something in his greatest pictures, as, for instance, in the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, which no other artist approaches. The lordly composition gives us an impression of intellectual grasp and vigor. The foreground group of prostrate women is full of a tenderness. The rich pearly light, which floods the centre, glows with a solemn picturesqueness, and the great Christ, who hangs like a benediction over the whole, is vocal with a piety which no other picture in the world displays. And the Presentation of the Virgin, in Santa Maria del Orto, is the consummate presentation of that beautiful subject, its beauty not lost in its majesty.

VENICE, Thursday, November 30, 1882.

The sun arose to-day at a quarter past seven superbly over the Lido, and promised Venice at its best and richest. But directly after sunrise came the clouds, so that the last day here is cold and dreary. But in the Academia there is the sunshine of three hundred years ago. Paris Bordone's glowing picture of the Fisherman who brings the Ring of St. Mark to the Doge, burned like a ray of sunlight on the wall. Carpaccio's delightful story of St. Ursula brought the old false standards of other days back to one's mind, but brought them back lustrous with the splendor of summers that seemed forever passed, but are perpetually here. Tintoretto's Adam and Eve was, as it always is, the most delightful picture in the Gallery, and Pordenone's great St. Augustine seemed a very presence in the vast illuminated room.

VENICE, Friday, December 1, 1882.

As one who parts from Life's familiar shore,
    Looks his last look in long-beloved eyes,
    And sees in their dear depths new meanings rise
And strange light shine he never knew before;
As then he fain would snatch from Death his hand
    And linger still, if haply he may see
    A little more of this Soul's mystery
Which year by year he seemed to understand;

So, Venice, when thy wondrous beauty grew
Dim in the clouds which clothed the wintry sea
I saw thou wert more beauteous than I knew,
And longed to turn and be again with thee.
But what I could not then I trust to see
In that next life which we call memory.

CHAPTER XIII

DECEMBER, 1882–MARCH, 1883

INDIA. LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

THE journey to India was strewn with letters all along the way. In his leisure on shipboard he recalled his friends, and seemed to be taking a review of his life. His imagination was excited by the fascinating interest of the land to which he was going, — the first home of the human race, where religion was in strange and rich exuberance, as was outward nature. He was to realize the brilliant pictures of Oriental life and history, with which he had long been familiar through books. With his power of vision in reading life and detecting its hidden meaning, the opportunity meant to him a vast increase in knowledge and in wisdom. But with this prospect before him, his memory carried the past and made him feel the changes in his life. To his aunt, Miss Susan Phillips, living in the old house at North Andover, he had written while he was in Vienna: —

> It is eighteen years since I was in Vienna, on my first European journey. Then I was on my way to Palestine. One difference between that year abroad and this I feel all the time. Then the old home in Chauncy Street was still there, and father and mother were both waiting to hear what one was doing, and one of my pleasures was to write to them and to think how I would tell them all about it when I got back. I miss all that part of the interest of travel very much now. Sometimes it is hard to realize that they are not still there, and that I am not to write to them. At this distance all that has come since I was here before seems like a dream.

He wrote to the Rev. Frederick B. Allen, the assistant minister of Trinity Church, who had kept him supplied with

information in advance, as to the preachers on successive Sundays: —

Berlin, November 1, 1882.

My dear Allen, — I can't tell you how constantly and earnestly I thank you, first for the devotion with which you are looking after that blessed Parish on the Back Bay, and then for the fulness with which you have told me all about it. I put one of your kind letters next my heart and go out on some delightful excursion, with the comfortable sense that everything is right at home, and that the Church would just as lief have me here as there. When I get back I hope you 'll have a host of things saved up that I can do for you in small token of my gratitude. My advices thus far have covered the visits of Bishops Beckwith and Williams. The former I hardly know, but I have pleasant impressions of him. We smoked together in Stephen Tyng's study at the last General Convention in New York. I am glad you liked him. And all the people who have written to me about his preaching are quite enthusiastic. Bishop Williams is a jewel of a man, — the Prince of all our Bishops. I hope that —— is safely over, and will not come again. Did he really ask to be invited? The insolence of the wretch! I shivered all over when I opened a paper one day and saw the paragraph headed "Trinity Church on Fire." Fortunately I did not pack my trunk for home until I had read on and seen that the fire was out and that the bill was only fifty dollars. Then I gave thanks for the escape, and concluded to stay. But I am awfully sorry to hear how much trouble the bad roof is causing. I hope that Mr. Richardson, since his return, has given his mind to it, and made some helpful suggestions. By the way, when the time comes, why can't you see that the vines are properly covered for the winter? I have always seen to that, and I doubt if anybody would look after it if you did n't. How I would like to see you all, and shut the study door and have a good long talk with you and Parks and Percy. But the Unter den Linden is rattling with carriages under my window, and across the street the hosts of unknown German youth are thronging into the University, and just above us there is a crowd of people waiting to see the Kaiser start out for his drive, and Boston is thousands of miles away. Be sure that I think of the dear old place more confidently and happily because you are there running Trinity Church. My best love to your children. I hope the new house is all you wanted it to be.

Ever affectionately yours,

P. B.

On December 1, he sailed from Venice for India, on the steamship Poonah, by the way of the Suez Canal, then a new experience to travellers. To Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes: —

STEAMSHIP POONAH, GETTING PRETTY NEAR ALEXANDRIA
December 6, 1882.

So far the voyage thither has gone very well, but has not been particularly interesting. The first days out of Venice were very rough, and many of the passengers were sick and most of them uncomfortable and cross. We took most of our passengers at Brindisi, and since then the weather has been better and the sea more calm, so that the souls of the Englishmen begin to revive and they are growing a little bit more sociable. They are mostly the sort of Englishman who is full of information and intelligence, totally destitute of imagination or of humor, and absolutely determined to bring all the world to his own standard. He makes you mad and amuses you and wins your respect all at once, all the time. . . .

I have got lots of books about the country, and by the time we get to Bombay I expect to have learned a good deal about it and to be somewhat prepared for what I have to see. It all looks more and more attractive the more I learn about it. Your young friend, Evart Wendell, opened correspondence with me soon after I left Berlin, and proposed to go to India if his father would consent; and the result was that he joined me at Venice the day before the steamer sailed and is with me now. I find him a very bright, pleasant, good-natured boy, and he will make excellent company, I think.

What has become of Bishop Littlejohn since he tried to sit down on the two young giants of the Boston Club and found it such uncomfortable sitting? And have you read Allen's paper in the Princeton? Is it not a genuine contribution to a rational philosophy of that whole movement of which we are a part, and whose meaning in the midst of the ages has been often such a wonder to those who were in the very midst of it? . . . I want to see what Chunder Sen thinks about it all when I see him next month. . . .

It is hard to believe that almost six months of my year is gone. It has been all that I hoped; and while I am in no hurry for the rest to go, I shall be glad to get back into the stream of work again. Your letter makes me feel very much outside of it.

To the Rev. George A. Strong, rector of Grace Church,

New Bedford, he writes after the manner of an old and familiar friendship: —

December 5, 1882.

I am glad the consecration ceremony is safely over, though I can't help feeling as if we consecrated it long ago. But now the Bishop has been there, and he feels better about it if you don't. A large part of our relation to our bishops seems to consist in efforts on our part and theirs to make them feel good. How well I can see the whole scene: Bishop Paddock's arrival with his bag; his breaking up the service into little bits among the clergy like the five loaves and the two fishes, to be set before the people, and his voice beginning the sentences as he went up the aisle, and the sermon and the collation and the Episcopal departure. But, dear me, how far away all that is, and how absurd for me to get mad about it at this distance! It is a lovely forenoon, halfway across from the heel of Italy to the mouth of the Nile. The stewards are setting the table for lunch, and through the open skylight I can hear the brogue of the Englishmen on the deck, who are my fellow passengers for Bombay. The Lascar sailors, who are all Mohammedans and never heard of Bishop Paddock, are going back and forth in their red turbans, and the wind that comes in through the portholes is like June.

Truly the Diocese of Massachusetts need not trouble one here. And not only a few thousand miles, but almost six good months of pleasant wanderings, are between me and it. Many a time in these months I have found myself on ground where you and I have been years ago together. London and Paris and Geneva and Chamouni and Maggiore and Domo d'Ossola, and a lot of other places, all brought back recollections of that first journey when we were young. Dear me, a week from to-morrow I am forty-seven! Tell M—— I have not forgotten about the French novels, but so far my reading has not run that way. All summer I read nothing, and this autumn up in Germany I confined my reading to their crooked text and queer constructions, trying, as much as my time would allow, to get the hang of what they were thinking about, and what books they were writing. It was all very delightful, and I shall always look back on it, especially upon my life in Berlin, with the greatest pleasure. When you get this I shall be in Bombay, and now my only reading is in Indian books, which will prepare me somewhat for that absurd land. In March I shall come back to Europe. April I expect to spend in Spain, May and June in England, and, through it all, I shall wish ever so many times that I could take a train for

New Bedford and have a good long talk by your fireside. Cooper and I have arranged that you are certainly to go to the General Convention in Philadelphia next autumn as a sort of Delegate at Large. Don't fail! My love to M——, and my best regards to the Hathaways and other New Bedford friends.

Good-by, dear fellow. Lunch is ready!

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

He kept his birthday on December 13, when he was forty-seven, by a letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Steamship Poonah, December 13, 1882.

Dear Bob, — Halfway down the Red Sea and a glorious morning! What can I do better than to have a little bit of a talk with you and answer the letter which I know you have written to me, and which I shall get at Bombay. I am the more moved to it because I have a birthday to-day and am forty-seven years old. It is a sort of comfort to talk with an old fellow who was forty-seven long ago, and who makes one feel young by contrast. Well, I don't believe that many fellows have had a happier forty-seven years than I have had. It seems quite absurd, sometimes, when I think how everything has gone about as I should have wished. How good everybody has been to me, and how the world has kept its troubles out of the sea! Why, here is this Red Sea. Everybody has been talking about how uncomfortable it always is, how you can't breathe for the heat, nor sleep for the closeness of the nights; but here we are, and it is like an exquisite June day at home, and the punkas are swinging from mere habit; and this morning came two splendid showers such as the Captain says he never saw at this season on the Sea before. They are a queer set, the people who are on board, — almost all Anglo-Indians, full of intelligence and as hard as rocks. They hardly talk anything but India, which, of course, is very good for us who want to learn all we can about the country we are sailing to, but very monotonous, I should think, for them. We have been on board now two weeks, and have ten days more of it before we reach Bombay. Everybody has settled down to the life. This morning, as I passed the captain's cabin, he was quietly painting a picture, and the boys and girls are getting up concerts and farces as if they meant to live upon the Poonah all the rest of their lives.

The Church seems to flourish splendidly without its minister or its two front roofs. I hope that Trinity House got all the money that it wanted, and I hear good news from the Chapel.

Every Sunday I think of things that I would like to say, and preach myself little sermons. But I am afraid that I shall kill you all with much preaching when I get home. Good-by, my dear fellow, and my best love to you all. Ever your friend,

P. B.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he writes, dating his letter from the Red Sea: —

December 15, 1882.

Dear Weir, — I hope that you are well, and your wife, the little lady, and Jack, — all of you well and happy. How I wish that you were here, and that, instead of this poor letter-writing, we could go up on deck and get into the breeze which comes over from the Mocha Hills, and light our cheroots and talk out the last six months. That is quite long enough, I think, for old friends to be out of hail of one another, and so I want to send you at least this Christmas and New Year's greeting, and let you know that I keep thinking of you and of the pleasant old days, one of the pleasantest things about which was that I saw you all the time.

I have had, since June, a summer in France and Italy, and an autumn in Germany, where I studied their ways and what they call their language, and went to lectures in the University, and made some pleasant friends, and, what is most of all, stopped preaching. On the 1st of December I sailed from Venice for Bombay, and ever since that we have been lounging along in a slow old craft, crossing the Mediterranean, running through the Suez Canal, and now, all this week, sailing down the Red Sea. To-night we came to Aden, and to-morrow we shall be out in the Indian Ocean. My fellow passengers are Englishmen, hard, narrow, and intelligent, like all their race. They are of all sorts and classes. Some of them have titles; all of them have brogues. Here is the General who led the cavalry charge at Tel el Kebir, and Lord Charles Beresford, who ran his little boat in under the forts at Alexandria, and the ritualistic head of the Missionary Brotherhood at Delhi, and the Judge of the Hindu court at Hyderabad. Among them all one finds plenty of interesting information about India, — enough to make him very glad that he is going to have a two months' visit there, and thankful, from the bottom of his heart, that he has not got to live there, but can come away when the two months are over. It must be an awful thing to be a conquered race with the Englishman for your master.

Good-by, my dear fellow. May God bless you always.

Your old friend, P. B.

On the 23d of December he reached Bombay, and was in India at last. His first act was to telegraph home his safe arrival, and then the vision of the gorgeous pageantry began. Of his first impressions on the day of his arrival he writes: —

> We drove about the town and began our sight of Indian wonders: Hindoo temples, with their squatting ugly idols; Mohammedan mosques; bazaars thronged with every Eastern race; splendid English buildings where the country is ruled; a noble university; Parsee merchants in their shops; great tanks with the devotees bathing in them; officers' bungalows, with the handsome English fellows lounging about; wedding processions, with the bride of six years old riding on the richly decorated horse behind the bridegroom of ten, surrounded by their friends, and with a tumult of horrible music; markets overrunning with strange and delicious fruits; wretched-looking saints chattering gibberish and begging alms, — there is no end to the interest and curiosity of it all! And this is dead winter in the tropics. I have out all my thinnest clothes, and go about with an umbrella to keep off the sun. This morning we started at half past six for a walk through the sacred part of the native town, and now at ten it is too hot to walk any more till sundown. But there are carriages enough, and by and by we go to church. I was invited to preach at the cathedral but declined.

Although his anticipations were great, he writes that he finds the country far more interesting than he expected. He remained in Bombay for a week, where every facility for seeing what was most important to be seen was afforded him under the best guidance and advice. He lunched, by the invitation of the Governor, Sir James Fergusson, at the Government House, where he met very pleasant people. He made excursions to old Buddhist temples in the vicinity, and to the Ellora Caves. But the heat was so excessive that he suffered, and was glad to escape to a cooler climate. From Bombay he went to Ahmadabad, taking letters from Sir James Fergusson to Mr. Phillpotts. Here he struck Mohammedan influences, and visited the great mosques. From thence he came to Jeypore, with letters to the President, Dr. Stratton. The Rajah sent him in a carriage to the entrance to Amber, from whence he made the ascent on elephants to the deserted town, with its splendid palaces and

temples. At Jeypore he preached in the English church. On January 8 he reached Delhi. Here his young travelling companion, Mr. Evart Wendell, was taken ill with the small-pox, so that two weeks were spent there waiting for his recovery. He felt deeply the kindness shown to him under these circumstances by the English residents, Mr. Robert Maconachie, of the English Civil Service, and his wife, who surrendered their house to the invalid. He himself put up at the Cambridge Mission, with Rev. G. A. Lefroy, whose acquaintance he had made on the steamship Poonah, and his companions, Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Allnutt, of whom he writes: —

> Three young fellows, graduates of Cambridge, scholars and gentlemen, live here together, and give themselves to missionary work. They have some first-rate schools, and are just starting a high-class college. They preach in the bazaars, and have their mission stations out in the country, where they constantly go. I have grown to respect them thoroughly. Serious, devoted, self-sacrificing fellows they are, rather high churchmen, but thoughtful and scholarly, and with all the best broad church books upon their shelves. They are jolly, pleasant companions as possible, and yesterday I saw a cricket match between their school and the Government school here, in which one of these parsons played a first-rate bat. Under their guidance I have seen very thoroughly this wonderful old city, the great seat of the Mogul Empire, excessively rich in the best Mohammedan architecture.

To Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

Lahore, January 15, 1883.

I wish that I could give you some idea of the enjoyment I have had in the last three weeks. Ever since I landed in Bombay it has been one ever-changing and always delightful picture, but a picture which not only delighted the eye with color, but kept the mind busy with all sorts of interesting thoughts. I cannot begin to tell you about it. That will come in the long evenings when we sit together over your fire or mine, and I tire your patience out and you make believe that you are not bored. But do you know I have seen the Brahmin and Buddhist Rock Temples at Elephanta and Karli and Ellora, in many respects the most remarkable monuments which religion ever wrought? And I have seen the exquisite art of Allmadabad and Jeypore,

and I have been at the great seat of the old Mogul power at Delhi, and I have studied the most perfect mosque that ever was made, with a tower like a dream, at Kittub, and now I am in the land of the Sikhs, and to-morrow I shall see the Golden Temple at Umritsar, and before next Sunday I shall have looked at the Taj at Agra, the gem of all the gems of India. And all the while the most interesting problems of the past, the present, and the future, have been crowding on the mind. The efforts of these conscientious, blundering Englishmen to do their duty by the Hindu, whom they don't like, and who don't like them, are constantly pathetic. I have just been spending some days with a household of five young English clergymen at Delhi, who are doing the best kind of missionary and education work. They are splendid fellows, whom you would immensely like. The hospitality of everybody here in India, and the way they put themselves out to make you comfortable and to let you see everything, is a continual wonder and embarrassment.

Well, when I try to talk about it all, it is so immense that I talk like an incoherent fool, but I have got it all safely put away in my mind, and I hope the poor old mind is the better for it. In the midst of it all you may be sure that I think of you all very often, and would like to see you step out from some old Mufti's tomb some day more than I can tell. I am on my way to Calcutta, which I shall reach early in February, then to the mountains, then to Madras and Ceylon, whence I sail again for Aden some time in March. My best love to you all, and may God keep you all safe and happy.

Your old friend, P. B.

Through the kindness of his parishioner, the late Dr. Samuel Eliot, he carried letters of introduction from Sir Richard Temple to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Atchison, by whom he was invited to a "swell dinner in a gorgeous tent, with about thirty persons, and no end of picturesque servants to wait on us." While he lingered in Delhi he preached in the English church. One who heard him for the first time, with no previous knowledge of him, recalls how he listened in wonder and a sense of awe. As the congregation were leaving the church he heard the comments on every side: "It was a wonderful sermon!" "Who is he?" "He must be some man of high distinction in the world."

From Delhi he made a trip to Amritsir, in the Sikh country, — a people with a religion of their own.

At Amritsir is their great place of worship, the Golden Temple, a superb structure, with the lower half of most beautiful mosaic and the upper half of golden plates, standing in the middle of an enormous artificial lake, called the Lake of Immortality. There is a beautiful white marble bridge connecting the island with the shore. I saw their picturesque worship one morning, just after sunrise.

He was so much associated with the English at Delhi, that he felt as if an American must be a strange sort of creature. The English Civil Service he admired as something which ought to be a pattern to all the world. He found Delhi so "wonderfully interesting," as the old centre of Mohammedan power in India, that he did not regret his enforced detention there. From Delhi he went to Agra, visiting the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in India; then to Cawnpore, where he was interested in the mission work, and saw the Divinity School; from there to Lucknow, where he again met with English missionaries; then to Allahábád, at the meeting of the Jamná and the Ganges. He was now in the region where Buddhism originated, and made a pilgrimage to Asoka's Pillar. And so he came to Benares, the most sacred city in India, with its five thousand temples, one of the most ancient cities of the globe. Here he paused for a moment, and letters were written to Herr von Bunsen and to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Brooks: —

Benares, January 28, 1883.

My dear Herr von Bunsen, — Do you really care to know that this last week I have seen the Taj Mahal? It is one of the few buildings which, like a few people whom one sees in his life, make an epoch. In the midst especially of this Indian architecture which, rich and interesting as it is, is almost always fantastic and profane, what a wonder it is to find, as the culmination of it all, as the perfect flower which has grown out of all this gross and heavy soil, a building whose one absorbing impression is its purity. One almost feels that here that essence of pure religion which is lurking somewhere under all the degradation and superstition of this land has broken forth in an exquisiteness which

surpasses anything that even Christian architecture has attained. Some day you must come and see it, and get a new memory and dream for all your life.

India has interested me intensely. Its past and present and future are all full of suggestion. I long to see Christianity come here, not merely for what it will do for India, but for what India will do for it. Here it must find again the lost oriental side of its brain and heart, and be no longer the occidental European religion which it has so strangely become. It must be again the religion of Man, and so the religion for all men. At present the missionary efforts are burdened with Englishism and Americanism, and the country does not feel them much; but they are getting broader, and the larger religious life which I am sure has begun to come at home, must be felt here.

Thank you truly for your kind letter to Mr. Grant Duff, whom I shall be very glad to see if he is in Madras when I am there. From what I see in the papers I fear that he will be away, for which I shall be very sorry.

And very many thanks for your kindness in sending me your paper on the Liberal Party in Germany. I have read it with the greatest interest, and it has taught me much. I wish I could ask you some of the questions it suggests.

May God bless you and yours always.

Most faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

January 30, 1883.

DEAR LIZZIE, — Since I wrote to you last we have come over from Benares, and to-day have been making a delightful excursion to Buddh-Gaya, where, as Edwin Arnold tells us so prettily, Gautama sat six years under the Bo tree and thought and thought and thought until, at last, "was the Dukha-satya opened him," and Buddhism began. In these days, when a large part of Boston prefers to consider itself Buddhist rather than Christian, I considered this pilgrimage to be the duty of a minister who preaches to Bostonians, and so this morning, before sunrise, we started for Gaya and the red Barabar hills. We had slept in the railway station, which is not an uncommon proceeding in the out-of-the-way parts of India, where there is no pretence of a hotel, and where you don't know anybody to whose bungalow you can drive up as you can to that of almost any man you ever bowed to in the street. They are a most hospitable folk. Only when you go to stay with them you are expected to bring your own bedding and your own servant, which saves them lots of trouble.

Think of my appearing at your door some afternoon with a mattress and Katie. We had to drive ten miles, and as we went the sun rose just as it did on Buddha in the same landscape in the fifth book of the "Light of Asia," which, as you see, I have been reading with the greatest interest. We had to walk the last two miles, because the ponies, who must have been Mohammedans, would n't go any farther. But it was a glorious morning, and by and by we suddenly turned into an indescribable ravine. One tumbled mass of shrines and topes and monuments hundreds on hundreds of them set up by pilgrims for the last two thousand years, and in the midst, two hundred feet high, a queer fantastic temple which has been rebuilt again and again, but which has in it the original Buddha figure of Asoka's time, a superb great altar statue, calm as eternity, and on the outside, covered with gold leaf, the seat on which the Master sat those six long years.

The Bo tree has departed long ago, and the temples were not there when he was squatting and meditating, but the landscape was the same; and though this is one of the places where thousands of pilgrims come from both the Buddhist and the Brahmin worlds, the monuments which they had set up were not as interesting as the red hills on one side, and the open plain on the other, which Sakya must have seen when he forgot for a moment to gaze at the soles of his own feet, and looked upon the outer world. It is a delightful country, this India, and now the climate is delightful. The Indian winter is like the best of our Indian summer, and such mornings and midnights you never saw.

At Calcutta he remained for nearly two weeks. Here as at every other point his highest interest culminated in the missionary work. He was studying the situation with an open mind, ready to see things as they actually were, unbiassed by the conventionalities of missionary enthusiasm. He was deeply interested in Chunder Sen, and immediately on his arrival at Calcutta made the long anticipated call on the Hindu reformer. In a very important letter to Rev. Arthur Brooks he gives the impressions he has formed: —

February 2, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — Calcutta itself has not many sights, and so it is the people whom one wants most to see. This morning I spent two hours with Keshub Baboo Chunder Sen. And I 'll tell

you about him. I told old Mr. Dall, the venerable Unitarian missionary here, that I wanted to see the head of the New Dispensation, and the minister of the Brahma Somaj (which is another name for the same thing) sent back word that he would be at home at nine o'clock to-day. On the Circular Road, one of the chief streets of the city, there is a big house all surrounded on three stories with verandas, standing inside a garden, around which is a high pink-washed wall. On the gate-post is inscribed the name of Lily Cottage, which, I believe, was the title which a previous occupant gave to the place. Driving in under a great *porte cochère*, we were shown up to a very large, high parlor in the second story, where we waited for the prophet. It was furnished comfortably but not tastefully in European style, with rather cheap pictures on the walls. I noticed especially an engraving of the Queen, which had been presented to Keshub by her Majesty; also a very poor little painting of the man himself, sitting on the Himalayas with a woman by his side, he holding a long guitar-like instrument in his hand, and clad in the skin of a tiger. At one end of the room hung a familiar chromo-lithograph of Christ, after Carlo Dolci, holding the sacramental cup, and with the right hand raised in blessing, — a large, cheap Christian picture. While we were looking about, Chunder Sen came in, a rather tall and sturdy man of forty-five, with a bright, kindly, open face, a round head, and black mustache and somewhat short-cut black hair. He wore the Eastern white mantle thrown over his shoulders, and apparently covering a more or less European dress. He gave me a most kindly greeting, and at once began to talk. I asked him questions, and he answered freely and at length. It made me feel very like an interviewer, but it was the best way to get at what I wanted. He said that the central position of Brahma Somaj was pure theism. It stood fairly between Indian Pantheism on one side and Indian idolatry on the other, insisting fully on the Unity and Personality of God, and freely calling Him "Father," believing in this God's perpetual and universal presence. It found his prophets everywhere, and aimed to hold all the good and true of all systems and all teachers "in Christ." He mentioned, especially, Socrates, Mohammed, and Buddha. When you tried to find just what he meant by holding the truth of them "in Christ," he eluded you. He constantly asserted that he held Christ to be in unique sense the "Son of God," but said he could not any further explain his meaning of that phrase. He rejected all idea of Incarnation. Nor would he own that Christ, in his historic teaching, was in any way the test by which other teachers

should be judged. He talked much of "Communion with Christ," but defined it as such profound contemplation of his character as produced entire sympathy with him, not allowing anything like personal intercourse with a Christ now living and communicating with us. Still he clung strongly to that phrase "in Christ." He described very interestingly the "Pilgrimages" of the Brahma Somaj to Socrates or Buddha or Mohammed or *Carlyle*, which consist of gathering in front of the church and singing hymns and reading some of the great teacher's sayings, and then going inside and sitting still and entering into communion with his character. Besides these, and as something more sacred, they have occasionally the Lord's Supper, which is celebrated with Indian sweetmeats and water, and centres in mystic contemplation of the character of Jesus. They have also a baptism, which is quite optional, and strangely keeps association with the Hindu ablutions on the one hand and with Christian baptism on the other. He was very interesting in his account of how he freely uses the terms of the old Hindu mythology, talking of Siva and Vishnu and Parvati as different sides of Deity, and hoping so to win the people to spiritual views of what they have long held materially, and to construct in their minds a unity out of the fragments of Divine Ideal, of which their books are full. Thus he hopes some day to appeal to the common superstitious Hindu mind, though thus far the movement has been mostly confined to the higher classes, who have been reached by English education. He said some fine things about the orientalism of Christ and Christianity, and about the impossibility of India ever becoming Christian after the European sort. At the same time he said unreservedly that the future religion of India would be a Christ religion. The asceticism to which he clings is of a very healthy human sort, rejecting entirely the old ideas of the Fakirs. He pointed to the picture on the wall and said that there he had had himself painted as a Vedic Rishi, but had especially taken care to have his wife painted by his side to show that the true asceticism kept still the family life. As to the peculiar worship of their society, he told of the new "Dance" which has been lately introduced, and which has been much abused. It is, according to him, neither more or less than the Methodist camp-meeting principle of the physical expression of spiritual emotion putting itself into oriental shape. For himself he eats no meat and drinks no wine, but these restrictions are not enforced nor universal, though they are very commonly observed as a protest against the self-indulgence into which modern India is largely running as it departs from its old faiths.

All this and much more was told with a quiet glow and earnestness which was very impressive. The basis and inspiration of it all was intuition. There was no reference to any authority. Indeed he almost boasts that he never reads. Even his Christ seemed to be One of whom he knew not so much by the New Testament as by personal contemplation. He shrinks from dogma and definition, and eludes you at every turn. He is the mystic altogether. As we got up and went out we passed a room where his household and some other disciples were at morning worship. Eight or ten men sat cross-legged on the floor with closed eyes, while one fine-looking fellow in the midst murmured a half-audible prayer. In one corner of the room was a rustic booth devoted to supreme contemplation, in which sat one worshipper, who seemed more absorbed even than the others. At the feet of the men lay drums and other musical instruments, to which they would by and by sing a hymn. We had heard them singing as we sat talking with Keshub Baboo. Behind a thin curtain you could just see the women's fans. Chunder Sen stood and looked in with us at the door and told us all about it, and then bade us a cordial farewell and promised some of his books and a photograph of himself which he has since sent.

This is enough, perhaps, of Chunder Sen! but I thought you might care to hear of what has interested me immensely. It is Indian mysticism fastening on Christ and trying to become the practical saviour of the country by him. They hold in full the idea of special national religions all embraced and included within the great religion of the Divine life made known in Jesus. Surely nothing could be more interesting than this. It is not Christianity, but it is the effort of India to realize Christ in her own way, — so far as I know, the only such attempt now being made in any heathen land. Already the natural divergences have shown themselves. There is the Adi Somaj, or old society, which desires to return purely to Vedic religion and will not hear of Christ because he is not in the Vedas; and there is the Sadharar Somaj, or advanced school of Free Religionists. There is also the Arya Somaj, which still calls itself Brahminic, and hopes to reform Hinduism from within. The first three together have some one hundred and sixty congregations in India, of which some forty are of the Brahma Somaj. I have been much interested in what the people here who care about religion say about Keshub and his new dispensation. Some of the missionaries and other Christian people call him impostor out and out, and do not believe in his sincerity. I have been unable to get from them any grounds of their disbelief in him except that they think him

conceited, and that he went back on some of his precepts about infant marriages in order to marry his daughter of thirteen to the Rajah of Kushpahar. An intelligent Brahmin, with whom I talked, spoke of him with contempt and said his movement was fast dying out, and told of a strange new life in Hinduism, very much as the Orthodox churchman talks of Unitarians. Strangely enough, it is from high English churchmen that I have heard the most thoughtful and interested comments on the work. The Bishop of Bombay, a ritualist of very narrow sort, declared it to be most interesting, and the Bishop of Calcutta told me to-day that while he had no sympathy with mysticism and thought that Brahma Somaj would come to nothing because it had no doctrinal basis, yet he counted Chunder Sen his friend, and praised his spirituality and earnestness. Our friends of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi were full of watchful interest in the new movement. Joseph Cook, when he was here, almost offended some of the missionaries by his interest in and praise of Chunder Sen. And some of the missionaries of the German mission believe in his personal character, and watch his movement with much hope. Old Mr. Dall has never given in adherence to anything but the pure theism of the New Dispensation, but is constantly with them, and naturally enough is claimed by them as more theirs than he will himself allow.

I am almost ashamed of having written so much about him, but it does seem to me to be the very kind of thing for which we are all looking. Brahma Somaj is not the end. It is only the first sign of the real working of the native soul and mind on Christ and his truth, which must sometime find far fuller light than it has found yet. I send you a copy of its paper of January 14, which has (beginning on the first page) an article on Christian Mission Work in India, which I think must stir the heart of every missionary. The whole movement and its leader believe intensely in the Holy Spirit. And I believe that such embodiments of Christianity as India will sometime furnish, and such as this New Dispensation faintly and blunderingly suggests, will not merely be different from European Christianity, but will add something to it, and make the world of Christianity a completer thing, with its eastern and western halves both there, than it has ever been before. These are my views. Sometime soon I will write to you about something else. Now good-night. On Sunday I shall go to the cathedral in the morning and to Brahma Somaj in the afternoon.

While he was at Calcutta he took a long journey for the

purpose of seeing the Himalayas. He writes to Mr. William G. Brooks describing his impressions: —

CALCUTTA, February 11, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — This week I have seen the Himalayas. Last Monday we left Calcutta at three o'clock by rail; at seven we crossed the Ganges on a steamboat, just as if it had been the Susquehanna. All night we slept in the train, and the next day were climbing up and up on a sort of steam tramway, which runs to Darjeeling, a summer station at the foot of the highest hills, but itself a thousand feet higher than the top of Mt. Washington. There the swells go in the hot months, but now it is almost deserted. We reached there on Tuesday evening in the midst of rain, found that the great mountains had not been seen for eight days, and everybody laughed at our hope of seeing them. We slept, and early the next morning looked out on nothing but clouds. But about eight o'clock the curtain began to fall, and before nine there was a most splendid view of the whole range. In the midst was the lordly Kinchinjinga, the second highest mountain in the world, over 28,000 feet high. Think of that! Certainly, they made the impression of height, such as no mountains ever gave me before.

By and by we rode about six miles to another hill called Senchul, where the tip of Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet, is visible. That was interesting, but the real glory of the day was Kinchinjinga. We gazed at him till the jealous clouds came again in the afternoon and covered him; then we roamed over the little town and went to a Buddhist village a couple of miles away. The people here are Thibetans by origin, and they keep associations with the tribes upon the other side of the great hills. A company of Thibetans, priests and Lamas, had come over to celebrate the New Year, which with them begins on the 9th of February. They had the strangest music and dances, and queer outdoor plays, and we were welcomed as distinguished strangers, and set in the place of honor, feasted with oranges, and begged for backsheesh.

The next morning there were the giant hills again, and we looked at Kinchinjinga (I want you to learn his name) till eleven o'clock, when we took the train again for Calcutta, and arrived there on Friday afternoon about five. It was a splendid journey, and one to be always remembered. On my return to Calcutta I found two invitations waiting: one was to dine at the Government House with the Viceroy on Thursday evening. Of course, I was too late for that, and was very sorry, for now I shall not

see the great man and the viceregal court at all. The other was to an evening party on Friday, given by the Rajah Rajendra Narayan del Bahadur, "in honor of the late British victory in Egypt." Of course I went to this, and it was the biggest thing seen in India for years. It is said to have cost the old Rajah a lac of rupees, or $100,000. At any rate, it was very splendid and very queer, — acres of palace and palace grounds blazing with lights, a thousand guests, the natives in the most beautiful costumes of silk and gold; a Nautch dance going on all the time in one hall, a full circus, — horses, acrobats, clowns, and all, only after native fashion, — in a great covered courtyard, supper perpetual, and the great drawing-room blazing with family jewels. I stayed till one o'clock, and then came home as if from the Arabian Nights, and went to bed.[1]

Leaving Calcutta, he came to Madras. While there he made a trip to the Seven Pagodas, which only needed the company of his friends to have been complete to his imagination. Of this trip he wrote several weeks later to Rev. W. N. McVickar: —

Dear William, — How often I wished that you and Charles Cooper were with me off in India. There was one time especially when I imagined what it would be if you two fellows were burning tobacco on the same scow's deck. It was on the trip to the Seven Pagodas, as they call themselves. We drove five miles from Madras and came to a canal where there were three boats lying, queerest boats that ever were made. One was for us, me and my small companion, one for our servants and their cooking, and one for a Brahmin gentleman who had offered to go with us and was very wise in Indian Archæology. He might not go in our boat because we had no caste, and he must cook his own victuals and eat by himself. But save at eating time he came and sat with us. And all night long we crept along, drawn not by horses nor by mules after your Pennsylvania fashion, but by a score of naked savages, who shone in the moonlight and every now and then broke out into wild songs as they trotted along the shore. The nights were glorious, with such an atmosphere as we never see even in Boston, and the Brahmin (whose name was Pundit Natesasastri) talked eloquently and looked picturesque and told all about his strange life and wonderful belief. And I smoked and wished you fellows were there. And the next day we saw the most wonderful rock temples and hid ourselves from

[1] Published in *Letters of Travel*, p. 260.

the midday sun at the feet of Siva and Parvati, and then came back to Madras by a second night journey like the first. And all the while Cooper and you were writing sermons when you might just as well have been with me as not.

This letter to the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, gives us a specimen of his humor: —

CHEDAMBARAM, February 22, 1883.

DEAR COOPER, — In case you do not know where Chedambaram is, I will tell you that it is just ten miles from Vaithisvarankoil, and it is hotter than Philadelphia in fly time. I have been celebrating the birthday of Mr. Washington by firing off bottles of soda water all the morning ever since we came in from our early visit to the wonderful pagoda which is the marvel of this beautiful but benighted heathen town. The only way to see things here in Southern India is to start at daybreak, when the country is cool and lovelier than anything you can imagine. The palm-trees are waving in the early breeze. The elephants go crushing along with painted trunks and gilded tusks. The pretty Hindu girls are drawing water at the wells under the banana groves. The naked children are frolicking in the dust of the bazaars. The old men and women are drinking their early cocoanut, and you jolt along on the straw, in your creaking bullock cart, as jolly as a rajah. So we went this morning to do homage to the false gods. Vishnu had gone off on a pilgrimage, and his shrine was empty, but Siva was at home, and the howling devotees were in the middle of the morning service. They must have been about at the second lesson when we arrived, but, owing to the peculiar character of their language, it was not easy to make out just what stage of the morning exercises they had reached. But it did n't much matter, for immediately on our arrival the worship stopped where it was and the officiating clergyman came forward and ridiculously presented us with a lime each, and then tried to put a garland of flowers about our Christian necks. This last attention I refused with indignation, at his making a heathen so summarily out of a respectable presbyter of the P. E. Church from Bishop Paddock's diocese. He gracefully intimated that he did n't mind my being mad but would pocket the insult (or do whatever a fellow does who has no pocket, or indeed anything else except a dirty rag about his loins), provided I gave him the rupee which he expected all the same. While I was doing this there was a noise like seven pandemoniums outside, and soon in through the gate came a wild crowd

of savages yelling like fiends and carrying on their shoulders a great platform on which was a big brass idol all daubed with grease and hung with flowers. This was Vishnu, just returned from his sea bath, and in front of him came the craziest band of music made up of lunatics banging on tom-toms and screeching away on brazen trumpets three feet long. We saw the ugly Divinity safe in his shrine, and left the pagans yelling in their joy at getting their ugly image safely home.

By this time the sun was blazing, as I said, and we came home to the bungalow, which does duty for a tavern, and set a small Hindu to pulling away at a punkah rope at the cost of three cents a day. Then we cut up our sacred limes and poured soda water on the juice of them and made a drink which I advise you to try if ever you have to spend a hot day in Chedambaram. Then we breakfasted on rice and curry and fried bananas, and then I thought I would write to you and send you my blessing out of the depths of this Hindu darkness.

I can't tell you what a delightful thing this Indian trip has been. From the snows of the Himalayas down to these burning and luxuriant tropics, from the wonderful beauty of the exquisite Taj of the Mohammedan Emperor at Agra down to the grotesque splendor of this great Brahmin sanctuary which we have seen to-day, everything has been fascinating. Oh, if you and McVickar and George Strong had been with me all the way! I have had a pleasant young companion, who has behaved beautifully except when he got the smallpox in Delhi, and kept us there two weeks. But Delhi is, after all, the most interesting place in India, and if he was going to do it he could not have chosen a better place. We were guests there of some fine young English missionaries, who behaved splendidly under the affliction which we brought down upon them, and I went about with them and saw the ins and outs of missionary life which, when the right men are at it, is a splendid thing.

The hot season has set in within the last few days and we must be away, but I shall leave these gentle Hindus and their lovely land with great regret. Now we are on our way to Ceylon, and two weeks from to-day we sail from Colombo back to Suez, and then comes Spain. Are you right well, old fellow, and does the dear old study look just the way it used to do, and are you counting as much as I am the time when we shall meet again there at General Convention, and talk it all over and abuse the ——s in the dear old way?

Ever and ever yours,

P. B.

To the Rev. Percy Browne: —

P. & O. Steamship Rohilla, On the Ganges, February 13, 1883.

My dear Percy, — For almost five months I 've carried in my visiting case the letter which you wrote to me away back last September, and I have greeted you in heart a hundred times as I have looked at it. Now, how are things going with you, really? One or two glimpses I have had of you in other letters, — once preaching at the reading desk of Trinity (for which I thank you heartily!), once getting sat down on by a Brooklyn bishop for some first-rate sentiments on missions, once or twice at the Club, and all the rest my imagination has supplied. But now it is time that I should tell you how heartily I wished you all Christmas and New Year's good things. The New Year came in on me in the midst of an all-night ride on the way back from the wonderful Buddhist Caves at Elbera, — a night ride undertaken to escape the blazing January sun. It was all very different from the last old year's night, with its watch-meeting and the walk home in the snow, and Allen coming in just after with John the Baptist in his arms, and the long, peaceful smoke together with which we welcomed 1882. I could only address the heathen Hindu who was driving me, and wish him, in a tongue he could not understand, a Happy New Year, to which he responded with a friendly grin and grunt; but for the moment his grotesque figure, in his dirty turban, represented the human creatures whom I cared for most, and you may be sure that I did not forget you and all that I hope to enjoy with you before the year is out, as we rattled on in the moonlight. The year is more than half over. Germany was very delightful, but it has sunk back now into the distance behind this wonderful India, whose pictures of strange life and suggestions of strange thoughts have been before me for the last six weeks, — a perpetual surprise! Every morning to come out and find the Brahmins and the idols and the palm-trees and the temples and the color and the sunshine still there, and that it was not a mere spectacle of last evening's theatre or a dream of last night's sleep. And all the while Boston is there, and you and the other fellows are getting thick in Lent. What are you lecturing on this year? Last year, I think it was the great Christian heroes, was n't it? When Lent is over you will go to work on your convention sermon, and I know that those who sit and listen every year will hear this year some healthy, human, and divine truth, by which I pray thus early that they all may get the edification and blessing which they ought. And then, as if after the diocesan convention all the world must rest, summer will come,

and the pretty Marion house will take you all in again. Before another winter comes my wanderjahr will be over, and I shall be there again to see how much you all have outgrown me while I have been playing by the Spree and the Ganges. I wonder what changes I shall find. One thing I know I shall find, — and it makes me almost homesick when I think of it, — that you have not forgotten your old friendship, but will come in to my fireside and let me come out to yours, and we will console one another's old age and trot down the further side of the hill of clerical life together hand in hand. God bless and keep you always, — you and the wife and bairns, to all of whom I send love, and am more and more affectionately yours, P. B.

To the Rev. George A. Strong: —

TANJORE, February 23, 1883.

DEAR GEORGE, — It is the loveliest Indian night, and I am sitting on the veranda of a travellers' bungalow, and it is cool, which is more than could have been said of any house to-day since breakfast time. What can I do better over my after-dinner cigar than have a little talk with you? Oh, that you were here, and that it could be real talk and not this miserable pen-and-ink business. But that must wait for six months yet. Then we will do it to our hearts' content.

A travellers' bungalow is a sort of government institution which exists in every considerable town in India which has no hotel, and in some that have. It takes you in, — gives you a bedstead. You must bring your own bedding, your own servant, your own victuals, and here you live as independent as a prince, or pack up and are off when you have seen the sights or done your business. The sight of Tanjore is a glorious pagoda, — a vast pyramidal Hindu temple, two hundred feet high, rich with all sorts of grotesque sculpture from top to bottom, and glowing with all sorts of colors, — red and brown and yellow and green and black, — all mellowed and harmonized with ages. Inside there is a hideous shrine with a hideous idol, but the outside is a marvel, and it stands in a great area dotted with palms and guavas, and with a lot of little temples sprouting as if from the roots of the big thing. This is our latest wonder; but every day for the last two months has had its spectacle, and such a sky has been over all all the time as even New Bedford never sees. . . . It has been a great success. Everybody has been very hospitable, and the only wonder has been to find each morning that it was not all a dream and has not vanished in the night. But it is almost over now. Next week we shall be in Ceylon, and

on the 7th of March we sail from Colombo to Suez, and shall be in commonplace Europe again before we know it. And how has the winter gone with you? While we are dodging the sun and lying low all the midday, you are burning your cheerful fire and trudging through the snow to comfort sick New Bedforders. And just now it is Lent, I think; I am not sure. A day which I believe was Ash Wednesday I spent up at Darjheeling gazing at the Himalayas. I have no daily service and no Confirmation Class. All of these things seem like dim memories, but I am glad that some of you are more faithful than I am, and are doing the Gospel work while I am loafing here among these naked heathen. It is wonderful how little clothes an utter absence of the Christian faith can get along with! I have almost wished I was a heathen for this one privilege of heathenism at any rate. I wonder how the new Church goes, and whether Mr. Hathaway and Colonel Fessenden still drop in of evenings (remember me kindly to them if they do); and whether you still write sermons on old scraps of paper and then copy them (I wish that I could hear one of them day after to-morrow). I do not wonder whether, for I *know* that you and M—— sometimes find time for a thought of your old friend. P. B.

Tuticovin, India, March 1, 1883.

Dear Mrs. Paine, — This place with the strange name is the last place in India. We came here yesterday fully expecting to sail away this morning, but the steamer which is to take us to Colombo has not yet arrived, and so we shall have to spend the whole day waiting. It is terribly hot, but the picture that one sees from the veranda of the little Inn is pretty enough. The shore is lined with native boats, which are loading and unloading, and perpetual lines of black figures are wading back and forth with bales on their heads, bringing cocoanuts on shore and carrying Chilis and other Tuticovin produce out to the vessels. They seem to be enjoying both the water and the sun, and the chatter which they keep up is deafening. The children play in the sand in the foreground, and the women take the bales at the margin of the water and tug them up the beach. In the distance through the trees I can just see a bit of a native temple and of a Roman Catholic church.

And this is the last of India. I look back on two months of as delightful travel as I have ever enjoyed. To be sure, there is about a week of Ceylon yet to come, but that is not really India and will be an experience by itself, a sort of hymn after the sermon before we turn our faces homewards. India itself is over,

and the whole already begins to blend into the sort of dream which one has of a country where he has hurriedly travelled for a little while. But its interest has been very great indeed. To speak of only one thing, the constant suggestions about our own Christian faith which have come from the daily sight of heathen worship and missionary effort have given me much which I shall never lose. Christianity grows very simple when one sees the need of it here. God forbid that it should come to these poor people, burdened with the elaborations and distinctions which it has accumulated among us. I hope that I shall be able to preach with a clearer sense of what the heart and soul of the whole matter really is, because of what I have seen in India.

I have met with the kindest hospitality everywhere, and have made some friends whom I shall always value; but, dear me! the new friends cannot be like the old ones, and many a time I have dreamed of the day when I should come back to you all at home, or, what I hope will take place first, meet you all somewhere in Europe in the summer. I hope there are letters over there in Colombo to tell me of your plans. What you are doing now I can pretty accurately picture. You are happily settled in the new house, I am sure, and every now and then I think I hear a bit of a speech on charity organization wafted on these soft spicy breezes. My best love always to all from the oldest to the youngest. God keep you all safe and well.

Always your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From Madras he went to Ceylon, where he spent a week, visiting the Buddhist shrines, talking with Buddhist priests, and especially interested in the Buddhist schools and in the contrast between Buddhism and Hindu religion. As he could quickly extract from a book its essence, so from conversation and observation he was quick to see the significance of the actual situation. The whole man was alive to the greatness of the opportunity presented to him. In his spare moments he was reading important books on India, — the writings of Hunter and Wilkins. On the religion of India he supplemented what he saw by the works of students such as Max Müller, Barth, and Rhys Davids. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," the writings of Meadows Taylor, Macaulay's essays on "Clive" and "Warren Hastings," furnished him with information which he coördinated with his own experience. He mentions "Mr. Isaacs," a novel by Marion Craw-

ford, which has caught the real life of the people as he himself had seen it, "The atmospheric contrast between the Englishman's sharp, clear concreteness and the Indian's subtlety and mystery very well brought out." He found a new interest in reading again Arnold's "Light of Asia." Over Bishop Heber's "Journey" he brooded, admiring its spirit, and gaining great reverence for the man.

Into his note-book there went some of his deeper reflections. First impressions of a country have their value as compared with those which a long sojourn induces. In this case the personality of the observer, his comprehensive outlook, his psychological penetration, his knowledge of man, and his genius for religion, all combine to give interest and worth to the thoughts that follow: —

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN RELIGION.

Hinduism, the great stock faith. Its wonderful pliability, philosophical and idolatrous both; subtle and gross at once. In neither aspect morally elevating.

From time to time moral reforms, which afterwards degenerate into either, first, theological differences, like Buddhism, and Jainism, its successor; or second, political and military movements, like Sikhism.

These reform movements always taking place, but always being reabsorbed by the superior strength of the great Hindu system.

The new theism is a stronger movement, because it has affiliations with the two great forces which are moving in the outer world.

The strongest point of present Hinduism is probably transmigration. Its effect on habits, no meat eating. Caste is its great social light and safeguard, keeping its central core solid and compact. The true Brahman cannot travel, must prepare his own food, etc.

Then comes Mohammedanism, sharp, precise, simple, and intolerant, — without philosophy, cutting right through the whole life of the nation, like a wedge. Existing principally in the north.

Sikhism was originally a sort of attempt to reconcile Hinduism and Mohammedanism, but this character has long since gone out of it.

The Brahmanical doctrine of *Identity*, the assurance that sin and misery alike consisted and resulted in the separation of the

personal soul from the *Atman*, the universal self, the absolute existence, and that the struggle of man must be towards, as the reward of man will be in, his reëntrance into the Eternal Identity by the death of his own individual will or desire. The idea also that all the finite world is a delusive dream, a *Maya*, with which the Eternal Being amuses itself, as it were, and which must disappear as the mist disappears above the river which runs on still. All this which we reject entirely as a philosophy, or answer to the problems of existence, has yet in it a wonderful power of appeal to some moods of almost all our natures, which is quite sufficient to make us understand how it could have been, and is still, held by multitudes of souls.

First the worship of Nature and her great objects and forces; then the sense of a creative and governing power behind all; the analysis of this power into a mythology, — this seems to have been the course of Hinduism. The simplicity of the Vedic deities, Indra, Agni, and Surya; the Puranic deities opening from the three, — Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva (probably something to do with aboriginal gods which the Aryans found), through the incarnations of the second and the progeny and the harem of the third into a countless pantheon. Along with this ran the deification process, always manufacturing new deities, and the priestly impulse making more; for superstition, being childish, is always desiring more, and discontented with what it has; and priesthood hardly ever restrains but always stimulates and tries to satisfy this longing. These three together are the causes which produce a mythology: —

(1) The naturalistic, analyzing the natural process. (2) The historic, enlarging real personalities. (3) The priestly, making gods at popular demand.

The three kinds of deities represented in Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva: the mysterious, the familiar, and the awful, found in all religious systems as the conception of God formed by different nations.

With all the tremendous exaggerations of space, time, and size, in these Hindu stories, you can get nothing more than the universal and perpetual human passions. Heroes and gods thirty feet high, living ten thousand years, can, after all, only love and hate and wish and dread.

Buddha called a Vishnu incarnation by the Hindus, and his unorthodox teaching considered to be for the sake of deluding God's enemies, — a most ingenious and theological device.

The Krishnu stories, showing how men will play with their religion.

Siva is pure spirit, although to render himself perceptible and conceivable, he deigns to assume a body composed "not of matter, but of force." The modern sound of this last notion.

The subordinate value of the Trinity idea (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), in Hinduism portrayed in Barth, p. 186 and preceding pages.

The Vedic religion develops but feebly and hesitatingly the notion of divine personality. *Kâma* (desire) stirring in the self-existent mass is vaguely but profoundly declared to be its origin. Then the personal god *Ka* (who?) is evolved into the absolute *Tat* (that). (See Barth's "Religions of India," p. 30.) This is very sublime, surely, but the definiteness with which it seems to point out a central will soon disappears in the multitude of powers, each of whom has a name which, while it seems personal, really characterizes only an abstract force.

The old Brahman said, "God is everything, and the earth and all things sensible are illusion (Maya)." The modern scientist says, "The sensible things alone are real, and God is all a dream." Somewhere these two, getting entirely around the circle, must meet.

Hunter, p. 212, describes the present relation of the people to the Hindu triad. Brahma, only a handful of worshippers; Vishnu supplies a worship for the middle classes; Siva, a philosophy for the learned, and a superstition, cruel and pale, for the lowest classes. Is there not something like this in the Christian's relation to different conceptions of God and Christ?

Strange lack of creative power in modern Hinduism, their architecture is all old.

The endless hope of Brahmanism, which is transmigration, becomes by and by the dread and despair of Buddhism, which only comes to escape from it in Nirvana. The relapse again into the hopelessness in later Hinduism.

Talk with Brahman gentleman on road from Amber back to Jeypore. His disbelief in Chunder Sen; unwillingness to be himself a priest and make profit out of his religion. Declaration that he would be cast out by his family if he did so. Assertions that Brahmanism was better than Christianity because it taught mercy not only to human creatures but to beasts. Dislike of Christian missionaries because, as he said, they do not live good lives, which seemed to be a judgment not from moral standards, but from a purely sectarian one, with regard to religious observances, etc. Comparison with Roman Catholic missionaries to the advantage of the latter. The way the Roman Catholics adapt

themselves to the people, take their dress and ways of life. He alleged a want of sympathy of Protestant missionaries with the people; says that baptism is a great hindrance, expects vaguely a day when all the religions — Mussulman, Hindu, and Christian — will coalesce. Believes in a present awakening among Brahmans, makes much of Fakirs and the theurgic power of a pure life, which point, however, is largely technical. Believes in cure of diseases and inspired sight of truth. Fully adopts the esoteric view of the gods. Idolatry only for lower classes. Talks much of Mohammedan oppression, but believes that when the Mussulman conquered the Hindu that Hinduism was degenerate, and needed the discipline. Thinks the same of British dominion, which he does not regret.

The way in which the great temples at Madura and elsewhere, with their courts of public resort, and their places for the sale of goods more or less connected with the worship, remind one of and throw light upon what one reads of the Temple at Jerusalem.

In the temple at Madura, above a miserable tank, is the carved image of a Brahman murdering his father; said to signify that even that crime this tank can wash away.

The great pagoda at Chedambaram is the most terrible specimen of pure idolatry. All refinements and subtleties and spiritualizations fade away in the presence of such brutality and darkness. All comparisons with the darker sides of Christian history become mere fallacies.

The awful state of morals at Delhi; unnatural crimes of the most awful sort. Traceable, perhaps, to the practices of early marriages and early exhaustion, and of the isolation of women and consequent constitution of society solely by men. The country regions better than the city. The absolute failure of Hindu religion to restrain passion. Certainly occidental morals must come in; and if in the West those morals rest on Christian faith, it must be that the Christian faith shall be brought here as their basis.

As Mr. Brooks passed from India to Ceylon, he had received more favorable impressions of Buddhism than of Indian religion. A few of his remarks on Buddhism will serve to show that he did not fail to do justice to its truth, while discerning its weakness. But for Buddha himself he had a feeling of reverence.

As one sees the Buddhists in Ceylon, there is certainly a look of intelligence such as one does not easily find in the ordinary

Hindu. There was nothing which we saw (at least in India) like the Buddhist temple at Colombo, or like the instruction scene at Kandy.

The three Buddhist notions of (1) *Skandha*, or the composition of each man out of elemental conditions, which disunite at his death, and even if they unite again to make another being, who is his true successor, they do not make him. (2) *Karma* (act), or the perpetuation of the results of a life in the succeeding being, something quite distinct from transmigration. (3) *Nirvana*, the final falling back of this special phenomena of life into the mass of universal existence; an anticipation of this in present life, indifference and rest. In all of these a constant extinction of personality both human and divine.

It is clear enough that the Buddhist did and does draw a distinction, perhaps too subtle for our minds to follow, but still real to him, between Nirvana and personal annihilation.

Buddha's Bo tree, occupying almost the same place in Buddhism that the cross does in Christianity. It marks the difference. The first religion saves by contemplation, the other by active sacrifice. No such power given to Christ's *temptation*.

The pathetic connection of Buddha's doctrine of the misery of life and the hope of ceasing to be, with the miserable circumstances of the special life which he saw about him; with the German pessimist it is all different; a fancy theory.

The great remonstrance against caste is the noblest part of Buddha's teaching.

The lapse into the worship of Buddha (a false personal religion) shows where the weakness of his system lay. Original Buddhism a *religion of character*.

The analogy of the Vedic religions, of Brahmanism, of Hinduism, and of Buddhism, on the one hand, with primitive Christianity and the early dogmatism and mediævalism and the Reformation on another, and with the patriarchal system and Mosaism and Pharisaism and Christianity on yet another, is illustrative of the whole constantly repeated movement of human nature. The step from Vedism to Brahmanism being associated with the rising authority of the priesthood, and with the loss of the free knowledge of the language of the Vedic hymns, corresponds exactly to the change which took place as the simple substance of the apostolic Christianity passed over into the highly organized ecclesiastical and dogmatic systems of the Latin Church.

There is much both in Brahmanism and Buddhism that throws light upon the varying understandings of the "New" or "Second birth," which have played so large a part in the contentions and

speculations of Christendom. Each of these systems, according to its intrinsic nature, has its own understanding of the idea and phrase which both contain. Brahmanism (see Barth, Religions of India, p. 51) applies it to the boy's formal entrance on a certain period of life, his established manhood. Buddhism, on the other hand, makes it mean the perception of profounder truth which comes with the awakening of the spiritual nature by contemplation. Both of these unite in Christianity with the idea of moral determination (transformation where the nature has been going wrong) to make that complete notion of fulfilled life which is what the phrase is always struggling for, what it means in the supreme use of it by Jesus.

Mr. Brooks could not fail to observe the society into which he was thrown in India; and upon this, as upon Hindu and Buddhist types of religion, he comments in his note-book. The Anglo-Indian, the English officials, and the Civil Service, the missionaries whose acquaintance he cultivated, are alluded to in these extracts: —

England came into India with a conquest of violence and fraud; and, having established herself, she proceeds to govern the country without sympathy but with careful justice, establishing the most perfect Civil Service in the world. That service is something at which we never cease to wonder. Highly paid, well selected, free from political subservience, so that a very large part of them to-day are enemies of the present government, they are the most conscientious, faithful, incorruptible body of servants, I believe, that are administering the government of any country anywhere in the world.

The thoroughly high character of the English lieutenant-governors. Sir Charles Atchison, at Lahore, Sir Alfred Lyall, at Allahabad, Sir Rivers Thompson, at Calcutta, Mr. Grant Duff, at Madras, Sir James Fergusson, at Bombay, and Lord Ripon, as viceroy: all (especially the first four) men long and intimately acquainted with India.

English colonel's statement (at Jeypore), that the more an Englishman sees of other people the more he dislikes them. If this were true, what a great incapacity it would show for the work on inferior races, which in these days seems to be more and more intrusted to the Englishman. There is no love lost between the two races in India.

The naturalness of the great Mutiny here; in some views it is just what Englishmen would most praise if it were not against

themselves. Of course, it was savage; but they were savages, and the English had done very little to make them anything else.

The Anglo-Indian has a sort of mental and moral thin bloodedness which somehow or other the English seem able to bear less than most races. The first-rate Englishman is the best thing in the world.

The very great assumption of the old Anglo-Indian that he knew more about the worth of missions than the missionary; the liking which he often has for R. C. missions, and even for native idolatries.

The society of India is either gross heathenism, with its almost total absence of higher things, or English civil life, full of the littleness of officialism, disliking the country, anxious to be away, and with more or less of spite or mutual jealousy. Among these, apart from its direct religious power, how valuably comes in the sweet, unselfish life of such works as the Cambridge Mission.

His final impressions give the missionaries in India and the English Civil Service an equal place with the great Hindu Temple Taj and the great mountain Kinchinjinga. He had felt some doubts and misgivings about the actual results, as about the methods of missions when he went to India. These had disappeared, and in their place rose enthusiasm and gratitude and hopefulness. Thus, in most of his letters he speaks of missions, and repeats his statement so often, that some repetition here will be excusable. To Rev. C. A. L. Richards he writes: —

These missionaries are really splendid fellows, many, *most* of them. One hears from them far more intelligent talk about religion and the relation of Christianity to other faiths than he would hear from the same number of parsons at home (outside the Club). They and the civil servants of the English government are doing much for India. Oh, for a Civil Service such as this at home! I think, next to the Taj and Kinchinjinga, that is the most impressive sight that I have seen in this strange land.

The missionaries are as noble a set of men and women as the world has to show. Tell your friends who "do not believe in Foreign Missions" (and I am sure there are a good many such) that they do not know what they are talking about, and that three weeks' sight of mission work in India would convert them wholly.

He stood in Henry Martyn's pulpit, and the words inscribed upon it, "He was a burning and a shining light," became luminous with a new meaning. Some of his reflections on missions, which ever afterwards remained prominent in his mind, should here be given: —

Bishop Heber's clear belief in the possibilities of Indian character, along with his clear conception of their present degradation. See his "Journey." The way his character stands out ideally in the history of Indian missions.

The Bishop of Calcutta, (February 3) talking about the foolishness and uselessness of trying to take the Hindu's view, — "Give them the Englishman's and let them find out their own." Poor talk.

Curious article in "Home and Foreign Church Work," asserting the need of asceticism in India. I do not believe it.

Missions in India; their naturalness when one is on the ground. Impossible to think of English people not having them, and so of all Christian people with reference to the whole heathen world. Some 300,000 to 400,000 Protestant Christians now in India.

The question how missions look to one in a heathen land; — intensely practical and absolutely necessary. And, also, as it must be in the case of the missionary himself, it brings itself to a personal question, Can this man be lightened with the Light? The great 250,000,000 are a paralysis. This man is an inspiration, and his conversion or the struggle for it keeps hope alive.

The really unanimous testimony to the Indian's untruthfulness. The awful business of haggling in the bazaars. The Indian's own account of it, — that it is the result of endless conquests and successions of tyrannical dynasties.

The first sense of tameness in the converts, — loss of their first rude and fierce picturesqueness. This to be watched over, but still it must come to some extent. The maniac among the tombs turned into the well-dressed man going home to his friends.

How much there possibly may be in the Anglo-Indian's statement that the Christian convert is less trustworthy than the Hindu. Possibly something. His associations are broken, and he lacks whatever good influence there possibly may be in loyalty to caste. He has a strong restraint in fellow-men's judgment. His neighbors despise him. Fear for such, — the case in all transition times. Think of old Corinth, and what its magistrate must have said of Paul's converts, "Have any of the Pharisees believed in Him?"

I do not know of any country where religious statistics would

mean so little, or, at least, would have to be taken with so much careful reserve as in India. Whole districts have been nominally converted for the sake of food in famine times; and there is something disheartening in the way in which Europeans of all kinds distrust the converted Hindu more than his heathen brother. Still I believe beyond all doubt that the missionaries are doing a great work, and that the time is not far off when it will show; but it must be by some more intimate reading of the thought and genius of the people than has yet been made; not merely plucking brands from the burning, but by putting out the fire.

The Indians have the primary affections very strong, — parental and filial affections, love of kindred, kindness for creatures, craving for immortality, sense of wonder. These are what Christianity starts with, and what it is to build into completeness.

After all, the Hindu mind, haunted by the conception of escape and holiness, has something pathetic and sublime about it. No comfortable settling down to life. Somehow the touch needed, which shall move all this power into the region of moral life; — there is where it seems powerless now. The old paradox of much religion and no morality, which we settle far too easily and offhandedly when we decide that the religion is hypocrisy.

The only advantage in the multitudinousness of denominations in India is the chance that it may leave the question open for the promotion of the national Christianity. Perhaps there was no other possible way for this to come about but by the variety of approach, making the establishment of any one type impossible. — the way this possibly might impress a Hindu.

Certainly the change to the newer forms of appeals for missions involves the confidence in a higher condition, in the working of better and nobler motives in those to whom we appeal. It may be a question whether men are ready for it, but here, as always, I believe very much in the possibility of making them to *be* by assuming that they *are*. Certainly we see the reverse of this constantly. Men are made unfit for high appeals by the assumption that they can only respond to the lower.

One high appeal for missions ought to be the need of Christianity for a broader and completer life, — what these other people will do for our Christianity if they become Christians. I think we often understand missions best if we think of the converting power, and that which it tries to convert, as individuals rather than vague masses. Surely one man may say to another, "I want you to believe my truth, partly in order that by the way in which it influences you and by the form in which your mind apprehends it I may be able to see new sides of it and understand

its richness more." The moon would know more of what light is, if it could study the earth on which the sun's reflected light shines from itself.

The reconstruction and simplification of Christian theology is imperatively demanded by missions. Indeed the missionaries are quietly doing it, almost unconsciously doing it, themselves. Christianity as a book religion, resting on the infallible accuracy of a written word, or as a propitiatory religion, providing a mere escape for hopeless culprits, or as a doctrinal religion, depending on the originality of some statements of truth, all of these aspects of it fade; and Christianity as a personal faith revealing *in* Christ, not simply *by* Him, the present living fatherhood of God, becomes the powerful and precious substance of our faith.

CHAPTER XIV

MAY–JULY, 1883

THE JOURNEY FROM INDIA. THE VISIT TO SPAIN. RECEPTION IN ENGLAND. VISIT TO TENNYSON. LETTERS. EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

THE return from India began on the 7th of March, when he went on board the P. & O. steamer Verona, bound for Gibraltar. During the three weeks on shipboard his mind was occupied in musing over what he had seen. As a corrective for the wild extravagances of Indian religion, he was reading William Robertson Smith on the "Place of the Old Testament in Jewish History," and his "Hebrew Prophets." In his note-book he entered his reflections on leaving India, summing up the total impression of his visit: —

The voyage from India to Spain carries one from the extreme east to the extreme west of the triumphs of Islam. The Moguls of Delhi and the Caliphs of Cordova! what a range of energy, what a history of struggle and suffering, of pride and ruin, is included!

As one withdraws from India it is very much indeed as it used to be when one walked farther and farther away from the old Sivite temples, in the southern districts, Madura or Tanjore. Gradually the grotesque details were lost. The dancing and distorted gods became obscure. The crude, hard colors mingled into harmony, the harsh sounds melted into a confused and pleasing murmur, and a quiet mystery, not unmixed with religious seriousness, enfolded and dignified the whole.

So it is with that mass of legend, allegory, and corrupt tradition, which, taken all together, makes the religion and philosophy of India. It has large masses of color and not ignoble outlines, as one looks back on it fading and mingling into memory.

Steamship Verona, between Colombo and Aden,
March 13, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — I am on the way back from India, and you have no idea what soft and brilliant days these are upon the southern seas. And it is a good time to think the whole thing over, and to get ready for the next scene in the play. The last thing before we sailed was Ceylon, with its Buddhism. Ceylon was beautiful beyond all description. Such tropical luxuriance as one had dreamed of all his life was in its splendor, and made pictures which one never can forget. And Ceylon Buddhism had a look of intelligence and decency after the horrible squalor and coarseness of Hinduism, which was very pleasing. A very different thing it is from the fetish worship of Thibetan Buddhism, of which we got a sight among the Himalayas. But as for making of it a great spiritual religion, with any chance in it for the salvation of the world, it is too hopelessly absurd. Primitive Buddhism was a philosophy with controlling ethical purpose. Modern Buddhism has changed it into elaborate ceremonialism, and invented for it a mythology. But there is no theism in either, and in spite of the charm of "Natural Religion," [1] there is no powerful faith without theistic basis. What a delightful book that is! I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of word-juggling in it, and that what it needs is a clearer definition. But to bring out as it does the noble and consecrated side of "modern thought," and to show how it gravitates at its best towards spirituality is a great boon. One grows very impatient at the way the selfish trader with a wooden faith is counted a more spiritual being than the self-forgetful student of truth or worshipper of humanity. It is good to have such a strong statement of the other side.

As the Verona was slowly crawling through the Suez Canal, subject to long vexatious detentions, Mr. Brooks spent much of his time in answering letters received from home before leaving India. He had been kept informed of the incidents at Trinity Church, the names of the preachers sent to him in advance enabled him to reproduce every Sunday "the scene in the blessed old church;" he read with special interest the list of those confirmed in his absence. About one item of news he was worried, the sale of the little piece of land in front of the church, and the current rumor that a great building was to go up there. He continued to follow

[1] *Natural Religion*, by the Author of *Ecce Homo*, 1882.

in imagination every meeting of the Clericus Club, the place where it met, the essayist, the subject of the essay. While he had been away new members had been elected.[1]

You seem to be enlarging the Club with youngsters, so that one will hardly know it after a year's absence. Every now and then I feel a touch of intimation that I am growing old, in a bit of wonder whether these young fellows are good for much; but generally I am ready to acknowledge their value, and I am glad that the Church and the Club should get them in. Only in the Club we never have got much out of the youngest men. They have generally seemed to be there more for their own sake than for the Club's. But perhaps your new acquisitions will do better.

Among the items of religious interest was the publication of a volume of sermons by Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York, entitled "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." The book had been sent to him, and after reading the sermons he speaks of them as "calm, serious, and conscientious," as saying, " what, in the great mass of it, I have no doubt is true, and once accepted by the Christian world must make the basis of a better Christianity. They are positive as well as negative; and no criticism of small points of style, or discussion of the accuracy of a few details of criticism, can obscure the broad view of inspiration and the relation of the Book both to God and man, which the sermons declare."

I have heard of both the January and the February Clubs, both of which seem to have revolved about the Bible question. I suppose that Heber Newton and his agitation is, after all, only a symptom. The whole theological world seems to be wakening to the need of a new discussion and settlement about its sacred Book.

[1] The members of the Club at this time, in addition to those already mentioned (cf. *ante*, p. 58) were: David H. Greer, Frank L. Norton, Francis Wharton, James Haughton, Theodosius S. Tyng, Reginald H. Howe, Charles H. Ward, Charles H. Babcock, William Lawrence, Darius H. Brewer, George Z. Gray, Samuel R. Fuller, George J. Prescott, Alexander Mackay-Smith, John C. Brooks, Leighton Parks, Leverett Bradley, George A. Strong, F. B. Allen, T. A. Snively, L. C. Stewardson, Frederick Burgess, Augustine H. Amory, George S. Converse, Elisha Mulford, Reuben Kidner, Frederick Courtney, Samuel Snelling, Charles P. Parker, H. S. Nash, C. M. Addison. To these are to be added after 1883, A. H. Vinton, Endicott Peabody, H. Evan Cotton, Roland C. Smith, John S. Lindsay, Frederic Palmer, Arthur C. A. Hall, W. M. Grosvenor, E. Winchester Donald.

I cannot feel anything but confident hope regarding the result, and as to Heber, however it may seem as if his way of going to work were perhaps not the best, that is a very small matter. His face is toward the light. And certainly no mischief he can do can begin to equal the mischief which must come from the obstinate dishonesty of men who refuse to recognize any of the new light which has been thrown upon the Bible, and go on repeating assertions about it which, if there is such a thing as proof, have been thoroughly and repeatedly disproved. These are the men on whom the church in future must look back upon with reproach, and almost with contempt. So the thing looks to me from the Suez Canal.

When he learned that the work was creating a stir in ecclesiastical circles and a heresy trial invoked by those who resented its teachings, he wrote: —

If the man who thinks as soberly and earnestly as he thinks has no place in our church, then alas for the church! I see my old friend —— is first and keenest on the scent. So I was wrong about him, and Mrs. —— and your sister were right about him when they used to insist that he was narrow and sentimental and despotic. I send them my apologies and own my mistake. But what an infinite pity it all is. This wrath of men who ought to be largest and wisest is the kind of which it seems hardest to see how the Lord will make it to praise Him, but no doubt He will.

As he neared Gibraltar he took up the books he found on the ship which would prepare him, to some extent, for entering Spain, — Irving's "Alhambra" and "Conquest of Granada," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and Lamartine's "Christophe Colomb." While he was on the Verona he had formed a friendship with Major Wing, who was returning from India on sick leave, through whose kindness in giving him a letter to the colonel in command of the fortifications was of great service. "The colonel was immensely civil, took me all over the fortifications, introduced me at the Club, and made me almost live at his house, where were a very pleasant wife and children; so I saw Gibraltar at its best, and have the brightest recollections of it."

When he reached Madrid, on his journey through Spain, he learned of the death of two of his aunts, his mother's

sisters, who resided in the old house at North Andover. For his aunt, Miss Susan Phillips, he felt the affection of a son. She had been a member of the family during all his earlier years; and after his mother's death his heart had gone out to her as if she stood in his mother's place. He wrote to her frequently, doing all in his power to make her life in the old homestead a happy one.

MADRID, April 15, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Ever since I received your letter yesterday I have been trying to realize that it is true that aunt Susan and aunt Caroline are really gone. It seems almost impossible to picture the old house as it must be to-day. . . . I wish so much that I had been at home, and I hope I shall hear from you some time about the last of those two long, faithful lives. . . .

It seems as if this great change swept away from the world the last remnants of the background of our earliest life. Even after father and mother went, as long as aunt Susan lived, there was somebody who had to do with us when we were babies. Now that generation has all passed away. How many old scenes it brings up. This is Sunday morning, right after breakfast, and it seems as if I could see a Sunday morning of the old times in Rowe Street, with the general bustle of mother and aunt Susan getting off to Sunday School, and father settling down to read to the bigger boys in the front parlor; and there are faint memories of much earlier days when the aunts must have been blooming young ladies, though they seemed to us then almost as old as they ever did in later times. I hope the last years of their lives have been happy, in spite of the suffering. They have been spared what was most to be dreaded, long, hopeless illness and helplessness. But I am so sorry to hear that aunt Susan had to suffer. . . . If there were ever lives totally unselfish, and finding all their pleasure in making other people happy, these were they. We know aunt Susan best, of course, but dear little aunt Caroline, with her quiet ways, had something very touching and beautiful about her. She seems to have slipped out of life as unobtrusively and with as little trouble as she lived.

When I left them, of course I knew it was very likely that I should not see them again. But all I had heard since made me feel as if they would be there when I came home. I had a nice letter from aunt Susan in the autumn, which must have been a good deal of an effort for her to write, and I wrote to her, from India, a letter which must have reached Andover after it was all over.

It cannot be long — one cannot ask that it should be long — before aunt S—— follows her sisters. Give her my love and sympathy. As it may be that she will go before I come home, the old house be left empty, and something have to be done about the property, I want to say that I should like to buy it, and I authorize you to buy it for me, if the chance offers. Or, if you and Arthur and John would not like that, I will join with any or all of you to buy and hold it. I do not know whether you liked it well enough last summer to think of making it a summer home, but I should like to hold it as a place where, for the whole or part of any summer, we could gather and have a delightful, easy time, among the most sacred associations which remain for us on earth. A few very simple improvements would make it a most charming place, so do not by any chance let it slip, and hold, by purchase or otherwise, to as much of the furniture as you can. One of these days, when I am a little older and feebler, I should like to retire to it and succeed [Rev.] Augustine Amory at the little church. Is not our window done there yet?

Salamanca, April 27, 1883.

Dear William, — And so aunt S—— too is gone, and the old house is empty! I only received your letter last evening, and all the night, as I rode here in the train, I was thinking how strange it was. These three who began their lives so near together, long ago, and who have kept so close to one another all the while, now going almost hand in hand into the other world. . . . How pathetic it used to be to see aunt S—— sitting there, full of pain, trying to do some little bit of good in her curious ways, with her queer little tracts, and her vague desire to exhort everybody to be good. I always thought she must have been one of the handsomest of the sisters when they were young. Surely, no end that we could have dreamed of for them could have been more perfect. But how we shall miss them!

To the Rev. James P. Franks: —

Madrid, April 28, 1883.

If you were only here we would begin at once with the Velasquez pictures, which I shall see to-day for the last time and which are famous. They stand away up alongside of Tintoretto's in Venice for every great quality except that high religious exaltation which is in the Crucifixion at St. Rocco and one or two other things which we saw last summer in those golden days. As to the rest of Spain it is delightful, but one would rather go to all the other great countries of Europe first. The

Moorish work, the Alhambra and all that, is wonderful; but as for Gothic and the great cathedrals, you who have seen Chartres and Strassburg and Cologne, need not worry yourself at all about Seville and Granada and Saragossa and Toledo. . . . We were right last summer, and the dear streets of Pisa and Ravenna and Bologna were better than anything we should have seen in sultry Spain. . . .

In the midst of all the brightness of it there has come the sad news from home. I am sure S—— will know that I sympathize with her. The breaking up of families is dreadful. If we could only all go together. If only brothers and sisters who have been together in this life could start together for the next. But this seeing one another off, even although we know that we shall follow in a day or two and find them there, is very sad. That is what makes us feel that there is some sort of beauty in the way aunt Susan and aunt Caroline went together. After all these years in the old house at Andover they have started on the new experience in the same week. But we shall miss them bitterly. I want very much to get the old house and make it a summer bungalow, where all of us, whatever else we may be doing with our summer, may come and go at will.

A few more words must suffice for Spain. He was there for nearly a month, travelling for part of the time with the Brimmers, from Boston, and the Wistars, from Philadelphia. Architecture, Moorish and Christian, and the pictures of Velasquez, which he saw in their fulness for the first time, were the principal objects of interest. In Burgos he found in one of the towers of the Cathedral what he thought must have furnished the suggestion to Richardson for the tower of Trinity Church, Boston. He speaks of Burgos as a wilderness of architectural delight. And altogether he counted himself fortunate in having returned by way of Spain, — the transition from what he had seen of Mohammedanism in India to the works of the Moors, and thence to Christian civilization.

On June 8 Mr. Brooks arrived in England to receive what proved to be a long ovation. He had already many personal friends in England; his books had been widely read there, and through his books he had the power of speaking directly

to the heart, and of making himself known, honored, and loved. Whenever he had preached in England on the occasion of previous visits he had produced the same impression as at home, creating the widespread desire to see and know him personally. What it had been in Boston it was now to be in London. His coming had been awaited with eager expectation. Many were the invitations which he had received in advance, asking him to preach in London, and especially in the Cathedral churches. They were desirous that he should have the fullest opportunity to be heard by the English people, and they placed the great sanctuaries of England at his service. The Bishop of London sent him a courteous permission to preach in his diocese, expressing, at the same time, the desire that he would accept as many invitations as possible. He was also personally invited by the Bishop of London to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral on Hospital Sunday. His appointments were widely advertised in the London papers. Among the other churches at which he preached in London were St. Mark's, St. John'swood, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, St. Mark's, Kennington; St. Michael's, Chester Square; and the Temple Church; outside of London, Lincoln Cathedral, Wells Cathedral, and St. Peter's at Arches in Lincoln. Interesting incidents occurred in connection with his preaching. This is an extract from a letter written by a person unknown to him, but it has a very familiar sound: —

May 20, 1883.

Dear Sir, — Having had the great privilege of hearing you preach at Westminster Abbey three years ago, and having, since then, much enjoyed reading a volume of your sermons, I determined to seize the opportunity of once more hearing you. Accordingly a friend and I went twelve miles yesterday to the Savoy Chapel, where you were advertised to preach, but were bitterly disappointed at being unable to get even standing room, although we were at the church door half an hour before the service began. I hope you will pardon my boldness if I ask whether you would be so kind as to let me know by post-card if you are going to preach anywhere during this week; for, if so, we should so much like to make another attempt to hear you.

An English barrister writes to him a request that he would speak with more deliberation, when he preaches in Temple Church: —

> Having had the pleasure of hearing you at St. Paul's, I venture to ask you to be so good as to adopt for the Temple Church a rather slower delivery, in order that all may hear. Knowing, as I do, that our church is a very difficult one in which to hear, I have ventured to make this request. I should not have done so had it not been that no one would willingly lose any portion of a sentence of your sermon.

Dr. Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster, also made the suggestion that he should be more deliberate in speaking, but was told that it was not possible. To the English people his rapidity was more trying than to his compatriots. Yet Dean Stanley saw in it one source of his power, comparing him to "an express train going to its appointed terminus with majestic speed, and sweeping every obstacle, one after another, out of his course." In England, as in America, he was the despair of reporters, owing not only to the rapidity of his utterance, but to the bewildering rush of the thought as well.

There came to him a request from the Select Preachers' Syndicate of the University of Cambridge to preach in Great St. Mary's Church upon Ascension Day, and the Sundays immediately before and after, in the next year, 1884. He was obliged to decline it, as it was not probable he should then be in England. But it was a source of regret to him that he could not see something of the English universities during his stay, and he was assured that the invitation would be renewed on some subsequent occasion, when he would be able to accept it.

Apart from the public honors shown to him, Mr. Brooks was the recipient of the most generous hospitality, combined with a thoughtful kindness and constant acts of courtesy, which were wholly unanticipated, and made every day of his two months in England a refreshment and delight. How wide this hospitality was, enabling him to meet people whom he had long desired to know, will best be shown by a list

which he made of his engagements, and including the names of persons whom he met.

Saturday, May 12, Canon Duckworth's, — Mr. and Mrs. Messer; Friday, May 18, J. R. Lowell's, — Mr. Huxley and Mr. Smalley; Tuesday, May 22, Baroness Burdett-Coutts's, — Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Bradley, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir F. Leighton, Sir Thomas Brassey and Lady Brassey, Marquis of Salisbury, etc.; Thursday, May 24, at the Law Courts in London with Sir Farrar Herschell; Saturday, May 26, Archdeacon Farrar's, — Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Barry, Canon Henning, Mr. Pulester, etc.; Monday, May 28, Lady Frances Baillie's, — Sir George Grove, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Randall Davidson and wife, etc.; Thursday, May 31, Mr. Forbes's, Ashley Place; Saturday, June 2, Mr. Christian's, — Mr. Kittridge, Dr. Garden, etc.; Tuesday, June 5, Mr. Humphrey's (St. Martin's in the Field), — Mr. Galton, etc.; Thursday, June 7, Dr. Vaughan's, — Dean and Mrs. Bradley, Sir Fowell Buxton, etc.; Friday, June 8, Mr. De Bunsen's, — Augustus Hare, Mrs. Buxton (Lord Lawrence's daughter), Dr. Brandis, etc.; Saturday, June 9, Sir G. Grove's, — Miss Stevenson (from Edinburgh), Rev. Mr. Yeaton and Lady Barbara, his wife; Monday, June 11, breakfast with Rev. S. Bickersteth, — his father (author of Yesterday, To-day, and Forever), and his brother; Tuesday, June 12, at Bishop of Rochester's, — Mr. Grundy, etc.; Wednesday, June 13, at Lord Mayor's, — Mr. Holland, Bishop of Winchester, etc.; Thursday, June 14, Lady F. Baillie's, — Bishop of Carlisle, Miss Grant, Mr. Mills. Luncheon at the Duke of Argyll's; Friday, June 15, luncheon at Mrs. Charles's (author of Schonberg Cotta Family), — Mr. and Mrs. Holiday, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Mr. Maurice; Sunday, June 17, at Wells, — Professor Freeman, Colonel Maurice, Canon Church; Tuesday, June 19, Mr. S. Morley's, — Mr. and Mrs. H. Childers, Dean and Mrs. Bradley, etc.; Wednesday, June 20, P. M. Baroness Burdett-Coutts's, at Holly Lodge, — Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir James Fergusson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Browne; Wednesday, June 20, Sir Lyon Playfair's, — Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, Mrs. Shaw Lefevre, etc.; Evening, Mr. Hugh Childers's, — Duchess of Teck, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Lady Holland, Dean and Mrs. Bradley, etc.; Thursday, June 21, Alfred Tennyson's, Isle of Wight, — Miss Boyle, Mrs. Lushington, etc.; Saturday, June 23, Lincoln, Precentor Venables's — Bishop Wordsworth, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Melville, etc.; Monday, June 25, Mr.

Paget's, — Mr. and Mrs. Trevellyan, etc.; Wednesday, June 27, Mr. Shaw Lefevre's party to the Tower, — Playfairs, Gladstone, Bright, Foster, Morley, Lowell, Hare, Lady Harcourt, Heywood, etc.; Thursday, June 28, at Dulwich, — Bishop of Rochester, Boyd, Browning, Jean Ingelow, etc. Dinner with Bishop of Carlisle, Bonamy Price, Sir James Paget, Macmillan, Murray, etc.; Friday, June 29, lunch with Colonel Maurice, Llewelyn Davies. Evening at Lady Stanley's, of Alderley, — Stopford Brooke, Browning, Lady Harcourt, etc.; Saturday, June 30, P. M., at Newman Hall's, — Dr. Allon, Dr. Farrar, etc.; Sunday, July 1, lunch at Dr. Vaughan's; P. M., at Mr. Holiday's; Monday, July 2, at Mrs. Leaf's, — Dr. Farrar, Mr. Arnold, and Miss Arnold; Tuesday, July 3, at Mr. Mills's, — Sir Bartle Frere, etc. Evening at Mrs. Gladstone's, — Dr. Acland, Mr. Bryce, Mrs. Childers, the Endicotts, Miss Gladstone; Wednesday, July 4, P. M., Mr. Lowell's reception, — Smalley, Collier, Mrs. Putnam, Miss Holley, etc.; Thursday, July 5, A. M. at Harrow, Dr. Butler's luncheon, — Earl of Dufferin, Bishop of Manchester, Bishop of Derry, Sir F. Buxton, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Canon Flemming, Sir Lyon Playfair, Beresford Hope, etc.; Thursday, July 5, Lady Frances Baillie's dinner, — Lord and Lady Selbourne (Lord Chancellor), Sir G. Grove, Browning, Bishop of Litchfield, Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray); Friday, July 6, Mr. Flood Jones, Precentor, Westminster Abbey. Lady Russell, at Richmond; Saturday, July 7, Mrs. John Henry Green. Bishop of London, garden party, — Canon Duckworth, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the Messers, etc.; Mr. Macmillan's, — Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse, Llewelyn Davies, etc.; Tuesday, July 10, dined with Major Wing, — Mrs. and Miss Everest. Evening at Mr. Gladstone's, — Gladstone, Lowe, Lord Dufferin, Lord Spencer, Sir C. Dilke, Duke of Argyll, etc.; Wednesday, July 11, lunch with Llewelyn Davies, — Mrs. Russell Garvey. Dinner with Judge Endicott, — Mr. Saltonstall; Thursday, July 12, breakfast at Mr. Shaw Lefevre's, — Mr. Smalley, Mr. Broderick (warden of Merton College), Mr. Wallace (from Constantinople), etc. Thursday, July 12, lunch with Dr. Allon, of North British Review, — Rev. Mr. Rogers. Dinner at Miss Martin's, — Mr. Wallace, Professor Bayard; Friday, July 13, lunch at Lady Frances Baillie's, — Miss Selbourne; Friday, July 13, dinner with Sunday Evening Choir in Jerusalem Chamber, — Dean, Archdeacon, Canon, Precentors, etc.; Saturday, July 14, lunch with Major and Mrs. Wing; P. M. at Miss Grant's, — Bust of Stanley, Lady Frances Baillie, Miss Selbourne, etc.; Sunday, July 15, lunch at the Rev. Llewelyn Davies's, — Bishop of Man-

chester, Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott; Monday, July 16, breakfast with Ernest de Bunsen, — George de Bunsen, of Berlin. Dinner at Mr. Francis Buxton's, M. P., No. 42 Grosvenor Gardens, — Lady Lawrence (Mrs. Buxton's mother), Rev. Henry White, etc.; Tuesday, July 17, dined with Colonel Maurice at the Army and Navy Club, and with him to F. D. M. Club, — Ludlow, Llewelyn Davies, Blount, etc.

Into many charming English homes he entered as a privileged guest. American friends, who were living in England, came closer to him. The English people were anxious he should see and know all that they cherished, as the peculiar pride, the beauty and glory of England. He had an invitation to visit one of the most beautiful of English rectories, in Surrey, where he might see English clerical life from its highest ideal side, which would illustrate the best aspect of the union of Church and State, wherein also lay the secret of strength in the development of the Church of England. From Lord Aberdeen there came an invitation, giving him a special opportunity to meet Mr. Gladstone, who had been reading his sermons with great interest. He went down to the Tower with a party of government people, — Gladstone and Foster and Bright. Once at luncheon he was seated between Browning and Jean Ingelow. It was an event to meet Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose poetry he had first read many years before, and with whose singular and unique insight into the conditions of modern religious sentiment he had been greatly impressed. Browning he had met before, and it need not be said that for one to whom Browning's poetry had meant so much, any opportunity to see him was eagerly welcomed.

But the one man of all others whom Phillips Brooks was most anxious to see was Tennyson. He had met his son, Mr. Hallam Tennyson (now Lord Tennyson), in London, who gave him the invitation to visit his father at Farringford, Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. He was able to give only one day to the visit, but in that time he had the poet much to himself; and when the daylight was over, "having come to know me pretty well, he wanted to know if I

smoked, and we went up to the study, — a big, bright, crowded room, where he writes his Idyls, and there we stayed till dinner time. Of Mrs. Tennyson he says, "as sweet and pathetic as a picture." Then once more, —

> After dinner Tennyson and I went up to the study, and I had him to myself for two or three hours. We smoked, and he talked of metaphysics and poetry and religion, his own life, and Hallam, and all the poems. It was very delightful and reverent and tender and hopeful. Then we went down to the drawing-room, where the rest were, and he read his poetry to us till the clock said twelve, — "Locksley Hall," "Sir Galahad," pieces of "Maud," and some of his dialect poems.

Tennyson, as is well known, was sensitive to being talked about in the papers, and the next morning, after breakfast, as he and Mr. Brooks were taking a walk together, he solemnly charged his companion with secrecy as to their conversation the previous evening. He had talked very freely of people, Mr. Brooks writes to a friend, and expressed himself with absolute freedom, we may infer, on every topic which had been broached. But if he had known Phillips Brooks as his friends at home knew him, he need have had no anxious fears that he would talk too freely. Mr. Brooks thought that Tennyson had reason for his almost nervous sensitiveness on the subject: — "Think of sitting talking to your wife upon the lawn, and suddenly discovering that there was a man up in the tree listening to what was being said. At another time a woman was found hidden in the shrubbery."

Phillips Brooks religiously kept his promise to repeat nothing of the conversation. But this first interview with Tennyson cannot be dismissed without a moment's reflection on all it meant. As they sat together in the study after dinner for two or three hours, we may imagine Phillips Brooks face to face with the one man to whom he owed and must have acknowledged a great obligation. It had been Tennyson, more than any other, who had been the means of first opening to him the meaning of poetry, and more than that, of leading him out from the confusion of his early years. All that Tennyson had been to the nineteenth century, he

had been in a more special and emphatic way to Phillips Brooks. If ever there was an occasion in his life when he could sit at the feet of a man, as a pupil revering the master, it was when he was talking with Tennyson, who filled his ideal of what a great man should be. If ever he could have unburdened himself to a mortal man, saying what he could say to no other, it was to the man before him. We may think that there was then some unveiling of souls, and the impartation of sacred confidences, for two great souls were holding communion with each other. To the world at large Mr. Brooks dismissed the incident in words which tell us little, as though it had been only one among the many interesting occasions of his life. Tennyson had asked Mr. Brooks to pay him another visit at his home, Aldworth, Hastlemere, Surrey. When he returned there from a voyage to Copenhagen, it was to learn that Mr. Brooks had gone back to America. He then wrote to him, saying that he was grieved to know that he had recrossed the Atlantic, and that he should not see him again, closing his letter with a sentence which shows that he liked Phillips Brooks: — "The few hours that I spent at Freshwater in your company will always be present with me."

Bishop Brooks seldom spoke [writes the Rev. Percy Browne] of the distinguished people whom he met abroad, but I have heard him, more than once, describe his impressions of Tennyson and Browning. He was impressed with the way in which Browning, whom he met at a dinner in London, threw himself, with gayety and cheerfulness, into the light conversation of the moment, interested in amusing anecdotes current in London society, sharing heartily the pleasure of the hour, but never alluding to any intellectual problems: "One would think from his conversation," Brooks used to say, "that they did not exist for him." On the other hand, he found Tennyson always opening up a large philosophic view of life and its problems, sometimes in tones of sadness, occasionally in a cheerful optimistic spirit, but always philosophizing. Brooks seemed to have been impressed by this contrast of the two great poets in the social hour. Browning, who, in his poetry, dramatized the profoundest problems of life, ignored them completely in conversation, apparently interested in only the superficial topics of the moment; while Tennyson, whose

lucid poetry never taxed the reader's intellect, showed himself in conversation as a philosophic thinker. In this respect he regarded Browning as a more characteristic Englishman than Tennyson.

In speaking of one of his visits to Tennyson, he told how the poet, when reading aloud his own poems, would sometimes praise or criticise them as though they were the work of another. On one occasion he asked: "What shall I read?" "Read 'Locksley Hall,'" Brooks replied, — "The poem that stirred us all when we were young." When Tennyson reached the lines: —

> "Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands,"

he called attention to it as being the most perfect poetic image in his poems. But when Brooks claimed that the imagery was equally good in the lines: —

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight,"

Tennyson insisted that it was inferior to the other, — lacking, as he said, "its Greek simplicity and pictured clearness." "The figure of the Harp of Life," he said, "is too subjective and complicated in its implications; — no, the other is the best."

It was characteristic of Brooks that he should have felt more sympathy with the spiritually suggestive figure of the Harp of Life, than with the "Greek simplicity" of the Glass of Time.

Tennyson owned, adds the Rev. Arthur Brooks, recalling a conversation with his brother, to a natural dislike of the unmusicalness of Browning's poetry, while acknowledging his rich intellect.

The experiences, he said, described in the "In Memoriam," as, for instance, in the stanzas beginning, "I had a dream," were fictitious, but the "Two Voices," as is said in the notes, were "all true." Phillips Brooks often mentioned his surprise at Tennyson's confusion and perplexity in speaking of the mystery of the Trinity as compared with the clearness of his "religious theism," and his faith in immortality. He quoted Tennyson as saying that "matter is more mysterious than mind. His mind one knows well enough, but cannot get hold of the thought of body." Tennyson also remarked to him that it was in his mind to write a sequel to "Locksley Hall."

The London season was over by the middle of July. The year of wandering was drawing to its close, but a month still remained to be disposed of before he sailed for America. He had been joined in London by his friend, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, and together they departed for the Continent. They stopped at Chartres and Bordeaux, and at Pau, near the Pyrenees. He writes, "The curtain has fallen and risen again; the whole scene has changed." After a "splendid Pyrenean week," including a trip to Lourdes, which reminded him of the Ganges at Benares, he came to Geneva, where he seems to have been chiefly interested in getting the impression of Voltaire. One night was spent at the Grand Chartreuse: —

> There are about forty fathers there, Carthusians, in their picturesque white cloaks and cowls. Solitude and silence is their rule. They spend the bulk of the time in their cells, where they are supposed to be meditating. I suspect that the old gentlemen go to sleep. There was a strange, ghostly service, which began at a quarter before eleven o'clock at night and lasted until two in the morning. The chapel was dim and misty, the white figures came gliding in and sat in a long row, and held dark lanterns up before their psalters and chanted away at their psalms like a long row of singing mummies. It made you want to run out in the yard and have a game of ball to break the spell. Instead of that, after watching it for half an hour, we crept back along a vast corridor to the cells which had been allotted us, each with its priedieu and its crucifix, and went to bed in the hardest, shortest, and lumpiest of beds. In the morning a good deal of the romance and awfulness was gone, but it was very fine and interesting, and the drive down into the valley on the other side at Chambéry was as pretty as a whole gallery of pictures.

In his "Letters of Travel" will be found an account of how the journey proceeded; from Geneva to Mürren, thence to Interlaken and Lucerne, and through the St. Gotthard tunnel to Italy. From Italy he came back through the Tyrol, in which his soul delighted, calling up his old associations with the Dolomites. He stopped at Trent and meditated on the famous council. At Brixlegg, a little village near Innsbrück, he was present at the performance of the Passion

Play, which he had once failed to see in its more elaborate form at Ober-Ammergau. Then he felt that he was setting his face homeward, as he travelled rapidly from Munich to Paris, and from Paris to London, whence he sailed for America, on September 12.

Out of the many letters written while in London and on the Continent, a few are given that call for no comment. To the Rev. F. B. Allen he writes: —

LONDON, May 23, 1883.

I saw the new archbishop the other day; his whole way is excessively ecclesiastical. The new Dean of Westminster is a dear little fellow, as gentle and modest and refined as possible, just such a successor as Stanley would have loved. Farrar keeps on preaching, drawing tremendous crowds, working tremendously at his books and in his parish; and Stopford Brooke is declaring in a hearty way that Broad Church is dead and that free thought in the establishment is an impossibility, is talking of giving up preaching and taking to writing a history of English literature, which he would do finely. Meanwhile all the choir boys in England have chanted the Athanasian creed for the last two Sundays, and hundreds of clerical consciences have been torn to pieces. I have engaged passage for home in the Cephalonia, which leaves Liverpool on the 12th of September. Will you be ready for the 23d; but give it to me if I get in in time? Thanks for the story of the Club, at Gray's. It must have been good.

June 8, 1883.

And Harvard has refused its LL. D. to Butler! That, too, is very good. I understand all the reasons which made some of the best men on the Board of Overseers vote the other way, but I am quite convinced that this action is, on the whole, best for the dignity of the University and for the moral standard of the community.

London is very pleasant. I have been trying my hand at preaching again a little, and rather like it. Last Sunday, which was Hospital Sunday, I preached at St. Paul's, which is a horrible great place to preach in. To-morrow I am going down to Wells, the loveliest of cathedral towns, to spend the Sunday with Plumptre, and to preach for him in the cathedral there. The next Sunday, the 24th, I preach in the Lincoln Cathedral, and the first Sunday of July, at the Temple Church in London.

The Clericus Club had proposed to give him a dinner to welcome him when he returned, and the Rev. F. B. Allen had conveyed to him their wish to honor him. To this proposal he replied: —

London, July 3, 1883.

My dear Allen, — I am touched and delighted by the wish of the Club to greet me on my return. There could be no welcome that I should value more. The evening of September 24 shall be sacred to them. I would quite as lief meet the fellows in your study for a talk and smoke as to sit with them at the gorgeous banquetting board at Young's. If they will let me do the former, I should like it quite as well as the latter; but, however I meet them, it will be one of the gladdest and proudest moments of my life. If they are willing, do let it be after the simpler fashion. Paine is with me now, and you may be sure we have no end of talk about home. It was a great delight to see him. He is over head and ears in charities, and I look on and listen. On Saturday I went with him to a two hours' committee meeting of the Marylebone Branch, and it was curious to see how like the "cases" were to those which we know so well at home. He is off now to some disreputable place, and will have a cheerful tale of misery and vice to tell when he gets back. We shall stay here until about the 20th, and then be off for somewhere on the Continent. I have been spending an hour in Convocation, where that very troublesome creature, the Deceased Wife's Sister, was vexing the souls of deans and archdeacons. The debates in the House of Lords about her have been very curious. For the present she is rejected, and we must not marry her. But, in the end, she will get her rights. I thank you for your full accounts about the Club. Here I have been chosen an honorary member of the "F. D. M. Club," which is made up of the old friends and new disciples of Maurice, and on the 17th I shall attend their meeting. It will seem a little like a first Monday evening of the month. . . .

London, June 13, 1883.

Dear Cooper, — Think of my having two letters from you to answer! Something is going to happen. As to the first letter about Heber and his heresies, I do not think we need to worry. It will come out all right. If he is wrong, no doubt the world will find it out; and if he is right, as in large part I think he is, there cannot be any harm in his saying it out loud. Now don't be mad with your old friend, and say that I am just as bad as Heber is, and swear that the lips that say such things shall not

smoke your evangelical pipes next October. That would make me very wretched, for, in the midst of all the pleasant things which I am doing here, I am always counting on those days in Philadelphia, and it is your study more than the halls of the convention that my anxious soul is dwelling on. So, if I cannot come without cursing Heber, I will put my convictions in my pocket and curse him at a venture.

He speaks of the difference between the English and the American clergy in a letter to Rev. James P. Franks: —

London, July 15, 1883.

Dear James, — It has been interesting to compare the English clergymen with the same class of humanity at home. On the whole, I think that they have finer specimens at the top of their profession than we generally have to show; but the rank and file are better with us.

. . . This morning I preached for Llewelyn Davies in the ugliest great barn of a church in London, and after church I went home to his house to luncheon, and met the Bishop of Manchester and the Philochristus man, Dr. E. A. Abbott, and it was very bright and interesting.

Next Tuesday I am going to a meeting of the F. D. M. Club, of which I am an honorary member. It is a Maurice Club, as you see by the initials, and has all his old disciples in it, along with a lot of young men who have got his spirit. It is more like the Club (Clericus) than anything else which I have seen in London. But, on the whole, one does not hear very good things about the present prospects of liberal theology in England. It has not strong young men; no Parks or Percy or A. V. G. Allen, — a sort of timid, hard ecclesiasticism, making much of services.

To the Rev. Arthur Brooks he writes this letter, giving his impressions of the Church of England: —

Bagneres de Luchon, July 29, 1883.

Dear Arthur, — What a delightful, good fellow you have been to write me three such capital letters, full of the very things I wanted most to hear. The last one was about Commencements. I am much interested in what you say about the Philadelphia School. Now is certainly the time to regenerate it. If one could only think of the right men for professors, and had the power to put them there. Certainly, such a man as Peters ought not to be left out on any account, and with all his scholarliness

he seemed to me to be almost oversound. Surely there need be no misgiving about his orthodoxy. I cannot think of the right man for Dr. Butler's successor. But you must find him somewhere among the younger men. There must be no old man put into the place. I should like it, of course, as you suggest, but I am too old. He must not be over forty. I am glad you are a Trustee. I wonder if I am, too. I used to be. If I am, we will put our heads together and get up a conspiracy, — why not? Cambridge is pretty well off. At least it is on the right tack. And it has Allen. I am so glad that he is to be the next Bohlen Lecturer. I wonder how —— ever made up his mind to that. In London the other day, at Llewelyn Davies's, he showed me Allen's essay on The Renaissance of Theology, and said how fine he thought it, and asked me all about the man who wrote it. I was surprised to hear how dolefully he and other men talked about the prospects of liberal theology in the Church of England. Davies and Abbott (E. A.) and the Bishop of Manchester, who were there that day, declared the whole Mauritian and broad church movement a failure; Farrar said the same thing in his cheery, doleful way; Plumptre, also, and ——, of whom, perhaps, it might have been expected, and who is the same absurd, inconsequential creature that he was. The older men of it seemed to be clinging to a remote history back in the days of Frederick Maurice, and the younger men to belong to that school of secularized clergy, which I know you dread as much as I do, and to be clutching at anything, — art, music, ecclesiasticism, sociology, anything to get a power over people which they earnestly wanted, but seemed to see no power in religion to attain. I went to a meeting of the F. D. M. Club, of which I was made an honorary member. It was presided over by Mr. Ludlow, and we had Hughes and Davies and Maurice's son for fellow members, but the whole effect was not inspiring. The debate was about how Maurice would have regarded the modern socialism of Henry George and others, and how they, as Mauritians, ought to stand towards it. Maurice seemed to be a name to conjure with more than an influence upon their thought. Of course, there were many good things said, especially by Davies, whom I thought one of the best and most interesting men that I saw in England.

There are three things, I think, that hamper the mental activity and free thought of the working English clergy. One is the Establishment. No doubt, with the best men, as in Stanley's case, the Establishment seems to be the safeguard of liberality and an inspiration for tolerance, but with ordinary men, I am

convinced that it is simply a weight of responsibility, and makes them fear anything except most loyal adhesion to what they call Church of England views. The second thing is the immense overwork of the clergy in externalities, especially in the care of schools, which is an enormous tax on time and absorption of thought. And the third thing is the Athanasian Creed. That Creed, explain it as they will, has in it the very spirit of a settled, unprogressive, and exclusive theology. It was made in the interest of that spirit, and the need of considering it a "bulwark of orthodoxy" crowds hard on men all the while. Of course there are men, such as those in university or cathedral positions, who are more or less free from the influence of one or more of these causes, and so will always think or write freely; but the character of a church will always be determined by that of its working clergy, and so it is not very strange that a settled trust in ecclesiastical machinery, and sacraments, and sacred duties on the one hand, and a splendidly devoted but unthinking and superficial spirit of "work" upon the other, are becoming more and more the temper of the English Church. At least, this is what the broadest men say is the case, and what one's own little personal observation seems to confirm. You will get more live talk about first principles in either our Boston or your New York club in an hour than from any gathering of London clergy in a year. You could hardly get them to talk about anything but the Deceased Wife's Sister, who was convulsing England during most of my visit. Just think of its being the boast of the Church that all the bishops in the House voted together about her, and that, in Convocation, only two men (Vaughan and Farrar) took any other ground, about their artificial arguments. Could anything show more clearly that there is such a thing as an Episcopal and clerical conscience and judgment, professional and special? and could anything be worse for a nation and a church than that? Of course, you will see that I think our "P. E. Church" has all the good things and none of the bad ones which belong to the Church of England, and so I hope the best and brightest things for the future of liberal theology in *Her!*

But instead of writing you a letter, I have written you an essay, and I have n't told you anything about the pleasant places that I went to and the pleasant people that I saw in England, nor about how Bob Paine joined me, and we came over into the Pyrenees, nor about how beautiful these valleys are, and how curious and suggestive our visit to Lourdes and its grotto was. Nor about how I slipped in getting out of a car and hit my shin, and it 's all swelled up, and I am lying on a sofa with a cataplasm

on, which will account for the awkward chirography. But I 'll tell you about all these things when I come home, as I think I shall do this autumn, now that Ben Butler is not a Harvard Doctor of Laws, and Heber Newton is not to be tried. Give Dr. Tiffany my cordialest congratulations. P.

While he was at Geneva he was invited to preach at the American Church. "I should have done so," he writes, "if it had not been that the surplice was so short that the parson and I both feared that the amusement of the congregation would interfere with their edification." From Trent he writes to Dr. Weir Mitchell one of the letters of friendship, which delighted the hearts of those who received them: —

September 19, 1883.

Dear Weir, — What a good fellow you are! and, dear me, how many years ago it is since you began to be a good fellow, or rather since I began to know what a good fellow you were, when you were a young doctor, and I a young parson, and the world so much less aged than it is to-day! Something well over twenty years ago, certainly it is, since you did me your first kindness; but you never did a kinder thing than when you offered me your house and home, bed, board, and cook, for a three weeks' convention time. Not that I can accept it. I am bound already to Cooper and McVickar, each of whom has claimed me for half of the time that I am to be in Philadelphia. But I thank you just as truly as if I had been able to come and break all your choicest furniture, and drink all your rarest wines. You do not know what you escape by my being unable to do the tempting thing which you propose. Think of what your house would have had to undergo after we left it! You would have found fragments of broken dogmas under the chair cushions, and skeletons of sermons in all your best-worn closets. No, my dear Weir, I must not put your friendship to this test, and, besides, Cooper and McVickar are expecting me. But I do thank you and your wife with all my heart.

And I am so sorry that I shall not see you on my visit. I want to get you by the hand, and it must not be long after my return before you give me the chance.

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

A few extracts from Mr. Brooks's note-book will close the story of his eventful stay in England. They were written on shipboard as he was returning to America.

TRINITY CHURCH, EAST

The change to the later side of life marked, like the change from the northern to the southern hemisphere by the sight of new constellations, motives, hopes, dreams, and fears.

Sermon on some such text as "I will praise my God while I have my being." The subject of the true *temper* of the religious life. Nature of temper in general, — distinct from principle, belief, or actions. The clear recognizableness of it in people's thoughts. The atmosphere or aroma of a life; the frequent idea of irresponsibility for temper; value of heredity. People talk as if it were just discovered. Moses, "from fathers to children." The beauty of such connection with all its frequent tragicalness.

The religious temperament is a mingled one, yet a true unity: anxiety, yet carelessness; self-care, yet self-forgetfulness, — all resulting in a sort of serious joyousness which is unmistakable. Seen in Jesus, Paul, Luther. This filling and not destroying natural dispositions.

It is strange to think how prominent the *national* thought of religion has been in other times, and how foreign it is to most of us now. The Jews, and all the tribes around them; Greeks, Romans, and, indeed, all the peoples of the Old World; and, in Christian times, almost every mediæval nation identified its religion with its patriotism. The same appears constantly now, and never in nobler form than in the Church of Englandism of such men as Dr. Arnold. It is a true element in a complete faith, no doubt, but I doubt not also that Christianity, as it is now most commonly conceived, as a primarily personal faith, is an advance upon it. Not the nation, but the race; not England, but humanity, is the consecrated circle of the Christian's sympathy. The race, the humanity, can be comprehended only from the starting point of the individual.

The nation is antagonistic, the individual is sympathetic. I think it possible that even Rome, in her arrogance and clumsy selfishness, did yet some good in saving the very idea of catholicity and in keeping Christendom from lapsing into a multitude of churches as far from one another as the East and West.

Behind the clouds of dubious strife
  One truth is always bright;
The glorious mystery of life
  Which floods the world with light.

Killing many kinds of heresy in the persecution way is like cutting worms in two. Each part retains vitality and you have two instead of one.

Canon Duckworth's story about the verger in Westminster Abbey, who, indignant at some Catholics praying at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, bade them up and begone: "If this goes on we shall have people praying all over the Abbey."

General despondency of English towns; absorption in parish work and consequent separation of clergy from theological thought, — most honorable but dangerous.

At Mr. Bunsen's breakfast (July 16), a gentleman who remarked that some lawyers said they did not like the broad church, — it was a compromise; if they were anything they would be thorough high church. Yet they were nothing, never went to church at all. Same sort of talk in Berlin by Grimm and others about being Catholics. The consciousness and superficialness of it!

You do not know a language when you know its words, or even its inflections and constructions. Merely to take the French or German words, and substitute them for your English words, that is not to talk French or German, however you may make Germans or Frenchmen understand you. The genius of the people, and that whole character which is as truly in the speech as in the thought, that is the thing that you must master before you can be truly said to speak the people's language.

And so it is with the reflection and reproduction of some great man's life. You may repeat his actions perfectly, and yet he is not here. The subtle shades and changes of his character, the way in which he not merely thinks and acts and speaks, but *is*, this you must have before you can indeed make him anew to be a reality and a power. All this, applied to men renewing the power of Christ in the world, confirming His testimony.

Schleiermacher tells in his letters how, when Eleanore G—— had cast him off, he stood two hours that night, with his hands resting on the table, — lost; and also, as he approached the end of the argument of his Critical Inquiry in Ethics, he absolutely forgot the conclusion.

CHAPTER XV

SEPTEMBER–DECEMBER, 1883

THE RETURN TO BOSTON. EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS. ADDRESS ON LUTHER. CORRESPONDENCE. EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

Mr. Brooks arrived in Boston on Saturday, the 22d of September; on the following Sunday he stood in his place in Trinity Church.

A large number of men and women [said the Boston Advertiser] met him at the Cunard Wharf in East Boston as the Cephalonia arrived. Some of them had chartered a tug and boarded the steamer off Boston Light. She reached the pier about half past four in the afternoon; Mr. Brooks held an impromptu reception on board, and landed about five. He preached yesterday forenoon to a congregation which filled Trinity Church to overflowing. He stands vigorous, hale and portly as ever, but his head has become plentifully sprinkled with gray, so that the change strikes one the instant of beholding him. The text of his sermon was 1 Cor. i. 6: "Even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you."

The text had been in his mind while in India. On the long voyage homeward, as he passed through the Indian Ocean or the Mediterranean Sea, he was writing notes of what he would say. It would be in keeping when telling the story of a great poet to insert some unpublished poem, if it were of equal merit with what he had given to the world. In the case of a great preacher, at an epoch in his life when a new and greater phase of his career was opening, will it be inappropriate if for once we give the larger part of his sermon, spoken out of the fulness of his heart, as he stood in the pulpit of Trinity Church, after more than a year of silence?

My dear friends, my dear people, I cannot tell you with what happy thankfulness to God for all His mercies I stand again in this familiar place. After a year of various delightful experiences, — I hope not without much that in the coming years may be in some way for your benefit as well as mine, — I see again these dear and well-known walls; I look into the welcome of your dear and well-known faces; I greet you in our Master's name, I greet you in the memory of all the past, which comes rising up like a great flood about me, the memory of all the years of happy work together, of difficulties met and solved, of the common study of God's word, of the common experience of God's love, of sorrows and of joys, in the midst of which the affection of minister and people for each other has ripened and grown strong. I greet you also in the name of the future, which I hope looks as bright and full of hope to you this morning as it looks to me. To-day let all misgivings rest, and let the golden prospect of years and years of life together, and of ever richening work for God and fellow man, stretch out before us and lavish its temptation on our eager hearts. Let our whole worship of this morning seem but an utterance of one common thankfulness and common consecration; and solemnly, gladly, with hand once more joined in hand, let us go forward in the thoughts of God.

And now, in this first sermon to which I have so long looked forward, what shall I say? Where shall I try to lead your hearts in this first of the many half hours which we are to spend together as preacher and hearers? I do not know where I can better turn than to the Epistle for this eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, which will always hereafter be remarkable to us as the day which brought us together again after our long separation. The whole passage from which these words are taken rings with St. Paul's delight in his disciples, and thankfulness for all that God has done for them. "I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ: that in everything ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance and in all knowledge." How like a psalm the great minister sings his exultation over his beloved church! And then there come these other words, which seem to gather up into the most deliberate and thoughtful statements the real ground and substance of his delightful interest in them: "Even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you." Just think what those words mean! Behind all other joy in his Corinthians, behind his personal affection for their special lives and characters, behind his satisfaction in their best prosperity, behind his grateful recollection of their kindness to himself, behind his honor for the intelligence and

faithfulness and sacrifice with which they had accepted the truth which he had taught them, and had tried to live the Christian life, — behind all this there lay one great supreme delight. In them he saw confirmed and illustrated the testimony of his Master, Christ. All that he knew his Lord to be became at once more sure and more clear to him as he read the lives of these disciples, as they lay before him flooded with the bright light of their mutual love. . . .

The words at once suggest an illustration of their meaning, which is familiar to every devout and thoughtful man who has travelled much back and forth upon the wonderful, beautiful earth where God has set our lives. I praise the world for many things: kingdom beyond kingdom, city beyond city, race beyond race, there opens everywhere the fascinating mystery of human life. Man, with his endless appeal to man, piercing through foreign dress and language, strange traditions, uncouth social habits, uncongenial forms of government, unapprehended forms of faith, finds out our hearts and claims them, and makes our paths from land to land a constant interest and joy. And the great physical earth in which this human life is set is worthy of its jewel. The ocean rolls in its majesty; the great plains open their richness from horizon to horizon; the snow peaks lift their silver mystery of light against the sky; the great woods sing with the songs of streams. How beautiful it is! And yet, without losing one element of all this beauty, without robbing eye or ear or mind of one of these spontaneous delights, how instantly poorer this earth of ours would be to the devout and thoughtful man if it meant nothing more, if everywhere it did not bring him even additional testimony and revelation of that supreme intelligence and love which had first made itself known to him in the experiences of his own soul! . . .

The words of Paul and the illustration of his words, which I have just been giving, may furnish two natural divisions of what I want to say to you to-day. He was talking to Christian disciples, and it was peculiarly and specially over the exhibition of the power of Christ in those who were declaredly his disciples that the apostle was grateful and exultant. But, besides this Paul shows us more than once that he conceived of Christ as a universal power, so present everywhere and always in the world, that no part of the world, not even that which was most ignorant or most contemptuous about Him, could help feeling His influence and becoming a witness of His power. To Paul, then, any savage barbarism or any heathen civilization, as well as his Christian church in Corinth, would have found its meaning, its explanation,

its key and clue in Christ. He would have stood among the palaces of Rome or among the wigwams of America and learned from them something of his Master. To them as well as to the streets of Corinth, though with different sense and tone, but with no less sincerity and interest, he would have said, "The testimony of Christ is confirmed for me in you." . . .

The " testimony of Christ." Must we not ask ourselves, first, however, whether we understand exactly the meaning of these words? Do they refer to the doctrine which Christ taught, the truths which He left burning in His Gospels for the world's undying light? No doubt they do! But we should little understand the richness of the Divine Revelation in the Son of Man if we let ourselves think for a moment that any word which He ever spoke, or could have spoken, exhausted, or could exhaust, that revelation of Himself, which the loving Father of mankind intended to give the world through Him. Christ *spoke* the words of God, and that was much. Christ *was* the word of God, and that was vastly more; I beg you always to remember that. It is no doctrine, — not even the doctrine of the Incarnation, — it is the Incarnate One Himself that is the real light of the world. Let us get hold of that idea (as there does indeed seem reason, thank God, to believe that men are getting hold of it). Let us get hold of this idea, and then we are really ready for the great truth of St. Paul, that the world and the church get their true clearness and beauty as confirmation of the testimony of Christ. *The testimony of Christ is Christ.* A hundred golden *words* of His leap to our memory, but not one of them can unlock all our problems and scatter all our darkness. Not one of them — simply because it is only a word — can marshal and harmonize at once around itself all this discordant world. But He, the Incarnate God and the perfect Man, setting in living presence the holiness and love of God and the capacity of man as a true, visible fact here in the world, He, if He be really this, may well become the centre of all history and life, and all the world and all the Church may find their highest glory and beauty, their key and clue, in being confirmations of the testimony of Him.

With all this clear in our mind, let us turn, first to the world, — the great world as a whole, Christians and non-Christians all together, and see how in the Incarnation of Christ it finds its true interpretation and illumination. I must speak hurriedly, but I will try to speak as clearly as I can.

1. It is hard to speak of the world at large and not speak first of all of that which is, I think, upon the whole, the most impressive thing to one who travels much from land to land, and

takes in on the spot the record of humanity in every age. I mean the fact that, through all lands and in all ages, there have stood forth men who showed the spiritual possibilities of men in some supreme and beautiful exhibition. Where is the country whose history is so dead that it has not some such men to show? Where is the tyranny of a false creed so mighty that it has been able to hold these star lives in its chains and forbid their soaring up into the dark sky? In mediæval Christianity, in gross, material, commercial, modern life, in brutal Hindu superstition, in the conceit of narrow learning, where has there ever been such all-powerful, earthward gravitation that the mountains have not risen through it here and there into the heavens? The saint, the soul unselfish with perception of the higher purposes of its own life and aspiration after God, is everywhere. Can I see this, can I recognize this as one of the great facts of the world, and yet see no connection between it and the great apparition once upon the earth of the supremest Son of God, of one who by His *very being* made it absolutely certain that God, however far away He seemed, was always very near to man; that man, however gross and bad he seemed, was always capable of receiving and containing God? The truth we learn from every highest study of humanity is that the highest and divinest men are the most truly men; not the mean and the base, but the noble and the pure; they are the men whom we have a right to take as the true revelation of what man, in his essential nature, really is. And that same truth applied to the old question as to what is the relation between the highest human lives and the life of the incarnate Christ gives us the right to think that they are to be interpreted by Him; that in them we have simply the sunlight before the sunrise, the mountain tops of humanity, on which has struck first of all that truth which is the essential truth of human nature, — the truth that man belongs to God and is divine. By and by comes the Incarnation, and that *is* just the rising of the sun, whose light has been already glorious upon the hills, even while it, itself, was yet unseen. When from the hilltops downward to the lower regions creeps the sunlight, it finds out ever deeper zones of human nature and enlightens them. It brings out the godlike in the nooks and corners of humanity. All this comes afterwards; but the first testimony of that which Christ afterwards made certain was in the fact which fascinated men while it bewildered them, that everywhere and always there have been men who could not be satisfied except in finding out and claiming God, men whose souls told them they belonged to Him. Oh, my dear friends, it is not for us Christians to ignore the

spiritual glories which humanity has reached in regions where our blessed Christ has been least known; rather to rejoice in and proclaim them, for they are confirmations of the testimony of Him, unquenchable, indubitable witnesses of that without which *He could not have been*, the oneness, the essential oneness of man's life with God.

2. And if I talk thus of the *spiritual glory* of mankind, how shall I speak of its sin and misery? Oh, my dear friends, one does not need to travel in order to find it out. Our own streets, our own hearts are full of it; and yet there does come with long-continued travel a reiteration, an accumulation, an overwhelming certainty of the sinfulness of man that is most awfully impressive. The terrible disgrace and wretchedness of human life! City beyond city has its tale to tell. You cross new seas and find the darkness waiting for you on the other side. You lift some veil of old-world beauty and there it lurks behind, the hideous spectre of the lust, the cruelty, the brutishness, the selfishness, the awful wickedness of man. Sometimes one finds himself simply standing in dismay before it. All faith in man seems for a moment to be perished; all hope for man withers as if it were the silliest and wildest dream. And what then? Is there any sort of confirmation of the testimony of Christ here? Oh, is there not? If the splendid possibilities of man in every exhibition of them showed the chance of a redeeming incarnation, does not the pervading wickedness of man, with no less mighty emphasis, declare its *need?* We are so built (thanks to the grace of Him who built us) that our greatest and deepest needs take voices and prophesy their own supplies. Not merely the partial lightness of the twilight, but the very blackness of the midnight darkness tells beforehand of the coming light. The cry of realized want is always undersounded and made pathetic by an almost unconscious tone of hope. And so, in the very dismay of which I spoke, when it comes over one as he stands in the presence of some record of how bad man has been, or some sight of how bad man is, there opens at the very heart of it all, the brighter for the darkness at whose heart it burns, a strange, divine assurance that this badness is not man, but is an awful slavery which has fallen upon man, and that somewhere, some time, somehow, the *true man* must come and bring a rescue, and that when He comes He will come with a supreme witness, that He, the *true man*, belongs to God, that it is not merely man, but God, who comes and brings His strength. It is to a blind conviction such as this that the missionary of the Incarnation everywhere appeals, and he does not appeal in vain. Whatever men have written, it *is not* hard for

man, conscious, really conscious of sin, to believe in the promise of redemption. His sin, in subtle ways, has told him of the redemption which was coming. When it comes he says, "It *must* have come. God could not have left me to perish." So it is that the world's sin becomes its "Confirmation of the testimony of Christ."

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The believer in the Incarnation goes everywhere, and his belief in the immediate presence of God and the vast capacity of man (and to believe in the Incarnation is to believe in both of these) fills everything with light. The glory and the tragedy of human life are both intelligible. The tumult of history becomes something more than the aimless biting and clawing of captive wild beasts caged together in a net. *Behind* everything is the God whose children we are, and who could not let us live without telling us He was our Father. *Over* all, making life pathetic and full at once of penitence and hope, — the Christ,

> "Whose pale face on the cross sees only this,
> After the watching of these thousand years."

Before all, as the one great promise, the one only hope, the coming of that same Christ in the clouds with power and great glory; humanity redeemed and fulfilled by the occupation of Divinity, made at last completely Master of a world entirely obedient to its best life. Pitiable enough the man who travels through the world and sees no such vision, hears no such voice of a creation groaning and travailing for the manifestation of the Sons of God and is not moved continually to lift up his prayer: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

But it is time to take our second point, to turn from the great world and think of the Christian disciple, to whom St. Paul's words were first of all addressed. His is the life which is trying to be, what, in the great view of it which we have just been taking, the whole world must finally become. And so in him, in the Christian disciple, we ought to see some livelier struggle toward the expression of the Incarnation, toward the confirmation of the Testimony of Christ. As I say this, I cannot but remember how the whole story of Jesus, even in its details, has often seemed to be only the parable of the life of every struggling servant of Jesus who has walked in His steps. The servant like the Master has seemed to pass out of the childhood of Bethlehem into the profession of the Baptism, the wrestling of the desert, and the glory of transfiguration, and the harsh contacts with a misconceiving world, full always of a growing peace of deeper

understanding of the Father, until at last through the agony of some Gethsemane and the complete sacrifice of its appointed Calvary, it has come out fully into the brightness and the peace of the Resurrection life. When, a few weeks ago, I sat through a long, bright summer's day and saw the peasants of a village in the Tyrol represent in their devout and simple way the old, ever new story of the sufferings and crucifixion and triumph of the Lord, one of the strongest impressions on my own mind all the time was this: that not alone in old Jerusalem had those scenes taken place; that it was the story not merely of the Master, but also of every faithful and suffering servant of the Master, which was being played; that that patient figure, passing on deeper and deeper, as hour followed hour, His passion unveiling with every act some greater greatness of His nature, full of exhaustless pity and unfailing courage, now shaming His contemptuous judge with His calm dignity, now falling under the burden of His cross, now forgetting Himself as He turned to bless His fellow sufferers, and at last standing triumphant, with His foot upon the conquered tomb, was not merely Jesus of Nazareth, but was *at the same time* every follower of the Nazarene who anywhere had caught His spirit and repeated the essential words of His life.

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But it is not only when we thus make the story of Christ's life the parable of our own life that we discover the confirmation of His testimony in ourselves. When in all the deeper experiences of our souls we find that there is no solution of our problems and no escape from our distress except in what the Incarnation meant and means forever, *then* it is that our poor pathetic histories get their great dignity as confirmations of all He said and did. When overcome by your own sin, nothing but Christ can make you know that you are so thoroughly God's, and God is so completely yours that *no sin* can separate you from Him or forbid you the privilege of coming on your knees to Him, to repent and confess, and ask Him to forgive and be forgiven; when full of self-distress and self-contempt, nothing but the Incarnate Christ can keep you from despairing of humanity and show you how grand and pure it is in its essential nature, how capable of being filled with God and shining with His glory; when thus, in the strength of the Incarnation, you gather up your helplessness and come full of trust and hope up to the door where He who made you stands tirelessly inviting you to enter in and become what He *made you to be, then, then* it is that the transcendent wonder of God manifest in Christ has translated itself into our human speech, and men may read in you, the poor saved sinner, what

your Saviour is. Is there a glory for a human life like that? Can you conceive a humble splendor so complete as the great light which clothes the soul that has thus in pure submission made itself transparent, so that through it Christ has shone? Among the new experiences, the deepest of them unknown in their fulness save to you and God, which must have come to you, my friends, in these months of our year of separation, may I not hope, may I not rejoice to *know*, that to some of you has come this crown of all experiences, this glad and complete submission of your converted life to Christ, in which you have become a new confirmation of the Testimony of His Grace and Power. I thank God with you for this, which is indeed the salvation of your soul.

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I must not seem to be pouring out on you on this first morning the flood of preaching which has been accumulating through a whole year of silence. But I have wanted to ask you to think with me of how the key of the world's life, and of every Christian's experience, lies deep in that Incarnation which it is the privilege of the Christian pulpit to proclaim and preach. If what I have been saying to you is true, then that great manifestation of God must be *preaching itself* forever. All history, all life, must be struggling to confirm the Testimony of Christ. I have known well how faithfully the Gospel of the Incarnation has been preached to you from this pulpit since I have been away. With ever deeper satisfaction I have known that God was preaching it to each of you in silent sermons, out of all that He has sent or has allowed to come into your lives. You have had troubles and anxieties, sickness, pains; some of you sorrows which have torn your hearts and homes asunder, and changed your lives forever. Have they not shown you something? Has not God, through them, shown you something of how near He is to you and how He loves you, and how capable your human natures are of containing ever more and more of Him? You have had delights, joys; happiness has burst on some of you with a great gush of sunshine, and opened upon others with that calm and gradual glow which is even richer and more blessed. Have you not learned something in most personal and private consciousness of what the world meant when the tidings ran abroad from Bethlehem: "Behold, your King is come. The Tabernacle of God is with His children men"? The children have turned another page in the delightful book of opening life. The active men and women have seen what seemed the full-blown flower open some deeper heart of richness. The thinker has learned some new

lessons of the infiniteness of truth. The old have found age, grown ever more familiar, declare itself in unexpected ways their friend, and seen its hard face brighten with the mysterious promises of things beyond, which it cannot explain, but whose reality and richness it will not let them doubt. We are all growing older. Oh, how dreary and wretched it would be if those words did not mean that through Christ, in Christ, we are always gaining more knowledge of what God *is* and what *we may be*.

As I look around upon your faces, I cannot help asking myself in hope whether it *must* not be that some of you are ready for the Gospel now, for whom, in the years heretofore, it has seemed to have no voice. Has not some new need opened your eyes? Has not some new mercy touched your hearts? Has not the very steady flow and pressure of life brought you to some new ground, where you are ready to know that life is not life without the faith of Him who is the Revelation of God and of ourselves? I will believe it, and believing it, I will take up again, enthusiastically, the preaching of that Christ who is always *preaching Himself* in wonderful, and powerful, and tender ways even to hearts that seem to hear Him least.

To those who do hear Him and receive Him there comes a peace and strength, a patience to bear, an energy to work, which is to the soul itself a perpetual surprise and joy, a hope unquenchable, a love for and a belief in fellow man that nothing can disturb, and, around all, as the great element of all, a certainty of God's encircling love to us which conquers sin and welcomes sorrow, and laughs at Death and already lives in Immortality. What shall we say of it that is not in the words of Christ's beloved Disciple, who knows it all so well: "To as many as receive Him, to them gives He power to become the son of God."

Let us say then to one another, "*Sursum corda!* Lift up your hearts!" Let us answer back to one another, "We *do* lift them up unto the Lord;" and so let us go forward together into whatever new life He has set before us.

There was a change, it has been said, in the appearance of Phillips Brooks, when he was seen again in the pulpit, after his long absence. It required an effort to be reconciled to the altered aspect. He was thinner in form, also, having lost weight while in India, it may have been in consequence of the excessive heat. He had said as he was contemplating the possibilities which his year abroad presented, "Every now and then it comes over me that the gap is to be so great that

the future, if there is any, will certainly be something different in some way from the past." His manner showed the difference, and was not quite the same, as if he had been subdued into deeper humility by the honors which had been heaped upon him. The perspective of life had been modified by the increase of knowledge and of wisdom.

But the greatest change was in his preaching. He was now entering upon the third and last phase in his development. In the first, which included his ministry in Philadelphia, he had written, perhaps, his most beautiful sermons, full of the poetry of life, disclosing the hidden significance of the divine allegory of human history, — a great artist, himself unmoved as he unrolled the panorama of man. In the second period, he had been at war with the forces which were undermining faith, and not without suffering, his own soul being torn with the conflict; yet in those dark days, always appearing like a tower of strength. That period was over now. He had felt while abroad that another subtle imponderable change in the atmosphere of human existence was modifying the situation. The tendency was toward theism, not yet, perhaps, distinctly toward Christianity, but there was improvement visible from the highest outlook. The mechanical theory of the world was yielding to the evidences of faith. He had still the same message for those who were feeling the action of the storm as it subsided. He met with his old force those belated travellers who had not noted the new signs in the spiritual horizon. But to speak to the new age was now his distinctive mission. His preaching changed to correspond to the change within. He addressed himself in his totality as a man to the common humanity, doing greatly whatever he did, and assuming the greatness of those to whom he spoke. He fell back upon the simplest issues of life; the simplest truths were the main themes of his teaching. But in all this he illustrated the truth of Goethe's remark, "Whatever a man doth greatly, he does with his whole nature." In his earlier years, as in his "Lectures on Preaching," he had said that "the thought of rescue has monopolized our religion and often crowded out the thought

of culture." Now the idea of rescue became more prominent, but it was the rescue of men from the danger of losing the great opportunity of life, — the chance which was given of making the most of the divine privilege of the children of God.

From this time he was wont to remark that he had but one sermon. He said to one of his friends that he had given up writing essays and was going to preach sermons. The remark is recalled by Rev. C. H. Learoyd, who was impressed by it, as having some deeper bearing than the words conveyed. It had seemed to others the characteristic of his Boston ministry that he had been preaching sermons; but he saw deeper depths in sermons, which he proposed to fathom. He had by no means grown indifferent to the intellectual problems involved in theological reconstruction. He followed them with interest, and took his part in their discussion. He retained his allegiance to the old formulas of belief, and yet with a difference, for at least he had learned that they had not the quality of finality. The full truth was something larger always than the intellect could adequately formulate. But meantime the highest duty of man was to live, in the full sense of that great word, as apostles and evangelists, as Christ himself had used it. To help men to live in this sense now became his ruling passion in every sermon. His gifts of imagination he occasionally invoked, and there were occasional sermons when his creative genius seemed to flash living pictures upon the canvas, as of old, before his hearers. But these were not so common as before. His method of preaching became more frequently extemporaneous, when a great soul was set free to pour itself forth without regard to form of utterance. He allowed more range to the impassioned intensity of feeling, and he himself showed signs of being visibly moved by his own emotion, instead of standing, as in his early years, cool and unimpassioned, even nonchalant, while all his hearers were thrilled with excitement. Yet in this new phase of his life he was listened to more intently than ever; there was an added element of awe, as the man in himself, in the lofty reaches

of his character, stood revealed in every sermon. He came closer to his world and dearer to the hearts of all the people. There was no longer any question about his greatness. He had made the final conquest of the human heart. It was understood tacitly, if not explicitly, that when he declined the call to Harvard it had been that he might give himself unreservedly to all who wanted him. It now slowly dawned upon him that what the people wanted was himself, not his eloquence, or his gifts of any kind. All this was beginning to be understood when he came back to Boston to resume his work. But it was a beginning destined to increase its force with each successive year. There were still before him greater depths of sacrifice and of self-abnegation, to be met by an ever larger demand on the part of the people. This was the way in which saints had been recognized in the olden time, before the process had developed into the machine methods of later mediævalism. The canonization of Phillips Brooks by the voice of a people's sovereignty had now begun, to be made manifest with growing emphasis in the years that follow.

In a sermon preached on September 30, the second Sunday after his return, we have Phillips Brooks communing with himself as he takes up the burden of life anew. This chapter from his own experience, for such in reality it is, he has entitled "Visions and Tasks;" his text, "While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said, Behold, three men seek thee." He was thinking of the possibility that the vision might fade as the emotions grow less eager and excited with the passing of the years. The remedy lies in action. The picture is that of Peter, after the vision has ended, plodding over the dusty hills to meet the men who were seeking him. The practical life is needed in order to complete the meditative life. When a man has had his vision of some great truth which satisfies his soul, the coming of his fellow men, and their knocking at the doors of his heart, seems at first like an intrusion. "Why can they not leave him alone with his great idea?" So ideas would hover like a great vague cloud over a world all hard and gross and

meaningless, if it were not for the man who brings the fire down and makes the whole of nature significant and vocal. These passages which follow have the essence of autobiography: —

It is in the power of man to stand between the abstract truth upon one side and the concrete facts of life upon the other. To this end he must cultivate the two capacities within him, — the gift of knowing and the gift of loving. In some way he must still cultivate the capacity of knowing, " whether by patient study or quick-leaping intuition, including imagination and all the poetic power, faith, trust in authority, the faculty of getting wisdom by experience, everything by which the human nature comes into direct relationship to truth." On the other hand, he must cultivate Love, the power of sympathetic intercourse with things and people, the power to be touched by the personal nature of those with whom we have to do, — love, therefore, including hate, for hate is only the reverse utterance of love. These two together, the powers of knowing and of loving, must make up the man, and must work together also in all men in order to a genuine manhood. It is not a question of greatness, but of genuineness and completeness. The chemical elements are in a raindrop as truly as in the cataract of Niagara. The power of knowing and loving must be in every man as truly as in Shakespeare or Socrates. The more perfectly the knowing faculty and the loving faculty meet in any man, the more that man's life will become a transmitter and interpreter of truth to other men. This is the characteristic of all the greatest teachers. This is where the power of a mother lies, that she stands between the vision of the highest truths and a human soul on the other, and the knowing power and the loving power are moulded together into perfect oneness, and intelligence and love are perfectly blended. This was the characteristic of Christ, that He was full of grace and truth; no rapt self-centred student of the abstract truth, nor the sentimental pitier of other men's woes. He comes down from the mountain where He had been glorified with the light of God to meet the men who were seeking Him.

It is the result of some great experience, also, in the life of a man that it makes him a purer medium through which the highest truth shines on other men. Henceforth he is altered; he becomes tenderer, warmer, richer; he seems to be full of truths and revelations which he easily pours out. Now you not merely see him, you see through him to things behind. It is not that he has learned some new facts, but the very substance of the man is

altered, so that he stands no longer as a screen, but as an atmosphere through which eternal truths come to you all radiant.

This principle must be applied to every doctrine, to the truth of immortality, or of the Trinity, or of the idea of God. It may have been a vision of the sinfulness of sin. Overwhelmed with that knowledge, a man may sit and brood upon his sad estate. But all history bears witness that so to receive the vision brings despair. If there is any soul weary with its consciousness of sin and danger, the way to help such a soul is to make it to see in its own sinfulness the revelation of the sinfulness of all the world. Then let it forget its own sinfulness and go forth, full of that impulse of the horror of sin, and try to save the world.

There is a danger of selfishness in religion, which makes a man to say, "I am content, for I have seen the Lord." It is a terrible thing to have seen the vision, and to be so wrapped up in its contemplation as not to hear the knock of needy hands upon our doors.

As Phillips Brooks entered upon this new stage of his history he casts a backward glance at the possibilities he has left behind him. He is determined to cultivate the faculty of knowing by every means in his power, but some of the methods of knowing may be closed to him as he follows after the men who are seeking him. In a sermon, also written soon after his return from abroad, he took for his text the words "I know how to be abased." There is something very personal in this extract: —

I must pass on and speak about the way in which a man may know how to be poor in learning. That was our second point. There are many of us who need that knowledge, — many of us who before we have got well into life see what a great world learning is, and also see for a certainty how hopeless it is that we shall ever do more than set our feet upon its very outermost borders. Some life of practical duty claims us; some career of business, all made up of hard details, sharp, clear, inexorable, each one requiring to be dealt with on the instant, takes possession of us and holds us fast, and the great stream of learning, into which we long to plunge and swim, sweeps by our chained feet, and we can only look down into its tempting waters and sigh over our fate. How many practical men, men who seem to be totally absorbed and perfectly satisfied in their busy life, really live in this discontent at being shut out from the richness of learning. Is there a right way and a wrong way, a wise way

and a foolish way, of living in that discontent? Indeed there is. The foolish ways are evident enough. The unlearned man who by and by is heard sneering at learning, and glorifying machineries, boasting that he sees and wants to see no visions, and that he never theorizes, — he has not known how to be ignorant. He has let his ignorance master and overcome him. It has made him its slave. The man who, the more he becomes conscious of his hoplessness of great scholarship, has grown more and more sensible of what a great thing it is to be a scholar; and at the same time, by the same process, has grown more and more respectful toward his own side of life, more and more conscious of the value of practical living as a true contribution to the great final whole; the man, therefore, who has gone on his way, as most of us have to do, with little learning, but has also gone on his way doing duty faithfully, developing all the practical skill that is in him, and sometimes, just because their details are so dark to him, getting rich visions of the general light and glory of the great science, seen afar off, seen as great wholes, which often seem to be denied to the plodders who spend their lives in the close study of those sciences, — he is the man who knows how to be unlearned. It is a blessed thing that there is such a knowledge possible for overworked, practical men. The man who has that knowledge may be self-respectful in the face of all the colleges. He may stand before the kings of learning and not be ashamed; for his lot is as true a part of life as theirs, and he is bravely holding up his side of that great earth over which the plans of God are moving on to their completeness.

There is one other sermon to be mentioned here, for it is the companion of the sermon on "How to be abased," written at the same time, with only a week's interval, and from words in the same text, "How to abound." There are passages here to be remembered, as if they were spoken for a warning to himself, prophetic words of those later years, in which, having learned to be abased, he reaped the fruit of abasement in the larger abundance of life: —

Many of the popular men have been tyrannized over and ruined by their popularity. Their principles have crumbled; their selfhood has melted away; they have become mere stocks and stones for foolish men to hang garlands on, not real men, real utterances of the divine life, leading their fellow men, rebuking sins, inspiring struggles, saving souls.

Ah, yes! Not merely to make men love you and honor you,

but how to be loved and honored without losing yourself and growing weak, — that is the problem of many of the sweetest, richest, most attractive lives; and there is only one solution for it, which blessed indeed is he who has discovered! . . . If the much loved man can look up and demand the love of God, if he can crave it and covet it infinitely above all other love, if laying hold of its great freedom, he can make it his, . . . then let him come back and take into a glowing heart the warmest admiration and affection of his brethren, the heaven that he carries in his heart preserves him. They cannot make him conceited, for he who lives with God must be humble. . . . He who knows that God loves and honors him may freely take all other love and honor, however abundant they may be, and he will get no harm.

The recognition given to Phillips Brooks in England had had no counterpart hitherto in America. It had been taken for granted that he knew in what honor his name was held. But the return to his work was an occasion for extending some formal welcome. A dinner was given him by the Clericus Club at Young's Hotel, on the evening of September 24. The feeling was very deep and tender when once more he stood among them, the same, and yet changed in some imperceptible way within. He was silent, and the usual hilarity of his manner was wanting. Rev. Charles H. Learoyd presided, with the guest of honor on his right, and the Bishop of Rhode Island on his left. Bishop Clark remarked that we had a lion present, but a lion who would not roar. In the very few words spoken by Mr. Brooks, one sentence is recalled: after alluding to his journey he said that he felt more than ever what a good thing it was to be an Episcopal minister, in the diocese of Massachusetts, and in the city of Boston. There were speeches made, telling him the estimate in which he was held, and he listened with head bowed, his characteristic attitude. No record has been kept of the evening, beyond the poem by the Rev. William R. Huntington: —

NATURA NATURANS

Natura, Mistress of the Earth,
A study hath, they say,

Where century by century,
She sitteth moulding clay.

Fast as the images are wrought,
Her lattice wide she throws,
And on the ample window-sill
Arranges them in rows.

A sprightly critic happening by,
One idle summer's morn,
Made bold to chaff this lady fair,
In half good-natured scorn.

"Natura, Bona Dea," said he,
"I 'm bored to death to find
What everlasting sameness marks
These products of your mind.

"The men you sculpture into form
Might just as well be rolled;
Peas in a pod are not more like,
Nor bullets from one mould.

"Dear lady, quit the ancient ruts,
Retake the point of view;
Do differentiate a bit,
Evolve us something new."

Piqued was the goddess at that word,
Resentful flashed her eye,
While all the artist in her rose
To give his taunt the lie.

"I 'll show you something fresh," she cried,
"I 'll teach you how it looks;" —
Then plunged her fingers in the clay,
And modelled PHILLIPS BROOKS!

Another reception followed, given him by his "brethren of the clergy" in the diocese, which took the form of a breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick, on the morning of Thursday, September 27, and the bishop of the diocese presided. This was the letter of invitation expressing to him the feeling of the clergy, through a committee appointed for the purpose: —

MEDFORD, MASS., July 2, 1883.

DEAR MR. BROOKS, — Some of your brethren of the clergy in this diocese, having learned of your expected return home in September, beg to ask you to meet them at a breakfast at Hotel Brunswick, September 27, or at such other date as will suit your convenience.

In conveying this invitation, we venture to assure you not only of the pleasure with which we have heard of the distinguished marks of respect and honor you have received in other lands, but of the greater pleasure with which we have felt that all those honors were so worthily bestowed on one who already possesses the admiration and affection of his brethren at home. You are sure of a warm welcome from all who may have the privilege of meeting you on the occasion proposed.

Believe us to be

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. L. HUTCHINS,
CHARLES C. GRAFTON,
PERCY BROWNE.

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church, to which he was a delegate from the diocese of Massachusetts, was held in October, and, fortunately for Mr. Brooks, in the city of Philadelphia, for it enabled him to fulfil his ecclesiastical obligations, and, at the same time, to satisfy his longings to be with his friends in the place he had not ceased to love. In a letter to Mr. Cooper he indulges, as he often did, in his expression of devotion to the city which was so much to him, — "Why did I ever leave Philadelphia!" But these words, so easily understood by his friends, must not be construed as meaning that he regretted the change. It was rather a sigh from a man who was bearing the burden and the heat of the day, as he thought of the moment when, in his earlier years, with all the freshness of the morning of life, Philadelphia had given him his great opportunity, and revealed to him the joy of pure living, as he had not dreamed of it before. Nothing could quite compensate to him for the loss of that glory of his youth. As honors and renown increased, he was trying to disown the conviction that there had passed away a joy and beauty from the earth. It was his pleasure to talk of Philadelphia as if the glory and beauty would have remained if he had never left there.

When the General Convention was over he was ready at last to resume his work as a parish minister. He had formed a great resolution to give himself henceforth more exclusively

to the duties of his parish, and as far as possible deny himself to outside calls on his time and strength. How the resolution was kept will appear. There were some things quite beyond his control. He took up, of course, his new position as one of the chaplains at Harvard, going to Cambridge in November to conduct morning prayers. There came to him, while in Philadelphia, a call from the Evangelical Alliance to make an address on the 13th of November, when it was proposed in New York to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. He struggled hard between his new resolution on the one hand, and on the other his desire to speak his mind regarding the great reformer: —

PHILADELPHIA, October 13, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I have your telegram and shall look for your letter in Boston, whither I go to-night. The Evangelical Alliance are very good, but I fear it is impossible, for

1. I am no man for such occasions.
2. I think there is something of the kind in Boston.
3. I *must*, MUST, MUST begin to stay at home and do my work!

Convention is flat, stale, and unprofitable. People are jolly.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I have just got back from Boston, and find your note about the Luther occasion waiting for me here. I have been thinking about it ever since I received your telegram on Saturday, and have wanted exceedingly to do it, but this morning I have felt compelled to telegraph you that I must not think of it. If there were six months in which to get ready for what would be to me a most unfamiliar duty, I would try with trembling. But in a month all crowded full as this next month is to be, I do not dare to do it, in justice to those who have asked me, or to Dr. Luther. I agree with you that it is a most splendid opportunity to say things that we want said. It cannot be made a small or party celebration. It must open the whole relation of Christianity to human kind. But all that makes it the more necessary that the Oration of the occasion should be no crude and hurried thing, but something well matured and thorough. I am very much afraid that I could not do it in any length of time. I am sure I could not do it in three busy weeks.

I hope somebody may be found who will be able, by having more leisure or by having preparation already made, to undertake it, for I should think, as you do, that one great Oration would be far better than a number of addresses. I hope the new arrangement will not have to be adopted. So I must not accept what I hope will not be proposed. But all I can say is I am so much interested in the subject, and so sensible of the honor which the Alliance has done me in asking me to come, that I will do anything I possibly can. I am sure you will let the committee know that I do not slight their invitation, nor decline it without careful consideration.

But the call was one which he found he could not refuse. His soul was full of the significance of all that Luther meant to the modern world. The days he had spent in Germany wandering in the Luther land were still living in his memory and were charged with inspiration.

I made a delightful journey [so he had written to one of his friends] down through the Luther land, stopping at every place I could find which had anything to do with him, — a new great big German "Life of Luther" in my trunk, which I spelled out of evenings.

He had watched the proceedings among the Germans preparatory to an adequate celebration of the greatest German man. To no address did he ever give himself with more glowing enthusiasm, for with it was combined a true historic insight into Luther's work. The glory of his eloquence was at the highest as he spoke; he was uttering his strongest convictions: —

It is the personality of Luther which holds the secret of his power. . . . We are to think of one of the greatest men of history. . . . Indeed, the name and fame of Luther coming down through history under God's safe-conduct has been full of almost the same vitality, and has been attended by almost the same admiration and abuse as was the figure of Luther in that famous journey which took him in his rude Saxon wagon from Wittenberg to Worms when he went up to the Diet; and at Leipzig, Nürnberg, Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, Frankfürt, the shouts of his friends and the curses of his enemies showed that no man in Germany was loved or hated as he was.

The force of Luther was distinctively a religious force. These words of Phillips Brooks about the man whom he was praising describe his own experience and remind us of his own career: —

There are two sentences out of two parables of Jesus which describe indeed the two components of the strongest strength of all religious men. One is this, from the parable of the vineyard: "When the time of fruit grew near, the lord of the vineyard sent his servants to the husbandmen that they might receive the fruit of the vineyard;" and the other is the cry of the returning prodigal: "I will arise and go to my father." Put these two together into any deep and lofty soul (you cannot put them into any other) and what a strength you have! The consciousness of being sent from God with a mission for which the time is ripe, and the consciousness of eager return to God, of the great human struggle after Him, possessing a nature which cannot live without Him, — the imperious commission from above and the tumultuous experience within, — these two, not inconsistent with each other, have met in all the great Christian workers and reformers who have moved and changed the world. These two lived together in the whole life of Luther. The one spoke out in the presence of the emperor at Worms. The other wrestled unseen in the agonies of the cloister cell at Erfurt.

To Phillips Brooks, Luther appeared as the exponent of religion, pure and simple, rather than the theologian. He boldly declared Luther a mystic and the highest representative of mysticism for all time. In view of this aspect of the man, he placed him above Calvin the theologian, or Zwingle the politician, or the English ecclesiastics. But conjoined with the mysticism was morality: "He was the moralist *and* the mystic." And again, as he expounds these two characteristics of Luther, we are thinking of Phillips Brooks.

These are the universal human elements of religious strength and character. The theologian may be far separated from humanity, the mere arranger of abstract ideas. The ecclesiastic may be quite unhuman, too, the manager of intricate machineries. But the man who is truly moralist and mystic must be full of a genuine humanity. He is the prophet and the priest at once. He brings the eternal Word of God to man, and he utters the universal cry of man to God. Nothing that is human can be strange to

him, and so nothing that is human can count him really strange to it. David, Isaiah, John the Baptist, Paul — nay, let us speak the highest name, Jesus, the Christ Himself — these elements were in them all. Grace and truth, faith and conscience, met in them and made their power. These elements united in our Luther, and so it was, as the result of them, that he inspired humanity and moved the souls of men and nations as the tide moves the waves.

The following passage shows that Phillips Brooks understood the meaning of Luther's principle of Justification by Faith. He saw beneath the letter its correlated truths: —

The mystic took a still deeper tone. To him the whole picture of man bargaining with God was an abomination. God and the soul are infinitely near to each other. God is in the soul. The soul also is in God. In a great free confidence, in perfect trust, in the realization of how it belongs to Him, in unquestioning acceptance of His love, the soul takes God's mercy and God's goodness into itself in virtue of its very belonging to Him. Not by a bargain, as when you buy your goods across the counter, but by an openness and willingness which realizes the oneness of your life with God's, as when the bay opens its bosom to the inflow of the sea, so does your soul receive the grace of God. However he may have stated it in the old familiar forms of bargain, this was Luther's real doctrine of justification by faith. It was mystic, not dogmatic. It was of the soul and the experience, not of the reason. Faith was not an act, but a being, — not what you did, but what you were. The whole truth of the immanence of God and of the essential belonging of the human life to the divine: the whole truth that God is a power *in* man and not simply a power over man, building him as a man builds a house, guiding him as a man steers a ship, — this whole truth, in which lies the seed of all humanity, all progress, all great human hope, lay in the truth that justification was by faith and not by works. No wonder that Luther loved it. No wonder that he thought it critical. No wonder that he wrote to Melanchthon, hesitating at Augsburg, "Take care that you give not up justification by faith. That is the heel of the seed of the woman which is to crush the serpent's head."

He takes up the question whether Protestantism has been a failure. If it is to be thought of as a power aspiring to take the place of Rome, and to govern mankind after the

same fashion, or if we think of it as a system of fixed doctrines, claiming infallibility, and refusing all prospect of development, seeking to hold men together by loyalty to Confessions of Faith, or in submission to some central ecclesiastical authority, then it has failed as it ought to have failed.

But there is more to say than that. These centuries of Anglo-Saxon life made by the ideas of Luther answer the question. The Protestantism of Milton and of Goethe, of Howard and of Francke, of Newton and of Leibnitz, of Bunyan and of Butler, of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, of Wesley and of Channing, of Schleiermacher and of Maurice, of Washington and of Lincoln, is no failure. We may well dismiss the foolish question, and with new pride and resolve brighten afresh the great name of Protestant upon our foreheads.

Have we not seen to-day something of what Protestantism really is, — the Protestantism which cannot fail? Full of the sense of duty and the spirit of holiness there stands Luther, — moralist and mystic. Conscience and faith are not in conflict, but in lofty unison in him. Through him, because he was that, God's waiting light and power stream into the world, and the old lies wither and humanity springs upon its feet. Ah, there is no failure there! There cannot be. The time will come — perhaps the time has come — when a new Luther will be needed for the next great step that humanity must take, but that next step is possible mainly because of what the Monk of Wittenberg was and did four hundred years ago. There is no failure there. Only one strain in the music of the eternal success, — fading away but to give space for a new and higher strain.

The address on Luther must take rank with his best productions, such as his tribute to Lincoln. He could not have spoken with such wisdom, devotion, and insight if he had not freely absorbed what was great in Luther. But what is now most striking, as one reads this beautiful, glowing oration, is that men were even then speaking of Phillips Brooks in terms similar to those he was applying to Martin Luther: —

Some men are events. It is not what they say or what they do, but what they are, that moves the world. Luther declared great truths; he did great deeds; and yet there is a certain sense

in which his words and deeds are valuable only as they showed him, as they made manifest a son of God living a strong, brave, clear-sighted human life. It is thus that I have spoken of him so far, feeling his presence still through the deep atmosphere of these four hundred years. It is not certainly as the founder of any sect; more, but not most, it is as the preacher of certain truths; but most of all it is as uttering in his very being a reassertion of the divine idea of humanity, that he comes with this wonderfully fresh vitality into our modern days.

The address as written or as published is not quite what it was in the delivery. He dwelt at length on the drama of Luther's life, and portrayed vividly its striking scenes.

I heard his Luther speech in New York [writes Bishop Lawrence], and then he did what I never knew him to do at any other time. He had a great audience in the Academy of Music, and it was a great occasion. He felt it. He read from his manuscript, but when it came to the burning of the Pope's Bull he left his manuscript, stepped to the side of the desk, then to the front of the platform, and launched forth on a most eloquent and impassioned description of the scene. He then returned to the desk and continued to read from the manuscript. My impression was that on the impulse of the moment he depicted it in extemporized language, or expanded what the manuscript contained.

In the fall of 1883 appeared the third volume of his sermons, published simultaneously in England and America, with the title, "Sermons preached in English Churches." As he put the sermons in order for printing, he had in view the reception given him by the English people, dedicating the volume "To many friends in England in remembrance of their cordial welcome." The circumstance of the sermons having been preached in England is the bond of unity in the volume rather than their careful selection out of a large number with reference to some special purpose of his own. While in India he had written to his brother in Boston: —

There is something which I wish you would do some time, when it is not much bother. When I left I took some sermons with me in a great hurry. I did not make a very good selection, and do not like what I have brought; when I get to England I may preach some more. Would it be much trouble for you to go some afternoon into my study, and look in the back of my

writing-table and find six or eight sermons, among the later ones, which you think would do, and send them to me at Baring's, only marking them not to be forwarded, but kept for me there? You will know about the ones to send. There is one about Gamaliel, which I remember.

But the character of the sermons is of the same purport as in his other volumes. He never wrote a sermon vaguely, for the mere sake of writing one. Indeed, he could not write one unless he were moved by some motive. Very often a special controversial aim is buried beneath a form which seems adapted to general circumstances, and we can still feel the force of his moral indignation as we recall the moment in which the sermon had its birth. Such, for example, are at least two of those included in the "Sermons preached in English Churches." One of them is called the "Mind's Love for God," from the words of Christ where He enjoins the love of God not only with the heart but with the intellect. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all . . . thy mind." In this sermon we have vigorous protest against the tendency he had so often encountered, in the church and outside of it, to depreciate the intellect in matters of religion. Nothing more excited his intellectual contempt than the attitude of those who, as it seemed to him, after the fashion of a spurious intellectualism, held up the intellectual formulas of other ages as final and authoritative, yet refused to allow to the present age the right to examine those formulas, or even to attempt to restate them in the language of the modern world, as though the mere action of the modern intellect were, in the nature of the case, either ineffective or else destructive and dangerous. In this sermon he passes in review the different religious attitudes, — those who cling to the Bible with the affection of the heart, but refuse to it the love of the intellect, declining to consider any questions as to where it came from, or from what parts it is made up, how its parts belong together, and the nature of its authority. He alludes to those who repel all questions about the nature of God, crying out, "You must not try to understand, you must only listen, worship, and obey;" or those who,

when the incarnation of Christ is mentioned, and the question is raised among other questions, of the way the sonship of Christ is related to the sonship of all other men in God say in rebuke, "You must not ask; Christ is above all questions." Or again, when one would learn of the saint at Christ's sacrament, what that dear and lofty rite means to him, must he be told, "You must not rationalize. It is a mystery; the reason has no function here."

He goes on to remark that he is not disparaging "in the least degree the noble power of unreasoning love." But what he pleads for is the possibility of a deeper, fuller love, the love of the reason and the understanding as well; for the deeper the knowledge the greater the possibility of love. What most arouses his indignation is

> not the devout Christians who take this ground of refusing a place to the mind in religion, but a curious way of talking which seems to me to have grown strangely common of late among the men who disbelieve in Christianity. It is patronizing and quietly insulting; it takes for granted that the Christian's faith has no real reason at its heart, nor any trustworthy grounds for thinking itself true. At the same time, it grants that there is a certain weak side of human nature where the reason does not work, where everything depends on sentiment and feeling, where not what is true, but what is beautiful and comforting and reassuring is the soul's demand; and that side of the nature it gives over to religion. Because that side of the nature is the most prominent part, and indeed sometimes seems to be the whole of weaker kinds of men and women, it accepts the necessity of religion for these weak people, and does not desire its immediate extinction; only it must not pretend to be a reasonable thing. Theology must not call itself a science, and Faith must know it is a dream.

Against this one of the many forms of the exaggerated, provoking sentimentalism of the nineteenth century he protests in the name of religion and of historical Christianity: —

> Think of David and his cry, "Thy testimonies are wonderful. I have more understanding than my teachers, for thy testimonies are my study." Think of Paul, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." Think of Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Milton, Edwards, and a hundred

more, the men whose minds have found their loftiest inspiration in religion, how they would have received this quiet and contemptuous relegation of the most stupendous subject of human thought to the region of silly sentiment. They were men who loved the Lord their God with all their minds. The noble relation of their intellects to Him was the supreme satisfaction of their lives.

Another sermon in this volume which deserves mention is called "Gamaliel," from the text, "Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people" (Acts v. 34). To this sermon we have seen that Mr. Brooks attached importance, for it was the only one he specified when asking for sermons to be sent to him. It is a plea for absolute freedom in the search for truth, resting on faith in God as the final safeguard of the truth, — "If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Every great teacher, every great scholar, ought to be aware of the mystery and of the mightiness of truth, and therefore he ought to be prepared to see truth linger and hesitate and seem to be retarded, and even seem to be turned back, and yet to keep a clear assurance that Truth must come right in the end and that the only way to help her is to keep her free, so that she shall be at liberty to help herself. . . . The scholar of truth must trust truth. . . . The student must claim for himself and for all men, liberty. . . . If you limit the search for truth and forbid men anywhere, in any way, to seek knowledge, you paralyze the vital force of truth itself. That is what makes bigotry so disastrous to the bigot.

The sermon on Gamaliel is personal, as when it describes the ideal of a great teacher such as Phillips Brooks would fain have been. He took Gamaliel to be the type of such a teacher, broad-minded, inculcating earnestly his own views of truth, knowing at the same time that truth is larger than his view, — one of those men who give others the chance to make history, while they relegate themselves to obscurity. "There are few things finer than to see the reverence and gratitude with which the best men of active life look back to the quiet teachers who furnished them with the materials of living." With such an ideal of teaching, he contrasts the

men who are set upon making all the world live in their own way, who have no real faith in God, and therefore no real faith in men. Human force and goodness seem to them to be not vital growths with real life in them, but skilfully arranged devices all artificially planned and pinned together, when, if you altered the place of any single pin, the whole must fall. Such men must blight the possibilities of any community they live in. . . . With God are the final issues and destinies of things. Work as man will, he cannot make a plan succeed which God disowns; work as man will, he cannot make a plan fail which God approves. . . . These words of Gamaliel are the words of all really progressive spirits. They were the words of Martin Luther, who opened Europe and made the best of modern history a possibility. . . .

Luther worked; Gamaliel worked. To hold your truth, to believe it with all your heart, to work with all your might, first to make it real to yourself and then to show its preciousness to other men, and then — not till then, but then — to leave the questions of when and how and by whom it shall prevail to God; that is the true life of the believer. There is no feeble unconcern and indiscriminateness there, and neither is there any excited hatred of the creed, the doctrine, or the Church, which you feel wholly wrong. You have not fled out of the furnace of bigotry to freeze on the open and desolate plains of indifference. You believe and yet you have no wish to persecute.

All this came straight from the heart and head of the preacher. He had spoken the word "persecute," which seemed almost out of place in "this enlightened tolerant age." But there were ominous signs in the body ecclesiastical. The preacher was forecasting the future. It is somewhat remarkable that the nineteenth century, with its boasted freedom, has seen more attempts at religious ostracism, and caused more suffering for the sake of religious beliefs, than has been known for two hundred years. We must go back to the seventeenth century for an analogous moment in human history since the great Reformation. In the middle of the nineteenth century Mr. Mill foresaw the danger and made his plea for Liberty. Phillips Brooks, in this sermon, is occupied with the thought which he will later elaborate in his book on Tolerance. Now he closed his sermon with a great appeal, invoking the time when every

"form of terrorism shall have passed away, when we shall frankly own that there is nothing for which God in any world will punish any of his children except sin."

This sermon on Gamaliel was in every sense a sermon for the times. He preached it in the Temple Church in London, rich with historical associations, its audience mostly made up of men, lawyers in large numbers among them, and the most cultivated people of England. He was standing in Hooker's place, and his utterance was worthy of Hooker, and such as he would have welcomed. The sermon left a profound impression, and is still recalled as great. One who listened to him wrote him such a letter as he was wont to receive, but he was touched and pleased. The letter conveyed also a request that a sermon which had produced such an extraordinary impression should be printed.

If I had obeyed my impulse last Sunday I should have written you after the service to tell you how deeply your words sank into my heart, and, may I say it, with what pride I saw you in the old Temple, and knew that more noble words of truth had never resounded through its historic walls.

The appearance of this new volume of sermons was followed, as previous volumes had been, by letters expressive of admiration and gratitude. But no letters more beautiful or genuine ever came to him than those from his English friends.

Your visit to us this summer [writes a high dignitary of the Church of England] has left a mark, spiritual and intellectual, which, by God's help, will not soon be effaced from the Church which welcomed you and delighted to listen to you. And we, who have to preach and teach, feel that a prophet has been among us, and a new stimulus given to us, for which we are heartily grateful and solemnly responsible. My gratitude [another writer says] has grown and deepened, and now cannot find the proper and suitable words in which to express itself. I can assure you [writes a member of the legal profession who heard him in the Temple Church] I will never forget the lessons of charity you urged upon us. The older I get, and the more of the world I see, the more I am convinced that if Christianity is to lay hold on the higher order of intellects, it must be by such noble, broad, elevating preaching as yours.

The notices of the book in the papers showed that the English people still had their prejudices against transatlantic eloquence to overcome. But Mr. Brooks was declared to be an exception. "The quality which will first strike the reader of these sermons," says one of these book reviews, "is their thoroughly English and Anglican tone." It was remarked by other critics that the sermons in reading did not suffer from the absence of the impressive manner of the preacher.

On every page we come across sentences which lend themselves readily to detached quotation, and they are of a quality which will stand examination and provoke thought; indeed, passages of this kind are so frequent that it is next to impossible to select quotations in illustration.

Among the sermons noted as most remarkable "for freshness and originality," or " as masterpieces of profound thought conjoined with eloquence of expression," are the one preached at Westminster Abbey, headed "Man's Wonder and God's Knowledge," and another at St. Paul's Cathedral, on the "Christian City." Almost every one of the sermons receives some special mention as finer than any other. One of these notices is here given: —

We are disposed to assign to Mr. Brooks the rank of the first preacher of the day. Or, if that be too strong a statement, we shall mend it by saying that his printed sermons are the best we have read. They are, without exception, great sermons. Of the fourteen sermons in this volume, it may be said that they are great in all respects. Great in the gravity of their solemn eloquence, great in the felicity with which word is fitted to thought, and perfect simple expression is given to deep and profound thought, great also in the insight into character, motive, and action, and specially great in the act which poses thought, speech, emotion, into one organic whole. Each sermon stands out clear and vivid before us, perfect in the one simple impression it makes on our mind. It is only as we proceed to analysis that we discover how much complexity and variety have gone to make the unity which is perfect as the unity of a true or of a living organism. There is boundless variety, manifoldness of many sorts, but all held together by a principle of life from within, and not of outward constraint, as staves are held together by means of

hoops in order to make a barrel. Let our readers get these sermons.

Some of the letters of Phillips Brooks are here given, which cover these three months after his return.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, September 24, 1883.

Dear old Cooper, — I 've got home! A thousand thanks for your greeting! I 'm coming to your house! Tuesday afternoon! October 2d! We had a quiet, happy, sunny voyage in the steadiest and most comfortable ship I ever sailed in, which, however, does not trouble herself much about speed. But she landed us safe on Saturday afternoon, and the Custom House people chalked my old shirts and trousers, and I was safe in my big bed by eleven o'clock.

Yesterday I preached the gospel again, and the people, I am afraid, wondered whether I had not forgotten how. Lemuel Coffin and his wife graced the occasion with their presence. . . .

Thank you for telling me about the Ledyards. They were most pleasant and interesting, and added a very great deal to the interest of my voyage.

Well, well, next week I shall see you. Look for me on Tuesday afternoon, and you don't know how glad I shall be to set eyes on your dear old face again.

Yours ever and ever, P. B.

In the following letter Mr. Cooper acknowledges a present from his friend: —

2026 Spruce Street, Philadelphia,
St. Guy Fawkes Day, 1883.

Dear good Phillips, — Thanks, heaps upon heaps of thanks, for remembering such an old fogy upon his birthday! Surely you have given such evidences of your love and affection that this beautiful etching was unnecessary; but as you have sent it I have given it the most conspicuous place in my study, and whenever I shall look at it, I shall be reminded of your generous heart, and of the many years we have known each other, the happiness we have experienced, and never a ripple of discord between us. May God bless you, dear old fellow, and make your remaining years the best and happiest of your whole life.

As for me, why, when the seventieth milestone is passed, there can't be many more on the road. Well, it does n't matter much. I *know* in whom I have believed, and I am sure He will keep that which I have committed to Him against that day. . . .

Yours very affectionately, Cooper.

In this letter to Rev. W. W. Newton of Pittsfield is a reference to the Inter-ecclesiastical Church Congress, which Mr. Newton had been interested in organizing: —

DEAR WILLIE, — I cannot bear to be thought guilty of "the blank silence of unconcern," and so I must write and tell you that I have your Berkshire Circular, and I wish nothing but good to the Inter-ecclesiastical Church Congress. But I am of no use in such organized movements, nor have I any great faith in them. I think that the more freely the spirit of union works the better, and any attempts to put it into organic shape, or even to give it definition and expression, only do harm.

I may be wrong. I probably am. I am not writing in any foolish idea of dissuading you, nor of throwing even a dipperful of cold water on the scheme; only to say why I myself cannot take part in it; and you will understand me, and if you don't we 'll talk it out the next time you get down your feet before my fire. Meanwhile I wish all good to everything you do, and I am sure of the fine purpose with which you do it.

Your old friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 19, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I am truly sorry that there is a hitch about Peters's acceptance of the professorship. I should be glad enough to do anything I can to make it possible. As to the money trouble I will gladly subscribe $100 a year with others to make up $500 additional salary. He certainly ought not to have to depend upon the precarious chances of supply, although I have no doubt that he could have considerable income from that source. Is anything of the nature of a guarantee fund possible? I see no harm in sending the article to Bishop Stevens. They might as well know beforehand what the general drift ("trend" as —— would say) of his instruction is to be. But surely Bishop Stevens has not the choice or rejection in his own hands. My only objection to sending the Article would be that it might seem to recognize a right on his part to a larger share in the selection than belongs to each of the other overseers. You will know best about this. I do sincerely hope that such a man may not slip through our fingers. They had better have lived in huts forever and had money enough to pay first-class professors.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 27, 1883.

DEAR ARTHUR, — Thank you for your note. You must let me contribute this check to the Washburn Book fund, in which I

am very much interested, but of which I never happen to think just at the right moment to send money. I rather like to give the Luther money in memory of Washburn, and for the sending of liberal books to Episcopal parsons. There seems to be a sort of fitness in it all round. If you will send me some of the Circulars, I 'll try to put them where they 'll do the most good. I have heard from the Evangelical Alliance wanting the Luther Manuscript, which I shall send, but I suppose it will do to let what I had written about Luther's life stand instead of the epitome of it, which I tried to extemporize on that tumultuous evening.

I am glad you liked [Rev. Endicott] Peabody and his plan of a school at Groton. I have hopes that he will make a school quite as good as St. Paul's, without its drawbacks.

To the Rev. G. A. Strong: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 6, 1883.

Dear George, — What a wretch I have been to get home here and go to work and think a thousand times of you, wandering about in those delightful places and never once send a word to tell you how glad I am that you are having such a splendid time. Almost three months now since I had to make up my mind that we were not to meet in England, and turned my face homeward. I should not like to have the people here know how restless I am, and how hard it is to get to work again. But indeed it is only a few weeks since I have really been able to count myself thoroughly settled in the old life. Just after I got home there came the General Convention, which was weary beyond all description so far as its public business was concerned, though there were many pleasant social things connected with it. I saw much of Richards, which, of course, I enjoyed immensely. You would have liked to be at the breakfast of the Alexandria seminary men, where Potter and Charles Richards and Paddock and I represented pretty much all there was of our time. Dr. Packard was there. Then we all went up to Henry Potter's consecration, which was very long and gorgeous, and by and by the Prayer Book got revised and the dreary convention adjourned, and we all came home. Sometimes I shut my eyes, and it seems ridiculously impossible that there is really a sermon to write for next Sunday, or that Wednesday evening lectures have begun again. London and Berlin and Delhi seem so much more real than Boston. Oh, I envy your being abroad, and I pity your coming home!

Mention has been made of the project to translate the "Lectures on Preaching" into French. In the correspondence between Mr. Brooks and M. Nyegaard, we find the translator occasionally puzzled with an English idiom. Here is one which Mr. Brooks explains: —

To "*shoot without a rest*" means, in our American vernacular, to fire a gun without leaning it on any support, with only the steadiness of the hand to hold it. In this sense it was used by the backwoodsman to describe the Bishop's preaching without a manuscript. "To *shoot*" is to *fire a gun*. "A *rest*" is a *support*, or something for the gun to *rest* upon. I remember wondering, when you first told me of your intention to translate the Book, whether this particular anecdote might not give you trouble. If you desire to consult me on this or any other point, I shall be very glad to hear from you.

I am much interested in the account of your "Café de tempérance." I shall be glad to hear of its success and usefulness. That you are wholly right in opening it on Sundays, and in allowing the use of cards, I do not doubt in the least.

On receiving a copy of the translation, Mr. Brooks wrote this letter: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 7, 1883.

My dear M. Nyegaard, — I have just received the two copies of the "Conférences sur la Prédication" which you have kindly sent me, for which I thank you very heartily. I am sure I need not tell you that I value very highly the care and thought and labor which you have so generously bestowed upon my book. I wish the book to which you have given so much time were worthier of the pains which you have lavished on it. I fear there may be people who will say, "Materiam superabat opus." But, none the less, I thank you, and if any help or encouragement should come to any preacher in your country through this book, I shall feel that it is to you more than to me that the credit will belong.

It is very strange to read one's own words in a foreign tongue. It is almost as if one's image in a mirror took a voice and spoke to one. The words are familiar and yet strange, and thoughts seem sometimes to put on new shades of meaning along with their new forms of expression. I have found myself reading my own book quite through with the attraction of the new interest which it gained from the new form. I have no right to speak about the merit of your work. I am too poor a French scholar to make

my opinion of any value. I can only say that I have found it very smooth and easy reading. I do not doubt that critics who are competent to judge will find abundant reason to approve and praise the way in which the work of the translator has been done. I ought, perhaps, to mention two slight inaccuracies in your Preface. Although I believe I was the first, I have not been the *only* American preacher who has occupied the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Several have preached there since my first sermon. And I did preach at Windsor Castle a few years ago, on the only occasion on which I have been invited.

When will you come to America and be my guest, and let me thank you personally for what you have done? I beg you to believe you will be always welcome. With the assurance of my kind regard, believe me always,

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Should you see any notices, favorable or unfavorable, of my book, pray send them to me.

In a letter to Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar, he speaks of the forty-eighth birthday: —

December 17, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM, — It was delightfully kind of you and your sister to remember that I was forty-eight last Thursday, and to send me this delicious little token of your good wishes, which I received to-day. Your kindness and the beauty of your little lamp almost reconciled me to the sadness of the event. The day passed calmly. There was no salute upon the Common nor any special form of prayer put forth by the Bishop; but Jim and Sallie came up from Salem and dined with me at my brother's, and we made believe it was good fun to be forty-eight years old. Wait till you try it, my good fellow, and see how you like it, to have your golden bowl and pitcher in this dilapidated condition.

But how lovely this lamp is. I long to have the 20th of January come, that you may see how it has taken its place at once as the central glory of my house. I shall smoke myself to death for the mere pleasure of lighting my cigars. But lovelier than all its loveliness it is that you should have thought how old I was, and should have cared that I should enter on a new stage of my pilgrimage with your blessing.

The 20th! Already we are getting the city ready for you, and you don't know how eagerly we shall welcome you. You know that I expect you both to preach for me on the following

Sunday, and shall not take No! You must ask Cooper whether he would rather take the afternoon or morning, and you will take the other certainly. A Merry Christmas to you all!

P. B.

To Rev. Mr. Lefroy of Delhi: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 19, 1883.

Dear Mr. Lefroy, — Your kind note has lain too long unanswered. If you knew how glad I was to get it, and how many times I have meant to tell you so, you would forgive me. I am at work again, however, and quite well, and every day I see your picture, which is on my study table, and think of your work, and it makes me stronger for my own. Boston is not as bad as Delhi, but, indeed, it is heathen enough; and though I am immensely fond of it, I never realized till I got home this time how much there was to be done in it to make it a true Christian town. But the work is delightful in Delhi or in Boston, and we do not work alone.

You cannot tell how constantly I go over all the days of last winter, and especially the happy days in your mission. Only last week my box arrived from Calcutta, and I saw again the queer things which I bought in those hot January days on your veranda. It was great fun to look them over and think how different the snowstorm in our streets was from the sunlight on your field, where you tried to drown out the ants. Tell me, are the Maconachies in Delhi still, and have they forgiven the wandering Yankees who came and turned them out into the yard? Do give them my best love. How I should like to get all the old company together to-night in my small Rectory. I will send you a picture of it, so that you may all know where to come when you come to Boston. I will send you my church, too; of myself I have no picture. If you really want one I will send one, if I ever submit to the photographer again.

You are just now welcoming your friends who will reinforce your strength. I congratulate you on the new life which will fill your house. If you want another, send for me and I will come! Meanwhile I ventured the other day to give a note to you to an old friend and college classmate of mine, Professor Agassiz, one of our first naturalists.

I shall always rejoice to hear from you. Remember me most kindly to Mr. Allnut and Mr. Carlyon. May all best blessings be with you and your work.

Your friend,

Phillips Brooks.

December 23, 1883.

Dear John and Hattie, — Just as I came home from Sunday evening service here arrives a Sabbath-breaking express boy with my lovely owl. I must sit down at once and thank you for him, and tell you how delightfully he looks in his new home, and how he seems not to miss Wiesbaden the least bit in the world. As to his not being anything but a reproduction, I don't believe a word of it. He is an original, I know! If he could speak, he would tell how Caius Julius Cæsar drank Rhine wine out of him in the Bello Gallico; and he surely has a wisdom in his stocky form and out to the tips of his two head-wings which nothing but eighteen hundred years of meditation under ground could give.

Here follow a few extracts from the note-book kept on board ship, as he was returning to America: —

One feels there is great danger in the present attitude of multitudes of English people towards Christianity, accepting it without facing its problems, as the religion of their people, dwelling on its beautiful or comfortable features, and almost ready to resent as simply disturbing and unnecessary any effort to make its statements more reasonable. Not so common among us. It is closely mixed up with the loyalty and practicalness and institutionalism of the Englishman. The other temper also there.

You ride along in a railroad train racing with another which runs parallel to yours, — the other train is going faster; if you look at it you seem not merely to be going slower, but to be going the other way, backwards. But turn and look at the fixed landscape, and you see that you are making no mean speed. So of the rates of progress in thought.

As on shipboard particular care is taken against fire, not because it is most likely, but because its consequences would be most terrible, so of unbelief in religious things.

Let us never disparage the value of certain and sure belief about truth. Whatever compensations may come in its absence and delay, it is nevertheless, and we can never forget that it is, the ultimate purpose and ambition of the human soul, until it reaches which, it never can be satisfied.

Sermon on the great revelation of the Immanence of God in these days.

The fallacy of thinking there ever was a time of fixed, unchanging religious ideas. All ages, ages of change; ours not peculiar; fears in all.

As Columbus sailed to find the Old World and found the New, so possibly a reaction (like the Puseyite) may help the progress of truth.

Putting wood on fire and having it become dry and hot all through, then burst into a flame, so of missions or conversions.

The ocean, ever defeated by man, and never conquered.

The perpetual presence behind our life, with its temporary impulses, of God and His life.

How old things may pass away without all things becoming new.

As useless and provoking as it is to have one of those matches which won't light without the box, and you have n't got the box.

No sooner *done than said.*

French talk of a man having the danger of his qualities.

Like the long zigzags up the hills, always coming back into sight of the same points, but viewing them from higher points, — so of theological progress.

All the attractions of the world are of two kinds, — those made by true cohesion, and those made by outside motives, whether of pressure or of vacancy.

"Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and Adder; the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet;" "The sun shall not be Thy light by day," etc., — the universal Eastern prayers.

Text: He was wandering in the field, and the man asked him saying, "What seekest thou ?" And he said, "I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks." The lonely soul wandering in doubt and personal experience, and craving the familiar ways of other souls which may be the very thing that will be his death.

The time for confirmation, I think, is not childhood, when others think for us; not middle age, when life grows weary, but just at the time when obedience to authority changes into personal responsibility, — in the period of youth when life is fresh

and untried, but the way has to be trodden and the traveller just setting out needs a guide and a helper.

Sermon on the old man's poetry, — the way in which the romance and picturesqueness of life ought to increase for him as he grows older. The way in which it often is not so. Pity if the joy of life were mere animal spirits. The hope of the Eternal.

Sermon on "Like as a dream when one awaketh, so shalt thou make their image to vanish out of the city."

Describe (1) the hopeless clutching after the dream when you wake up. It was so real an instant ago, and now you cannot even tell what it was about. The moment's struggle to remember, then the rising and going about one's work. The image vanishing out of the city is first, in the simple Jewish sense, *dying*. The moment's remembrance of such a man; sometimes the thought of him flashes vaguely across people's work, but they go their way without him. Apply (2) to the remembrance of people, and the many expedients of people to maintain it. Apply (3) to the preservation of influence. The unvanished image of forgotten men. It is in our city now. The three kinds of immortality, Personal, Memorial, Influential.

When I see how the real difficulty of multitudes of bewildered men is not this or that unsolved problem, but the whole incapacity of comprehending God; when I see this, I understand how the best boon that God can give to any group of men must often be to take one of them and, bearing witness of Himself to him, set him to bearing that witness of the Lord to his brethren, which only a man surrounded and filled with God can bear.

The following passage is significant for the development of Phillips Brooks and might be taken as a motto for his later years: —

"The Beauty of Holiness." It seems as if the Good Taste of Goodness, the ugliness of sin, while it cannot be used as the first creative motive for a new life, must certainly come in by and by to certify and assure the work which conscience and obedience to the Law of God have done. Brought in at first it must create a feeble moral æstheticism and be fruitful in false and conventional standards. But it may apparently be recognized and enforced sooner with reference to the conditions of the world and society at large than with reference to the individual.

CHAPTER XVI

1869–1892

THEOLOGY. TENDENCIES OF THE AGE. FREEDOM OF INQUIRY. AUTHORITY AND CONSCIENCE. ORTHODOXY. FREEDOM THROUGH DOGMA. PROGRESS. TOLERANCE. THE NEW THEOLOGY. DANGERS OF FREEDOM. THE BIBLE. THE PRAYER BOOK. CREEDS. ANGLICANISM. THE INCARNATION. THE TRINITY. THE NEW THEISM. PANTHEISM. MIRACLES. SIN. ENDLESS PUNISHMENT. THE ATONEMENT. EMPHASIS ON THE WILL. SUPERNATURAL EXISTENCES. MYSTICISM. MORALITY

I

THE decade of the eighties was marked by efforts at theological reconstruction. Of course, no exact limits can be put for movements in the world of religious thought. Such movements have a fashion of beginning before they began and of going on after they are over. But if we may here repeat, for the sake of emphasis, what has already been said, it is true, speaking in a general way, that the age of religious doubt and of disaffection within the churches toward dogmas and creeds dates from about the middle of the nineteenth century. Those who were then young men and afterwards rose to prominence had, for the most part, felt this mood. To escape into a larger freedom from the limitations of an inadequate theology was their aim. The question of subscription to religious formulas was then a subject of anxious interest, which each man must determine for himself. Of this experience the story is told in the biographies of Maurice and Robertson, Erskine, Ewing, Stanley, Kingsley, Tait, Jowett, and many others. Maurice was then the strongest force in the English-speaking world, but Robertson

was the man who brought the greatest relief. Both Maurice and Robertson were reinforced by Tennyson, of whose "In Memoriam" it has been often said that it was the most influential theological work of the age.

But Tennyson carried the appeal to the feelings. There was a work still to be done by the intellect, and by criticism, in collating the results of science and of Biblical research, in comparing and estimating the products of thought which had been working over the old dogmas, especially in the department of historical theology. A new impetus had been given to historical research, in the application of the principle of development. In the book "Essays and Reviews," which appeared in England in 1860, the effort was made to bring these issues together and acquaint the English mind with results which had been accomplished. The principle of development, the antiquity of man and the popular chronology, science and the miracle, the verbal inspiration of Scripture, the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the true nature of prophecy, in a word, the results of German investigation; the doctrines also of atonement and of endless punishment, — these all came up for discussion in "Essays and Reviews." Its authors had determined, each for himself, to speak freely, with the result that consternation followed in those circles where free inquiry had not penetrated. Two of the writers were brought to trial before the English courts, — Mr. Williams for denying the doctrine of verbal inspiration, and Mr. Wilson for denying the doctrine of endless punishment, — and both were acquitted. It was then affirmed (1864) by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council that the Church of England, while maintaining the inspiration of Scripture, gave no theory of inspiration, and that to indulge the hope of the final restoration of all the wicked did not contravene her formularies. The manifest object of the decision was to secure for the Church of England the largest freedom to theological inquiry, and as such it must be regarded as most significant. The formula of subscription to the Articles was also modified, relaxed, as it seemed to many, and a general statement of acquiescence in the doctrines of the Church took the place of

the more stringent form calling for agreement with each and every article.

Hardly had the freedom been gained for which many had striven and longed, when it seemed to lose its value and become of no avail in the severer crisis that followed, — in the seventies, when Darwin's name became supreme in the scientific world, when Tyndall, as in 1874, gave his famous Belfast address, where he deified matter as the promise and potency of life, and when, for a moment, it seemed as if science had the church at its mercy. The physical or mechanical theory of the universe, as then presented by Spencer, the discrediting of miracles, the disbelief in the efficacy of prayer, the doubt or the denial of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, — these were the subjects then agitating the mind of the church, casting theological formulas, for the time, into the background. But with the eighties there came another change. Philosophers and theologians, despite the difficulties they encountered in the conflict with science, and despite their many weak and apparently futile efforts, whether at resistance or at reconciliation, had not struggled in vain. The spiritual interpretation of the universe began slowly to show its superiority over the material. The remarkable controversy in 1884, between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, revealed at least that the situation had changed. The tide of religious doubt, which had threatened to remove the foundations of religious belief, was at last retreating. The worst of the danger was over.

Years so recent as the eighties cannot yet be regarded as affording material for history, but they may be chronicled. Recent as they are, they have been quickly forgotten by many under the agitations which have marked the close of the nineteenth century. The foremost characteristic of these years was the widespread realization, within the churches, of freedom to revert again to creeds and dogmas, and attempt the reconstruction of theology. In the many books that appeared, the questions, whose discussion had only been postponed, came up for a rehearing, — inspiration and revela-

tion, the right use of the Bible, the doctrines of atonement and incarnation, the dogma of endless punishment. A few of these books may be mentioned: Mulford's "Republic of God," Munger's "Freedom of Faith," Newman Smith's "Old Faiths in a New Light," Newton's "Use of the Bible," and "Progressive Orthodoxy," by Professor Smyth and others. Mr. John Fiske contributed a valuable essay, which, coming from a distinguished exponent of Spencer's philosophy, was significant, — the "Idea of God," where the effort was made to reconcile with science the doctrine of the Divine Immanence. In England, from the younger school of the followers of Dr. Pusey, there came "Lux Mundi," with restatements of the doctrines of the incarnation, the atonement, and inspiration. It was characteristic of these many efforts to recommend the church and Christianity to the modern mind, that they accepted the principle of development in theology. But, on the other hand, those now began to speak, who advocated the retention of the old dogmas unchanged in their statement, uninfluenced by any touch of the modern life.

What position did Phillips Brooks take in this era of creative theological activity, of confusion also, and of controversy? As we study his work, it will be apparent that what he stood for was most characteristic of the man, most important also, when these years shall come up for more deliberate valuation. In his book "The Influence of Jesus," he had already made a contribution to theology of the highest importance; indeed no more important or influential utterance in theology either preceded or followed it. He did not now write any treatise which can be construed as a direct consideration of the question, — in what way religious reconstruction must proceed, what were to be its methods or its limits, or what its results. But he read the books of importance as they appeared; always an interested spectator of what went on around him. In his own way he took frequent occasion to speak his mind. When he spoke, it was with force and directness, with the tone of mastery and authority. He felt a sense of responsibility to the church and to the world.

In considering subjects which come before us, we may allow a multitude of complicated circumstances to distract our mind, but as soon as anything seems to be of great importance it lays hold of the sense of responsibility within us and becomes absolutely simple.

These words of Phillips Brooks, in one of his occasional addresses, give us the man and his method. In everything he said during these eventful years there is the air of solemnity, the sense of responsibility, as of one who carried the burden of his contemporaries, and was accountable for every utterance to the supreme tribunal of humanity. One thing he fastened upon as absolutely simple and of the highest significance amid all complications, — the grandeur of the moment which had brought liberty and freedom of inquiry to the modern world.

With regard to all advances in theology, whether by the race at large or by the single thinker, there are one or two observations which may be made, and which, it seems to me, ought constantly to be kept in mind in times like these, when the world of theological thought is so full of free activity. For the first time in many centuries the hand of external restraint is absolutely taken off from theological thinking. Neither painful penalties nor social disesteem — hardly, except in the extremest cases, even ecclesiastical reproof — will attach themselves to free speculation in theology. To many people this state of things seems full of danger. To many others it seems full of hope. But those who hope the most from it must be supremely anxious that those who feel the spirit of the age should feel it worthily, and move from conviction to conviction, not lightly and frivolously, but seriously and calmly, always valuing each special movement only as a stage in the long, never-forgotten search of the soul after the perfect truth and God.[1] 1883.

We have seen during all these years a deepening of the religious thought of our people. We have seen God lead us into those broad fields of speculation where we once thought it was unwise or unsafe to go. We have seen the books of criticism opened and examined freely. We have seen those things which seemed essential to Christianity again and again shown to be

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 227.

incidental to Christianity. We have seen how absolutely simple Christianity is.[1] 1885.

If I were to group together all the things that I have tried to picture to you, — and remember that religion is nothing in the world but the highest conception of life, — the word that is to express this all, the word that is to carry forward men as they come to believe in it, what shall it be? In every department of life, whether I look at politics, at government, at social life, and the relation of ethics thereto, whether I look at religion, there is only one word that expresses the cord that binds the human race: that word is sympathy. Present and past religion seems to have been developing conditions under which sympathy might work. The characteristic word of the past hundred years has been Liberty. Liberty is a negative term, — the removal of obstacles, the setting free of conditions under which the essential and absolute and positive power of sympathy, of the relation of man to man under the recognition of their brotherhood, should find its place and expression.[2] 1889.

There are three things which constitute the characteristics of the religion of our time: its greater humanness extends what it believes to every man; its larger conception of sanctity finds its operation in fields that used to be counted secular; and its conception of work, of labor to be carried on and of effect produced, finds expression in its practical activities.[3] 1889.

In the largest survey we can take of Mr. Brooks's theological position, he appears as solicitous that the freedom of inquiry, which has been gained, shall not be imperilled by the dangers that wait on liberty. Against the dogmatist, on the one hand, who denied individual freedom and asserted the claims of an external authority, and against the individualist, on the other, who rejected the past as having no claim on the reverence of the present age, he waged equal war. It is hard to say which position was most obnoxious to him. He would fain mediate between them. His first impulse was controversial, but the sober second thought prevailed, to keep him out of controversy. It has been already remarked, and more than once, for the point is an

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 148.
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* p. 176. [3] Cf. *Ibid.* p. 174.

important one, that in his preaching his constitutional reserve disappeared, and he gave his whole heart to the people. But, in doing so, he still obeyed the laws of the preacher's art, and kept out of sight the reminders of controversial theology. While they were in his consciousness and affected him in the preparation of every utterance, yet in the completed product his treatment is so impersonal that one might imagine he had never heard of their existence.

There were occasions, however, when he yielded to the first impulse, and let himself go with the full force of his nature, against what he believed to be false in theology. Then he was like the cyclone in his destructive power. He gave vent to his gift of saying things in perfect form, — epigrammatic sentences which linger in the memory as axioms. These occasions were rare, — meetings of the Church Congress, essays at the Clericus Club, and one memorable occasion, to be mentioned in a later chapter. Thus, in 1884, in a paper on Authority and Conscience, read before the Church Congress, which met at Detroit, he denounced the principle that external authority was the ground of religious faith, or that it afforded any basis for certitude, or carried any moral or spiritual value. Such a principle would kill faith and the Christian church altogether, for the mere *assent* which it demanded had in it nothing of the nature of faith. He passed in review the career of Newman, the grounds of High Anglicanism, the Vincentian canon, the claims of what some had called the "œcumenical mind." The theory that the councils of the fourth and fifth centuries were infallible, and had given final limits to the human mind in theological inquiry, he dismissed with the remark that any dangers which the Church might have to encounter by making conscience and free inquiry her guides, even with the possibility of error, — these "dangers are alive and hopeful in comparison with the dead and hopeless dangers of a church which, under the strong power of authority, commits itself to a half-developed, a half-recorded, and a half-understood past."[1]

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 118.

But, in the midst of this invective, he could not be one-sided or allow the comprehensiveness of his intellectual and spiritual outlook to disappear. He advocated individualism and private judgment as the final court of appeal, but in so doing sought to reconcile them with authority. There was this truth "in the current laudations of authority and deprecations of individualism:" —

> The individual does not stand alone. Backed by the past, surrounded by the present, with the world beside him, nay, with the world, in the great old Bible phrase, "set in his heart," it is his right, his duty, his necessity, to feed himself out of all, while yet to his own personal conscience must come the final test. The true individualism is not the individualism of Robinson Crusoe, but the individualism of St. Paul. . . . To use authority *for evidence;* to feel the power of reverend beauty which belongs to ancient goodness; to distrust ourselves long when we differ from the wisest and the best; to know that the whole truth can and must come, not to the one man, but to the whole of humanity; and to listen to that whole as it groans and travails with its yet unmastered truth — to do all this, and yet to let ourselves call no conviction ours till our own mind and conscience has accepted it as true — that which is really the great human truth after which the theories of Church authority are searching, — that is the genuine relation, I take it, of the conscience to authority. And that has nothing in it of the spirit of slavishness or death.

There is another essay entitled "Orthodoxy," resembling in its tone the essay on Authority and Conscience, but even more severe in its arraignment of the principle of authority, when applied in an exclusive way, without the corrective of individual responsibility or of the freedom of private judgment. The essay on Orthodoxy was read before the Clericus Club in 1890. It differs from the earlier essay, in that it was not written with a view to publication. There is humor here, and satire. He notes that the word "Kakodoxy," which the old Fathers coined as the opposite of "Orthodoxy," a "delightful word" he calls it, has not maintained its place, but has yielded to "heresy," which indicates the more personal element. His comments on the "spirit of orthodoxy" are these: (1) It makes much use and wrong

use of the principle of authority; (2) it is haunted and hindered by the sense of the need of immediate *utility* of truths; (3) it associates itself with the idea of unity, and regards the spirit of freedom, the personal search for truth as disturbing the unity of the church; (4) it is inspired by the notion of *safety;* (5) it satisfies the disposition which is very strong in many natures, the desire for fixity. On all these points he comments at some length. He satirizes the desire for *safety* as "singing the timid psalm of the man who is thankful for the refuge of orthodoxy, — 'Thou hast set my feet in a small room.'"

In regard to the disturbance of the church, which was the complaint made of those who were engaged in the personal search for truth, he felt strongly and expressed himself with vigor. He had denounced publicly and privately the silencing of a clergyman, who had been giving a course of lectures on the Bible, because it created disturbance. He criticised much of the speculation of religious writers at the time as beset by this consideration, — fear of disturbing the peace of the church: —

> Here is the essential limitation, both of the interest and the importance of two much-read and much-talked-of books of our own day. The authors of "Lux Mundi" and the writers of "Progressive Orthodoxy" alike are asking not simply what is absolutely true, but what can be reconciled to certain preëstablished standards of unity, outside of which they must not go. This makes the unsatisfactoriness of both the books. They have no primary or intrinsic value. They are uninteresting except as considered in relation to the positions of their authors. They are rather psychological studies than investigations of truth. All such secondary questions besetting an argument or exposition destroy its reality, and make even the unity which it tries to preserve an artificial thing, a mere *modus vivendi* of parties, conscious of but trying to conceal discordance rather than a true harmony of frankly differing but sympathetic minds.

In his criticism of orthodoxy, Phillips Brooks was not combating formulas or articles of faith which go under that designation. There is no evidence that he rejected any of the decisions of councils to which his Church had lent her

sanction. He is not known by the denial of any article of the creeds, or as giving his approval to any attitude in historical theology which the church of the past had condemned as false. In this sense of the word he was orthodox. What he was resisting was a tendency in the use of the word "orthodoxy" to condemn free inquiry, or the duty of private judgment. But even while opposing what he felt was at war with the interests of truth, he yet strove to be fair, to recognize the good there was or might be in an attitude with which he had no sympathy. It is important to let him speak here for himself: —

Orthodoxy is, in the Church, very much what prejudice is in the single mind. It is the premature conceit of certainty. It is the treatment of the imperfect as if it were the perfect. And yet prejudice is not to be ruthlessly denounced. It is not only to be accepted as inevitable; it, or that for which it stands, is to be acknowledged as indispensable. If prejudice can only be kept open for revision and enlargement, if it can be always aware of its partialness and imperfection, then it becomes simply a point of departure for newer worlds of thought and action, or, we may say, a *working hypothesis*, which is one stage of the progress toward truth.

It is possible to think of orthodoxy in that way, and then it clearly manifests its uses. It does beyond all doubt put into forms of immediate effectiveness great truths which in their large conception seem to stand so far away, and so to wait for their full revelation, that they are hard to apply to present life. It does no doubt seem to make capable of transportation and transmission truths which in their deeper spirituality it is not easy to think of except as the sacred and secret possession of the individual soul. It has no doubt served to carry the Church over, as it were, some of those periods of depressed and weakened vitality which come between the exalted and spontaneous conditions which are its true life. The same service, perhaps, it renders also to the personal experience, bridging the sad chasms between the rock of belief on this side and the rock of belief on that side with the wooden structure of conformity.

These, briefly stated, are the uses of orthodoxy. Against these meagre uses are to be set the vastly predominant evil which the whole principle of orthodoxy brings to personal freedom and reality on one side, and to the purity and extension of truth upon the other. The indictment which can be sustained against it is

tremendous. Orthodoxy begins by setting a false standard of life. It makes men aspire after soundness in the faith rather than after richness in the truth. It exalts possessions over character, makes more of truths than of truthfulness, talks about truths as if they were things which were quite separated from the truth-holder, things which he might take in his hand and pass to his neighbor without their passing into and through his nature. It makes possible an easy transmission of truth, but only by the deadening of truth, as a butcher freezes meat in order to carry it across the sea. Orthodoxy discredits and discourages inquiry, and has made the name of "free-thinker," which ought to be a crown and glory, a stigma of disgrace. It puts men in the base and demoralizing position in which they apologize for seeking new truth. It is responsible for a large part of the defiant liberalism which not merely disbelieves the orthodox dogma, but disbelieves it with a sense of attempted wrong and of triumphant escape. It is orthodoxy, and not truth, which has done the persecuting. The inquisitions and dungeons and social ostracisms for opinion's sake belong to it. And in the truths which it holds it loses discrimination and delicate sense of values, holding them not for their truth so much as for their use or their safety; it gives them a rude and general identity, and misses the subtle difference which makes each truth separate from every other. Orthodoxy deals in coarse averages. It makes of the world of truth a sort of dollar-store, wherein a few things are rated below their real value for the sake of making a host of other things pass for more than they are worth, and in the lives of those who live by it orthodoxy makes no appeal to poetry or imagination. There, too, it delights in the average condition. It would maintain the sea of belief and emotion at one fixed level. It would give no place on one hand to great floods of fulness which uplift the soul, nor on the other to pathetic periods of ebb and emptiness which lay bare its deepest, most unsatisfied desires. It has its own tumults of the lower sort, — tumults of envy and contempt, of suspicion and dislike, which it stirs in human minds, but the loftiest and profoundest passions and struggles it catches sight of only to shudder at and denounce. These are the evil things which the spirit of orthodoxy does and is, all of which sum themselves up in this, — that it is born of fear, and has no natural heritage either from hope or love.[1]

At the opposite extreme from the ecclesiastical temper, with its devotion to dogma, stood the so-called Liberal

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 193–195.

school, and the Free Religionists, who regarded freedom as attainable only by the rejection of dogma. But from this attitude Phillips Brooks diverged as widely and deeply as from the ecclesiastical attitude. He, too, was free, — and this was what puzzled and confused many of his contemporaries, — he could stand in a pulpit of the Episcopal Church, speaking forth with all boldness, no man hindering him, the living truths which their own souls hungered after and eagerly welcomed, unhampered by dogmas and traditions, apparently more free than they were. They could draw only one inference, — like themselves, he must have attained his freedom by the abandonment of ecclesiastical dogmas and traditions. But then came the question, How could he remain in the Episcopal Church, with its Creeds and Articles of Religion? They could not impugn his honor or sincerity, for these were the most transparent qualities in his nature, and his sincerity and simplicity were manifestly sources of his power. The only alternative was to discredit his intellectual capacity. It was also said that he was so absorbed with the supreme motive of love for humanity, that he gave no thought to these things with which other men were concerned. Some of these expressions of opinion regarding him are here given: —

He was not, in the ordinary sense of that word, a thinker, a logician. He never argues, he never attempts to establish a certain position, to controvert the position of another. He is not a logician; he is not, in that sense, a teacher. He seems to have had no sort of interest in theological debates, theological distinctions or questions of any kind. He seems to have been entirely unaffected, consciously at any rate, by modern criticism, for example, the authenticity and authorship of Biblical books, the question of miracle, the natural and the supernatural. All these questions he put on one side. He did not care for them. His mental make-up did not lead him to become interested in them.

A distinguished Unitarian clergyman, who held Phillips Brooks in high esteem, says of him: —

He was not a theologian, as Jesus was not. . . . Had he been a man of an intellectual cast, he might have wavered in his faith.

. . . I am not sure that, through his love of man, this preacher was always strictly consistent in all his words and acts. Few who maintain the orthodox view nowadays are consistent. They are apt to be larger than their creeds. . . . His intellectual limitations defended and favored him in his peculiar office. Had he been more profound and philosophic as a thinker, he might have lost something of clearness in his vision. . . . Some of his fellow churchmen dreaded him for his breadth of view and feeling; and some of us, for these, would have claimed him as a Unitarian. Well, he was Unitarian in his assertion of mental freedom.

In these extracts there is contained the implication that religious and intellectual freedom is only to be gained by the rejection of tradition and dogma. That was one of the commonplaces of "liberal religion." But it was the characteristic of Phillips Brooks that he stood above the sphere of the commonplace, whether in ecclesiasticism or in liberalism. He was cast in a very different mould. He had attained his freedom *through* dogma, not by its rejection, and dogma continued to minister to his freedom. This is one of the secrets of his power, of his superiority, of his universality. He had a larger freedom than those who rejected tradition, for they were free to move only in one direction, and he was free to move in every direction. Such freedom, so rare, so unparalleled, had come to him by the secret he had learned when he was preparing his soul for his work, — the power of appropriating dogma by translating it into terms of life. Only a man of the highest intellectual capacity was capable of such a process. Let Phillips Brooks speak on this point for himself. In a preface which he wrote for a little book compiled from the writings of Maurice called "Truth and Action," he says: —

The days in which we live are a good deal given to contempt for theology. In this great teacher of our day there was a noble rebuke and protest against that feeble and enfeebling scorn. He was altogether a theologian. For him all knowledge which deserved the name of knowledge was theology. Our weak way of talking about dogma as an excrescence and encumbrance found no tolerance with him. He was no dogmatist, but he got rid of dead dogmas, not by burying them or burning them, but by filling them with life.

In his note-book for 1882 are to be found these hints: —

A serious sermon on Dogma. What difference it really does make whether men believe these things; whether they should teach them to others; whether character has relations to belief; what it all has to do with destiny. The justification of the belief that all men have always had of the Importance of believing.

This same principle is stated often in his earlier writings, in his "Lectures on Preaching" and in "The Influence of Jesus." In 1884, in his address on Authority and Conscience, he repeats it: —

Authority is the ship in which the dogma sails. I get my dogma from authority, as I get my package from the ship. But it is the soul, the conscience, which turns the dogma back again to truth. No soul can feed on dogma, as no man can eat the package which is landed on the wharf. Authority may bring what dogma has been given it to bring. Only the dogma which can be opened into truth can live. Only the truth which the soul appropriates gives life. Authority is responsible for safe packing and safe transportation, but the real living part of the process is when, after the unpacking has taken place, the conscience tries to turn the dogma which it has received back again into truth.[1]

And again, so late as 1890, there is evidence that on this point his conviction had not changed: —

And what is another question that is before us perpetually? It is the question of the separation of dogma and life. Men are driven foolishly to say on one side that dogma is everything, and on the other that life is everything. As if there could be any life that did not spring out of truth! As if there could be any truth that was really felt that did not manifest itself in life! It is not by doctrine becoming less earnest in filling itself with all the purity of God; it is only by both dogma and life, doctrine and life, becoming vitalized through and through, that they shall reach after and find another. Only when things are alive do they reach out for the fulness of their life and claim that which belongs to them.[2]

The explanation of Phillips Brooks's development, which gave him this method of attaining the highest and largest freedom possible to man, has been already shown, as we

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 114.
[2] Cf. *Ibid.* p. 181.

have traced the process of his growth from boyhood. His love for humanity included the past as well as the present. He assumed as an axiom, borne out by his knowledge of life and history, that freedom was the end of human existence, for which it was seen toiling in every age. He built upon this presumption as the corner-stone of his religious philosophy, that dogmas had not been fastened upon the church for the purpose of limiting the freedom of man, but rather for enlarging and securing it. History became unintelligible upon any other basis, and in the history of humanity his soul delighted, as bringing him at every point the confirmation of the Divine revelation. In one sense he was not a dogmatic preacher, defending in the pulpit ecclesiastical doctrines. Yet, on the other hand, the hidden motive and inspiration of many, if not most, of his sermons was some recondite aspect of dogma, into whose meaning he had penetrated, and in so doing, caught fresh confirmation of the higher possibilities in humanity. But it was his method to conceal the process in his own mind, and to make such a doctrine glow with life and beauty as to charm his hearers, till it seemed like a new truth. And there was this further peculiarity about him, that he would not discuss doctrines, as mere opinions. When that kind of talk went on he was silent. But let him gain a new glimpse of some relation between the doctrine and life, and then his whole nature would be stirred to its very depths. And it must still further be said, that he was constantly revolving these doctrines of the church in his mind. They were never absent from his consciousness at home or abroad. They constituted his mental furniture, the conditions of all his thinking. They had been drilled into him from his childhood, as had the hymns which he had learned to repeat on Sunday evenings, as a boy at home. For three years he had devoted himself to studying their deeper meaning in the theological school. For the first ten years of his ministry it had been his highest enjoyment to review the whole field of doctrines, interpreting them in terms of life, and in so doing had laid the foundation of his fame and power as a preacher.

Enough has been said to show that Phillips Brooks was not quite the man that he was assumed to be by those whose motive it was that liberty was to be attained by the negation of the historic faith. His view of progress and the method of progress, also differed from the popular conception. Progress was a great word with him, constantly on his lips, and the idea for which it stood inspired him with hope and enthusiasm. He could not separate his conviction of progress from his faith in humanity. But he felt that true progress was endangered by a tendency to regard it as an emancipation from the past. Thus, in a sermon preached before the graduating class of the Institute of Technology, in 1892, he took Progress for his theme. His text was the words of St. Paul (Phil. iii. 12), "I press on, if so be that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus:" —

There are two kinds of progress in St. Paul's life, — the one where he is represented as migrating from one situation to another, the other where, as in the text, he makes deeper entrance into the condition in which he already stands.

Now these two kinds of progress which Paul sets before us are seen in every individual life that truly completes itself, and in all the development of mankind. There is a progress of migration in which one leaves the country in which he has been living and goes forward into another; and there is a progress of occupation, where a man enters deeper and deeper into the things in which he is already involved.

It is the last of these two forms of progress that is the greatest and richest to the soul, by which a man takes deeper possession of the thing already possessing him. Our fathers migrated to this country and occupied it, but their occupation has been greater than was their migration.

It is the same in regard to truth. Sometimes a man goes on to new truth, but he never loses his hold on the great truths he has acquired. I always hold my truth, but I am forever progressing in it. It is always given more and more as I am able to receive more and more.

The real truth in the troublesome theology of these days is that God is leading the people, not away from the old truths, but down deeper into them.

It is not primarily a time of belief or unbelief, of the acceptance or rejection of the things which our fathers believed; but

it is a great time of definition, in which God is letting us see more deeply into the real meaning of those things which our fathers believed, which have held the world in ages past, and which the world will come to hold more and more strongly in the future, until it comes to see how in the heart of them — contradictory as many of the statements and applications of them have been — lie the eternal verities, the rich and blessed certainties, of how man is forever God's, and how God has striven for the possession of the children to whom He longs to give Himself.

Although he was in sympathy with what was called the "new theology," yet his motive in advocating its claims was distinctively his own, and not wholly to be identified with the position of many of his contemporaries. His reason for rejoicing in the movements of thought and the expressions of religious conviction was the implication of the larger freedom which had come to the Christian church. It had been, as we have seen in his early years, the fear that his freedom would be reduced by becoming a Christian minister, which had deterred him from committing himself to the ministry as a profession. Then had come the discovery that in reality he had enlarged his freedom as he could have done in no other way. He was free in the pulpit and in the parish and in the world to manifest himself in the rich variety of his endowment, to give expression to the whole content of his soul. More than he valued the "new theology" did he value the freedom of which it was the evidence. In this respect his own age seemed to him one of the few greatest in the world's history; and he looked forward to the future as still more glorious, because it would have the opportunity of realizing what was wrapped up in this treasure of human freedom. Because he loved and cherished freedom, he resisted the ecclesiastical moods which were urging authority as a means of repressing freedom.

But there was another side to the question, there was a danger to be encountered and to be feared. Intimations abounded that the new freedom might degenerate into laxity or indifference. Against this danger he protested with even more earnestness, if that were possible, than against the orthodoxy which assailed freedom in the opposite direction.

It is difficult to do full justice to his position, but at least the attempt must be made. He had been called a Unitarian, "in his assertion of mental freedom, in his superiority to narrow lines of sect, his wide sympathies, his more than tolerance for all sincere and earnest thought." All this was true of him. He did believe in tolerance. But he also believed that the tolerance which was grounded in indifference to dogma or rose from the ruins of its rejection was a dangerous thing. He saw that a new word needed to be spoken on the subject of tolerance. He had gone through the books on the subject, the various pleas that had been put forth in the different generations in behalf of tolerance, and none of them satisfied him, — Milton's "Areopagitica," Roger Williams's "Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience," Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," Locke's "Letter of Toleration," Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," and John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty." He determined, therefore, to bring to his age a contribution of his own, showing on what principle his own tolerance rested. In 1885 he accepted the invitation from the "Select Preachers' Syndicate," to preach before the University of Cambridge. He took for his subject "Tolerance," as that of all others upon which he most wished to speak on a representative occasion. In 1886 he enlarged his sermon into two lectures, which he delivered before the General Theological Seminary in New York, and afterwards before the Philadelphia Divinity School and the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, and then he gave his further sanction to his utterance by their publication. In its artistic form, its learning, its intellectual penetration, this small book deserves a place by the side of his Lectures on Preaching. But there came to him no chorus of plaudits on its appearance. In ecclesiastical circles the subject was unwelcome, and in the circles of "liberal" thought tolerance upon the grounds he urged seemed unmeaning and vain. Yet one may believe his conclusion is that to which the world must ultimately come.

The book on tolerance is a very personal one, for he was

vindicating his own position, his mental freedom, his superiority to narrow sectarian lines, his wide sympathies, his own tolerance for all sincere and earnest thought. He was guarding himself against "being travestied and misdescribed either by bigotry, on the one hand, or by what is called 'free thought' on the other." His tone is at times tender and pathetic. He was gentle and kind, for he had adversaries to conciliate if possible. He knew that his position was a difficult one to maintain, but he was determined to make it clear, and to enforce and recommend it by the fascination of his eloquence and his wide observation and experience of life. He took for his text, if we may call it so, a passage from the writings of Maurice, which he admits sounds like a paradox, but will come to be an axiom, — "It is the natural feeling of all, that charity is founded upon the *uncertainty* of truth. I believe that it is founded on the *certainty* of truth."

The Lectures on Tolerance are of importance as giving the latest convictions of Phillips Brooks on the questions relating to his age with which he had been concerned. In some respects there had been a change in his attitude compared with that of his earlier years, and yet of no fundamental character. But the philosophy underlying these expressions of his soul is more clear and emphatic and profound than when he first began to teach. This little treatise so abounds with striking thought and felicitous sentences that it must be read to be appreciated. A few extracts from it may serve the purpose of showing its leading motive.

There are few subjects so interesting and important which have been so inadequately treated. There is no worthy book on the subject. To write one might well be the satisfaction and honor of any man's life.

The passion for toleration in our time has much to do with the vagueness and uncertainty of belief. We must realize the intensity with which men believed things in the seventeenth century before we presume to judge their intolerance. In the way we merely try to be harmless we are like steamers in the fog, whistling that they may not run into others nor they into us. It is

safe, but commerce makes no great progress thereby, and it shows no great skill in navigation.

In his argument for tolerance he was required to meet that class of minds which have been in the habit of thinking that strong, positive conviction was incompatible with tolerance.

It would not be strange if we had all felt such a fear. It would be strange if any of us had escaped it, so studiously, so constantly, so earnestly, has the world been assured that positive faith and tolerance have no fellowship with one another. "The only foundation for tolerance," said Charles James Fox, "is a degree of skepticism."

The perfect tolerance could not come about by mere eclecticism.

Some day — this is the dream that haunts some amiable minds — some great peacemaker will pick out from every system of thought its choicest dogma and, setting them together, will build a dogmatic home where every soul will be completely satisfied, because when it looks up it will see its own chief article of faith set in a place of honor in its walls. But the result of such an effort would be a thing of shreds and patches, dropping to pieces as soon as the man who devised it was dead. It is the fatal difficulty of eclecticism, "that each man wants to make his own selection, and no man can choose for others, but only for himself."

He defined true tolerance as "the willing consent that other men should hold and express opinions with which we disagree, until they are convinced by reason that those opinions are untrue."

"Earnest discussion is a part of tolerance." "It might have all the power to put down error by force, and it would never use it. But true tolerance must be utterly impatient toward dishonesty, hypocrisy, self-conceit, or cant. There is a moral intolerance which must go with intellectual tolerance to give it vigor."

The nature of tolerance . . . is composed of two elements, both of which are necessary to its true existence, and on the harmonious and proportionate blending of which the quality of the tolerance which is the result depends. These elements are, first, positive conviction; and second, sympathy with men whose convictions differ from our own.

Phillips Brooks

True tolerance consists in the love of truth and the love of man, each brought to its perfection, and living in harmony with one another, . . . orbed and enfolded in the greater love of God. The love of truth alone grows cruel. It has no pity for man. . . . And the love of man alone grows weak. It trims and moulds and travesties the truth to suit men's whims.

The advice to give to every bigot whom you want to make a tolerant man must be not, "Hold your faith more lightly and make less of it," but, "Hold your faith more profoundly and make more of it." Get down to its first spiritual meaning; grasp its fundamental truth. So you will be glad that your brother starts from that same centre, though he strikes the same circumference at quite another point from yours.

It is true, strange as it sounds at first, that the more deeply and spiritually a man believes in fixed, endless punishment of wicked men, the more and not the less tolerant he will become of his brother who cherishes eternal hope.

Nor is the promise of the future to be found in the idea that some day one of the present forms of faith, one of the present conceptions of God and man and life, shall so overwhelmingly assert its truth that every other form of faith shall come and lay its claims before its feet and ask to be obliterated or absorbed. Truth has not anywhere been so monopolized. And no man who delights in the activity of the human mind, as the first condition of the attainment of final truth by man, can think complacently of any period short of the perfect arrival at the goal of absolute certainty with reference to all knowledge, when man shall cease to wonder and to inquire, and so pass out of the possibility of error and mistake.

The real unity of Christendom is not to be found at last in identity of organization, nor in identity of dogma. Both of those have been dreamed of and have failed. But in the unity of spiritual consecration to a common Lord . . . all souls shall be one with each other in virtue of that simple fact, in virtue of that common reaching after Christ, that common earnestness of loyalty to what they know of Him. There is the only unity that is thoroughly worthy either of God or man.

That seems to many, I know, to be dim and vague. It is a terrible and sad sign of how far our Christianity is from its perfection that now, after these centuries of its sway, the central key and secret of its power should seem dim and vague to men.

The modifications of theological belief, whose coming had been long delayed, and the expansion and development of dogmas, requiring the contributions of many thinkers, were taking shape in the decade of the eighties, as a distinct system of doctrines to which the name was given of the "new theology." For this result Phillips Brooks had been preparing the way. No one in America had done more than he to show that a change was needed, and what the nature of the change must be. From this point of view, if his Lectures on Preaching and his book on the Influence of Jesus, as well as almost every sermon he preached, were studied, it would appear that he was in sympathy with the attempt to reconstruct the foundations of religious belief. It was the one issue imparting unity and consistency to his thinking from the time that he began to preach. On this point he has spoken most plainly. In a sermon preached in 1884, and afterward published with his sanction, he says: —

> We hear much of what is called the "New Theology." Let us not quarrel about a name. In that which is generally and vaguely designated by that name I think we ought thoroughly to believe. It seems to me as if the Christian world to-day were entering upon a movement, nay, had already entered upon and gone far in a movement, which is certainly to be not less profound and full of meaning than the great Protestant Reformation of three centuries ago. The final meaning of that movement really is the nearness of the soul of God to the soul of man, and of the soul of man to God. It is the meaning of the Incarnation.[1]

In his essay on Authority and Conscience (1884), there is a similar statement: —

> We hear much to-day about the "New Theology." It is not a name, it is not a thing to fear. If man is really growing nearer to God, not farther away from God, every advancing age must have a new theology.

And again, in a sermon, preached so early as 1878, he had spoken even more strongly: —

[1] The sermon from which this extract is taken was published in *Unity Church-Door Pulpit*, Chicago, December 15, 1885.

I believe the new is better than the old. The new theology in all its great general characteristics I love with all my heart. I rejoice to preach it, as Moses must have felt his heart fill with joy as he went forth to pray for the calmer sky and the stilled thunder.

In the same sermon he took occasion to speak of some of the more special features of the new theology.[1]

Shall we take, then, at once the most prominent of all instances, the growing freedom of thought about the Bible? It is the tendency over which lecturers shout on their platforms and church councils in their council chambers. The lecturers and the church councils both recognize the fact. A fact no doubt it is. To very many Christian men to-day the Bible stands no longer surrounded by that kind of supernatural authority which establishes the truth of every statement in its pages. It has come to seem to many men what it really is, a gathering of many wonderful books from many times, — the time and authorship of some of them being doubtful, — which have been brought together because of their common character and their common bearing on one great religious process which runs through the history of man, — the revelation of the Eternal Father to mankind in Jesus Christ. Clearly enough, such knowledge of the nature of the Bible must set the mind free for a treatment of it and a study of its contents such as has not always been possible. . . . The world will never go back again to the old ideas of verbal inspiration.

It was an unusual thing for Phillips Brooks to make statements like these in the pulpit. Indeed, he avoided so carefully any allusion to current theological questions, about which opinions were at variance, that it came to be assumed by many that he had none, and some even thought he was incapable of forming theological conclusions. He had them, but he kept them out of the pulpit. In his preaching he looked at things *sub specie eternitatis*. His aversion to abstract discussion, where opinions as such were defended or criticised, his desire to get at the concrete reality of life, from whence opinions grew, and to bring all religious notions to this supreme test, was his ruling motive, which gave him his distinctive quality as a preacher. But there came excep-

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. viii. p. 341.

tional moments, when he felt the necessity of putting himself on record, that men might know where he stood on the special issues of the hour. When he made these statements about the new theology, his object was not merely to take sides in a controversy, or to rank himself in the lists. He had a more serious purpose, — to utter a warning against impending danger which threatened the issues of life. He was jealous for freedom's sake; he was consumed with zeal as he saw the tendency of the time to rest in mere notions, or to suppose that there was any advantage gained simply by changing one's opinions in theology. Thus, in his sermon on the "Mitigation of Theology" (1878), he took for his text a passage in Exodus, where Moses tells the Egyptians that he will pray for the thunder and hail to cease, but yet he knows that the cessation of fear will not bring Pharaoh and his people to the obedience of the divine will. The general character of the change taking place in theology is the subject before him. "It is a desire to escape from the severer, stricter, more formal, more exacting statements of truth and duty, and to lay hold of the gentler, more gracious, more spiritual, more indulgent representations of God, and of what He asks of man."

With this great change in the aspect of faith he confesses his deep sympathy, as the prophecy of a new and richer coming of the kingdom of the Lord of love and of life. But then comes his protest. Men are attributing a power to the mere change of thought on the nature of God which it can never possess. There is a temptation to think that the work of religion will be accomplished for the world when these new and glorious ideas shall have become supreme and universal, when the old severe theology shall have been dethroned and the truth be proclaimed that "God is love." The time has, therefore, come when some one ought to speak the words that Moses spoke to Pharaoh, — "The thunder shall cease and there shall be no more hail. But as for thee and thy servants, I know that ye will not fear the Lord." Men are in danger of attributing to the new theology that same impossible virtue which men attributed to the old the-

ology, — the virtue in itself of making men good and strong and pure.

> Against that danger I want to warn you and myself. . . . Constantly in New England, which a generation ago was full of the sternest teachings, I hear the lamentations of men who were brought up under the Puritan theology. I have grown familiar to weariness with the self-excuse of men who say, "Oh, if I had not had the terrors of the Lord so preached to me when I was a boy, if I had not been so confronted with the woes of hell and the awfulness of the judgment day, I should have been religious long ago." My friends, I think I never hear a meaner or a falser speech than that. Men may believe it when they say it, — I suppose they do, — but it is not true. It is unmanly, I think. It is throwing on their teaching and their teachers, or their fathers and their mothers, the fault which belongs to their own neglect, because they have never taken up the earnest fight with sin and sought through every obstacle for truth and God. It has the essential vice of dogmatism about it, for it claims that a different view of God would have done for them that which no view of God can do, that which must be done, under any system, any teaching, by humility and penitence and struggle and self-sacrifice. Without these, no teaching saves the soul. With these, under any teaching, the soul must find its Father.

From such a passage as this one might almost infer that the preacher's sympathy with the new theology was weak or half-hearted. But it was not. He takes up in turn the points at issue, where the arbitrary has passed into the essential, the narrow into the broad, the formal into the spiritual. He was in profoundest accord with the change at every point: —

> It is so radical that we cannot fully comprehend or state it, but it fills us with joy. It has made religion a new thing for multitudes of souls. It has swept the heavy cloud away, and let the sunlight into many a life. It has brought fertility to many a desert. And the thanksgivings of men and women who have found that their religion may be just the love of God because He has loved them, and that in that pure love of God lies their salvation, makes the song and the glory of these new years of God.

He considers briefly some of the points at issue between the theologies, and finds in them a deeper gain for the soul.

This outbreak of protest against the dreadful doctrine of endless punishment is really nothing but an utterance of the profound conviction that not by threats of punishment, however awful and however true, but by the promises of love are men to be brought into the best obedience of God.

He touches upon the question of the sacredness of the Day of Rest, the departure from the severer rules under which men lived some twenty years ago. But if these things are welcomed only because they bring freedom from constraint, there has been no gain, but rather injury. The change which has been effected, when rightly viewed, has been "from the easy to the hard, and not, as men are always choosing to think it, from the hard to the easy." The change has, indeed, been to freedom, but it is harder to live in freedom than to live as a slave. The dangers of freedom are far more subtle and far more dangerous than those from which the escape has been made. "As much deeper as this new love lies below that old terror, so much the deeper must the new watchfulness and scrupulousness go below the old."

Unless this is its effect in us, our milder conception of God's present and future dealing with the souls of men, however true it may be in itself, is a curse to us and not a blessing. Unless it does this for us, we are making the truth of God have the power of a lie. We ought to be afraid of any theology which tampers with the sacredness of duty and the awfulness of life. I would far rather be a believer in the most material notions of eternal penalty, and get out of that belief the hard and frightened solemnity and scrupulousness which it has to give, than to hold all the sweet broad truth to which God is now leading us, and have it make life seem a playtime and the world a game.[1]

This sermon, from which these extracts have been made, was a very special sermon, called forth by some special experience, some exceptional urgency of motive. But, in a sermon preached in 1884, and sanctioned for publication by himself, he takes up the same issues, going over the ground in much the same way. Once more he defends the new theology, and proclaims his adherence to it in most emphatic words. His text was the words of St. Peter, — "As free

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. viii. pp. 337 ff.

and not using your freedom for a cloak of maliciousness but as the servants of God." All the earnestness and intensity of his nature was thrown into this sermon as he discussed his theme, — the "dangers of liberty." Because he was the champion and friend of the new truth, he had the best right and the best wisdom to declare its dangers.

The fact is, the world has now become a place where it must become a great deal worse world, or a great deal better world, than it has been before. It is a familiar truth to us that men come to such places in their lives; why should not the world come to such a place in hers?

The new theology called for better men if it was to hold its own. Unless this followed there was danger of relapse into a state of things worse than had been before. In prophetic vision there could be recalled the situation in the age before the Reformation, where each successive effort at reform only seemed to set the world back, and the bondage was renewed in more bitter form. Even when Luther came, and the reform at last was accomplished, and men were set free to rejoice in their freedom, there had followed an age of decline and moral weakness which put in peril the very existence of the Protestant religion. So, too, in the age when Christ appeared and proclaimed the freedom of the children of God. If the larger liberty and freedom from outward constraint now coming to the modern world were not construed as the greater necessity for an inward self-restraint, it would have come in vain, and the world would fall back into its old leading-strings.

Freedom is thrust upon us, and we must take it whether we will or not. Happiest is he who takes it most completely and most joyfully, but also most seriously and with the deepest sense of its dangers. . . .

O generous young man rejoicing in your freedom, there is no manly way to use your freedom except this. God grant you the grace to be great enough to live in these days of freedom.

II

Those who only heard Phillips Brooks on Sundays in the pulpit of Trinity Church, especially those who heard him

only occasionally, got but an incomplete expression of the man. There was another side to his life as a parish minister. In his Wednesday evening lectures, and in his Bible class, he presented a different aspect of his teaching. The congregation of Trinity Church, those who were familiar with this part of his work, were inclined to attach to it an equal if not a higher importance than to the Sunday ministrations. The Wednesday evening lectures were not only interesting in the highest degree, but they came closer to many people than did his sermons. Here he attempted, what he seemed to avoid in the pulpit, the impartation of religious knowledge, the discussion of religious theories and theological opinions. Notwithstanding his aversion to dealing with abstractions, or mere head notions about the truth, yet, as people were embarrassed by the variety and conflict of theological opinions, or by intellectual difficulties, he made it part of his duty every year to deal with these things. It was thought and said by some that he was indifferent to the distinctive teaching of his own church, or cared but little for the Book of Common Prayer and its usages and rites. But the criticism came from those who knew only of his work on Sundays, when his sermons were addressed to the whole body of humanity, and rose above the level of religious information to the higher walks of the spiritual life. And yet for Wednesday evening lectures or for Bible class he had made the thorough preparation, whose final outcome was in the sermon, when the limitations of opinions and the empty abstractions had disappeared from his mind.

In these special ministrations he appears as doing a work which of itself alone would have been regarded as sufficient by the ordinary parish minister. His note-books bear witness to the preparation for each lecture, with what care he collated opinions and traced their relation to the realities of human life. In this way he took up the Prayer Book and its offices, giving courses of lectures in successive years on the Church Catechism, on the Ten Commandments, on the Creeds, treated article by article, on the Baptismal Office, and on the Office for Confirmation. One year he lectured upon

the "Versicles" in the Morning and Evening Prayer, and in the other offices. Another year he took up, verse by verse, the Te Deum. Studies in the life of Christ were rich and almost exhaustless in their variety. The fruits of them appeared in his sermons, or in his book on the "Influence of Jesus;" but in their form as given in the Wednesday evening lectures they have a peculiar charm of their own. As all this work was done extemporaneously, the record of it only remains in the written analyses prepared for his use, or in the notes, more or less full, made by those who were present.

For this work the preparation required must needs be thorough, for his audience was intelligent and cultured, and there were always present those who were familiar with the latest literature in Biblical criticism. Thus we find him studying Ewald and Kuenen and Wellhausen, as he treats of Old Testament history, or Keim and Hausrath, Reuss, Shürer, and other modern writers on the New Testament times. Those who heard him preach on Sunday sometimes fancied that he knew nothing of Biblical criticism, or was indifferent to it, because no mention of modern Biblical literature was made, no names referred to or cited as authorities. He did his work by a sort of intuition, it was supposed.

Perhaps he himself was at fault for this impression, in his careful removal of all traces of his work in the finished result, just as the perfect story must be so told, that no evidence of labor on the part of the narrator shall be evident. But another reason for this impression about him was that he made so prominent the positive truth that remained, after criticism had done its work, that the hearer came away impressed with this alone. And, in truth, he did so subordinate modern Biblical studies to the end of making the divine revelation stand forth more clearly, using it for this purpose alone, that he tended to become indifferent to it, as one discards the scaffolding when the structure is done. The "higher criticism" of the Bible is in danger of becoming a subject of such absorbing interest that the student is tempted to linger in it, as if it were an end in itself, and not the

means to a higher end. But what Phillips Brooks valued was the stronger witness it bore to the reality of the truth which God was imparting. He carried his own torch with him wherever he went, the conviction that God was speaking to the soul, and high above all the critical details it shone clearly, the one thing most unmistakably evident.

The question was discussed in these years in the Clericus Club and elsewhere, whether it was the duty of the clergy to give to the people the results of modern Biblical criticism, or how it should be done in order not to weaken, but, if possible, increase the people's confidence in the Bible. He had no difficulty on this point. He kept back nothing that he thought or believed, and yet so presented it as to make the old truth about the Bible seem the clearer and the stronger. We may look in upon him, in one of those Wednesday evening lectures in the chapel of Trinity Church. The date is January 7, 1880, and his subject was the Doctrine of the Bible. It was one of a course on Christian Doctrine, where other topics were the doctrines of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Work of Christ, Conversion, the Holy Spirit, the Church, and the Lord's Supper. It may be taken as a fair specimen of hundreds of similar occasions in his week-day ministry, and incidentally as a specimen of his mode of work. From these rough notes in his sermon book, the clear tenor of his way is visible: —

THE DOCTRINE OF THE BIBLE

Reasons why this doctrine comes in here. All the future doctrines are to be gathered out of the Bible, and so we must know where the Bible stands. Its close connection with the doctrine of God was shown in the last lecture. Bear that in mind as we speak. After a short recapitulation, turn to the antecedent probability of a Revelation. Not *likely* that God should leave His children unreached if He could communicate with them. Especially if they and He were moral creatures, and the experiment of their life were, as would appear, a *moral* experiment. The witness to this probability by all the religious systems and their revelations. Growing sense that revelation is *constant*, only coming to climax at certain times.

Now such a Revelation, what shall it be? Primarily to a

Person, because it is of a *Person*. Nothing but a personality can really alter a personality. No description can do it. Let me see a man's son, and know that he and his father are in true accord, and then I understand the father. So to brutes a man may tell of manhood. So to men God may declare Himself through manhood. And so the real exhibition of God must be through human life. Books may record that, but their real value is in *what they record*.

Thus Christ is the true Revelation of God, and the Bible gets its value from being the description of Christ. The *story* of a revelation, more properly than a revelation itself. And so its various parts differ with the quality of what they have to tell of. So the Revelation lies behind the Bible, and the Bible is to the Revelation like the sunshine to the sun.

Trace then the growth of the Bible; a familiar tale. Suppose some person who knew nothing of it; show how you would begin with the Gospels, the free place for critical inquiry. The *historical* Christ. The *character* of Christ. The *Divine* Christ. Then the Disciples and the Future Books from them. Then the Old Testament and its authority. The degree of Christ's sanction; the sufficiency of it. Authenticity, Authority, meaning of these words. There stands our Bible, then! Where did we get it? The saying that the Church gave it to us. The meaning of that. Only that the Church assured us that such and such books were written by such and such men. *There* lies their true value. This is seen in the clear certainty that if a new epistle of St. Paul could be identified, we would accept it, or if one of the accepted ones should be discredited, we would cast it aside.

And now, how did these writers write? The old theories of verbal and plenary inspiration. But without them look at the real state of the case. A solemn and dear person to be written about. A watching world. A deep sense of responsibility. A mind quickened by sympathy with his mind. All these together seem to make a power of accuracy and faithfulness which is all we could desire. Apply this to the Apostles. Apply to the Old Testament prophets. Add there the Jewish love for genealogy, etc. This, too, a divine ordinance. As the result of all we have a noble certainty gathering about the precious story.

Does it involve unerring accuracy? Answer, "No." Still, in the historic record there may be misstatements of detail. And in the Apostolic development there may be wrong anticipations (like the anticipation of the end of the world), but yet the picture is true. Suppose this state of things, and then suppose we had such a record of it, would it not be vastly valuable? *Enough.*

The cases of direct communication, as when the words are used, "The word of the Lord came unto me," etc. The fact certain and credible enough. The manner of conveyance.

The revisions of the Bible: modern learning on it.

Return to the idea of Christ being the true Revelation. The Bible showing Him.

This feature of Mr. Brooks's work in his capacity as a parish minister is important and might be studied at much greater length. But it was richer in its quality, and more vital in its bearings, than any summary of it would reveal. The testimony to its value from those who had the privilege of its enjoyment equals, if it does not surpass, any testimony borne to his preaching. Especially are the courses of lectures on the Catechism, on the Creed, and on the Ten Commandments recalled as glowing with the beauty and truth with which he clothed them from his wide studies and his large observation of life, and especially from his own religious experience. He made his people love and rejoice in the Prayer Book, till the vestiges of prejudice or misunderstanding, if such there were, faded away. He loved the Prayer Book as he loved the Bible. It was an integral element in his life. He believed in it as it stood, and for himself never desired improvement or change, whether by addition or omission. Its literary value was like that of the Bible, disclosing at every turn the rich, deep moods of a humanity larger than that of the individual man. He loved it as a product of the Christian ages. There were those who were annoyed at its phrases, sometimes at what seemed its dark assumptions, who could never quite be reconciled to passages in the marriage, baptismal, or burial offices. It was not that he had become callous to these things by much repetition, or recited them in a perfunctory way, attaching no meaning to them. It fell to him as the minister to large congregations to say these offices frequently, but he never said them without feeling more and more keenly their significance, or asking himself anew as to the meaning of their words. Nothing with which he came in contact could long remain conventional or meaningless. The process of his

inner life consisted in vitalizing his environment, in the church, in the Bible, or in the Book of Common Prayer. As by the methods of Biblical criticism he had entered more fully into the meaning and reality of the revelation recorded in Scripture, so by the process of historical criticism did he seek to penetrate more deeply into the moods of a common humanity as uttered in the Prayer Book. In the interpretation of the Prayer Book, as in the interpretation of the Bible, he advocated freedom. He had found this freedom for himself in the summary given in the Church catechism, where historical Christianity as presented in the creeds is condensed into the statement that we learn from them to believe in "God the Father who made me and all the world; God the Son who redeemed me and all mankind; God the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth me and all the people of God."

Evidently any statement of belief in which two men, or more than two, unite must be of sufficient simplicity and breadth freely to hold within itself these vital differences. This is the beauty and value of our Church's Creed. We all believe it, and no two thinking men hold it alike. It is as various as their various personalities with which it has entered into union.

The Church has no unwritten law, no interpretation of her creed to which her children must conform. That is a truth concerning her on which we must always insist. She has her creed in which all her children believe, and all believe differently. Thus she keeps the union of identity and variety, which all living things must have. Thus she bids each believer be a sharer in the belief of all, while at the same time he holds his own personal conviction clear. Dogmatism loses the liberty and life of personal conviction, skepticism loses the largeness of the universal faith. The Church, if she holds her creed as a creed ought to be held, is neither dogmatic nor skeptical, but keeps both the special and the universal, and makes them minister to each other. This is why she is the home of generous belief. This is why, if one may recognize how, as is the case with most epigrams of comparison, not merely the laureate's famous words but also their reverse is true: —

> "There lives more faith in honest creeds
> Believe me, than in half the doubt." [1]

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 216.

There were times in his experience when he rejoiced to rise above the monotonous plains of life, but quite as often he loved to walk them with the race, as one indistinguishable from the mass of men, sharing in the common fears and the common hopes, and loving the common language wherein they had found expression. If he seemed at times to soar almost beyond the sight of human vision, or to be standing on heights inaccessible to ordinary human aspiration, yet it also pained him to differ from the great human verdicts, the voice of the people, till it bred the suspicion that he might be wrong and must revise his individual judgment. Such was his attitude toward the offices of his own church. The only criticism he made was on the danger of a conservatism which could see nothing outside the Prayer Book. In his services at Appleton Chapel where he frequently made the extemporaneous prayer, for it was not a congregation of the Episcopal Church, he experienced the difficulty, not unfamiliar to the Episcopal clergy, when attempting to say the prayers without the book. He would sometimes begin with repeating a form of prayer, and when his memory failed him, in the nervousness of the situation, would break away into impassioned language of his own. One might gain the impression that he was hampered by the form and abandoned it for a higher liberty.

These things are mentioned here because they have their connection with his theology. It would be a waste of time to conjecture what kind of man, or of preacher, or of theologian, he would have made, if his mother had not migrated in his infancy to the Episcopal Church. He had been brought up to the Prayer Book, and the foundations of his religious life were built upon the teaching of the Church catechism. So deep had the training gone that he could not have escaped from it if he would. More than with most children, had it taken hold of his inmost being. And to it he owed his peculiar character as a theologian. When he came to years of discretion, he ratified his mother's judgment, and in his manhood rejoiced in his lot among the churches. His theology was Anglican theology in its high-

est but in its most typical form. When he went to England he made this impression upon the best judges of preaching. One reason for his popularity in England was his power to address the Anglican mind, more forcibly even than those who had never left the English soil.

One characteristic of Anglicanism was its large human inclusiveness, the importance it attached to nationalism as of more value than ecclesiastical distinctions. The Anglican church had a long national history behind it, and honored all its children who had contributed in whatever way to the greatness and the glory of the nationality. In its national sanctuaries their ashes reposed, — great warriors, great captains on sea or land, scholars and thinkers, and poets in whom England has abounded more than any other country, side by side with saints and ecclesiastics, without distinction or discrimination on the grounds of religious experience. Shakespeare and Bacon and Walter Raleigh were among her honored children no less than Hooker or George Herbert or Jeremy Taylor. In the hour of her rebirth in the Reformation it was the good fortune of the Anglican church to secure the alliance of humanism in its purer form, which Luther distrusted and Calvin rejected. She became a thoroughly Protestant church, but in a different way from that followed by Knox in Scotland or Calvin in Geneva. Through Cranmer, who was a humanist as well as a scholar and theologian, there passed into the Prayer Book a large human influence, a humanizing tendency, which could embrace all truly human efforts, and was only at war with doctrinaire schemes in the interest of some ecclesiastical theory or religious abstraction. It was on this ground that the Anglican church had rejected the papacy and mediæval religion, — they interfered with the growth and expansion of the national life. There were other grounds which might be and were urged, but this was the dominant motive of the Anglican church, which was regarded as the religious side of the one national life. Her conflict with the Puritans is the one blot on her history; but in that fearful struggle, two incompatible forces were struggling for the mastery, neither of which could coexist with the other,

and one or the other must yield. The destiny of Puritanism was a great one, but it could not be revealed in England, which had another ideal, and Puritanism was forced to go out and look for a home elsewhere. While the departure or the ejection of the Puritans was a loss to the church and the nation, yet when the struggle was over, the Anglican church was once more free to pursue her mission in building up the English nationality. There came to England, in consequence, her expansion in the eighteenth century, till she covered the globe with her colonies.

This was the church and this was the tendency to which the mother of Phillips Brooks entrusted her son when she made the change from her ancestral faith to the Episcopal Church. The boy grew up under the influence of the Evangelical party in the church, but when he became a man he entered upon his Anglican heritage. For, amidst all the changes through which the Anglican church has passed, there runs one common principle, which gives consistency and coherency to her life, the unwritten law or constitution it may be called, of genuine Anglicanism, that the pulpit shall be free, and that the Prayer Book as it is, and not as it might be or ought to be, shall be used in its integrity. All that the nation asks of the Church of England is compliance with these requisitions. She allows reasonable liberty in the use of the Prayer Book, only she insists that the Church of England shall not be made over in the interest of any ecclesiastical theory, till it resembles so closely the national churches of Italy or of France that no difference between them can be discerned. And, as to preaching, one cannot easily depart very far from the spirit of the Prayer Book, or if he do, the corrective is furnished by its constant, invariable use.

To these principles Phillips Brooks was true throughout his ministry. The Protestant Episcopal Church in America has difficulties of its own to encounter, in domesticating what seems to many an alien church in a land where Puritanism had first entered in and taken possession. There are various ways of attempting to meet these difficulties, as shown in the

various answers given in tracts with the familiar title, "Why I am a Churchman," or an "Episcopalian." No one in the history of the Episcopal Church in America ever met these difficulties with such triumphant success as did Phillips Brooks. As he impersonated it, it seemed like a native church, with its roots in the native soil, till his career was taken by sanguine souls as a type and pledge of its future.

The influence of his own church must then be recognized as one of the formative elements in the theology of Phillips Brooks. Year after year, during his long ministry, he gave himself to the study of the life of Christ, and the study bred admiration and imitation. In the fall of every year he began his contemplation of the coming of Christ, and its larger aspects for the world. As the ecclesiastical year went on, he came to the renewed study of every incident in the life of Christ, and in every Passion Week for thirty years he took up day by day the events which culminated in the Cross and the Resurrection. Thus the conviction of the Incarnation of God in Christ became his leading motive, and the ground principle of his theology and of his life.

The Incarnation meant to him that God and man had met together in the person of Christ, — the fulness of God and the complete perfection of humanity. But not only his ecclesiastical position, his whole experience, his natural constitution, his ancestral life, prepared the way for this consummation. His interest in the human race, his love for humanity, came to him by direct inheritance on the one side of his family descent. In an age when the trend of thought and fashion was toward the love and the study of nature, he kept his hold on humanity as higher and richer, more important, than the love of nature. He loved life simply as living, and his interest in man surpassed his interest in beautiful scenery. He loved the city more than the country, and did not feel that he was really living to advantage when away from the haunts of men. He loved the outer world as the environment of his race. From that point of view it assumed its significance, not in itself alone. The laws of nature were inferior to the laws of human life. No study of

nature's handiwork, however marvellous and beautiful, could for a moment compete in interest with the study of man. Once, at the Brunswick Hotel in Boston, when he was calling upon friends, some one spoke of the green fields and beauties of nature. He rose and looked out of the window over nothing but roofs and chimney tops and said, "Oh, no! not nature, but this beautiful view. Give me this, for these chimney tops even, stand for life, for humanity, and that is what attracts me, and makes life worth the living." He found his chief repose and solace, when travelling, in the works of man, in all the forms of human art. Literature, as the revelation of man and of human life, friends, little children, society at its best, the communion with great men in biography, where the range of his reading was wide, — these were the sources from whence he drew strength and inspiration. Through all he kept his deep sense of the family life, and the freshness of the great child nature which was in him, so that he was held in perpetual joy and in living wonder and admiration. This was his preparation for the religious conviction that in Christ humanity had come to its perfection.

Humanity, and all that contact with humanity which we call life, becomes our teacher of religion — life as the manifold interpreter of God, as the first awakener of those powers which any specific commandment must direct, as the first suggestion of those questions to which any particular revelation must give answer. Life, personally conceived as the pressure of the universal humanity on the individual human nature, must always have its place as the greatest and broadest approach of God to man. This found its perfection in the Incarnation. Through the divine humanity of Jesus, God was manifest in the flesh, and therefore all that Jesus taught and ever teaches, whether by word or action, is the consummation and fulfillment of that presentation of Himself which God is ever making through humanity to man.[1] . . . And the great teachers of religion who have done the most Christlike work have always been those whose personality has been most complete, and who have been in truest human relation to the souls they taught. Parents, friends, pastors, have been

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 210.

the truest teachers of religion. The work of scientific theologians has come to practical effectiveness through them.[1]

This was one side of his inheritance. On the other there came down to him, what was even deeper and stronger, the God consciousness, with which this love of humanity must be conjoined and reconciled. The concentrated force of the Puritanism of many generations, which made God supreme, till it seemed as though no place were left for man, — that tendency in his being to assert the priority of God was like fire coursing through his veins with an ever-accumulating momentum. He found the solution for what might have been a dualism which would have paralyzed his energies, in the incarnation of God in Christ. In one of his Philadelphia sermons (1864), on the "Eternal Humanity," he gave to this conviction a theological expression: —

> I hold, then, that the Incarnation was God's commentary on that verse in Genesis, "In the image of God made He man." Yes, from the beginning there had been a second person in the Trinity, — a Christ whose nature included the man-type. In due time this man-type was copied and incorporated in the special exhibition of a race. There it degenerated and went off into sin. And then the Christ, who had been forever what He was, came and brought the pattern and set it down beside the degenerate copy, and wrought men's hearts to shame and penitence when they saw the everlasting type of what they had been meant to be walking among the miserable shows of what they were.

Over the mystery of the Incarnation Phillips Brooks was perpetually brooding, till it became to him what the doctrine of the "Divine Sovereignty" had been to his Puritan ancestors. He struggled with all the forms of literary art in order to seize an expression of it in his sermons, adequate to convey the fulness of the reality, as he grasped it, to his hearers. But the words seemed weak and powerless in comparison with what he saw. "Oh, to preach a great sermon on the Incarnation!" is the aspiration recorded in one of his sermon note-books. No one can do for him what, from his

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 209, 210.

own high standard, he felt that he had failed to do for himself. If we turn his living attitudes of faith into the formulas of theology, we only lose by the process. But some remarks must be hazarded on the subject lest a worse injustice be done.

He looked upon Christ's mission to the world as intrinsically different, and different in kind, from the missions of all the other great teachers of the race. He held that the difference consisted in this, that other teachers had manifested the truth of God, but it was the mission of Christ to manifest God Himself. Christ, he believed, was conscious of this difference, and had expressed it most emphatically in the parable of the vineyard, where he compared those who had gone before him to servants sent by God; when servant after servant had been sent, at last God sent His Son.[1] He maintained that the truth of the divinity of Jesus did not hang on a few texts of Scripture, but that it shone through all His thought about Himself and broke forth in every description of the work he had to do.[2] Here is an extract from a manuscript sermon, written in 1882, and delivered for the last time in 1892.

Christ is the Word of God. It is not in certain texts written in the New Testament, valuable as they are; it is not in certain words which Jesus spoke, vast as is their preciousness; it is in the Word which Jesus *is* that the great manifestation of God is made. I read the words and ponder them, but most of all I look at Jesus and try to understand His life, when I want to know the fullest truth regarding God. And when thus I look at Him, what do I learn? First of all, the true divinity of Christ Himself. I cannot doubt what is His own conception of His own personality. Through everything He does, through everything He says, there shines the quiet, intense radiance of conscious Godhood. Again, I say, it is not a word or two which He utters, though He does say things which make known His self-consciousness, but it is a certain sense of originalness, of being, as it were, behind the processes of things, and one with the real source of things, — this is what has impressed mankind in Jesus, and been the real power of their often puzzled but never aban-

[1] Cf. St. Matthew xxi. 32 ff.

[2] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vii. pp. 328, 329.

doned faith in His Divinity. He has appeared to men, in some way, as He appears to us to-day, to be not merely the *channel* but the *fountain* of Love and Wisdom and Power, of Pity and Inspiration and Hope.

There is one aspect of the Incarnation upon which Phillips Brooks often dwelt, — its naturalness, its essential harmony with the ordering of human life in this world. This was the message to his soul as he first stood in the sacred places on the earth's surface where Christ had lived. It was not necessary to deny His divinity in order to give him the human prerogatives, nor to overlook his humanity in order to see and feel the divine. Upon this thought he enlarges in the following extract from the manuscript sermon above referred to.

The wonderful thing about this sense of Divinity as it appears in Jesus is its naturalness, the absence of surprise or of any feeling of violence. We might have said beforehand, if we had been told that God was coming into a man's life, — we might have said, "That must be something very terrible and awful. That certainly must rend and tear the life to which God comes. At least it will separate it and make it unnatural and strange. God fills a bush with His glory, and it burns. God enters into the great mountain, and it rocks with earthquake. When He comes to occupy a man, He must distract the humanity which He occupies into some unhuman shape." Instead of that, this new life, into which God comes, seems to be the most quietly, naturally human life that was ever seen upon the earth. It glides into its place like sunlight. It seems to make it evident that God and man are essentially so near together, that the meeting of their natures in the life of a God-man is not strange. So always does Christ deal with His own nature, accepting His Divinity as you and I accept our humanity, and letting it shine out through the envelope with which it has most subtly and mysteriously mingled, as the soul is mingled with and shines out through the body.

It was said of the late Mr. Gladstone that when he was asked what was the foundation of his faith and hope, he replied, "The doctrine of the Divinity of Christ." That would not have been quite the answer of Phillips Brooks. With him it was not a doctrine concerning Christ, but Christ Himself: —

This is what I see about God when I look at Christ. It is God that I see there. Not a doctrine about Him, but it is He, the light of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Metaphysical speculations as they have gone on in the schools about the person of Christ had no interest for him. They seemed not only unprofitable and vain, but in their detachment from reality they belittled and degraded the great theme. Yet there was one of these questions which became to him a living and fruitful thought: —

I cannot read the story, I cannot know the Person of the Divine Christ without becoming aware of two things. There is a Life behind Him, and a Life before Him, — a life on which He rests, and a life in which He issues. It is no lonely existence which suggests itself as He walks among men. At any moment He turns aside upon a mountain top and communes with a Being which is like Himself. As He draws near the end of His peculiar work, and looks forth into the years which are to come, He sees a divine life, like His life, going on, finishing his work. He feels the Father from whom He came, the Spirit who is to come when He is gone.

In ways like this, undogmatic in form, did Phillips Brooks often express himself in regard to the threefold name of God, — the doctrine of the Trinity. Its prominence in Anglican theology and in the Book of Common Prayer forced him to its deeper consideration. He loved the truth for which it stood with what he himself has called the "love of the mind for God." It differed from other truths, in that it could not be primarily reached by the action of the individual mind, but was rather a heritage from the past, the result of the thought and experience of the ages, of many confluent influences converging at last to a focus. Because it summed up the convictions of what seemed to him humanity acting at its best and highest, he received it and gloried in it. As Trinity Sunday came round, with each revolution of the Christian Year, it found him ready and eager to speak. Trinity Sunday was to him the high intellectual festival of the Christian church, and, as on Thanksgiving Day, he came up to it bringing the richest tribute he could offer. Others complained sometimes that they found

difficulty in writing sermons for Trinity Sunday, but he answered that he did not; there was always some new aspect of the subject, which he had not yet presented. People were constantly coming to him for explanation of what they did not understand, and out of these conversations were the hints often derived, which proved the themes for sermons. These Trinity Sunday sermons, of which there are a large number, would make a most important contribution toward the popular elucidation of the great Christian mystery. He would not condescend, he often said, to "defend the doctrine." He made it clear that his object in treating the subject was to explain it. He gloried in the doctrine because of the richness of the idea of God which it involved. In his own words it "palpitated with life."

> If a man does believe in the doctrine of the Trinity, he ought to rejoice and glory in his faith as the enrichment of his life. It is the entrance to a land where all life lives at its fullest, where Nature opens her most lavish bounty.[1]

In an essay which he wrote on the "new theism" in 1886, and read before the Clericus Club, he criticized two recent books in theology, Mr. John Fiske's "Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge;" and Mr. Francis Ellingwood Abbott's "Scientific Theism." This essay has a personal interest of its own, in showing his capacity for subtle theological discrimination. It was rare for him to turn aside from his work to an effort like this, but in doing so he exhibits the hand of a master, while yet it is done with such ease and natural grace as to indicate that he was at home in the field of theological speculation. That he had followed the course of theistic thought in other writers is apparent, but he chose these two books mentioned because they illustrated what he wished to say. He remarks on them both, that while they proclaim the immanence of creative power, "they draw back from an assertion of the personality of God, and steady themselves by vigorous railings against anthropomorphism."

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 228; ii. p. 380; and vii. p. 318, for Trinity Sunday sermons.

The valuable element in these two books, as he points out, is that they come bringing with them the fruits of a long wandering in the wilderness of agnosticism; they have gained the sense of the liveness of the universe. The doctrine of the divine personality needs, from time to time, to be bathed in the truth of universal life, lest it become too hard and dry. This is the significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, which both these writers overlook or reject.

The doctrine of the Trinity is a protest against the hard, tight personalness of the conception of God which thinks of Him as a big individual, with definite limits to His nature, and almost to a visible frame in which He lives. The doctrine of the Trinity is an attempt to give richness, variety, mystery. internal relation, abundance, and freedom to the ideas of God.[1]

Here lies the significance of the Incarnation, in the history of theistic thought, that it brings the divine idea out of its distance into our human life.

The Incarnation brought into union with God's supremacy the sacredness of man. There may be a yet unreached though often anticipated theism which shall bring into union with God's supremacy the liveness of the world.

He fears that this "new theism," in the minds of many who hold it, is nothing but the old pantheism; yet it is significant that those who teach it are eager to assert that it is not pantheism.

Surely we Christians ought to understand how one feels who sees pantheism close at hand and yet draws back from it and will not be a pantheist. For the New Testament is always just on the brink of pantheism, and is only saved from it by the intense personality of Jesus and His overwhelming injunction of responsibility. Surely He gives us reason to believe that there is a real possibility of holding both together, the personality of God and the divine life in the universe.

The representatives of the "new theism" refuse the aid of anthropomorphism, because it has often been false and crude. He feels the force of the protest, but the remedy

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 157.

lies in a truer conception of the nature of man from whence to rise to the nature of God.

The man which is made in the image of God is manhood. Not this man or that man, save as he is an utterance of the universal manhood. Not this man or that man, with his partialness and fixed simplicity, but the universal manhood, with its multitudinousness, its self-related and various internal life, its movement and ever-opening vitality, its oneness yet its multitude, its multitude within its oneness — that is the man which was made in God's image and by whose study the image of God may dimly open again upon the soul. We create first an artificial simplicity for our individual life, and we assert that only in such an individuality as that is there a real personality. The first enlargement of such a narrow conception as that is in the necessity of conceiving of the personality of man. The next is in the even deeper necessity of conceiving of the personality of God. The new theism finds itself face to face with that necessity. It hesitates about the possibility of solving the difficulty and reaching the conception which yet it sees that it cannot do without. The religion of the New Testament stands ready with its clear utterance of that divine personality long known and realized. As it offers to the new theism the definiteness and positiveness of its Christ, may it not hope to receive again from it something of the largeness and breadth which the very definiteness of its Christhood is always in danger of losing? In the search for the "Infinite Personality," may not the old theism give to the new its vividness of personal beliefs, and may not the new theism give to the old its realization of Infinity?[1]

After these words of Phillips Brooks, the charge which has been made against his teaching, that it was pantheistic in its tendency, is hardly worth mentioning. When a man says with all the force he can command that he believes in a personal God, possessing conscious intelligence and will, that such a deity is distinct from his creation, whether of outward nature or of humanity, however He may indwell within them, it would seem to dispose finally of such an objection. It should be remembered that the accusation of pantheism was the ground on which Jesus was condemned by the Jews, — to their minds he was confusing humanity with God, and guilty, therefore, of blasphemy, in calling

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 159.

himself the Son of God. It has been the standing objection against the doctrine of the Incarnation that it was pantheistic in its tendency. The cry of the Arians and the semi-Arians against the doctrine of Athanasius and the Nicene creed was pantheism, the confusion of God with the creation. Pantheism was the sin of the Christian church in the mind of Mohammed, and on this ground the doctrine of the Trinity was rejected. We may dismiss the charge then, as unreal, as indicative of a tendency on the part of those who make it to revert to pre-Christian ideas of Deity, uninfluenced by the doctrine of the Incarnation. These are the striking words with which Phillips Brooks concludes his essay on Theism: —

> The thing which this great inflow of nature, half moralized and half personalized, needs is to attain a complete morality by which alone can come a complete personality. That the religion of the ages has to give. Its continual assertion of God as the source of duty must give substantial clearness to this universe, which thus far seems in the new theism almost to reel and tremble with the intoxication of its immanent Deity. The word of David must be the story of what is to come: "He commanded, and it stood fast." When that has come, may we not look to see the great idea of God made no less clear and yet truly infinite? May we not look to see a Christ in whom the whole need of all the living world shall find its satisfaction? May we not look to see a Church which shall truly express the meeting of the whole of manhood with the whole of God, and the perfect satisfaction of the human and the divine?

In an age when the miracle was far gone in discredit among thoughtful minds which had come under the influence of science, Phillips Brooks kept his faith in it as an integral element in the personality of Jesus. While others were rejoicing in the universal "reign of law" revealed by science, he was rejoicing in the prospect of the higher reign of humanity, of which the miracle was the pledge. It was natural, he thought, and inevitable, that the miracle should be associated with the Incarnation, wherein the highest triumph of humanity was exhibited. Thus, in a sermon for the second Sunday in Advent, he says: —

There are two things about the whole history of the Advent of Christ which will be constantly presented to our thoughts during the next few weeks. One is its *miraculousness*, and the other is its *quietness*. He came girt round with wonders, and He came so gently, so unnoticed save by the few who clustered nearest to His life, that the great surface of the world's existence was hardly rippled by the wonderful touch that had fallen upon it. Of the first of these characteristics of the Advent, — its miraculousness, — we are sure that the credibility will be more clear to us if we have really felt how vast was the importance and how great was the necessity of the event. If ever miracle might be let loose out of the rigid hand of law, when should it be but now, when the King of all the laws is coming in His personality? If there are angels, now certainly is the time for them to appear. If the stars can ever have a message and lead men, now is the time when their ministry can plead its strongest warrant. If ever the thin veil between the natural and the supernatural may break asunder, it must be now, when the supernatural power enters into earthly life and God is present among the sons of men. To any one who believes in the possibility of miracle at all, and who knows what the meaning of the Incarnation is, the wonder would be if it had no miraculous accompaniment. The breakage through the ordinary laws of nature's life seems natural and fitting, as when a king passes through a city we expect to hear trumpets and cannon replace the common sounds of trade and domestic life, which are all that its streets commonly echo. But then along with the miraculousness comes an impressive quietness. Quiet even to homeliness will be the simple scenery on which the supernatural light is thrown. The village inn, the carpenters' household, the groups of peasants, — all is as simple as the story of a peasant's childhood. With wonderful power, but with wonderful stillness, — no noise, no tumult. Surely such a description falls in with the spiritual intention of the event. It is a spiritual miracle, and the miracles of spiritual life are always as still as they are powerful, as powerful as they are still. So the whole nature of the Advent was written in the historical circumstances that were grouped around the great historic fact.[1]

To this view of the miracle he adhered. If anything could have shaken his belief, it would have been that men whom he respected should differ from him. But he saw clearly enough that those who differed came to the subject from the

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vii. p. 24.

point of view of nature and her laws. He came to it from the study and the preference of humanity. He differed from Paley and the whole Paleyan school of evidence-writers, in maintaining that the miracle was not primarily to be regarded as an evidence of divine revelation, but as the resultant of revelation. When thus regarded, it came in the end to be evidence that revelation must have been given. But the revelation as in Christ took the precedence. In his notes for his Bible-class studies in 1887, on the Creed, he writes direction for himself as he comes to the miraculous incidents in the life of Christ: "Now take up the story with the miraculous element in it fully accepted." And again, in his course of lectures to his Bible class in 1889, he went more thoroughly into the subject, analyzing and classifying the miracles with criticism interspersed as to their value. He remarks that "there is a difference between belief in the miraculous and belief in each particular miracle." He protests against the modern tendency in those who accept the miracle to get rid of seeming difficulties by referring to it as the working of unknown law: "But we must not, we do not want to, get rid of personal power and presence which is the soul of the whole."

As we study the writings of Phillips Brooks, in order to fix his position in accordance with conventional theological tests, we are baffled by the universality of his mind. His religious inclusiveness comprehended other ages as well as his own. He valued the dogmatic utterances of synods protesting against errors, and yet also detected the affirmations of truth contained in half utterances by those condemned as heretics. He was in sympathy with the great stream of tendency in the Christian ages. But he saw more clearly than did those engaged in controversy the truth involved on either side. The chief value of his work is in giving expression to the vast range of Christian instincts, those which have, and those which have not found expression in religious formulas. The religious mind and heart of the world lay open before him. If he proclaimed the sacredness of human

nature manifested in its divine possibilities, he did not lose sight of the fact of human sinfulness and its power to frustrate the divine purpose. It would be untrue to say of him that he dwelt on one more than the other. They were so connected in his mind that he could not separate them. At times he so presented the fact of sin that its evil and wrong seemed solely to consist in injury done to the sacredness of the human soul: —

> Only when men have dared to think of themselves sublimely, as possible reflections of the life of God upon earth, only then does sin become essentially and forever horrible.

This mode of appeal was effective in an age when the thought of God and of His will had grown weak in many minds. But on the other hand, and with increasing fervency after the transition had set in which was turning the world again toward God, did he urge obedience to the will of God as the highest ideal of man, and in disobedience point to the source of all the sin, its evil and its degradation.

> The fulfilment of the good involves the destruction of the bad. Make anything in the world complete and perfect after its true nature, and you must, therefore, drive out whatever there is of falsehood and positive corruption in it. That statement does not deny the fact nor change the character of sin. God forbid! I have no patience with the foolish talk which would make sin nothing but imperfection, and would preach that man needs nothing but to have his deficiencies supplied, to have his native goodness educated and brought out, in order to be all that God would have him be. The horrible incompetency of that doctrine must be manifest enough to any man who knows his own heart, or who listens to the tumult of wickedness which rises up from all the dark places of the earth.
>
> Sin is a dreadful, positive, malignant thing. What the world in its worst part needs is not to be developed, but to be destroyed. Any other talk about it is shallow and mischievous folly. The only question is about the best method and means of destruction. Let the sharp surgeon's knife do its terrible work, let it cut deep and separate as well and thoroughly as it can, the false from the true, the corrupt from the uncorrupt; it can never dissect away the very principle of corruption which is in the substance of the blood itself. Nothing but a new rein-

forcement of health can accomplish that. There is the whole story. Tear your sins away. Starve your tumultuous passions. Resist temptations. Aye, if you will, punish yourself with stripes for your iniquities. Cry out to yourself and to your brethren, with every voice that you can raise, "Cease to do evil;" but all the time, down below, as the deepest cry of your life, let there be this other, "Learn to do well." If you can indeed grow vigorously brave and true and pure, then cowardice and falsehood and licentiousness must perish in you. O wondrous silent slaughter of our enemies! O wondrous casting out of fear as love grows perfect! O death to sin, which comes by the new birth to righteousness! O destruction, which is but the utterance of fulfilment on the other side! O everlasting assurance, that evil has of right no place in the world; and that if good would only lift itself up to its completeness, it might claim the whole world and all of manhood for itself![1]

To the theological question of endless punishment, Phillips Brooks had given earnest thought since the time when he read Maurice's "Theological Essays," in the Virginia Seminary. He followed the revolution of opinion as it went on before his eyes, and the argument which accompanied it. He felt that the neglect of the doctrine of God's fatherhood underlay the issue involved in punishment for sin. But on the whole it must be said that he refused to dogmatize on the subject. He was chiefly concerned with implanting "the conviction of the essentialness of punishment, as distinct from the arbitrariness of punishment; that is, the misery which follows and accompanies sin is bound up in the very nature of the sin itself." If one had gained that conviction there was no further difficulty with the question. He wrote an essay in 1884, after his return from India, begun while he was in India, where he takes up this subject in order to illustrate his theme, "The healthy conditions for a change of faith:"[2]—

Many people find fault with changes of opinion because they go too far. Is it not quite as often the trouble with them that they do not go far enough? They stop in the criticism or denial

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 217.
[2] *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 218 ff.

of some special doctrine. They do not go on to some height where they can see more of God, where they can see God anew. To take again the same illustration which we have been using, the thinker who has come to believe that no man shall necessarily suffer everlasting punishment has altered one view of one doctrine. But he who has come to the sight of the essentialness of all God's working, so that thereafter, like a new sunlight, it saturates all his thoughts, has come to a new and fuller faith. And it is only in seeking and reaching a new and fuller faith that the alteration of one view of one doctrine is healthily made.

It became him to speak much and often on the subject of the forgiveness of sin. He eschewed the whole business of priestly intervention and penitential systems. Nor did he speak the Evangelical shibboleths. Here are two of his most characteristic utterances: —

> The true sign of forgiveness is not some mysterious signal waved from the sky. . . . The soul full of responsive love to Christ, and ready, longing, hungry to serve Him, is its own sign of forgiveness.
>
> In all the places that are before us we shall either be delivered by Christ or be conquerors in Christ. . . . What does it matter which? Nay, is not the last way the best way?

His tendency was to dwell on the active side of the Christian life, the positive overcoming of sin and evil, rather than on the attainment of an assurance of forgiveness, which might end in the assurance and yield no fruit and inspire no future. But he never did despite to the Evangelical mood or to its deeper utterance. He believed that the death of Christ upon the cross was in some mysterious organic way connected with the forgiveness of sin.

> The death of Christ has saved the world. The death of Christ! Not merely His character and teaching; for historically, from the very first, the violent death of Jesus has had a prominence in religious influence which [illegible] not allow us, even as faithful students of history, to leave it out of view when we speak of the great formative power of modern human life. Always and everywhere the Christ whom Christianity has followed has been a Christ who died. The picture it has always held up has been the picture of a cross. The creed it has always held, however it might vary as to the precise effect of His death, has always

made the fact of His death vital and cardinal. The Jesus who has drawn all men unto Him has been one who based His power upon this condition, "I, if I be lifted up." [1]

In referring to that theory of the Atonement which makes its efficacy consist in appeasing the wrath of God, he is cautious lest he should go beyond what is written: —

You say that it appeased God's wrath. I am not sure but that there may be some meaning of those words which does include the truth which they try to express; but in the natural sense which men gather from out of their ordinary human uses, I do not believe that they are true. Nay, I believe that they are dreadfully untrue. I think all such words try to tell what no man knows.[2]

Elsewhere, speaking on this same subject he remarks: "There is no principle involved in the Atonement that is not included in its essence in the most sacred relations between man and man." [3] Here is one out of many illustrations of his power so to penetrate the heart of a dogma as to make it seem like living truth to which assent is instinctive: —

Wherein lay the power of the life and death of Jesus? What was the atonement He accomplished? Did the change which He wrought come in God or man? But we have seen how man's disobedience inevitably made a change in God, — not to destroy His love, but to set His loving nature into hostility to the soul that would not do His will. And if the life and death of Jesus breaks down in penitence, as we know it does, the self-will of man, and makes him once more gratefully, loyally obedient, what then? The change in God must follow. Not the restoration of a love that was withheld, but the free utterance for help and culture of a love that has never been held back, but which has, by the man's false position, been compelled to work against him. The wind is blowing all the time. The man is walking against it, and it buffets him and is his enemy. You turn the man round and set him walking with the wind. The wind blows on just as before. But now it is the man's friend. The wind has not changed, and yet, with the man's change, how completely the wind has changed for him.[4]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vii. p. 256. (1867.)
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. vii. p. 258.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 40. (1881.)
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 312. (1886.)

It must be said further of Phillips Brooks that in his presentation of the Atonement he reflected the attitude and spirit of the Anglican Church, with whose formularies he was in full sympathy. The charge made against him in his lifetime and after his death that he neglected or denied the sacrificial aspect of the work of Christ came from those who identify the fact of an Atonement with some theory of Atonement, Anselmic, or Grotian, or other, where the identification is so tense and rooted that it is found impossible to make the distinction. The same objection is raised from the same source against the Apostles' or Nicene creeds that they pass over in silence the Atonement. It would be truer to say that they offer no speculative theory of the significance of the death of Christ, while yet they give the fact of the death the most prominent position. This was Phillips Brooks's attitude. He would not narrow or pervert the mysterious and infinite significance of the fact of an atonement by any theory. He wrote no sermon or treatise, there is no sermon in his printed volumes, whose object is to maintain some new theory or defend an old one. But those who listened to his preaching from Sunday to Sunday never missed anything so vital in Christian experience as this, — the omission of the Atonement of Christ in reconciling the world to God and God to the world. An eminent theologian said of him that the doctrine was implied in every sermon. The subject is an important one, and will be alluded to again in a later chapter.[1]

III

Those who compared the preaching of Phillips Brooks in the earlier and the later periods of his life were aware of

[1] Phillips Brooks came as near perhaps to offering a theory of the Atonement as was possible for one with his conception of it, in the third lecture of his book on the *Influence of Jesus*, where he maintains that not in the physical suffering in and of itself, but in the submission of Christ to the will of God, of which the suffering was an inevitable accompaniment, lay the mysterious potency of the sacrifice of Christ. But this is only one of the aspects of a subject, concerning which there are many hints of other aspects scattered throughout his sermons. Cf. *ante*, pp. 230, 231.

some change which it was not easy to define. His powers seemed to have expanded, the effect produced was greater; he was listened to with a feeling of added solemnity and even of awe as he roused the slumbering spiritual faculties into the consciousness of a divine capacity, into enthusiasm for the highest things. Every limitation to his freedom, if there had been such, was removed. He went here and there on innumerable errands, and of every sort and description, from mothers' meetings to the gatherings of little children, the various associations of young men, the universities and colleges within his reach, denominational meetings of every name, anniversaries of institutions, ordinations and solemnities of every kind. Wherever he went he seemed to carry the same message, yet adapted to times and seasons, till it became the special message of God for the moment. He lifted all smaller occasions into the universal relationship, and the greatest he reduced to the simplest motives. He had attained the consummation of that freedom and simplicity which had been the ideal of his youth.

To account for the change in his attitude which all who heard him felt, yet could not describe, will not be attempted here. Many forces conspired to produce a mysterious inward revolution, or, to use again his own prophetic words of himself as he contemplated his year's absence from his work, "The gap is to be so great that the future will certainly be something different from the past." But while we may not attempt to explain the transition in his life, yet there are circumstances in his development important to note, and about which there can be no uncertainty.

We have seen from his correspondence how Phillips Brooks, when in Germany, had been reading Lotze with a feeling of grateful surprise. What "Ecce Homo" had been to him in earlier years Lotze was to his later years. To both he came prepared by his own previous work. In his philosophy of life and of religion he had been anticipating what Lotze could teach him. He had felt deep dissatisfaction with the abstract theories of prevailing systems of philosophy, a certain scorn for the one-sided intellectualism of

his age, whether in philosophy or theology. The speculative reason had seemed to him inadequate for the expression of the rich fulness of the contents of the soul or for the deductions from human history. In these convictions his study of Lotze confirmed him, giving him the strength and confidence which a man standing alone must eagerly welcome. There was no break in his experience, only the continuation in bolder fashion of the principles which had hitherto given him freedom and power of utterance.

These principles may be read in his sermons or occasional essays or addresses. He affirms with unhesitating confidence as the axiom of his procedure that the reality is larger than philosophy can represent it, and the Christian life than any system of theology. Convinced of the emptiness of terms and of abstract notions, he turns away from them to the fulness of the individual life, or the life of the race recorded in history, with renewed and ever increasing interest in the examples of life to be found about him. There is another organ of knowledge than the dry light of the pure intellect; and the truth attainable by this other organ of knowledge is objective and real, even though no appeal can be made to the theoretical reason in its defence. In this means of knowledge the intellect is not inactive, but is fused in organic unity with the conscience and the affections of the believing soul. In order to know the things of Christ there must be purity of heart, the submission of the will, and what is known as the illumination given by the Holy Spirit.

Hence he discarded theological gymnastics as having no value, but as illustrated in the experience of the New England people injurious to the interests of the spiritual life. He rejected the distinction between the theology of the intellect and the theology of the feelings as having no basis in actuality; or if one must choose between them the preference should be given to the theology of the heart. Religion must be simplified by bringing into prominence its fundamental truths, — that all men are the children of God in virtue of creation; that the moral life is the expression of the divine will; that the phenomena of the world's order are

incidents in the kingdom of God. The appeal for the defence of these primary convictions must be taken to an immediate inner experience, attesting the truths of religion directly, independently of logic, so that faith becomes the organ of spiritual knowledge, as the eyes of the body receive impressions from the visible world. In both cases alike the result is an objective actuality, valid and real.

With these convictions came the freedom to disregard the materialism of science, the skepticism of shallow culture, the disquieting results of philosophical and historical criticism. No exact science can penetrate the value of realities in the spiritual world. The aspirations of the human heart, the contents of the feelings and desires, the aims of art and poetry, must be studied in order to give religious tenets any meaning of value. The "watchwords of easy currency" in theology are of little avail without the devoted search in that experience of life, from whence they had drawn whatever value they had once or might still express.

But in this process we must note the absence of anything like a negative tendency which led him to pick and choose, or to reject as unworthy, any of the contributions of past ages in the church to the sum of religious knowledge. Beneath theological formulas, he assumed that originally heart and conscience had been at work in organic fusion with the thinking mind. Even though the results might not be final, in the sense of attaining the ultimate absolute expression of the content of life, yet they were approximately true and constituted lines of advance which must not be withdrawn. In some cases, notably in the doctrines of the Incarnation and of the Triune distinctions in the nature of Godhead, he rested with a sense of security that no future progress in religious thought could possibly shake or destroy.

Such were the deeper presuppositions, the underlying motives, of the preaching of Phillips Brooks. He attempted no exposition or defence of his method in the pulpit, but simply applied it with triumphant success. It might have been feared that this application of religion in its simplicity would have proved jejune and monotonous in the pulpit. But, on

the contrary, life seemed to grow richer and its contents more varied and full of meaning as he carried the conviction into every department of human thought and experience that every man was actually the child of God. Under the influence of this conviction he was stimulated into deeper interest and solicitude as he brooded in contemplation over the stupendous drama of life. His natural endowment in the imaginative faculty, seen from his earliest years, which gave him the capacity for entering into all human interests, continued to grow in range and intensity, finding its opportunity in the wide reading of the experience of other ages no less than in the remarks of casual conversation. He subjected himself to the best minds, but with no undue subjection, enriching himself also by the best examples, finding inspiration everywhere in life, but above all in the life of Christ as the Son of God, and therefore the revelation of the Father's will.

The evidence of a change in the later attitude of Phillips Brooks may be seen by comparing some of his later with the earlier writings. The change, it is apparent, is mainly one of emphasis, and yet it is accompanied with a certain modification of statement. We take, for example, his lectures on the Teaching of Religion, delivered at Yale in 1879. He had then given the initiative to the intellect, which, in turn, acts upon the feelings or emotions, and the feelings, when thus aroused, act upon the will. The intellectual aspects of truth are compared to "a clear glass held squarely between God and man;" and the function of "feeling is to furnish the middle term" between the knowing intellect and the conscience. While he admits that this is not the highest or most direct way of attaining the religious life, yet he recognizes it as legitimate and practical, and seeks to illustrate and enforce it. But in one of his latest essays, with a similar title, "The Teachableness of Religion," written in 1892, he discards this concession to the lower method, and boldly proclaims what he then considered impossible for many, the approach to religion by the unified totality of all the human powers.

Religion must be imparted to the total man. The total man is something more than the sum of his parts. No definition of religion satisfies us except that which declares that it is the completeness of the life of man. We are always taking man apart and treating him in fragments. Every highest consideration of him insists upon the restoration of his unity. He has a quality in his entire life which no examination of his partial qualities can account for. This is the first fact concerning the nature of religion, which must always dominate the method of its teaching. It belongs to the whole man in his unity. It is a possession, a condition, a quality of the total undivided human life.

The invitation, "Come to Jesus," is the exact utterance of the great Teacher of religion describing what the disciple is to do. It describes a complete experience, in which are enfolded the communication of knowledge, the imposition of commandments, the awakening of affections, but which is greater than the sum of all these, as the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts.

Let us sum up, then, what we have said about the general method of the teaching of religion. It comes directly from the soul of God laid immediately upon and pressing itself into the soul of every one of His children. It is the gift of the total nature of God to the total nature of man. Therefore it can utter itself only through the total human life, which is personal life. And it is by the primary personal relationship, and by the great universal personality of man, and by the Son of God who is also the son of man, and by the Church which is the anticipated fulfilment of humanity, by these, as media, that the Eternal Father, who at the same time is always giving Himself most of all immediately, bestows Himself on man.[1]

But there is another tendency to be noted in his later representative utterances. He inclines to identify the total man in his unity with the will. He places the stress upon the will, as if in itself it carried the harmony of all the powers. He had always magnified obedience as the highest virtue, but he speaks at last as though the will were the essence of life whether in God or man. It begins to be more evident that he had himself been going through an inward revolution, and must therefore be ranked with those who had uttered their protest in history against the tendency to give too exalted prominence to the human intellect. He was

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 215; also *ibid.* pp. 2–6; 34–60.

in sympathy with Duns Scotus, in the Middle Ages, who made assault on the intellectualism of Thomas Aquinas, and prepared the way for the decline of scholasticism in theology. In his own age he was in sympathy with Schopenhauer, who had renounced with scorn the Hegelian principle which makes the absolute idea or reason the basis of the universe. He, too, was inclined to regard the world as the manifestation of will. But he reversed the interpretation of the "will to live," and gave it a positive purpose, till the "will to live" becomes the expression for the highest philosophy of human life, which is true alike for God and for man. In all this he was translating and interpreting his own history, — a hungry, voracious will ranging the world for the bread of life. In a sermon preached at Harvard University before the graduating class of 1884, when he was urging the importance of "character in transmitting truth and turning it into power," he thus spoke: —

> The first secret of all effective and happy living is in a true reverence for the mystery and greatness of your human nature, for the things which you and your brethren are, in simply being men. But surely among all the faculties which this mysterious human nature has, none is more interesting, none more thoroughly deserves our study and our admiration, than this, that it is able to carry over learning into life and to be a mediator between thought and action.
>
> If we ask what it is in human character that constitutes this faculty, we cannot hesitate to give the answer. It is the Will, that central constituent of character always. There can be no character without will. Fill a man with every kind of knowledge, let him understand the sky and the earth and the sea, let him know all that history and all that metaphysics can tell him, that does not make him character. Those things may all lie in his mind as the apples lie in the basket. Not till a will, a choice, a distinct preference for one thing over another, a distinct approval of this and disapproval of that comes in, not until then has the man any true character; not until then do the knowledges become faculties and unite into a man. Character having its virtue and its value in will, this is the critical power which stands between learning and life, and sends the one through in power on to the other.
>
> Hence it is that the really powerful thing, the only really pow-

erful thing in the world of man, is and always has been felt to be character. Men of little character, men of little will, may accumulate material. It lies in great dead mass until the man of character comes and turns it into force. Everywhere Truth has lain helpless till character has come to concentrate it and hurl it as power upon life.

The characteristic word with Phillips Brooks henceforth was "obedience" as the correlative of "will." He defined the essence of God as will. He complained of the "new theism" that it overlooked the will in God, and he announced as the word for the future, "He *commanded* and it stood fast." In a sermon entitled the "Knowledge of God," preached in 1886,[1] he went so far as almost to identify knowledge with will, till all life seems to resolve itself into will. In the last sermon that he wrote, written not for his own parish immediately, but for the students of Harvard University, he took up the word "obedience" and glorified it as the word of life: —

He [Christ] seems to gather up his fullest declaration of this vital connection of man with God and call it in one mighty word *obedience*. You must *obey* God, and so live by Him. How words degrade themselves! . . . This great word "obedience" has grown base and hard and servile. Men dread the thought of it as a disgrace. They refuse to obey, as if they were thereby asserting their dignity. In reality they are asserting their own weakness. He who obeys nothing receives nothing. Rather let us glorify obedience. It is not slavery but mastery. He who obeys is *master* of the master whom he serves. He has his hands in the very depth of his Lord's treasures. When God says to His people, Do this and live, He is not making a bargain; He is declaring a necessary truth, He is pronouncing a necessity. He who does my will possesses *Me*. For my will is the broad avenue to the deepest chambers of my life. . . . "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." So speaks the infinite God to the obedient Child. . . . Obedience means mastery and wealth. Therefore let us glorify obedience, which is light and life, and dread disobedience, which is darkness and death.[2]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. pp. 280 ff.

[2] Cf. *The William Belden Noble Lectures*, 1898, p. 21, where this passage is cited.

This was the root difficulty with Agnosticism, that it separated the intellectual faculty from the will which is the essence of character, and as mere intellect went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

When Christ says, "The Father knoweth me," that means God has a *will* for every act of mine. What, then, can "I know the Father" mean except, "In every act of mine, I do the Father's *will*"? *Obedience becomes the organ and utterance*, nay *becomes the substance and reality of knowledge* on the side of Him who is aware that in this more special sense God knows Him. . . . God cannot know anything in pure passivity. He always wants something to be done about the thing He knows. Every knowledge of God involves and issues in a *will*. . . . Oh, how we separate our knowing and our obeying powers, our mental and our moral natures, as if they could be separated, as if either of them could live without the other.[1]

It is difficult to classify Phillips Brooks in his theological attitude because he is unlike any theologian with whom we may compare him. In giving the prominence to the will in Deity and in humanity he resembles Calvin and Augustine, — a possible inheritance, also, from his Puritan descent. But on the other hand he was emancipated from every trace of the doctrine of election, whether ecclesiastical or individual, whether through the church by baptism, or by the action of special grace in conversion. In the prominence which he gave in his preaching to the conviction that all men are the children of God, by creation and by redemption, he departs from the teaching of Calvin and Augustine; going back to the earlier theology, which in its comprehensiveness regarded all humanity as the body of Christ; refusing to reduce the body of Christ to the "Catholic" Church, however defined, as involving a limitation which neutralized the power of the Incarnation. But again, he was not in sympathy with what seemed to him the exaggerated intellectualism of the age of creeds and councils in the ancient church, while yet he accepted the results which had been reached. He dwelt more upon the obedience of Christ as the evidence of His divine nature. It had been the

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. pp. 290, 295.

objection to the divinity of Christ, the standing objection in every age of the church, that He professed obedience to the Father's will; and obedience, it was assumed as an axiom, implied inferiority, — he who obeys is inferior to him who is obeyed. For this reason, certain passages of Scripture speaking of Christ's obedience to the Father had been greatly neglected, if not discredited, by those maintaining the coequality of the Son with the Father. But these were the favorite texts with Phillips Brooks. He reversed the argument and rested upon the presupposition that perfect obedience means perfect equality. Had he cared to formulate his theology into a system this would have been one of his leading motives in maintaining the divinity of Christ. The point cannot be expanded here, but it has a profound significance.

> God's will and Christ's obedience. Here there is the perfect mutualness, the absolute understanding and harmony, of the Father and the Son. . . . In the words of completed obedience the mutual knowledge of Father and Son is perfect, and being blends with being. . . . Father and Son have come close to one another. In mutual knowledge, in harmony of will and obedience, they are absolutely one. Of no act that the strong, gentle hands can do can we say anything but this, that Father and Son together do it, making one power, working one result. . . . It is the Father and the Son. It is God in Christ. It is Christ filled with God.[1]

This importance attached to the will, as if it held the intellect in solution, explains some characteristics of Phillips Brooks otherwise unintelligible to an age which gave the supremacy to the intellect. Thus he admitted the existence of the devil, treating the subject with seriousness, not merely for rhetorical purposes, when others amused themselves with writing the autobiography of a being who was defunct. It gave urgency and point in the resistance to evil to regard temptation as not wholly a subjective mood or passing sentiment, but as instigated by a being who was personal, who could be fought and overcome. It made the battle of life more real and tangible to regard it as a conflict of wills.[2]

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 291. (1886.)

[2] Cf. *Ibid.* vol. vi. for a sermon on the Mystery of Iniquity: also, *The Spiritual*

This same tendency to magnify life as will showed itself in another form. He did not like to think of an empty space in which the world was swinging; his nature abhorred a vacuum, and to people space with life, with spirits good or evil, did not seem to him irrational. In one of his sermons, on the Battle of Life, preached in 1885, he laments that the belief has faded away "in a universe all full of unseen forces." It has not faded away because of its unreasonableness, but because men have made this unseen world a field for witchcraft and magic obnoxious to the moral sense.

> When men can get rid of the paraphernalia of ghost stories and the false supernatural which brings its double harm, degrading the souls that believe in it and hardening into blank materialism the souls whom its absurdities or enormities drive into disbelief . . . I do believe that we shall see a great restoral of healthy belief in spiritual presences.[1]

In the last experience of Phillips Brooks there emerges a peculiar type of mysticism, springing out of the consciousness of oneness between the divine and the human will. It is a mysticism wherein there is no sensuousness of emotion, no luxury of sentimental feeling, as in forms arising from other sources, whose tendency is to degenerate into emptiness. And yet there is no sense of union so close as that springing from the harmony of will with will. In comparison with it intellectual sympathy is weak, or the sentiment of a common emotion. In this consciousness of oneness of will, there is, also, the possibility of infinite tenderness, of an adoring love surpassing human comprehension. Here are some of the passages where Phillips Brooks describes the experience of his later years: —

> Many of the noblest souls have always felt, what they could not entirely describe even to themselves, such a mysterious union between their personal life and the deep spirit which works in all things, that they have known that the unit of their existence and

Man, an English volume of his sermons, for a sermon on the Temptation of Christ.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi. p. 79. See, also, vol. viii. for a sermon on Unseen Spiritual Helpers, in which the same thought is presented from a different point of view.

their action was not the simple personality which in the tightest and most literal sense they called themselves, but was something more and greater. Just as the Body is not the Man, but the Body with the Soul flowing through it and filling it, so — such has been the thought of many of the greatest natures, the thought of which we have all caught sight in some moment of our lives — I am not merely this compact and single group of powers, pervaded with this consciousness of personality; I am all this, kept in communion with the heart of all things, fed by the spirit of the universal life.

Translate this floating, mystical persuasion into the terms of Religion, and it becomes the conviction that God and man are so near together, so belong to one another, that not a man by himself, but a man and God, is the true unit of being and power. The human will in such sympathetic submission to the divine will that the divine will may flow into it and fill it, yet never destroying its individuality; I so working under God, so working with God, that when the result stands forth I dare not claim it for my personal achievement; my thought filled with the thought of One who I know is different from me while He is unspeakably close to me, as the western sky to-night will be filled with the sunset. Are not these consciousnesses of which all souls that have ever been truly religious have sometimes been aware? "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," wrote the Apostles to the brethren at Antioch. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," wrote Paul to the Galatians. Who has not felt it? It was God and I, making one unit of power, that conquered my great temptation, that did my hard work, that solved my problem, that bore my disappointment. Let me not say that it was God alone. That makes me a machine, and responsibility floats off like a cloud. Let me not say that it was I alone. That robs the work of depth and breadth and height, and limits it to what I know of my poor faculty. No! It was this active unity of God and me, His nature filling my nature with its power through my submissive will. It is not something unnatural. It is most natural. I do not truly realize myself until I become joined with, filled with Him.

This is the religious thought of character. I could not preach to you of character, of human selfhood and its great function, as I have preached to you to-day, and not carry it as high and deep as this. Men call it mystical and transcendental; they say it all sounds dreamlike to the great majority of men. I confess that objection weighs with me less and less. A thousand things seem dreamlike to the great majority of men which by and by

are going to be known as the great moving powers of the world.[1]

The work of Phillips Brooks as a theologian was to render the formula in terms of life. To apply the reverse method, and reduce again his thought and its expression to the categories of traditional opinion, does injustice to his attitude. Yet the foregoing study of his theology will not have been in vain if it serves to make his position more intelligible when judged by conventional standards. Let one final word from him close the discussion. He is speaking of the supreme test to which all changes in religious thought must come: —

> Every change of religious thought ought to justify itself by a deepened and extended morality. . . . The manifestations of devoutness are variable and mistakable. The manifestations of moral life are in comparison with them invariable and clear. About my being humble and full of faith any man may be mistaken. About my being honest and pure it is far less possible to err. Therefore it is a blessed thing for all religions that the standards of morality stand clearly facing it and saying, "Can you do this? Can you make men brave instead of cowardly, kind instead of cruel, true instead of false?" For every new form of religious thinking it is a blessed thing that, full of its first fresh enthusiasm, it is compelled to pass along the road where the old solemn judges sit who have judged all the ages, the judges before whose searching gaze many an ardent young opinion has withered away and known its worthlessness, the judges who ask of every comer the same unchanging question, "Can you make men better men?" No conceit of spirituality or wisdom must make any new opinion think it can escape that test. He who leaves the plain road where the great judges sit, and thinks that he can get around behind them and come into the road again beyond where they are sitting, is sure to fall into some slough of subtlety and to be seen of men no more.[2]

[1] From Baccalaureate Sermon, Class of 1884, Harvard University. For similar utterances, cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 208, 378.

[2] Cf. in *Essays and Addresses*, p. 230. See, also, the *Theology of Phillips Brooks*, by Leighton Parks, Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston (1894), for a valuable discussion of Dr. Brooks's theology, with references and citations; and "Phillips Brooks as a Theologian," by Rev. John Fox, in the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, July, 1895.

CHAPTER XVII

1884–1885

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS. VISIT TO WASHINGTON. THE OLD HOUSE AT NORTH ANDOVER. THEATRE GOING. SISTERHOODS. THE NEWTON CONTROVERSY. MISSIONS. LATIN SCHOOL ADDRESS. VISIT TO ENGLAND. DEGREE OF D. D. CONFERRED BY OXFORD UNIVERSITY. SERMON AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK

In the robing-room of Trinity Church is a window given by Phillips Brooks in 1884, a thank offering to his people for their generous kindness, and representing also an epoch in his career. The window has a further interest in being his own conception, worked out under his supervision. This is a description which reveals something of its significance: —

ΕΦΦΑΘΑ.

[Be opened.]

The picture is that of Jesus and the man of Galilee "that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech." At the left stands Jesus, his arm stretched out that his fingers may touch the lips of the man who has been brought to him. Around stand the Apostles and friends of the afflicted man, while in the background one sees the sail of a ship upon the Sea of Galilee.

Above are representations of three angels holding a scroll with the words

εἰς ἃ ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἄγγελοι παρακύψαι,

["Which things the angels desire to look into."]

At the bottom of the window two small pictures represent the Baptism and the Supper of our Lord: on the left the Baptism, — John upon the bank pouring the water upon the head of his Master, who stands in the stream; while above, the dove is descending from the heavens; on the right, The Lord's Supper, — Jesus breaking bread at the table with His disciples, and St. John leaning upon His shoulder.[1]

[1] Cf. *An Historical and Descriptive Account of Trinity Church, with a Guide to its Windows and Paintings.* By A. H. Chester, Cambridge. 1888.

Of this window, which meant vastly more to him than he ever confessed in words, he wrote to a friend who admired it: —

I am glad you like the little window in the robing-room, because it was my own thought entirely and one in which I took the deepest interest. The makers did their work just as I wanted them to, and the result has already given me great satisfaction and inspiration. I hope that it will help a long line of the future Rectors of Trinity to speak with free and wise tongues.

The Coopers and the McVickars spent the last week in January at the Rectory; after the happy days were over Mr. Brooks wrote Mr. Cooper, sending him a gift: —

February 12, 1884.

May it remind you of him who tenderly remembers your visit as one of the bright spots in his dark pilgrimage. I missed you awfully after you had gone. The house seemed empty, and I wandered up and down the stairs looking behind all the doors to find my jovial friends. But by and by I found they were not there, and so I dried my tears and went to work. I had a pleasant visit with John at Springfield. Then I went up to Willie Newton's, and he sleigh-rided me and talked to me about the Inter-ecclesiastical Church Congress, and showed off his children, and was as nice and sentimental as possible. Then I went over to Williamstown in the snow, and saw Mark Hopkins, and preached to the boys, and wished I could stay longer, and came home.

Since then we have lost Wendell Phillips, and all the town has been debating whether he was the noblest or the basest man that ever lived, and we discriminating souls have decided that he was a mixture of the two.

On the appearance, after a long delay, of the "Life of Frederick Dennison Maurice," he writes to his brother Arthur: —

March 21, 1884.

I have got the advance sheets of Maurice's Life, which Scribners sent me, and am enjoying them immensely. He was the strangest, moodiest creature, but with such a genuine intellect and such a true love for his race and time. . . . Isn't it sad that we shan't see dear little Clarkson [late Bishop of Nebraska] any more in this world?

To a letter from Rev. C. A. L. Richards, asking in re-

gard to a current report that Mr. Brooks had surrendered his faith in the miracle, he wrote: —

Boston, March 22, 1884.

What a curious question! No, I have not "surrendered the miraculous element in the New Testament," nor do I "believe Jesus the natural son of Joseph and Mary," nor do I "think Stopford Brooke needlessly withdrew from the Church of England," and points like these. Who on earth can be the man who cares to know what I think about these things?

He is recalled at this time as once entering his study, where friends were waiting for him, throwing his hat across the room indignantly, and refusing to talk. It appeared that he had just come from a conversation on the street with a clergyman of another denomination, who quietly assumed that he did not believe the creeds he was in the habit of reciting. He had broken out in moral wrath against the man and against his assumption, asking him if he realized the meaning of what he was saying. To a clergyman who had published a statement to the effect that Mr. Brooks no longer believed in the tenets of his creed, he wrote an emphatic letter, saying plainly that the statement was untrue. This difficulty which he encountered might afford opportunity for a curious psychological study. People wanted him to believe as they did. It shook their faith in their own position if it were shown that he did not. Hence they assumed the agreement. They were unwilling to accept his denials. They apologized for him on the ground that he could not know himself on such points. If he were a consistent logical thinker, he would see that he did not believe what he thought he did.

When Easter had been kept, he went to New York for the visit previously arranged with his brother and thence to Washington. Just as he was leaving New York, he wrote to Boston, commending to his assistant at Trinity a case of need: —

New York, April 19, 1884.

Will you go and see a colored man named —— who is in the City Hospital, Boston? It is a bad case. The man shot himself some six weeks ago, in consequence of some fraudulent pro-

ceedings in which he had been caught, and now he is in a wretched state. He will probably die, — or, if he lives, will be a helpless creature. He is half paralyzed, and at times he is more or less out of his head. I wish that you would see him, for when I left him he was very desolate. Do comfort the poor soul, and set him right if you can.

A round of festivities awaited him in Washington. Lunches and dinners, at which distinguished men were invited to meet him, filled up the days. Among his hosts were Senator Bayard and the historian Bancroft. He met Senators Hoar, Dawes, Pendleton, Tucker, and Wade Hampton; Judges of the Supreme Court Gray, Field, Harlan and Matthews. At a dinner given in his honor by Mr. Bancroft, he met, among others, General Sheridan and President Arthur. He called upon the President at the White House, and the President returned his call. He took the occasion while in Washington to revisit the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, and "grew very sentimental about old times." Leaving Washington, he returned to New York; from there he went to a missionary meeting at Troy, where he spoke, returning to Boston by way of Springfield, where a reception was given him by his brother.

In Pennsylvania the name of Phillips Brooks had been mentioned as a candidate for the bishopric in case Bishop Stevens should ask for assistance. He writes on the subject to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, May 18, 1884.

Dear Arthur, — I thank you for your kind note, on which I have been pondering since it came. It is a funny feeling to be brought face to face with the question whether one would be a Bishop if he were elected. But when I ask myself the question, I become quite sure that I would not. First, I feel confident that I do not want it, and second, I am sure that I am not made for it. And in the case of Pennsylvania, if there should come an election there, they have so good a man in McVickar that there is no need of looking farther, and it would be wrong to distract attention from him to anybody else. . . . Let him be Bishop, and if anybody asks anything about me, tell them you believe — as I now assure you is the case — I would not accept it if I were chosen.

An incident occurred in the spring which gave him great pleasure, — the invitation to stand as sponsor for the oldest son of the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, then Vicar of Kensington, afterward Bishop of Tasmania. Mr. Montgomery's wife was a daughter of Archdeacon Farrar. To his infant godson, Harold Robert Montgomery, he writes this letter: —

Boston, June 9, 1884.

My dear little Godson, — I sent you by express to-day a little package, which, when it arrives, I beg you to open and to keep its contents as a token of the love and remembrance of your far-away Godfather. I hope that you will find it useful for a while, and by and by when you outgrow it, I shall be very glad if it still serves to remind you that there is Somebody away off here whom you belong to, and who cares about you very much indeed. Your Father and Mother have shown me the great confidence and kindness of asking me to be your Sponsor. They will tell you one of these days how they and I first met. But I am afraid that I myself will have to tell you the whole story of how good they were to a wanderer who had strayed across the ocean. I should have been very deeply interested in their child even if they had not made such a sacred tie between us. As it is, nothing can happen to you for which I shall not deeply care. May you grow very strong at once, and after a while very wise, and never fail to be very happy, and be always very good. Next year I shall be a few days in England, and then we will see each other's face. And some day I shall have the chance to show you this country, which I want you to grow up liking very much, and thinking only next best to your own. I am so glad that you are born now, for I think that you are going to have the best and most interesting time to live in that anybody has ever had. You must be very good to be worthy of it. But just at present you must give your whole mind and time to growing very big and strong.

May God give you His best blessings alway.

Affectionately your Godfather, Phillips Brooks.

He had an attack of lameness in May, which shut him up in the house as a cripple for several days. Otherwise his health seemed to be good. He went out to Commencement at Harvard as usual, "going faithfully through the whole programme," and pleased with the Φ B K oration by Professor Jebb, of Oxford.

We all went out to Class Day evening, and the yard was exceedingly beautiful. Then Bishop Harris was here and preached the Ordination Sermon at Cambridge, and preached for me at Trinity yesterday morning. He 's a fine fellow. . . .

Had he gone to England in the summer, he would have acted as representative of Harvard University at the three hundredth year celebration at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. But the summer was spent at home, part of it at Sharon Springs, N. Y., of which he writes: —

What a pretty, quiet place it is, — a place for children to run wild, and for old folks to sleep. Even Dr. S—— was not half so ugly last night as I expected him to be about —— and Father X—— did not stand to his ritualistic colors worth a cent.

He speaks of attending the services in the Episcopal Church, but they were not wholly to his taste: "I sat in a pew at both services and enjoyed my mind." Here is a specimen of his analysis of character, in which his letters abound: —

Sharon Springs, N. Y., July 9, 1884.

Thank you for letting me see the remarkable epistle in which our friend pours forth his soul. It is a strange being. I doubt if he himself has any idea where sincerity ends and insincerity begins. And with this fulsome and unreal part of him there are mixed up such good qualities, so much energy and kindliness and desire to be useful, that it seems a perpetual pity that he should not be a great deal better than he is. He is a curious study of the way in which one's weakest and strongest qualities not merely lie side by side, but also are twisted in with one another, and get each other's strength and weakness.

Altogether the summer rather dragged. "What a dreadful time summer is! I long for Lent and its labor, or Christmas and its carolling, in contrast with this loungy, hot, dissipated life." One event, however, did interest him deeply; he had come into possession of the old homestead at North Andover. He felt for the first time the sensation of being an owner of land, and was impressed with the circumstance that he should have fallen heir to the home of his ancestors. It gave him a new sense of dignity to walk over his lands and contemplate them as his own. He magnified

to its full importance this consciousness of possession, and yet played with it as if he had been presented with a new toy. It was his pleasure, from this time, to represent himself as spending his summers at North Andover, and carrying on there extensive farming operations. Many improvements within and without the house made things more comfortable and attractive. A study was fitted up with its large fireplace, where he was surrounded by the portraits of his ancestors, — a so-called study, for he spent but little time there; he could not get accustomed to living in a country town, and when he was there he sighed for the city and the ways of men. But he did his best to win himself to the enjoyment of his property. The old corn barn he made over into a playhouse for the children of his older brother. A stove was put into it where the children could play at cooking, and where he was to go and take tea with them. A study table was also provided, for it was assumed that he would spend there much of his time. With his own hands he lined almost every inch of the wall surfaces with pictures in both its stories, for anything in the shape of a picture pleased him, and even cheap woodcuts were better than nothing. In the midst of the changes and improvements he writes, "How I wish we had taken hold of it and made these changes ten years ago, while Father and Mother and the Aunts could have got the enjoyment of them."

With the exception of a few weeks at Sharon Springs he was in his place at Trinity Church for the summer, preaching on Sundays, visiting the sick and the poor during the week, anxious that they should not feel forsaken. The care of the mission chapel of Trinity, then situated on Charles Street, had for a time been assumed by him. It was one of the anecdotes told of Mr. Brooks that in urging upon Rev. Reuben Kidner to come to Boston and take up this work, he mentioned as an inducement the crowded congregations which awaited him in this wayside chapel; this had been his own experience on the Sunday evenings when he had preached there. Plans were now talked of for enlarging the work under Mr. Kidner's direction, and of building a larger

HOUSE AT NORTH ANDOVER, EXTERIOR

chapel in some better situation. He speaks of his interest in the mission in a letter to Miss Derby: —

BOSTON, July 26, 1884.

I am very glad indeed to hear you speak as you do of the new chapel work. I have great hopes of it, and that first evening seemed to me to be full of promise. I mean to try to be of more use there next winter than I have been of late years.

Along with your note came that of Mr. N——, suggesting so kindly that some overworked clergyman should come and enjoy Campobello for a while at his house. It is very good of him indeed. I am not able to claim that I am overworked, and yet I was much tempted to suggest myself. But I must look about and see if there is not somebody that needs it more. If you see me arriving in the character of an exhausted and destitute minister, you must not expose me. But I am afraid that I must stay at home and look after Trinity, for we have just met with a sad mishap. Our suit with reference to the small triangle in front of Trinity Church has gone against us, and either a very large amount of money must be raised to purchase it or it must be built upon, and a big tenement house must stand right up before our front door. But this will all come out right somehow and the new West-End chapel also will get built some day.

In the fall, political issues were causing great excitement throughout the country. The nomination of Mr. Blaine for the presidency caused widespread dissatisfaction in the Republican party, giving rise to what was known as the "Mugwump" movement, by whose aid the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland, was elected, — the first Democratic President in a period of twenty-five years. While Mr. Brooks did not vote for Mr. Blaine, yet he positively refused to join in the revolt from the Republican party.

The Church Congress met at Detroit in October, where he read his paper on "Authority and Conscience."[1] He accepted an invitation to deliver lectures in the following year at the General Theological Seminary in New York, and fastened at once on the subject of Tolerance, which had long been in his mind, as needing some new and stronger exposition: "I propose to give its history, and discriminate it from its counterfeits and anticipate its future."

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*; see, also, *ante*, p. 488.

The proposed visit of Archdeacon Farrar to this country was hailed by Mr. Brooks with delight. He charged himself in advance with the duty of making preparation for it, offering suggestions as to how the time shall be most profitably employed: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 3, 1884.

My dear Dr. Farrar, — This is a joy indeed! Henceforth I will not cease to hope for any good thing which I want very much, for I shall be sure that some changing year will bring it in some most unexpected way, as it has brought your promise of a visit to America. Already I look at our Boston streets with jealous eyes, and hope that you will like them; and last night, when I went to hear your countryman, Dr. Gosse, lecture at the Lowell Institute, I was thinking all the time how much I wished that it was you already in possession of the platform, where we shall see you by and by.

I care little what you do in New York. Boston is the centre and the Hub. First, you and your friend who comes with you will make my bachelor house your home when you are here, won't you? It is only a wayside hut, where I live quite alone, but there shall be the heartiest of welcomes and liberty to do the thing which you like best. Will you not tell your companion what pleasure it will give me if he with you will come to me for all your Boston visit? And then when you are here, would it be pleasant to you if an audience should gather for your Bampton Lectures made up of the students of all the Divinity schools of various churches, — Episcopal, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, and Universalist, — together with the clergy of all of those denominations? Such an audience would delight to hear you, and you could do them vast good. There would certainly be the wish to make an acknowledgment of several hundred dollars for the trouble you would take.

As to the Lowell Institute, Mr. Lowell would, I know, be overjoyed to know that you would lecture for him, if — and that brings me to the one point of difficulty about it all — you can make your visit *late enough* to let him give you an audience. The trouble is that everything is dead here almost until the first of November. September is an almost useless month to be here. Society, schools, lectures, are almost hopeless. Our Divinity schools and colleges begin about the first of October. The nearer a course of lectures can be brought to the first of December the better it succeeds. I am anxious, therefore, that your visit here shall be as late as possible. If you can write to me at what

time you can come, making it as late as you can manage it, and will let me know that some such arrangement as I have suggested would be agreeable to you, I will see at once that the arrangements of it are set in train. I am so glad that you are coming! You do not know how true and deep is the regard which hosts of people here have for you, or how much good your visit will do to us all, or how much I want to see you in this dear old town! You are to preach your first sermon in my church. I wish with all my heart that Mr. Montgomery would also come with you. Is it impossible? I thank you for your kind words about my little visit for next summer. I am afraid it will be very short, and I am to be so much in the power of my friends with whom I travel, a whole family of them, that I must not hope to accept your kind invitation to be your guest in London. I must call a hotel my home, but you will let me come in upon you as I used to do, and sit sometimes among your children at your table. I have promised to preach at Cambridge on the first Sunday in June, and when Jowett wrote to me about Oxford I told him of this plan and said that if there were no impropriety in accepting both invitations, I would come there on the last Sunday in May. What sort of sermons ought these to be? I have heard nothing further from Dr. Jowett.

I wish that you were here to-night! But it is very much to know that you are coming. With the kindest regard to Mrs. Farrar and to all your family,

I am ever faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell he writes, speaking of his recent book, "In War Time:"—

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, December 20, 1884.

MY DEAR WEIR, — Just after I had finished "In War Time" there came in the copy of it which you, in your kind thoughtfulness, had sent to me. I should have sent a line anyway to say how much I had enjoyed the story, but now I must also tell you how very much I value the copy of it which you have given me yourself. I have not had enough to do with great people to have ceased to feel a thrill at an author's gift of his own book. An author, the man who can wave his wand and summon all these people and make them behave themselves like folks for four hundred pages, is a mystery and a marvel to me. And to have him open the door to me with his own wonderful hands is a surprise and delight.

And then the book comes from a dear old friend, which is far more. It is full of the dear old times. The very smell of Ger-

mantown is delightful, and I cannot be mistaken in thinking that here and there I have a reminiscence of people I have known with you. And the people whom I have not known you have, and I feel as if I knew them through you.

I thank you, my dear Weir, for writing it and for sending it to me. I take it for a Christmas present, and send back swarms of Christmas wishes for you and yours. God bless you, merry gentleman! Ever affectionately yours,

P. B.

To Lady Frances Baillie he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 25, 1884.

Dear Lady Frances, — Before I go to church this Christmas morning I want to send you a word of greeting, which I wish that you could get to-day, but oh! for those three thousand miles of sea! At any rate you will know that I thought about you on this best morning of the year, and sent out this bit of a letter from the midst of our snowdrifts to tell you of my kind and grateful remembrance.

I should not be ashamed to have you see how our New England Christmas looks, — such sunshine and such spotless snow, fresh fallen during last night; and a tingling, clear, cold air which makes everybody who goes by under the windows go springing, as if they were so full of Christmas joy that they could not walk soberly.

And so we are in the depths of another winter, full of work and full of all sorts of interesting experiences. It must be a dreadful thing to live after life has ceased to be interesting, and when folks have become tiresome. Every now and then somebody comes in on us from your great land to make variety for us, and to remind us how alike and how unlike the mother country and the daughter country are. We have seen many pleasant Englishmen and Englishwomen here this autumn. Whenever they come I feel the old pleasure rise up in my heart, and I want to be among you for a while in June. Well, I am coming in June.

Now I must go to church. May all best blessings of the Christmas and the New Year's come to you and yours. Ever, dear Lady Frances,

Yours most sincerely, Phillips Brooks.

It was not often that Phillips Brooks had the opportunity to go to church as one of the congregation, and listen to the preaching of others. Here is a picture of him in the old

church on Tremont Street, sitting in the familiar pew where he had grown up from boyhood. He writes, December 26, 1884: —

The Bishop had us all to talk to the other day in old St. Paul's, and I sat alone in Pew No. 60, and heard him, and used Mother's old Prayer Book in the service.

1885.

The following letters were written to a lady who had thoughts of entering a sisterhood in order that her life might be under "rule" and subject to a "spiritual director." The tone of the remonstrance is urgent, for on this subject the feeling of Phillips Brooks was as deep as Luther's when he broke with asceticism, or of the English reformers when they sanctioned the abolition of the monasteries: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 3, 1885.

My dear Miss ——, Is there not very great danger that, in seeking to lose the worst part of yourself, its anxiety and oppression, you may lose the best which God has given you in the submission of your life to rule and machinery? I cannot help telling you once more how sad is the mistake which I feel sure that you would make if you gave way to the impulse which has taken possession of your mind.

But may not this one thing have weight with you, the duty which you owe to your present work? Can you desert the souls which look to you for help? Can you give up your school-teaching into which God has allowed you to carry so much of life-giving power? Can you abandon your class in which you have gathered so many young hearts, all growing earnest under your inspiration? I do not see how it is possible. If ever God marked out one of his servants for a certain kind of work and showed His purpose for her by the blessing which He gave to her labors, He would surely seem to have done it for you. Can you disregard all this and give yourself up to a system in which you certainly do not thoroughly believe, and by your embracing of which you would assuredly seem to disown the method of the healthy, human, and spontaneous work in which you have accomplished so much.

I need not tell you that you can make no change in your work which will change in the least degree my faith in your singleness of purpose and devotion to Christ. But, my dear friend, for

your own sake, and the Church's sake, and the sake of the souls which you are training, may I not beg you to continue the work for which I have so often thanked God?

May He give you His light abundantly.

Your sincere friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, January 8, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS ——, I am more glad than I can tell you. I do joyfully and solemnly thank God for your decision. Now may your whole life realize more and more in ever increasing usefulness and happiness that it is God whom you have followed, and that in His rich world is the place where He will give Himself to you most richly.

May He bless you, my dear friend, always.

Faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It may have been partly in consequence of his deep, constitutional repugnance for anything savoring in the least degree of the monastic tendency that he sympathized with movements whose object was to give women a greater opportunity in the world of action. He felt the significance of the juncture in the circumstances of the time begetting the two alternatives, one of which would send them to semi-monastic seclusion, as in the Middle Ages, and the other throw open to them spheres of influence which had hitherto been closed. In his experience of evils to be reformed in municipal life, he felt that women could take an important place which could not so well be filled by men. He gave his sympathy to those who were laboring to this end.

Among the changes in clerical life which Mr. Brooks deplored as reducing the richness of his environment was the transfer of the Rev. William R. Huntington from his long rectorship of All Saints' Church, Worcester, to the rectorship of Grace Church, New York. His desire to keep his friends about him led to the suspicion that he even put obstacles in the way of their removal, when there was danger of their getting beyond his range. While there was no truth in the suspicion, yet he did want to keep his friends about him, for it seemed to shake the stability of his universe to let them go. He writes to Dr. Huntington with reference to an exchange: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 3, 1885.

My dear Huntington, — Thank you for your kind note. Boston is expecting you for Sunday, and I will do the best I can to keep New York from grumbling. I shall not be able to go on until Saturday afternoon, but I hope to get a good part of next week in your great town. My brother Arthur will expect me to be his guest, so that I must not accept your courteous offer of the pleasant hospitalities of the rectory. But I shall pay my respects to Miss Reynolds and your children, and perhaps you will be back before I leave.

I suppose I may take it for granted that you have a surplice at Grace Church which I can wear, and if you will tell your sexton to have the pulpit desk four feet and three inches from the floor, the gospel as I try to preach it will be more effective.

A good club last night, at which we should have rejoiced to see your face. Ever yours affectionately,

Phillips Brooks.

He writes to Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 14, 1885.

My dear Newton, — I thank you very much indeed for your note, and I am glad to know from it that the impression which I formed this week in New York is correct, that the Newspapers are making the mischief, and that we are not to see your real work hindered and the Church disgraced by a presentment and a trial. I am sure that the work which you have done is one for which you may well be thankful, and for which those who love our Church most wisely may rejoice. You have had a true message to many whom others' messages have failed to reach. You have done very much indeed to keep the mind of the Church open to the light. Whatever God may have to say to her, you have made it more possible for her to hear.

That is a great work for any man to have done. In that, more than in the impression of his own exact ideas upon the Church's mind, any progressive man's best service to the Church must lie. We certainly cannot be surprised or angry that such a work excites anger and opposition. I, for one, believe that no opposition will exasperate you, and that you will be kept from any word which can hinder the best result of what you have seriously and devoutly undertaken.

I wish you would rest yourself for a Sunday by coming on and staying with me and preaching in my church. Any Sunday that you will name I shall be delighted to see you.

Ever yours most sincerely, Phillips Brooks.

In February Mr. Brooks went to New York to deliver his lectures on Tolerance. Of this event he speaks in a letter dated February 14, 1885: —

I have been at New York lecturing . . . at the General Theological Seminary. . . . I saw Buell, and Eigenbrodt, and all those others who have been vague names to me from my childhood. . . . They were civil, and the fellows sat and took my lectures; and when the last was over, we went over to the Eden Musée and saw the wax works and the chamber of horrors.

To his brother he writes in the capacity of an officer of the Church Congress with reference to the appointments of speakers: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 12, 1885.

My dearest Arthur, — The man who can say what side X—— will take on any imaginable topic is a dangerous member of society. He possesses a degree of insight and perspicacity which it is not safe to have about! On the whole, I think that X—— doesn't like æstheticism in Christian worship. But I dare not say that his paper will not be a furious abuse of Puritanism and an assertion that only by altar lights and superfrontals can the Church be saved! Still, do put him on. Better, a thousand times better, X—— in the wrong than Y—— in the right! X—— will be interesting at any rate, which Y—— never was, nor is, nor will be for ever and ever, Amen. Honestly, I have no serious doubt that his talk would all be on the side of simplicity and sense, and I should think he would be a first-rate man for the place.

He writes on the subject of attending the theatre: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 24, 1885.

Dear Miss Derby, — I understand and appreciate your feeling perfectly, but I think that it is better not to go. If I could tell people frankly about it, I would not hesitate to do so. But the trouble with the Theatre is its dreadful indiscriminateness. The same House which gives good Mrs. Vincent her benefit to-day may have almost anything to-morrow. What can we do with an institution such as that? When you come home I will tell you more fully what I think about it if you care to hear, but at present I know that I may beg you to believe that I have not decided without thought this question which you have asked me. I am sure that Mrs. Vincent will not doubt my respect for her because I do not go to her benefit, and you will not imagine that I do not value your judgment on the subject.

I send my kind remembrances to your mother and to Carrie, and I am,

Ever yours sincerely, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In giving his impressions of Phillips Brooks, Mr. Edward W. Hooper recalls how when men complained of the churches as incompetent to distribute the bread of life, or as "trying to dam up the water of life that it might be distributed only to regular subscribers," — a familiar complaint at the time, Mr. Brooks would reply that he had no sympathy with such remarks: —

> Such speeches have just enough truth in them to make them pungent, but they are not really true. The churches to-day are honestly trying to bring the Water of Life to all men. They blunder and they fail, but they do try. And I do not know, for myself, any other agency with which I can combine such poor effort as I can make in that direction, except with them.[1]

In this, as in other cases, Mr. Brooks strove to recognize the situation as it actually was, — there were men outside of the churches whose aim was to be good and to be useful, but who no longer went to church or cared to do so. He alluded to the relation of the church and the clergy to these men, whom the community might hold in the highest respect, in a sermon preached at Appleton Chapel April 26, when his text was "Watch ye therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke xxi. 36). The division between church-goers and non-church-goers was not to be explained by the operation of a "special" and a "common grace," as the earlier Puritan divines had taught. There was fault upon both sides to be removed, but a common ideal held both classes in the same responsibility, — worthiness to stand before the Son of man.

The attention of Mr. Brooks was called, in a direct and practical way, it would seem for the first time, to what are known as "Missions," by a request from his brother that he would "hold a mission" in the Church of the Incarnation. He dismissed the request, saying he had not the special gift

[1] Quoted from *The Harvard Monthly*, February, 1893, p. 206.

required, but the subject lingered in his mind and took shape in after years in efforts of a similar kind which will be described in their place.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 28, 1885.

Dear Arthur, — Your letter talking about things to happen after Lent is over sounds delightful, but very far away and mystical, very like the most glorious and mysterious passages of the Revelation. But it will all come to pass in good time. Indeed, it is nearer now than it seems. Confirmation is over, and there is only one more Bible class after to-night. I wonder if those innocent boys have any idea how much I dread the meetings, and how awfully I am afraid of them. I am startled at the idea of holding a "mission." I don't know how, and, so far as I do understand it, I don't think that I have the right sort of power. I have an idea that there are mysterious methods of which I am profoundly ignorant, and, besides, I have made tremendous resolutions about staying at home next winter and working up my parish, which is running down.

But we will talk about it all in that blessed week when we shall be together. . . .

Easter Day fell on the 5th of April, and from that time he gave himself to the preparation of his address before the Boston Latin School. What the prayer he made at Harvard on Commemoration Day in 1865 was to the University, that his oration was to the Boston Latin School, revealing his genius in a new light, his sympathetic insight into the meaning of events in history, his subtle power of characterizing historic personages, the large atmosphere wherein he environed the institution with his loving heart, the exquisite sentences, the humor and the gentle satire, the directness, the simplicity, the naturalness of it all, — these characteristics of Phillips Brooks were here seen in their conjunction and at their best. The address was given on April 23, 1885. The enthusiasm it elicited from a constituency representing old Boston may be inferred from these tributes: —

April 24, 1885.

My dear Sir, — The Latin School Association are under great obligations to you for your admirable oration. All are enthusiastic in praise of it, and well they may be.

As a literary, historical, and eloquent production, it was the best I ever listened to, and my experience has been a large one.

The committee have been commended for their sagacity in selecting you as the fittest of all the host of graduates for such a service.

Believe me, ever with the highest esteem,

Your friend, C. H. Dillaway.

I cannot refrain [says Mr. Merrill, the head master] from giving you the assurance again of my unbounded satisfaction and pleasure in your memorial address. After a day's retrospection and hearing so many words of commendation, with not a shadow of adverse criticism, it is evident that the committee were most fortunate in their unanimity, from the very beginning, in the selection of an orator. The spirit of your address, its sentiments and eloquence, were just what I expected from you, and I thank you with all my heart for it.

Nothing could have been better [writes the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop] than your account of our old school, — nothing certainly more brilliant. My little gold medal has increased tenfold in value since it found a mention among the prizes of 1824 in your admirable oration.

Rev. Dr. Pynchon, President of Trinity College, Hartford, writes in the same strain, and gives interesting reminiscences of the old days: —

Trinity College, Hartford, April 27, 1885.

Dear Dr. Brooks, — I was very sorry not to find you at home on Saturday. I wanted particularly to express to you my very high appreciation of your Latin School Address. To say that it was a masterly oration, powerful and interesting and full of humor, and worthy of the most famous of the old school of Boston orators, would be but small praise, because I think its greatest merit consisted in wise lessons and in its certainty of being very useful. I hope a very large edition will be printed, and that a copy will be placed in every family of young children in the entire city, and especially in the hands of the rich and well-to-do people. It is a very great misfortune to them as well as to the public that they no longer send their children to the city schools, and particularly to the Latin School. The reason they give for not sending them there is the very reason for sending them, viz., that they may come into contact with the sons of the people, and grow up with them as part of them. It would

be of the greatest benefit to them all their lives. For myself, I feel under a debt to the city of Boston which I can never repay. Not a native of the city, or even of Massachusetts, I was sent there after my father's death, when about eight years of age, to live with my guardian, and as soon as possible was placed at the Latin School, where I got the very best education that America afforded for nothing. The school was then on School Street, in the heart of historic Boston. King's Chapel, Sir H. Vane's house, Governor Bowdoin's mansion, Hancock's house, Faneuil Hall, the Provence House, the Old South, were close at hand. Frances Anne Kemble was playing in the Tremont Theatre. Bishop Wainwright was the pastor of Trinity. Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, A. H. Garrett, Theodore Lyman, Martin Brimmer, walked the streets, and often visited the school. All those surroundings were calculated to make a deep impression upon a boy; they did on me, and I have never lost it. I have had all my life a consciousness of dignity, as having been educated by the city of Boston, and have nourished a strong desire to be able to do something, some day, in return. It was this feeling that drew me to Boston the other day. Mr. Dillaway was then Master, assisted by Sebastian F. Streeter, Gardner, and H. W. Terry. Dillaway I loved, Gardner I feared, Terry I enjoyed, Streeter I admired. Your delineation of Mr. Gardner was to the life. It was truly a masterly portraiture. The last time I saw him was in Essex Street, as I was going from the B. & A. Station. "Are you still engaged in teaching the young idea?" "Yes," I said. "Ah, it is a wearying life. We deserve something better."

This was not long before his death. No old scholar can ever forget him and his appearance in the schoolroom as he walked over the floor, — his hair, his hands, and his legs. Yet he was exceedingly kind, and it was only upon the dull, the lazy, and the wicked that he poured out his wrath.

I was delighted to hear everybody in Boston, from President Eliot down, say that this was positively the finest thing you have ever done. If so, it was simply because it was the offspring of filial devotion to the old school and its master. May the oration of the five hundredth anniversary be equal to it!

Believe me to be always,

Most cordially yours, THOS. R. PYNCHON.

A letter came to Mr. Brooks from the late Bishop Vail of Kansas, which is valuable for the light it throws on the relationship between the two, and for its references to the friendships which they held in common: —

April 25, 1885.

. . . Your words in your previous letter touched my heart. The very mention of Cooper's study down there on the east side of Franklin Square brings up so many tender thoughts, — Cooper, Vinton, Bishop H. W. Lee, Strong, Yocom, *et id omne genus*, — what days those were! Dear Vinton! I used to call him the "noblest Roman of them all," and I shall pass the title over to you by right of inheritance. What times by and by, when in the blessed home we shall all meet and talk over the past, when our work here is done, and we come home from our work there, from time to time, and chat over the past of our work here, in those abiding mansions. May God pity our imperfections, and pardon our sins, and admit us to see the King in His beauty and glory, and evermore to work for Him!

Among the papers of Mr. Brooks, this following receipt finds its place here: —

Boston, April 29, 1885.

Received of Rev. Phillips Brooks ten dollars for drawing his will. F. E. Parker.

On Saturday, May 8, Mr. Brooks sailed for England by the Cunard steamer Etruria, arriving at Queenstown the following Saturday, after a passage of six days, twelve hours, and twenty-five minutes, regarded at the time as the best record made in ocean travelling. He writes to Mr. Cooper, "I feel as usual when about to start, that I wish I were not going." But in reality he was eager to go. There were many friends in England who were expecting his coming, homes stood open to him there as here, where the warmest welcome awaited him, and there were many who looked for him, as for a messenger sent from God. He had important engagements to fulfil, and high honors were to be bestowed. The same social recognition given him in 1883 was to be repeated in 1885, with equal if not greater cordiality. The English appreciation of Phillips Brooks seems almost to surpass the devotion of his own countrymen. He was inundated with letters, which began to pour in upon him before he left home, asking him to preach in many of the most important churches in London and elsewhere in England. When his arrival in England was

announced, the flow of letters was increased, reminding him of conditional promises he had made to preach here or there, on his previous visit. It was now taken for granted that he would come to England every other year.

On reaching London he betook himself immediately to the house of Archdeacon Farrar, where he saw his godson Harold Montgomery. His first sermon was preached for Dr. Farrar at St. Margaret's, Westminster. At the Abbey, where he preached on June 7, the crowd was vaster than ever that surged into the church before the service began. His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, was not among the early comers, and secured but a poor place, where it must have been difficult to hear. Mr. Brooks alludes to the occasion briefly in one of his home letters: "Preached in Westminster Abbey to a host of people. The great place looked splendid, and it was fine to preach there."

Mr. Brooks had preached notable sermons in the Abbey, but the sermon on this occasion, on the Mother's Wonder, from the text, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" enhanced his reputation and brought to him many letters of gratitude. On June 11 he went to Caterham Valley to preach the ordination sermon at the request of the Bishop of Rochester, when there were forty candidates to be presented. At the Chapel Royal, Savoy, whose chaplain, Rev. Henry White, was another friend, he preached, on June 21, from the text, "As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God." In its issue for June 25, the London "Truth" refers to the occasion: —

> The Chapel Royal, Savoy, was densely crowded on Sunday to hear Dr. Phillips Brooks preach his last [sic] sermon in London during his present visit to England. The multitude was so great that Dr. Brooks might well have imitated the practice of a former chaplain of the Savoy, the renowned Thomas Fuller, and redelivered his sermon in the garden which surrounds the Chapel, to the disappointed audience outside.

On Thursday, June 25, he preached twice, in the morning at St. Mark's, Kennington, and in the evening at Lincoln

Cathedral, where he was entertained by his friend Precentor Venables. On Saturday he went to Salisbury as the guest of Dean Boyle, and the following day he preached in Salisbury Cathedral. If he could have accepted all the invitations which came to him, it would have required a sojourn of several months. But he found time to go again to Harrow, at the urgent request of the head master, Dr. Montagu Butler, and roused the boys with his stirring appeal. He also went to a meeting in behalf of the Mission at Delhi, where he spoke out of a full heart and from a knowledge of the actual situation. He was asked by the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Harold Brown, to preach the sermon at the opening of the Church Congress, but was unable to comply with the request; and was also obliged to decline a request from the Dean, Dr. J. Stewart Perowne, to preach at Peterborough Cathedral.

Two events stand out in this visit which distinguish it from like occasions in other years, — his reception at the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, Oxford, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, had long been desirous that he should come to Oxford. On Trinity Sunday, May 31, he preached to a crowded congregation in St. Mary's Church, from the text Proverbs viii. 1, 22, 23; the sermon was published in part in the Oxford "Magazine" for June 3, and in full in the Oxford "Review." These were among the comments on the sermon and on the man: —

Those who were wise enough to go to hear Mr. Phillips Brooks in St. Mary's certainly were not disappointed. There was a large crowd, especially of senior members of the University. The American preacher has certainly nothing of the proverbial Yankee about him. His style is flowing and dignified, and an occasional slip in his delivery only made its force and vigor seem more natural. It is a rare treat to hear a mean between the cultured homily, with which we are too familiar in Oxford, and the ranting, which seems to be the only prevailing alternative. We hope this is not the last time that Mr. Brooks will rouse Oxford from St. Mary's pulpit.

Mr. Brooks has come among us to be welcomed as the author

of much of the delicate analysis of human motive and aspiration which in American literature we have learned to love.

He was long enough at Oxford to become a "familiar figure" to the students. On Monday night, June 1, he was a guest of Trinity College. On the next day he was present at a congregation in Convocation House. On June 16 he went to Oxford for a second visit, to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, where he was the guest of the Vice-Chancellor, and of Dr. Hatch, the author of the Bampton Lectures on the "Organization of the Early Christian Churches." Dr. Hatch had been eager to know Mr. Brooks as a man with a spirit kindred to his own. In a convocation held in the Sheldonian Theatre, on Tuesday, for the conferment of honorary degrees, the Vice-Chancellor presiding, Dr. Ince, the Regius Professor of Divinity, presented Mr. Brooks, recounting the circumstances of his career, how, not long after his ordination, he had gained recognition in America for keen intellectual power and remarkable eloquence; as an eloquent expounder, also, of the true Catholic faith. Some years ago his fame as an orator and preacher had reached England. The University had now been given an opportunity to hear him preach, and he could, therefore, plead his own claim best for the honor of a degree.[1]

[1] The address of Dr. Ince in presenting Mr. Brooks for the degree is here subjoined: —

"Post episcopos nostrates ad honores Academicos admissos non incongruum cuiquam videbitur si Theologum quendam gente nobis arctissimis vinculis conjuncta oriundum ad eundem honorem accipiendum præsentare pergam. Fama egregii concionatoris veritatem Christianam mira eloquentia edentis ab America ad nostras oras pervenerat. Intra hunc terminum speciali universitatis decreto data est nobis Oxoniensibus occasio ipsum concionatorem accipiendi, videndi, et (quod melius) nostris auribus audiendi. Non eget commendatione mea, hic vir reverendus, Phillips Brooks. Si gratiam vestram, Academici, petere necesse esset, ipse causam suam in Ecclesia S. Mariæ Virginis voce sua jamdudum egit. Hæc tantum mihi dicere liceat. Postquam literas humaniores et scientias quæ ad disciplinam cujusque hominis exculti pertinent in Collegio Harvardensi didicisset, orator noster ad Theologiæ studium se contulit. Tum ad sacros ordines Diaconatus et Presbyterii admissus, ingenio subtili, facundia, copia sententiarum et verborum uberrima, annis adhuc juvenilibus eminere visus est. Nunc regit Ecclesiam S. S. Trinitatis apud Boston, urbem Transatlanticam, cujus nomen

That the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford should commend Phillips Brooks as a defender of the Catholic faith, and that, too, in Oxford, the home of ecclesiastical conservatism, shows the impression he had made by his sermon at St. Mary's. He had taken for his text verses from that striking chapter in the book of Proverbs which reveals the influence of Hellenic thought upon the Hebrew mind, where the complex life of Deity is suggested by the personification of Wisdom: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." The sermon was marked by the richness of imagination which had characterized his earliest preaching, when he was still fresh with the dew of the morning, that had brought him the fuller revelation of God. He must have been recalling, as he wrote the sermon, those vigils at the Virginia seminary, when for the first time he was reading the works of Philo and Origen. They had borne fruit with him, as in the ancient church they had prepared the way for the fuller Christian faith. The subject of his sermon was the "Life in God."

I have known that I was to come here and speak to you to-day, while the whole air of the place and of the Church in which I

originem Anglicam et migrationis memorabilis historiam nunquam obliviscendam revocat. Quo in loco notus est Fidei Christianæ et vere Catholicæ Vindex. Cives suos inter quos inveniuntur multi literis et philosophiæ dediti, Christi Evangelii doctrina et præceptis instruit: et adolescentes ingenuos in academia vicina Harvardensi apud Cantabrigiam Americanam allicit, delectat, ad veram sapientiam persuadet. Rationem prædicandi et Sacras Scripturas ad vitæ hodiernæ usus accommodandi in prælectionibus coram Collegio Yalensi habitis et a nostris Theologis avide lectis exposuit, artis suæ oratoriæ ipse exemplar idemque præceptor.

"Hunc igitur virum, de Theologia, de Religione, de Academica republicâ ubicunque gentium posita, optime meritum ad vos duco ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in Sancti Theologia honoris causa."

The bishops alluded to, upon whom the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred at the same time, were the Rt. Rev. Edward Harold, Lord Bishop of Winchester, Rt. Rev. Lord Arthur C. Hervey, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Rt. Rev. Charles John Ellicott, Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (the Chairman of the Committees for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments).

spoke was full of the great truth to which this day belongs, — the truth of the Trinity; and I have thought much of how I might best make what I desired to say seem fitted to the spirit of this lofty festival. It has not seemed to me best, even if it were in my power, to enter into dogmatic definition of the doctrine which tries to sum up in itself the Christian's faith in God. Rather I have chosen to preach to you of Life, its glories and its possibilities, to try to make the men to whom I was to speak feel with a deep enthusiasm the splendor and the privilege of life as the mysterious gift of God.

It has appeared to me that, speaking so, I should not be speaking in a way inappropriate to Trinity Sunday. For what is the truth of the Trinity? It is the truth of the richness of the Divine existence. The statement of the doctrine of the Trinity is the attempt to tell in our poor human language how manifold and deep and various is the life of God. This is the special meaning of the Feast of the Trinity. Other festivals of the Christian year remember what God *has done*. Christmas, Epiphany, declare the manifestations of His love and power in the experiences of His Son. Good Friday makes real anew, from year to year, the tragedy in which mercy and righteousness triumphed over sin and death. Whitsunday bears witness to His perpetual presence with mankind. Once in the year, on Trinity Sunday, the Church dares to lift herself up, and think with awe and loving fear of what God *is*. That is the sublimest occupation of the human mind. If the human mind dares to think itself equal to that occupation, dares to believe that it has fathomed God or surrounded God with its adventurous thought, how weak it grows in its audacity. But if, as it thinks of Him, it finds itself filled with this one truth concerning Him, that He is Life, that He is infinite and endless Life, that not in one tight compact personality but in a vastness and variety of being, which reaches our human nature on many sides, making it vital on them all, that so God the Creator, the Redeemer, the Inspirer, comes with His manifold living influence to man, — if so the Church of God can think of God on Trinity Sunday, then what a blessed, what a glorious festival it is. How all of human living and thinking becomes the stronger for its devout observance.[1]

One of the undergraduates who was present when the degree was conferred recalls "the hearty applause which the appearance of Phillips Brooks commanded:" —

[1] Cf. *The Oxford Review*, June 3, 1885, p. 354.

More than any man I have ever known, Phillips Brooks possessed that which commanded instant trust, complete confidence, — a power not only the outcome of a splendid physique, eloquent of strength and protection, of a broad, quick, and ever-sympathetic mind, but of a great heart filled with love for all his fellow beings, a love blind to all differences of class and race, and which, shining ever from his kindly eyes, lit up his face with a sunny smile, and made him godlike. I was an undergraduate at Christ Church when Oxford conferred the degree of D. D. upon him, and I shall never forget him as he appeared before the vice-chancellor — Jowett, I think — clad in his gown of crimson and scarlet, nor the surprise with which many of my Oxford friends regarded his splendid athletic proportions, and his perfectly formed head. There was nothing of the Jonathan about him, and the mass of even educated English people still picture an American as a thin man with a long nose and a goatee. . . . In applauding Phillips Brooks, men did not merely applaud a famous preacher. The praise was not that of the scholar, the artist, the athlete, but of those who felt instinctively when they saw him that here was a man as God intended a man to be; and there were no hands that were not busy clapping; even the heads of colleges forgot for once to remain unmoved.

On June 13 he went to Cambridge, to fulfil his appointment as one of the Select Preachers before the University. During his stay he was the guest of the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Ferrar, and of Professor Jebb, whose acquaintance he had made in the American Cambridge. He had the pleasure of witnessing a boat race on Saturday afternoon. Distinguished men were invited to meet him, among them the late Professor Freeman, and Dr. Westcott, the present Bishop of Durham. On Sunday he preached in Great St. Mary's, and his subject was chosen well for the place and the time, — in substance the first of his lectures on Tolerance, already referred to in a previous chapter. The occasion has been described by the late Dr. Hort, the eminent New Testament scholar, in a letter to his wife dated June 14, 1885: —

St. Mary's was a strange sight to-day. The scaffolding was prominent, now moved into the middle of the church. The crowds were enormous, at least downstairs. I do not think I

have seen so many M. A.'s for many years, and the ladies swarmed and overflowed everywhere. The undergraduates alone put in a *comparatively* poor appearance. The labors of the week had probably been too much for them. The sermon itself did make me very sorry indeed that you missed it. I do not know how to describe the rather peculiar appearance of Mr. Phillips Brooks. He is very tall, with a marked face and manner. It is a shame to compare him to so very unlike a man as Thackeray, but there was a real likeness; something, also, of Mr. Hotham *and* of Sedgwick! In the Bidding Prayer it was startling to hear him, "as in private duty bound," speak of Harvard College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He began, as Mr. Litchfield had described after hearing his Oxford sermon, with quite extraordinary rapidity. It was a great effort to catch what was said, the voice being at that time rather low and by no means emphatic, and the manner, though interesting to an intelligent hearer, was not impressive to any one who needed rousing. But in all these respects he improved as he went along, though almost always too fast. But the simplicity, reality, and earnestness could hardly have been surpassed, and I should imagine that few ever let their attention flag. The matter was admirable, — a carefully thought-out exposition of Maurice's doctrine of tolerance, as the fruit of strong belief, not of indifference. There was no rhetoric, but abundance of vivid illustrations, never irreverent, and never worked up for effect, but full of point and humor. Altogether it was one of the sermons that it is a permanent blessing to have heard. If possible, I will get an extra copy of the "Review" before afternoon post on Wednesday, that you may be able to read it.[1]

The sermon excited so much interest, and so many persons expressed a strong desire to possess it, that Mr. Brooks was requested to give it for publication, the Cambridge Mission offering to take the responsibility of an edition. But the offer was declined, as the sermon only represented in part what he had in him to say on the subject of tolerance.

There was a continuous round of lunches and dinners marking each day of the month that he remained in England. The Earl of Aberdeen gave him the opportunity of spending a Sunday with Mr. Gladstone. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were among his

[1] *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 317.

hosts at dinner parties, Lady Frances Baillie and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Professor Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," Lord Mount Temple, Rev. Gerald Blunt, Mrs. Alice Stopford Greene, the widow of the historian, Dr. Sewell, Sir H. Adams, Dr. Thorold the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Russell Reynolds, and many others were among those who entertained him. He met Tyndall and Huxley, Miss Ingelow, William Morris, Browning and Matthew Arnold, Mr. Bosworth Smith and Dr. Boyd (A. H. K. B.). He had now many friends among the English clergy, and he made many calls, which must have been a serious tax upon his time and strength. The artistic side of his nature was kept in view by Mr. Edward Clifford the artist, under whose guidance he studied the work of Burne-Jones and Rossetti. He speaks of his pleasure in meeting the Tennyson children, and of a day on the Thames with Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery and Eric, Sybil, and Lillian Farrar. He renewed his relations with friends of former days, — the Buchanans, the Messers, and others. Among the names recurring in his letters are Rev. Stopford Brooke, Sir George Grove, Rev. Llewelyn Davies, Canon Duckworth, Rev. Harry Jones, Canon Spence, Rev. H. R. Haweis. There was no reserve among the English people when it was a question of some one whom it was desirable to know, nor did they stand upon ceremony in the matter.

Very touching were the things said to him by those who knew and loved him, or by those, and they were many, who had gained strength and life from his words or writings. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, and formerly Master of the Temple, writes to him: —

June 30, 1885.

It was a refreshment to look upon you in the church and pulpit at Kennington, and to feel assured that the old strength, the old grace, the old love, were fresh and young in you still. May it be so for many a long year on both sides of the great deep! To have known you, to have had your kind thought and your kind wish, will always be a memory and a hope too, to

Your respectful, admiring, and loving friend,

C. J. Vaughan.

Clergymen and laymen, ladies of high distinction and cultivation, told him what he had done for them; and chiefly it was that he had brought consolation and faith and hope to many who were walking in darkness. He had extended his pastoral office till it knew no limits of nationality. In all this there was neither rest nor leisure, but as he leaves England he writes: "Everything here has been delightful. People have been very kind and invitations flow in in far greater numbers than I can accept them. I have left England (July 15) after a most delightful visit. It was full of interesting occurrences, and I shall look back upon it with the greatest pleasure." In another letter he speaks of his visits to Oxford and Cambridge and contrasts the two Universities: —

> In Oxford I have had two delightful visits; staying first with Jowett, and then with Hatch, who wrote the Bampton Lectures about the organization of the Church. It is a curious world, full now of the freest thought running in the channels of the most venerable mediævalism, which is still strong and vigorous and controversial. Almost everybody you see in Oxford believes either too much or too little. It is hard to find that balanced mind, so rational yet so devout, so clear and yet so fair, with which we are familiar in the Club. Cambridge, where I also had a pleasant visit, seemed to me to be freer, but less interesting. It is less burdened with the past, and also, it would seem, less picturesquely illuminated by it.

The remainder of the summer was spent on the Continent in the company of Mr. Robert Treat Paine and his family, who joined him as he was leaving England. His real holiday had now begun. The party travelled through Germany, stopping at Bonn and then going through the Tyrol to Venice. Venice brought refreshment and repose. As usual, during his summer wanderings in Europe, he took as much, if not more, delight in revisiting places with which he was familiar as in seeing them for the first time. It fed his sense of humor to think of himself as carrying the whole world with him, and then to feel the contrast in places which had lived without him. Then, too, he had established personal associations with such places in the company of friends with whom he had lingered in them. In writing as he does

numerous letters in this reminiscent mood, to McVickar, Cooper, Franks, and Strong, or to his brothers, he never fails to remind them of the mutual associations they have with the place where he is tarrying. Indeed, he seems to have valued the return because it brought back delightful memories in which there was no alloy. In this invisible companionship of his friends, he looked again at Bellini and Titian, Tintoretto and Carpaccio, lounged in gondolas, went from Venice to Switzerland, gazing upon old scenes with fresh eyes, recalling his first visions. He wrote in these idle days some of his charming letters to children where he indulged his gift for arrant nonsense, and yet showing a psychological capacity to read the heart of a genuine child.[1]

To Rev. W. N. McVickar he writes: —

St. Moritz, August 2, 1885.

I cannot bear to let the whole summer pass without sending you a word of greeting, and so — how are you, my dear boy? In what happy fields are you walking, with what happy girls? And what fragile country vehicles are you overloading with your preposterous weight? For myself, I was informed by the scales of a remote but entirely trustworthy Tyrolese village the other day that I had lost forty pounds, and now weigh only a contemptible two hundred and sixty. Since then I have not blushed to look the meek diligence horses in the face, nor trembled as I stepped into the quivering gondola. I was there last week, at Venice, I mean. Antonio and Giovanni still haunt the quay in front of Danieli's, and tempt you to go with them and smoke Minghettis on the Grand Canal. Not only there, but in many places which I have touched this summer, the fragrance of your footsteps lingers, and often, when I have fallen asleep in the railroad cars, I have stirred at some slight noise which seemed to me to be Jimmy feeling for his roll.

While in Venice he heard of the death of General Grant: —

What a blessed release, after his brave waiting, and what a fine, strong, simple figure he will make in our history! There could not be a more distinctively American life and character than his.

[1] Cf. *Letters of Travel*, pp. 325 ff.

To Archdeacon Farrar he sends his thanks for the words he had spoken in Westminster Abbey on the national loss: —

LUCERNE, August 8, 1885.

MY DEAR DR. FARRAR, — May I thank you for your Address of last Tuesday, a part of which I have just had the opportunity of reading in the "Times." You cannot know how deeply it will touch the hearts of our people, and how they all will thank you for carefully studying and valuing one to whom they owe so much, and whose character has in many respects appealed to them so strongly. You have done very much to bring the nations very near to one another at this time when the heart of America is softened to receive lasting impressions.

On the return from Switzerland he stopped at Paris, where he met M. Nyegaard, and he also listened for the first time to M. Bersier. To M. Nyegaard, after he had reached home, he wrote this letter: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, October 17, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is good indeed to know that I have seen you, and that I have held the hand which writes this pleasant letter that I received the other day. I look back to the hours which we spent together in Paris with sincere delight. Do you remember that we spoke of Emerson, our American philosopher, whom I ventured to praise, and whom you said that you would read. I took the liberty, the other day, of sending you a copy of his works, which I trust you will do me the favor to accept as a token of my affectionate regard. I think you will find much in him to like as well as much with which you will profoundly disagree.

I saw M. Bersier on the Saturday after we were together, and spent a very pleasant hour at his house. I was delighted with him. There is a vigorous and healthy manliness about him, mind and body, which refreshes and inspires.

The next day I heard him preach, and the preacher was the man. You added a new favor to the many for which I already am your debtor when you took me to him.

I have received the Dutch translation of my Lectures, "Boodschap en Getuigenis." Ponderous and incomprehensible name! With it there came a courteous note from M. Valeton. I cannot read the book, but I turn its pages with interest and awe. It is a most tantalizing tongue. It always seems as if you ought to be able to read it, and you never can. I shall dare to hope that something in it may help some far-away Holland

preachers and congregations whom I shall never see. Now, I want you and your wife to come to America, and to make me a visit in Boston. Let it be soon. I send my kind regards to her, and I am faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Mr. Cooper, who sent him greetings on his safe return to America, he wrote: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, September 17, 1885.

DEAR COOPER, — Thanks for your greeting. Yes, I am at home again, and glad to be on the same side of the pond with you again. McVickar was here to receive me, and I only needed you to make the thing quite perfect. You won't fail me this winter, will you?

Dr. Tyng has gone. That breaks another link with the old times. I hope the new ones are better, but the old ones had a great deal of a sort of good about them which it is not easy to find now.

And again to Mr. Cooper he writes a humorous letter, thanking him for a little book for which he had furnished an introduction, whose object was to improve the ways of life among the poorer classes: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON,
Sunday evening, October 4, 1885.

DEAR COOPER, — I thank you very much for sending me the pretty little story about "Alice Dean." I have read it with great interest, and shall profit by it all I can. I have also read your introduction to it, and shall put it in practice right away. I read the paragraphs on pages four and five, and straightway had my study carpet swept, and put a dictionary and a commentary on the table, and ordered some plaster figures of a boy in the street for the mantelpiece, and hung your picture and Willie McVickar's in a good light, and told Katie to wash the table cloth, and set the table for supper; but there I came to a stand-still. Whatever shall I do for a bright, cheerful, tidy wife, with clean children! These I cannot beg, borrow, or steal, and it is too late now to come by them in the regular way. So this workingman's heart will never leap with joy, or at least only halfway. But there are plenty of other workingmen whom your little book will help, and it was a capital idea to have it printed.

Are n't you coming to the Congress? We shall all be there, and I, for one, badly want to see your blessed face. You need not go to all the meetings if you don't want to, and you shall

smoke all the pipes you will. Do come! How I wish I were in your study, and not here this Sunday evening!

One of Dr. Brooks's sermons, written in the fall, was on the text, "Luke, the Beloved Physician." Already there were in the air symptoms of the movement known as Christian Science. In this sermon he touches upon the organic relation between good health and good morals.

The duty of physical health and the duty of spiritual purity and loftiness are not two duties; they are two parts of one duty, — which is living the completest life which it is possible for man to live. And the two parts minister to one another. Be good that you may be well; be well that you may be good. Both of these injunctions are reasonable, and both are binding on us all. Sometimes on one side come exceptions. Sometimes a man must give up being well in order to be good. Never does an exception come on the other side. Never is a man under the necessity of giving up being good in order to be well; but the normal life of man needs to be lived in obedience to both commands.[1]

He goes on to compare the clerical and the medical professions. Both are apt to make the same mistakes, to lose sight of their ends in their means.

Theology has driven human souls into exquisite agony with its cold dissection of the most sacred feelings, and medicine has tortured sensitive animals in a recklessness of scientific vivisection, which has no relation, direct or indirect, to human good.

The reference to vivisection brought to him a protest from a physician who urged that the real correlative to the clerical sin he mentioned was the very common medical sin of attending to the disease and ignoring the patient's personal needs. "The few physicians who vivisect in this country are our most humane men, respected and loved by us all." To this letter and to its protest Dr. Brooks replied: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 22, 1885.

Dear Doctor, — Thank you for letting me hear from you again. We are not likely to meet often, I am afraid. It is good that once in a while we can get greeting of one another, and be sure that we are caring for the same things, and working for the same Master. I beg you let me see you when you can.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. v. p. 230.

I have not forgotten the talks which we had years ago, nor ceased to be thankful to the God who led and is leading you.

You are right about the sermon. The true correlative of the clerical sin in medical life is the one which you named and not the one which I named. I shall make the change, but I must still somewhere put in my word about vivisection. I do not know how much of cruelty there is. I know that there is some.

God bless you always. Your sincere friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

During the fall he gave up much of his time to the preparation of a chapter for the "Memorial History of Boston," entitled "A Century of Church Growth,"[1] where he reviewed the history of the Episcopal Church. It is interesting as showing how faithfully he devoted himself to a task for which he might not have been thought specially fitted. He had already shown, however, what he could do in this line of historical or antiquarian research, by his address before the Boston Latin School, where he had not only been punctiliously accurate in his collection of facts, but, what was more, had shown that he could make history as real and as living to the imagination as was the passing event of the day. He made thorough preparation for what was to be small in its seeming result. He wrote down every name, and in connection with it events or circumstances reflecting any light on the personality. He studied the data in the history of each parish, scanning its reports for the symptoms of life, however feeble its outward existence. Nothing seemed small or unworthy to him. But he kept in full view the larger life of the time in order to give the true setting. As we follow him in his studies for the work, there breaks forth, now and then, a sense of humor at the situation. After going through the records of the episcopates of Bass, Parker, Griswold, and Eastburn, he sighs, "Oh, for a touch of genius!" But these humorous touches disappear when he comes to write, and every word is serious and dignified.

Mr. Brooks had been requested by his brother to make some inquiries while in England in regard to clergy who were said to have accomplished successful results in holding

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, where it is published in separate form.

Missions. He had fulfilled the request, and in so doing had become interested in the subject for himself. But it was with hesitation, and only after misgivings overcome, that he committed himself to approving the idea which the mission involved. For the mission seemed to imply that the regular work of the parish minister was not by itself sufficient to awaken an interest in religion, and that the pastor must go outside of his parish for aid. All the evils of the revival system, with wandering, irresponsible evangelists who caused ephemeral excitement by drawing crowds to whom the ordinary ministrations of the churches were dull, — these things were before his mind. It was an effort to introduce into the Episcopal Church what many regarded as an element foreign to its ways. In several letters to Rev. Arthur Brooks he speaks on the subject: —

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, June 8, 1885.

As to the Mission, I asked all the people I saw who the best missioners were, and the Bishop of Rochester specially praised and glorified Rev. R. B. Ransford, of St. Jude's Vicarage, East Brixton, London. So I went out and took luncheon with him, and we talked it all over. He is a fine fellow, broad in theology, earnest in spirit, cheerful in temper, and thoroughly sensible about the whole matter of missions. Does not believe in the minister of the parish giving himself over into the missioner's hands. Hates the name of missioner, and altogether goes further towards making the whole thing seem sensible and practicable than I supposed was possible. I have not the least idea whether he would come to America, but if I were going to have a mission, and wanted an Englishman to run it, I would ask him.

Wengern Alp, August 1, 1885.

When the Congress is safely over, there will come your mission. I am so glad that you have got a good man, and I shall be all curiosity to know how it goes on. On the whole, I am very glad it is to take place. It will at least break the rigidity of the church's ways, and strike the true keynote of preaching. Boston will be ready when New York has proved that it is the true thing to do.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 9, 1885.

I am glad Ransford is coming, but it almost took my breath away when I heard it. I felt for an instant as if the whole responsibility of your mission was on my shoulders. But you know I did n't warrant him, — only said that he seemed to be a first-

rate fellow, with real sensible ideas regarding what a mission ought to be, and that I should certainly engage him if I wanted a missioner. Awful word! That is all I said, and that, you see, is n't much!

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 23, 1885.

Dear Arthur, — I feel as if I were taking a solemn farewell of you when I see you plunging into this mysterious Mission. I wonder to myself whether I shall know you as you come out. All looks very interesting about it, and I am sure I hope and pray that it may do great good. I am delighted that Ransford makes so good an impression. I hope that I shall see him before he leaves the country. Would he be willing, and would it be a good thing for him, to come on here, — say, on the second or third Sunday in December, — and tell my people about the mission? I will write to him about such a plan on a word of encouragement from you.

The usual routine of work in the fall was varied by the visit to this country of Archdeacon Farrar, who during his stay in Boston was the guest of Mr. Brooks, and on All Saints' Day preached for him in Trinity Church. Mr. Brooks had been looking forward to the visit, and had done all in his power to bring it about by urging it upon his friend. He was anxious that Dr. Farrar should see the country to advantage. He felt somewhat like a boy in college when he takes his friend home with him for the vacation. A sense of proprietorship, as it were, in his native city took possession of him, as he thought of its people, or looked at its streets and its buildings, and saw them in a new light as he gazed at them through the eyes of another. Although he loved England, he was proud of America, and of the opportunity to interpret America to one accustomed to English ways. He made no apology for the homely fashions or social usages which had been preserved in rural New England, but gloried in them as evidencing the triumph of the democratic principle in its purity and strength, and among the sources of American greatness. He rejoiced in the cordial welcome everywhere given to Dr. Farrar, in helping to bring England and America to that better understanding of each other which should lead to international amity.

On Thanksgiving Day, he chose for his text the words describing the dream of Nebuchadnezzar: "I saw a dream which made me afraid, and the thoughts upon my bed and the visions of my head troubled me," — words where "the Babylonian king had summed up his realm in his feelings." The subject of the sermon was the "Temper of a Time," how one ought to feel in the days which were passing. For our own time this was the summary: (1) great sense of danger; (2) great expectation; (3) great hope in man; (4) great trust in God. He dwelt on the function of wonder as indispensable to any man or age. He passed in review the current feeling in regard to social changes, mechanical discoveries, and theological disturbances. It was indispensable for a man, if he would help his age, that he should be a man of the time. A value was to be set upon every movement which was in the right direction, however slight or unconnected, because no man could say how or where it would ultimate. There should be an earnest desire to get at the heart of things under their form, — yet keeping forms, — the mixture of conservatism and radicalism. He saw grounds for hope in the pursuit of mechanical discoveries and pointed out their true value. Everything should be valued which tended to increase true faith in and true hope for man in the reign of the coming democracy. Let religion grow deeper and more simple. Freedom was the word to be applied as a test in the political confusion which threatened to dissolve political parties. But the supreme need was for strong *moral* purpose, as the ground and basis of everything.

Although Phillips Brooks was an optimist, cultivating hope for the world as a solemn obligation and responsibility, yet at this time, as in previous years, he was wrestling in secret with the foes of hope, as Jacob wrestled through the night in mortal combat with his mysterious antagonist. He could not assume that all was well until he had measured the motives which begot the moods of pessimism. In the search for its causes he found them in the theoretical philosophy of fatalism, in partial views of life, in personal disappointment, in an affectation of contempt. "Pessimism," he writes it

down in his note-book, "comes from and tends to the loss of individuality." While he was engaged in working up a sermon on the subject, texts of Scripture flashed upon his mind: "In the daytime he led them with a cloud, and all the night through with a light of fire." Every theist must be an optimist, but before one could say, "The Lord is good," he must take in the range of the divine activity: "See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me. I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand." He saw a truth in pessimism, something from which an inspiration for higher living could be obtained. But he condemns the folly of vague optimism as of vague pessimism, or of vagueness anywhere. "Define yourself." Schopenhauer he designates as a "scared pessimist." Christ's view of man must be the true one; He was no pessimist; "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved;" and yet He says, "For judgment have I come into this world." The salvation from pessimism is in the unselfish service of men. To get at the facts of life and place them in their true light is the first duty. Much of the pain in the world comes from memory and from anticipation, from the past and from the future, not from the present. He repeats the lines of Victor Hugo: —

C'est le bonheur de vivre
Qui fait la gloire de mourir.

He recalls, in a picture of Domenichino's, at Bologna, the little angel trying the point of one of the thorns in the Crown of Thorns with his finger. He notes the correspondence of general human good and ill, hope and despair, with the same in the personal life. "Progress must be seen as law, as well as fact. There remains, (1) the perpetual faith with which men trust each other; (2) the hopefulness with which they want to live; (3) the complacency with which they see their children start out in life. 'The Lord is good.' The book Ecclesiastes gives the picture, — enjoyment with a background of judgment; neither wanton self-indulgence nor cynical pleasure and hatred; neither idle optimism nor wanton pessimism."

Among the sermons which issued from the inward conflict, where he was weighing the materials of his own life as well as studying the world around him, there are three, written at this time or very nearly, which may be mentioned by their titles: the "Battle of Life" (1885),[1] the "Giant with the Wounded Heel" (1886),[2] and the "Sword bathed in Heaven" (1886).[3] In these sermons, which are the types of many others, there is felt a difference of tone as compared with his earlier preaching, — the tone of a man in the thick of mortal combat, a giant in the toils, and yet in the process of escape, who discerns light and victory. The essential characteristic of human life, which the age is in danger of overlooking, is perpetual warfare, — of all life, whether in celestial regions or in earthly places. God is in the conflict as well as every man, and the battle is of Titanic proportions. There is victory for every man, though the type of human life at its best must be the giant with the wounded heel. There is victory for every man, but on one condition, that the sword with which he fights must have been bathed in heaven.

To the Hon. George F. Hoar, United States Senator from Massachusetts, who wrote Mr. Brooks, asking why St. Paul, in the midst of his lofty statement of the great doctrine of immortality, in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, should break the connection by the thirty-third verse, — "Evil communications corrupt good manners," Mr. Brooks sends a letter, interesting and characteristic, as though he read the Apostle through the knowledge of himself: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 3, 1885.

My dear Sir, — I am sure that we must all have been struck, as you have been, by the curiously incongruous tone of the thirty-third verse of St. Paul's fifteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians.

I have been in the habit of finding the explanation, first, in the fact that the verse is a quotation (from Menander), and one, no doubt, so familiar to the people that it had become a proverb; and, second, that the Greek words had none of that particular tone which belongs to the words which our English trans-

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi. [2] Cf. *Ibid.* vol. iv. [3] Cf. *Ibid.*

lators used; particularly the word "manners," which surely has not either the dignity or the range of the Greek "ἤθη."

At the same time, it seems to me to be altogether characteristic of St. Paul to interrupt a glowing and lofty argument by a few words of special and homely exhortation and warning suggested by what he is saying, then resuming his argument all the more loftily beyond. Such passages are not, I think, uncommon with him. Certainly they bring out very forcibly the way in which the two impulses, of high speculation and of care for men's behavior and character, were both always present with him; and I have come to feel that in this particular passage the two impulses add to each other's vividness and force.

There are a few words on these verses in Dean Stanley's "Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians," which seem to me to be suggestive. I am, my dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On the 13th of December, 1885, Phillips Brooks crossed the line, the approach to which he had been dreading, as only one so full of life could dread it, and kept his fiftieth birthday. All his life, as we have seen, he kept, or was forced to keep, these memorial days, and he made far too much of them for his own comfort and peace. The resemblance to his mother comes out in the common tone they assume in speaking of life after the age of fifty. In a letter to Mr. Cooper he seems to make light of the event, saying, "I reached the half century, and shook myself as I started out upon another half century." But this is on the surface. In reality he was beginning to assume that youth was over. Though he had written it and said it many times before, now he felt and meant it when he said it. He began to speak of himself as old. In addressing young men he would assume that life for him was over, or that he was a spectator of the scene in which they were the actors. When he was remonstrated with for taking such a tone, which only pained those who listened to him and who were surprised at his saying of himself what they did not believe was true, he would answer that he supposed he felt it or he would not say it.

To Mrs. Robert Treat Paine he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 13, 1885.

Dear Mrs. Paine, — I wish you could know how very bright your kind note and the beautiful gift which came with it make this semi-centennial morning. You know how much your friendship has been to me — the friendship of you all — for a good third of this long life of mine. You cannot know it wholly, but I do hope that you know it in part. This kindness has deepened and assured my happiness in your friendship, and my gratitude to all of you. Now, in spite of blunders and defects which seem to me to increase in me, in melancholy fashion, let me hope that you and Bob and all your children will give me still a place in your affection till the end.

I am not very conceited this morning; the past looks pretty poor so far as it has been my work. But I am very grateful to God for all these happy years. I should be a wretch indeed if I were not. And high among the causes of my gratitude stands the friendship of my friends.

This kindness was good indeed! Thank you again and again.

Ever sincerely yours, Phillips Brooks.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston,
Monday morning, December 21, 1885.

Dear Arthur, — How good you and L—— were to come on here for the semi-centennial dinner. I cannot thank you enough, and I shall remember it forever as the most delightful piece of brotherly and sisterly affection. You have been awfully good to me many and many a time, but you never were better or gave me more pleasure than when you took those two long journeys to wish me a happy New Year and start me off on my second half century. It was so good to be all together once again, the total family. The times get rarer, and one small consolation in being fifty years old is that I have furnished the opportunity of such a meeting, and that you were good enough to come. I felt very guilty at first when I saw how much pleasure you had taken for me, but now I accept it all without a qualm and am very happy about it. Do let L—— know how heartily I thank you both. . . .

Forefathers' Day! Blessed old Puritans! How glad I am they lived and that they don't live now!

To the Rev. G. H. Strong he writes: —

December 24, 1885.

Dear George, — . . . I was fifty a week ago last Sunday and you are — who can say how old? Well, no doubt it is all right, but there is getting to be a very "John Anderson my Jo

John" feeling about it all which I don't like nearly so well as the old cheery, hopeful feeling of the days when —— and —— were daily and hourly visions. I send you still with my own venerable hand, like Paul the aged, my best thanks and heartiest good wishes. . . .

Ever affectionately, P. B.

Here is a letter written to his two little nieces in Springfield, on receiving from them for a Christmas present the portrait of some remote ancestor: —

December 26, 1885.

Dear Dodo and Hattie, — It was very good of you to think of your old relative and send him the picture of an even older relative for a Christmas present. I thank you very much indeed, and I shall hang him up and love to think of how kind you were and of how good he was. I do not think he was ever as kind as you are, and I do not think you will ever be as good as he was. I hope not!

You never knew him. He died before you were born. Indeed I did not know him very well myself, for I was very young the last time he was here. But everybody says he was a nice old man and hated Christmas with all his soul. How little can he have ever thought that he himself would be turned into a Christmas present some day! I do not know but what it was wrong in you to play such a joke on him, but I am sure that it was very funny. I cannot think how you ever got hold of him. I thought he was dead up in Andover, and now here he comes from Springfield in a box just as if he had been alive in your town all these years.

You must tell me how you came to find him, and if he has a way of running about, because if he has, I must tie a string to him, for I should be very sorry to lose him, partly because he is so good and pretty, and partly because you are so kind. I thank you for him a million, million times. And I hope you had a merry Christmas, and lots of presents, and a nice sermon, and a good dinner, and pies and ice cream, and nuts and raisins, and gum-drops.

Give my love to John and Hattie, and believe me,

Very respectfully your affectionate uncle, P.

The following extracts are from his note-book, made while travelling during the summer of 1885: —

Sermon on the impulse every now and then to every one to get

loose from the despotic course of life and break things. The Radical in everybody. The love of camping out.

Sermon on the disciples' dispute which should be greatest, the humanness of it. Show how ambition may be nobly turned into which shall be usefullest and meekest. The demon of comparison.

Sermon on "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Cf. Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum*. The relation of thought to life.

As crossing a Paris or a London street, when we are halfway over, we cease to look for danger on the one side, and begin to fear it only on the other, so of growing old.

Thanksgiving sermon on the whole modern relation of rich and poor. The old relation was between distinctly superior and inferior beings. The attempt next to create absolute equality: Declaration of Independence. The solution must be in the real valuing of things. Apply to conceit of rich, apply to jealousy of poor. This with free power to change conditions. Does this suit Christianity? Yes, in special precepts, but still more in the general emphasis of character. Do not be carried away by superstition of wealth either way.

Strong theistic tendency arising. Socialism struggling for definition. The spread of representation, with strong questionings about it. Ours a transition time, — all times so, but some peculiarly. Real meaning of the struggle for honest government. Civil service reform. The nation realizing itself for its future, gathering itself together for advance. Not a mere economic question. Death of McClellan and Grant; final end of the period; first absolutely non-war President.

Subjects for Wednesday evening lectures. Certain Bible words and their meanings. In the first lecture show how they came to be misunderstood. The confusion of allegory and literalism. The love of the concrete and the definite. The plainness and distinctness of the superficial reason; the wish to make them strictly ostensible. 1. God. 2. Heaven. 3. Hell. 4. Redemption. 5. Salvation. 6. Sacrifice. 7. Eternity. 8. Reward. 9. Atonement.

Time, that aged nurse, rocked me to patience.

Some men make themselves God, without knowing what they are doing. The deity they appeal to is really their deeper, higher self. When they feel God's approval, it is really their own self-praise. When God reproaches them, it is their own

self-rebuke. When they go apart from the world to hold communion with Him, it really is an entrance into their own self-consciousness. To other men, some good fellow man, more or less consciously and completely enlarged into an ideal of humanity, answers the same purpose, and is in reality their God. To still others, a vague presence of a high purpose and tendency felt in everything. Tennyson's "one increasing purpose," and Arnold's "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness." This fulfils the end and makes the substitute for God. But none of these supply the place of a true personality outside ourselves, yet infinitely near to us.

Clear plea for search after *truth* in religion, as distinct from search for *pleasure* or for *safety*. Protest against æsthetic ritualism and against stubborn orthodoxy.

Text: "If thine eye be *single*, thy whole body shall be full of light." The great desirable end, Light. How Christ and the Bible dread and hate darkness. That their glory. The enemies of moral light are Cowardice, Contempt, Cruelty, and Sloth,—these the powers of Darkness. Selfishness behind all. Our aim is to show how clear, simple, unselfish devotion to some great practicable purpose clears all these away. Christ the illustration. Only one question to ask: not, Is it safe? or, Is it best for *me*? nor, Is it popular? nor, Is it easy? but, Is it *right*? The danger of one-sided men. This is not that. Unselfish devotion to *another* the only way to *singlefy* the life of devotion to Family, Country, Science, Humanity, God. Apply to political matters and to Theology. The general love for complication, universal sympathy, etc. But a deeper love below it for simplicity. The real solution and union of the two in *centrality*. The lack of this; the way Christianity supplies it. Christ the man of men, the Lord of being.

The return to simplicity in religious questions. Is there a God? The new departure theories.

Text: "The summer is ended." For most of us, the ship going *home*. A period of relaxation over. A touch of disappointment. It must be so wherever there is no real ideality and lofty hope. The summer a ripening of spring seed into autumn fruit. True value of foreign travel in ripening *home* affections and connections. The unity of a life is in *God*. His nearness. The summer and the whole year conception of life make it depend on God as *the sun*.

There is a true and a false simplicity, and when the time

comes that simplicity is desired it makes all the difference whether we choose the true.

Such a time does come — hatred of all complication, in all deeper moods, in all mature life. Then shall you get simplicity by exorcism or by centrality?

1. In civilization. Let us return to Barbarism, let us cut off elaborations? Not so! But let us get sight of the one increasing purpose.

2. In the personal nature. Give us the simple man? Nay, so you get the meagre man. Give us the manifold man, with one great purpose.

3. In thought. Let us stop this ranging of thought everywhere? But no, let us think devoutly.

4. In action. Let us stop and come down to simple life? No, but men should be nobler by it all.

Text: "Be still, and know that I am God." God's great assertion of existence, as if that was so much. "Be still," — the hush of this endless talk. A great reverse or accident, breaking the special methods of life down; Z——. The breakdown of a Faith and its perception of Truth behind it.

The perplexities of life (labor, etc.), ignoring first principles and the deeper powers at work. The whole return to what seems pure theism. Battling in God. The ship on the ice. Ice melting lets it down into the sea. Mystery behind all life.

CHAPTER XVIII

1886

PORTRAITS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS AT THE AGE OF FIFTY. MISAPPREHENSIONS OF HIS POSITION. ESSAY ON BIOGRAPHY. ELECTION AS ASSISTANT BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA. VISIT TO CALIFORNIA. VIEWS ON IMMIGRATION. ABOLITION OF COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE ON RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT HARVARD. NORTH ANDOVER. CHAUTAUQUA ADDRESS ON LITERATURE AND LIFE. DEATH OF RICHARDSON. FOURTH VOLUME OF SERMONS. PROTEST AGAINST CHANGING THE NAME OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Phillips Brooks was now walking the high table-land of human renown, followed by the devotion and love of the people, to an extent beyond conventional bounds in its manifestation. There was mingled with the popular devotion a sense of reverence which, in spite of his will, and strive as he might against it, kept him somewhat separate and apart, as though he were made in a different mould, no longer to be ranked with ordinary men, but something phenomenal in human experience. It needed no effort to gain him a hearing, the final conquest had been assured in a sway which all men acknowledged. There had been strange and unacknowledged misgivings about him when he passed out of sight for a year, in what seemed to be an inexplicable silence. Misgivings, however, had faded away when he returned in the fulness of his power, with his charm unabated, resuming again the preaching of the same old and familiar gospel, yet with a certain indescribable tenderness and pathos in his appeal which exceeded anything in his previous years. The ablest and the most learned bore this testimony, as the unlearned and the poor felt it and gave it

recognition in their own way. One of the most eminent of American scholars said only what others felt, that Phillips Brooks seemed to have the leverage for moving the world. A highly cultivated lady, a Unitarian in her religious faith, said that when she heard him for the first time she could have gone down on her knees and kissed the hem of his garment. The popular faith expressed itself in strange unwonted ways. One case will suffice for many. There were two poor women in Salem, belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, who had never seen or heard him, and one of them tells the other, bemoaning her boy falling into evil ways, that the thing to do is to take him to Phillips Brooks. People from far or near, in critical moments when the issues of life were in the balances, thought of Phillips Brooks. It made no difference whether they knew him or not, whether they were connected with the church in any of its forms or not, his name carried with it some magical appeal; they called for his aid; and it must be said he never disappointed them. He, too, had learned his lesson, as well as they. He remarked that there were many living the gospel while he was only preaching it. The time had gone by, at last, when he could look forward to the future, as bringing him the leisure for study of which he had dreamed. If he had once cherished ambitions in that direction, he had renounced them now, or seen their futility. The work that remained was to keep on till the end, giving himself to every claim. He did not understand it, or try to do so. But he knew that he possessed the gift, in his presence and in his word, and he gave himself, reckless of health or any other consideration. There was a new pleasure in this spendthrift exercise of his power, as though he had at last learned the secret of true living. He was drinking more deeply of the joy of life, because, as the years went on, he was convinced that it had its roots not in the mere exuberance of animal spirits belonging to youth, but was grounded in God. He believed in conversion, not as the work of a moment, or at any moment complete, but rather a lifelong process, with ever recurring stages of deeper consecration to the divine will. To the

world his life seemed like one constant succession of conquests and victories, a triumphal procession in the broad sunlight, without reverses or failures. His inner life he still kept to himself, but there were epochs and crises in his experience of which, indeed, he makes no formal record, but in his preaching he discloses them impersonally, to those who had the ears to hear. His sermons are his autobiography.

The flowing years did not diminish the beauty of the countenance, or the dignity and symmetry of form, but lent rather a higher beauty, wherein might be read the traces of some deep inward moods purifying and enriching the whole nature; depths ever deeper, of a soul that had fathomed, if it were possible, the mystery of human existence. So he appeared. The "royal carriage," the "kingly majesty," the "exquisite beauty," the "spirit of childhood," but combined with "the virile strength of manhood," — these were the phrases applied to him. A fineness and delicacy unsurpassed in women, but utter freedom from any remotest approach to sentimentality; the powerful rugged will that, when roused, was like the whirlwind; scorn for whatever was base or unworthy written all over him; the love of the beautiful, which entered into his religion and his life, making it an end to do always whatever should seem beautiful to all, showing itself also in little things, the minutiæ of life and manner; what was rarest of all, perfect simplicity and naturalness, with total absence of anything like affectation or hint of self-consciousness, as though he never gave himself a thought; and utter transparency, until the nature within was revealed in the voice and look; the mastery of human speech, so that he could say the things which were important and vital with a grace and clearness and force that was as admirable as it was rare, yet the result of long and severe practice and of constant study, — such were some of the characteristics of Phillips Brooks as he now stood forth in the years which remain to be reviewed. In any company, however distinguished, he carried the highest distinction in appearance; even when foreign visitors were present, whom

all were anxious to see, it was Phillips Brooks upon whom the interest centred and the gaze was concentrated. In his stature he stood head and shoulders above ordinary men, but so perfect was the symmetry of his proportions that, as was said of him by a lady with a fine discrimination, which the common judgment of the time would approve, it was not he that looked large, but other men that looked small. He seemed to stand for the type of the normal man.

But what was most remarkable was that, when any one came near to the man, as near as he ever allowed any one to come, there was found in him the heart of a simple boy playing with life as it went on around him, as any boy at his games; or, better still, it was the veritable life of a child, with childhood's delight, interest, and curiosity, freedom from care, freshness of outlook, perpetual wonder, and all this with such rare manhood at his call, such intense earnestness, such intellectual power and insight, such knowledge of men and of the world, as to make the transition from the one phase to the other a constant marvel. He gave his capacious, loving heart full scope for its exercise, yet concentrated his energies upon one supreme purpose, going forth to meet every soul with the same boundless affection and earnest, impassioned longing for its salvation. Behind it all lay his theology, — every sermon revealed him, but let the reader turn to a sermon entitled "The Priority of God," which will give, as well as any, the secret of the hiding-place of his power.

These, then, were the things that were true of him, or that the people were saying and thinking of him, in the years to which we are now to turn. He wrote many letters at this time, a large part of them letters of friendship, for his friends were grown to a multitude, and he had a genius for friendship; but most of his letters are too personal to be given in full, and the extracts will seem but tame. It is by putting the letters and the sermons together that we get the approximate conception of the man.

In this year, 1886, he sat for his photograph, in order, apparently, to give his sanction to the picture which he

henceforth would be willing to distribute to friends who called for it. He was averse to allowing his photographs to be exposed for sale, giving the strictest injunctions to prevent it; and not until the last years of his life was this embargo removed, with his consent. These photographs, taken in 1886, are the best, and, indeed, almost the only ones, which fairly represent him. As one studies them, he sees the distance travelled since the portrait was made at the age of twenty-two, given as the frontispiece of the first volume. The mouth has now grown to express the firmness of the disciplined will. The look of intensity and wonder, with which he was taking in the world of the divine revelation, still lingers in the background, but there is added the effect of the experience of life, and of the many years of strenuous endeavor to bring the world to his own standard. There is no faintest touch of disappointment or disillusion with life written here, and yet a strangely solemn expression in contrast with the merriment, the humor, or the scorn, in the pictures of his middle years. In one of these now familiar photographs, the head is thrown back as in the consciousness of his power, — a leonine face and head, with a masterful authority stamped thereon. In the other, which has become deservedly the popular favorite, the head slightly droops, and the air and consciousness of power has yielded to a deep tenderness in the large dark eyes. There is simplicity here and total humility, as of a man possessed with the sense of his own unworthiness, not sad but yet resigned, the far-seeing eyes taking in the tragedy and the pathos of life, but looking beyond into the eternal mystery, as though he were repeating these words of his own, "Let us be clear-souled enough to look through and behind the present connection of life and pain, and know that in its essence life is not pain, but joy;" or again: "It is the half-seriousness that is gloomy. The full seriousness, the life lived in its deepest consciousness, is as full of joy as it is of seriousness."

It was about the time when these photographs were taken that he spoke, in his essay on Literature and Life, of those qualities in art separating a true portrait from a

photograph. "A portrait has a value of its own, entirely independent of its likeness to the man who sat for it; a photograph has none." He declined requests to sit for his portrait. To his friend, Mr. S. H. Russell, who had asked that Mr. Vinton should be allowed to paint his portrait, he sent the following letter, not to be taken too literally, and yet indicating what was more than a passing mood: —

175 Marlborough Street, Boston, February 17, 1880.

My dear Mr. Russell, — I thank you very heartily for your kind note. It is very pleasant to me to know that you would care to have my picture painted, and Mr. Vinton flatters me very much by wanting to paint it.

But, my dear Mr. Russell, to have one's portrait painted has always seemed to me to be a very great and solemn thing, to be given as a privilege to very great people as they are getting to the end of life. I have almost a superstition about it. The modern promiscuousness of the cheap photograph seems to me to have taken the sacredness in large part from one of the most sacred things. Let us preserve the venerableness of the portrait. I am really serious about this, and I shall not think for twenty years yet, even if I dare to think it then, that I have any right to be painted. . . .

Yours most faithfully,

Phillips Brooks.

There is one portrait of Phillips Brooks painted by Mrs. Henry Whitman, wherein has been preserved a certain quality of expression which his photographs do not give. Not only does it present the strength and grace of his stature, but the artist has caught what was, after all, the deepest, the most distinctive quality of his nature, the eternal child-likeness, — something of that expression on his face, in those wonderful afternoon sermons in Trinity Church, which all remember and cherish, but no one can describe.

The love of humanity for its own sake, the gifts of imagination and sympathetic insight, these qualities, manifested in his preaching from the first, explain, to some extent, the impression he made as belonging to no one denomination or branch of the Christian church, but rather as belonging alike to all. A Swedenborgian lady remarked to her friend

Phillips Brooks

as she came away from listening to him that Dr. Brooks was a Swedenborgian. She was told that others said the same thing of him, that Unitarians claimed him, that Methodists held him as at heart one of their own, and so in other churches. That was all as it might be, she said, but she *knew;* Swedenborgians had certain unfailing tests of knowing, and she could not be mistaken. Indeed, so far did this conviction carry people, that they would sooner have believed that Mr. Brooks was mistaken, or did not understand himself, when he denied their claims, than that they could possibly be mistaken in their judgment about him.

There was danger in this situation, and trouble impending for Phillips Brooks. He was too great a man to be judged by the canons of sectarian opinion. There was fear that he might be entangled in a complicated network of misunderstandings. But so it was that Phillips Brooks was claimed by all alike, and listened to by all, without regard to religious differences and divisions. Methodists and Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Unitarians, Swedenborgians, Free Religionists, Spiritualists, Episcopalians, Low Church and High, Roman Catholics, Orthodox Greeks, and peoples of no religion, — these all bore the same testimony to his power of lifting them up to a higher plane where what they believed seemed to be transfigured in a diviner light. He spoke to all alike, as though it had been his special privilege to learn their own peculiar religious dialect. To Methodists he revived the sense of what Wesley must have been in the plenitude of his power. To Baptists he brought home anew the importance of the conviction for which they stood, — the individual as the final resort of spiritual authority. To Congregationalists he spoke preëminently, as though he still remained in the fold of his ancestors, and had known no alien influence. In his freedom and his appeal to humanity he met the Unitarian. Free Religionists made many efforts to secure him as a speaker at their assemblies. When he went to England he seemed to reflect the best type of Anglican theology.

But, on the other hand, there were those who were puzzled

rather than edified by such an attitude. There must be something wrong when a man could not be classified in the categories of religious opinions, when all were speaking well of him. Among those who sought to know the sources of his power were the Unitarians. Some of them were very confident that it came from Channing, from Parker, or from Martineau. Where else could it have come from? But then there followed other questions: How could Mr. Brooks be honest and yet remain in the Episcopal Church? Apologies were made for him on the ground of theological inability, of unconscious change of opinion. It was useless to tell people who did not study religious history, or who kept away from the history of the Anglican Church as by the grace of God preventing them, that the large tolerance and freedom which Phillips Brooks exemplified had their congenial home in a national church, whose unwritten constitution included more than one variety of religious attitude. It was assumed that Mr. Brooks had reacted and broken away from the narrowness and severity of Puritan theology; and how, then, could he remain in a church whose standards it was also assumed were still affirming it. If two interpretations were put upon the Thirty-Nine Articles, one of them must be false. It was not uncommon to hear such language as this concerning Mr. Brooks or others of a similar attitude: "I have no question as to his honor, his sincerity, his devotion to truth as he sees it, to the church as he believes in it, and to God as he understands his duty to God. But I think his attitude is logically indefensible. Grant his premises, and I see no reasonable way for stopping where he stops." There was danger of misunderstanding here, for in Mr. Brooks's own communion there were some who argued that, if there were smoke there must be some fire, that the Unitarians would not claim him for their own unless he had given ground for the claim. The Unitarians were thinking of the large humanity and the wide tolerance, and on the other side people were thinking of truths which Unitarianism denied, — the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation.

Phillips Brooks saw clearly the difficulties in which he

was involved by this recognition and claim on the part of others, as well as by his own recognition of the various religious bodies as having their place and function in the universal church. But he was not the man to flinch from danger. He did what he could to make his position clear, as in his lectures on Tolerance, where he was justifying his own attitude when he maintained that true tolerance, and affiliation even with others of opposed beliefs, does not spring from indifference to the truth, but is grounded on a deeper persuasion of the truth.

In March Mr. Brooks went to Phillips Academy at Exeter, to deliver an address on Biography, afterwards published in pamphlet form "at the request of many teachers." The address shows how Phillips Brooks had cultivated in himself that original gift, with which he was by nature endowed, the interest in human life and the ability to interpret its meaning. "Life" was a word running through all his sermons and reappears in many of their titles, — the "Symmetry of Life," the "Withheld Completions of Life," the "Battle of Life," the "Shortness of Life," the "Seriousness of Life," the "Positiveness of the Divine Life," the "Liberty of the Christian Life," the "Eternal Life," "New Starts in Life," the "Sacredness of Life," "Whole Views of Life," the "Law of the Spirit of Life." This ever recurring word is expressive of the man. For every one has his word by which we know him. He had other words, "rich," "large," "full," but these were the epithets of that commanding word "life."

In the essay on Biography, he appears simply as the student of life, dropping for the moment theories of its purpose or conduct. He appears as an omnivorous reader of biographies, so that when he came to speak it was from the overflowing fulness of his knowledge combined with a critical capacity for estimating the art of biography.

I think that I would rather have written a great biography than a great book of any other sort, as I would rather have painted a great portrait than any other kind of picture.

The writing of a biography, or indeed the proper reading of

it, requires one faculty which is not very common, and which does not come into action without some experience, — the power of a large vital imagination, the power of conceiving life as a whole.

There are many things said in this essay which are redolent of his distinctive power.

The New Testament is a biography. Make it a mere book of dogmas, and its vitality is gone. Make it a book of laws, and it grows hard and untimely. Make it a biography, and it is a true book of life. Make it the history of Jesus of Nazareth, and the world holds it in its heart forever.

I believe fully that the intrinsic life of any human being is so interesting that if it can be simply and sympathetically put in words, it will be legitimately interesting to other men. There is not one of us living to-day so simple and monotonous a life that, if he be true and natural, his life faithfully written would not be worthy of men's eyes and hold men's hearts. Not one of us, therefore, who, if he be true and pure and natural, may not, though his life never should be written, be interesting and stimulating to his fellow men in some small circle as they touch his life.

Yet he condemns the exaggeration of Mr. Ruskin in his saying that "the lives in which the public are interested are hardly ever worth writing." Notable and exceptional lives are entitled to biography, and "distinction is a legitimate object of our interest." He defines distinction as

the emphasis put upon qualities by circumstances. He who listens to the long music of human history, hears the special stress with which some great human note was uttered long ago, ringing down the ages and mingling with and enriching the later music of modern days. It is a perfectly legitimate curiosity with which men ask about that resonant, far-reaching life. They are probably asking with a deeper impulse than they know. They are dimly aware that in that famous, interesting man their own humanity — which it is endlessly pathetic to see how men are always trying and always failing to understand — is felt pulsating at one of its most sensitive and vital points.

In the classification of biographies, he gives the highest place to Boswell's Johnson and Lockhart's Scott: —

Johnson and Scott, — so human in their strength and in their weakness, in their virtues and in their faults: one like a day of clouds and storms, the other like a day of sunshine and bright

breezes, yet both like Nature, both real in times of unreality, both going bravely and Christianly into that darkness and tragicalness which settled at last on both their lives.

The biographies of these men, fortunate in their biographers, are to be read and reread by all who want to keep their manhood healthy, broad, and brave, and true.

Set these two great books first, then, easily first, among English biographies. The streets of London and the streets of Edinburgh live to-day with the images of these two men more than any others of the millions who have walked in them. But in a broader way the streets of human nature still live with their presence. The unfading interest in Dr. Johnson is one of the good signs of English character. Men do not read his books, but they never cease to care about him. It shows what hold the best and broadest human qualities always keep on the heart of man.

The interest of Phillips Brooks in biography as one of the fine arts must have been nourished by that dream of his own to write the life of Cromwell, not abandoned until the years came which had no leisure in them. In his remarks on Cromwell he tells us, it may be, how he would have done it: —

You must get deep into him. You must see how he led and was led; how he made his times and was made by them. . . . It does not mean that you are to make him slavishly your hero, and think everything he did was right; but get the man, — his hates, his loves, his dreams, his blundering hopes, his noble, hot, half-forged purposes, his faith, his doubts, — get all of these in one vehement person clear before your soul.

There is another observation here which is full of insight into the lives of men, to the effect that there are some very great men who are unsuited for biography; and among them are Shakespeare, Shelley, and Wordsworth. The lives of these men are in their poetry. The more profound and spiritual the poet, the more impossible a biography of him becomes.

In the latter part of the lecture he turns to the men who write biographies. There are lives of men written by themselves, autobiographies, in which English literature is peculiarly rich; lives of men which are " written by their friends,

whose atmosphere must vary widely from those biographies which are written by men who never knew or saw their subject, but have felt his power and wish to make it known to the world."

And finally instructions are given as to how to read biographies. The rule should be to divest one's self of the literary sense as far as possible, and read only to get the man. "Then you may close and lose and forget the book. The man is yours forever." You may begin to read the biography in the middle, and when you have become interested in the man, then you will care to know

how he came to be what you find him, — what his training was; what his youth was; who his parents were; perhaps who his ancestors were, and who was the first man of his name who came over to America, and where that progenitor's other descendants have settled.

In the spring of 1886 Dr. Brooks was elected to be Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, in succession to Rt. Rev. William Bacon Stevens, whose increasing infirmities called for aid in his episcopal duties. The possibility of this election had already been suggested to him, and, as we have seen, he had not encouraged the suggestion. When the question was again brought before him he wrote to Rev. W. F. Paddock, of Philadelphia: —

February 26, 1886.

My dear Paddock, — The idea of your writing to me like that! You, that have known me from my infancy, that have played with me on the pleasant slopes of Shooter's Hill, that have roomed with me in St. George's, that have preached side by side with me in Philadelphia! That you should think that now, in my declining years, I would be a Bishop! No, my dear fellow, I was not made for such a fate. Stop, I beseech you, any movement that looks at all towards setting me up for that most unsuitable place. Kill it in the nest! Nip it in the bud! Blight it or ere it be sprung up! Yet let me not appear like a fool, declining and rejecting an office which I never have had offered me! This letter is for your own friendly eye alone, and I tell you as if we sat upon the steps of St. George's and talked it over, that I am neither suited nor inclined to be a Bishop, nor do I see how anything could make me be one. There!

This letter would seem to have been sufficiently positive in its expression of unwillingness to accept the episcopate, either in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, to have decided the matter. So Dr. Paddock interpreted it. But where the episcopate is concerned no avowals of unwillingness seem to avail. The *nolo episcopari*, however vehemently uttered, is interpreted in the ecclesiastical usage as the language of a becoming modesty. In the long history of the episcopate it has been taken for granted that it would precede the final acceptance. There are well-known instances in the ancient church where the office was at last forced upon unwilling men. That Dr. Brooks or his supporters should have taken refuge in these ecclesiastical conventionalities was too improbable for belief. But he had friends in Philadelphia who would not take no for an answer. As the time for the election approached, the feeling was universal among his friends that he must be the Bishop of Pennsylvania. Among all the candidates he was the one most earnestly, even passionately wanted. Dr. Brooks himself took a personal interest in the subject because he was anxious that his friend, Dr. McVickar, of Holy Trinity Church, should be elected. Against Dr. McVickar, however, this objection had been urged, that on a certain occasion he had gone to hear the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, an eminent Unitarian minister of Boston, and had even occupied a place of prominence upon the platform. Although it turned out that this prominent place had rather been forced upon him, yet the fact remained that he was there, and it was regarded by some as a damaging incident, unfitting him for the episcopal office. To this incident Dr. Brooks alludes in a letter to Mr. Cooper: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston,
Good Friday evening, April 23, 1886.

My dear Cooper, — More than two months ago, it was on the 5th of February, you wrote me a beautiful letter, which I have been meaning to answer ever since. For a while I thought it not entirely impossible that I might get on to see you after Easter. I should certainly have done so if I had not worked up this plan of going out to California. On Thursday after Easter I shall start, and be gone until almost the first of July. How

I wish you were going. I do not expect to enjoy it half as much as a trip to Europe, but I think that one ought to get sight of the Pacific some time, and to have crossed the continent before he dies; so I am going.

And at last Bishop Stevens has yielded and wants an assistant. Do you remember the night when *he* was chosen Assistant Bishop more than twenty years ago?

I hope that McVickar is your man. I have heard some foolish talk about his hearing of Dr. James Freeman Clarke standing in his way. Surely that is not so! It would be too absurdly narrow. A paper to-day says that my name is mentioned. Surely, if that stupid cause interferes with McVickar, it ought to interfere with me, for I honor and admire Freeman Clarke, and should go to hear him whenever I could, bishop or no bishop!

But, Cooper, if my name is really mentioned for the assistant bishopric, in caucus or convention, I authorize you and charge you to withdraw it absolutely by authority from me. Under no circumstances could I accept the place. This is absolute, and I rely on you. I shall be off somewhere in New Mexico when your election takes place and shall know nothing about it; so I rely on you. I have written this to nobody else, and I rely entirely on you.

To this letter Mr. Cooper replied, declining to abide by his decision. He took the liberty of an old friend, who, in an emergency, demands compliance with his wishes, and stated the only condition on which he would allow him to say that he would not accept: —

Unless you have made up your mind *never* to accept the office of Bishop, you *must* recede from your decision. If you have fully decided that you never will accept any diocese, why then you must reiterate your orders.

Dr. Brooks responded at once to this statement of the case: —

Chicago, May 2, 1886.

Dear Cooper, — In the hurry of getting ready to leave Boston the other day I sent you a telegram, which now I must supplement by a bit of a letter. I do not want you to think that I have been careless about anything which you have written. I have studied and felt the force of it all. But it all comes to this, that perhaps McVickar may fail of an election. We all earnestly hope that he will not, for he is the very man for the

place. He suits it and deserves it. And the reason for the opposition to him is something totally beneath contempt. But I cannot feel that I am so responsible for any other election as to be bound, in order to prevent it, to accept an office for which I have neither taste nor fitness, and to spend the rest of my days in the Episcopate. And I would never consent to be elected without letting those who voted for me clearly know that I would do what McVickar did whenever I got the chance, and that I despise them with all my heart for transferring their votes from him to me on that account. Tell them that, and then see whether they will vote for me.

No, my dear Cooper, it would be a delight to live in the same town with you again, and be once more together as we were when we were boys, but I could not be Bishop of Pennsylvania even for that. So you must withdraw my name absolutely if it is offered, for under no circumstances could I accept the office. Once more, *I rely on you!* All blessings on you always.

Affectionately, P. B.

Mr. Lemuel Coffin, whose friendship with Dr. Brooks went back to the early years in Philadelphia, wrote him most earnestly, begging that he would accept the office to which he felt sure that he could be elected; and again Dr. Brooks sends a characteristic letter: —

Chicago, Illinois, May 2, 1886.

Dear Mr. Coffin, — There was only time for a bit of a telegram from Boston in answer to your kind letter. Now let me acknowledge it more fully, and say how good I think you are to want me to be your bishop after all you have seen of me for this last quarter of a century. I cannot bring myself to think it best, partly because I do not think I would make a good bishop, and partly because I am so disgusted that McVickar should be so contemptibly thrown over for such an absurd reason. Why, my dear Mr. Coffin, I would go and hear Freeman Clarke every week if I had a chance. If even you, who represent McVickar's friends, call that an "indiscreet act," why, I think the diocese deserves a Mr. X—— or worse! A man may go and hear mummeries at St. Clement's, or twaddle at a hundred churches, but if he goes to hear a great man and an old saint talk Essential Christianity under another name, he is said to have denied Christ, and a thousand other foolish things. No. Gather around McVickar. Do not feebly apologize for him, but defend and approve him, and declare your manly contempt for this kind of

opposition to him; and if he is defeated upon this ground, let him fall honorably in the midst of his friends, and let Mr. X—— have the diocese. I do not know why anybody should want it if that is the stuff it is made of.

I am sorry, very sorry, you are sick. Do get well; then, however the election goes, there is something to be thankful for. My best love to Mrs. Coffin.

Ever faithfully yours, P. B.

Positive as was the tone of these letters, it still seemed to the friends of Dr. Brooks that they could read between the lines the possibility, even the probability, of his accepting the office if it should be once offered to him. When the convention met in Philadelphia, on the 5th of May, it was well enough known what the tenor of Dr. Brooks's letters had been. But despite the discouragement they had received, his friends determined to nominate and elect him. He had not said in so many words that he would decline if he were elected, and that constituted a ground of hope. A peculiarity of Phillips Brooks was recalled, with which they were all familiar, — how he was wont to recede, under pressure, from a position which he had taken. Those who were unfavorable to his election conveyed the information to the convention that he was unwilling that his name should be presented, and that it was useless to vote for him. It is possible that this prevented some from voting for him who otherwise would have done so. In a crowded house, amid intense excitement, the balloting went on, and after eight ballots had been taken without result, on the ninth ballot Dr. Brooks was elected, receiving eighty-two clerical votes, — a majority of two over the total number of votes cast, and a plurality of sixteen over the vote for the rival candidate. The clerical vote was at once ratified by that of the laity, the lay vote standing sixty-four to thirty-three.

While the convention was in session Dr. Brooks was absent from home, and the news of his election reached him by telegraph in the West, in the distant territory of New Mexico. Despite his previous utterances, and although his decision was a foregone conclusion, he yet acted honorably

by the convention and by his friends, reserving his final answer until he should have taken two weeks for consideration. There was no lack of pressure brought upon him to induce him to accept. Bishop Stevens expressed to him the pleasure and satisfaction he felt at the choice of the convention, his earnest desire that he should accept, his conviction that they would work in harmony. He was also assured by his friends that they had not been unmindful of his wishes : —

I am sure your best friends made every effort — at your request, and not from their inclination — to convince the brethren of your unwillingness to fill this office. But when, in spite of all this, the meeting to select a candidate overwhelmingly went for you, I for one said I cannot stand and resist what may be the will of God, and accordingly did what I could for your election.

I am emboldened [writes another clergyman] by what I believe is a fact which has several times appeared in your life, and which convinces me that you possess the rare power of revising and changing your purposes, even when most deliberately and conscientiously formed, provided sufficient reason to do so is made evident to you. You shrank back from the first work you were called to in Philadelphia, — in the Church of the Advent. You shrank back still more from the call to Holy Trinity, and again God mercifully led you to reconsider your refusal. When you went to Boston, it was only after you had said No, and had thought it your duty not to go.

While the question was pending, it was intimated that considerations of health might influence the decision. "It is known," said the correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, "that the celebrated New England clergyman is not in the best of health, and that he is now travelling in the West for recuperation." But if this fear were an inference from the circumstance that he was travelling, it had no foundation. A clergyman, however, writes to him, who has been alarmed at something he has heard: —

In talking with Mr. ——, I was surprised to learn that you ever felt the burden of preparation for the pulpit. From the first sermon I heard from you in Dr. Vinton's pulpit in 1860 (and it was the first *he* heard), I have been always impressed with the fact that you were only pouring forth from the abun-

dance and richness of your own mind, and that writing and speaking with you must be only a delight. Surely, on the whole, it must be so. You certainly write with an ease that comes to very few, and I believe that with ripening age and deepening experience you will do your work full as easily and from a fuller reservoir. I remember going home with Dr. Tyng one Sunday and his astonishing me by talking in the most depressed way about his work, and his inability to meet the demand upon him, and how he longed to escape from it at times. So I suppose this is an experience from which none are exempt.

But certainly God has given you uncommon gifts and a very wide usefulness, which, I trust, is by no means at its height. I used to know Dr. Bushnell, in days gone by, but there came a time when there was a vastly added power, a going down into deeper depths and a going up unto higher heights, and a bringing forth richer spiritual meanings, and so may it be with you.

These letters of Mr. Brooks which follow show that, while he was touched by the action of his friends in their insistence that he should become the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and was determined to consider the question fairly, yet his predominant mood before the election took place had not changed. To McVickar he writes: —

Santa Fé, New Mexico, May 9, 1886.

Dear William, — This note which I enclose is formal enough, I hope. Now for a more familiar talk. How is it that you have allowed this thing to come about? Surely my declaration to Cooper was plain and positive enough. To that I hold, and when your letter comes I shall decline. My dear, dear Boy, I would do otherwise and be your bishop if I could, but I cannot. You will not think on such a question as this that I have been, or am, light or frivolous or prejudiced. I have considered it earnestly and solemnly. I did not think that there was any chance of my being elected, but I considered it exactly as if I thought there was, and conscience, soul, and judgment all said NO! I see no reason whatsoever for a change. I am sorry to compel another convention and election, but I cannot let myself take a place which is not mine simply to save that trouble. Besides, in some sense, it is the Convention's fault, for I said, clearly as I knew how, that I could not accept.

You will not think I am ungrateful to you all. I love you dearly. That my old friends should have proposed me and elected me touches me more deeply than I can say, nor am I

careless of the pleasure it would be to come and live in the old places with the old friends and new. Nor am I foolishly contemptuous of the Episcopate. But simply *I must not.* I am not made for it. I can do better work elsewhere than *I* could do as Bishop. So my decision is *absolute and final*, and when your Committee's formal letter comes, I shall write and say that you must choose again. I am so heartily sorry that my telegram to Cooper did not come before the Convention had adjourned. Then you could have made your other choice at once. Who will he be? I have heard, of course, nothing of the course which the Convention took, but, oh, that it could be you!

I am just as much as before these things occurred,

Your affectionate friend and brother, P. B.

This was the formal letter of declination addressed to the committee of gentlemen appointed to convey to him the notice of his election: —

San Francisco, May 22, 1886.

My dear Friends, — I have received your letter which gives me formal notice of my election to be the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. I thank you most sincerely for the kind and courteous words in which you have given me your message.

The question which has been so unexpectedly presented to me has received, I need not say, the most earnest and conscientious consideration which it is in my power to give; and I have not lightly concluded that I must not accept the high and interesting office to which I have been called.

I have been deeply touched by the kind regard of my brethren of the Clergy and Laity who have elected me. I have felt anew the warm and grateful interest which I have never lost in a city and a Diocese where many of the happiest days of my ministry were passed. I have recognized the great and useful work which a Bishop of our Church in Pennsylvania may do for God and man, for Christ and the Church. I think I have not been deaf to any of the persuasions which plead for the acceptance of the work to which you call me. And yet I must ask you to report to the Convention that I cannot accept the invitation to become the Assistant Bishop of your Diocese. My present work, in which I have been long engaged, and to which I am profoundly attached, still, I believe, welcomes and demands my care. I must not leave it, not even for such a useful and important task as I should find in the service to which I am invited. I know how happy that service would be made by the sympathy and coöp-

eration of the Clergy and Laity, on which the Bishops of Pennsylvania may always count.

There enters into my decision that I must not come to you no small element of regret, but I have no hesitation or doubt with regard to the result to which I have been led.

It will always be a deep source of satisfaction to me to think of the honor and confidence with which my brethren in Pennsylvania have regarded me. Now and always I shall rejoice like one of you in every token of God's guidance and goodness to His Church among you, whose loving faithfulness in His work I know so well and honor so profoundly.

I am, my dear friends, with sincere affection and respect,

Your friend and brother, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Rev. W. N. McVickar he writes on the same subject in more informal fashion: —

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24, 1886.

You are very good and kind, the same true friend you have been now for so many years, and I dare say you are wise, too, and that your arguments are good and sound. I think they are, or at least would be for any one but me. But while I feel them all, the balance is decidedly upon the other side, and so I have declined. I sent the letters yesterday. I told them all beforehand how it must be so, and said that if they chose me I could not accept, — and yet they chose me. I do not complain of that, I should be a beast if I did. They were very good, and I am proud of their regard. But this choice does not bring anything to change my previous judgment. It was by a bare majority, and after considerable struggle. It simply presents the chance to be bishop which I had considered in its possibility before, and yet I have carefully considered it again. Along the arid plains of Arizona I turned it over in the thing I call my mind. Under the orange trees of Pasadena I let it soak into me with the sunshine. Among the cataracts of Yosemite I listened to the tempting invitation. But it was no good. I could not see myself there doing those things that a Bishop does, and so I wrote a formal letter (true, though, every word of it) to the committee, and declined; so now that is all over. . . .

What a queer town this is, and who would live here if he could live anywhere else! But some of the beauty of this great Pacific slope passes one's dreams. I am ashamed sometimes to think what a Yankee I am, that all the beauty of the rest of the world makes me love our own ugly little corner of it all the more intensely.

Thank you again for caring what becomes of me, and I am more than ever, Affectionately yours,

P. B.

In the many letters he received, we may see again how Phillips Brooks had become, as it were, the common property of the people. The case was laid before him on both sides, as if he were incompetent to form an opinion for himself. His life as a parish minister was urged as a vaster field of influence than any episcopate could ever become. To be a bishop was thought to mean the loss or diminution of his power as a preacher because of the preoccupation with ecclesiastical affairs and the detail of administration. There does not seem, however, to have been any serious alarm in Trinity Church, Boston. It was somehow taken for granted that he would not think of leaving. But very gracious to him were the letters desiring him to remain, and the congratulations when his decision was known. Among the letters, this one from the late Bishop Paddock may be given: —

Ashfield, May 15, 1886.

My dear Brother, — Yesterday at our Diocesan Missionary Meeting at Amherst I saw the announcement that you had decided to remain at your present field of labor, and decline the honorable and great work to which you had been called in Pennsylvania. I rejoice that you can see it your duty to stay with us and still contribute so greatly as God has enabled you to do to the building up of His Church in our Diocese and of His kingdom in the hearts of men. May He increase and multiply your great influence for good in your present field, and justify, by your abiding work and holy success, your decision that your present field is your post of duty.

I do not know what we should have done had you gone from us; and with many other considerable cares, I am truly thankful that I have not got to work out that problem.

I am, dear Brother, yours sincerely,

Benj. S. Paddock.

It was sometimes said of Mr. Brooks that he had scant respect for the office of a bishop. He may have expressed himself carelessly on the subject, and thus given rise to the impression. At one time, indeed, he distinctly asserted that

in the presbyterate the more important work for the church was to be done. When he made this statement, he was speaking at the grave of Dr. Vinton. It had been his desire, however, that Dr. Vinton should become the Bishop of Massachusetts after the death of Dr. Eastburn, and he urged that in his election the office and the man who could exemplify the power of the office would be signally brought together. He was alive to the incongruousness of the situation when the office was not adequately filled. But he had nothing of the Puritan dislike for the office in itself, as was sometimes suspected. Whenever personal criticism went so far as to suggest such a thought, he quickly and strongly resented it. The office was a high one, he would then assert, and it only needed to see the right man in its occupancy to bring out its charm and its efficiency. He hoped the day would come, as he remarked in one of his letters on the subject, when "the episcopate will stand not simply for the restraint and regulation, but for the inspiration of the church." He had a very free way of speaking on this as on many other subjects, when he did not talk to be reported, which gave rise to misunderstandings. Indeed, much of his conversation, as also his letters, needed to be interpreted by one who knew him.

While Mr. Brooks was in California, he was turning over the question in his mind of the restriction of immigration to this country, particularly of the Chinese. He touches upon the subject in a satirical way in this letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine, and again alludes to the Pennsylvania episcopate. Probably he was never so near looking upon his call to it with favor, and like a lost opportunity, as after he had given his irrevocable decision: —

Monterey, California, June 1, 1886.

My dear Bob, — Ever since I left Boston I have had dreams that you might write to me and let me know how everything was going with you all. Perhaps I may hear from you yet, but meanwhile, before I turn my face homeward, I want to tell you what a good time I have had, and how delightfully California has treated me. She has given her best weather, and her most pro-

fuse flowers, and her cataracts full of water, and her people pleasant and interesting everywhere. The journey out here was delightful, and the Yosemite was quite as grand as fancy had painted it, and the San Franciscan, American, or Chinese was full of interest. One thing all the Americans say about the Chinamen, — that no more of them must come. All intelligent people own that they could not have done, and could not now do, without them, and would by no means drive out those that are here; but they would let in no more. The unanimity on this last point is striking. I have not met with an exception. And yet one is much struck also by hearing the best of qualities, — thrift, industry, self-control, and patience, — so often made a large part of the burden of indictment against the poor Mongolian. Certainly the look of Chinatown and its inhabitants is surprisingly prepossessing when one considers that he is seeing the very dregs and refuse of a race. If these are the lowest, the highest specimens must be something very good indeed.

I have had a lot of correspondence about that Episcopate in Pennsylvania. There was no moment when I thought of going. How could I, so long as I dared to believe that you all still wanted me to stay in Boston? Will you tell me, honestly and truly, and like a friend, when you think it is best to go away? Until you do, I shall rejoice to come back year after year and do the best I can. I am going back this year, taking it for granted that my work in Trinity is not yet done.

Among the motives operating powerfully with Phillips Brooks to hold him fast by his work in Boston was his relation to Harvard University. A change was now impending there, when the University would rely upon his moral support before its whole constituency, and indeed the whole American people. Since the death of Dr. A. P. Peabody, the daily and the Sunday religious services had been conducted by clergymen in some way connected with the College, whether in its Faculty or its Board of Overseers. In 1886 it had been decided, as the best way for ministering to the religious life of the students, to appoint a Board of Chaplains, six in number, representing the different religious denominations, who should take their turns in conducting prayers and in preaching on Sunday in Appleton Chapel. For this purpose the ablest preachers in the country were to be selected, in order that everything might be done to give to

religion an important place in the University, and to this office Phillips Brooks had been chosen. One of the chief difficulties which confronted the Board of Chaplains was the question of voluntary or compulsory attendance on prayers. So long as those who officiated had been officers of the University it had been easier to regard the question as one of college discipline. But to the new chaplains, coming into the college world from without, the question assumed a new form. They were anxious not to be hampered in their work, lest religion should be misrepresented and suffer harm. On the threshold they encountered a feeling which had long been growing among the students, that it was not becoming that attendance on religious services should be compulsory.

For several years the subject had been under discussion by the Faculty, the Overseers, and the Corporation. The sentiment among the officers of the University was for the most part averse to the change. President Eliot, Dr. A. P. Peabody, and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson were among those who deprecated the growing opinion among the students, and indeed were strongly averse to the abandonment of a requirement which went back in its origin to the foundation of Harvard College, and was also established in other colleges and institutions of learning, not only in this country, but in England. Phillips Brooks had also been among the firmest opponents, more strenuous even than many in resisting the change. A petition of the students in 1885 had been referred to a committee of three, of which he was a member, to give the question thorough consideration, and return a final and exhaustive answer to the students' request. That the question was at last under serious consideration was widely known, and not only Harvard, but the other colleges were deeply interested in the decision. It was a great relief to many when the answer came, that Harvard remained true to the ancient ways of the fathers. Thus the president of an important college wrote to Dr. Brooks: —

> Like everybody else I have heard speak of it I am very much pleased by your report to the Board of Overseers in regard to college prayers. The abandonment of a custom so salutary and

so characteristic, as well as time-honored, would be fraught with most serious consequences to the whole fabric of our civilization.

A brief summary of this report of the committee to the Overseers will bring out some interesting features of the situation. The students who petitioned did not, on the whole, rest their petition on the strongest ground. They asked that attendance at prayers be made voluntary for all over the age of twenty-one, and optional according to the wishes of parents or guardians for all under that age; and they based their request upon the assumption that compulsory attendance is a "religious test" and "therefore repugnant," and further that "it was a remnant of ancient encroachments upon civil liberty, and therefore tyrannical and unjust." To this petition the committee replied that prayers were upon the same footing as other requisitions made upon students by which they resign their liberty to spend their time as they please and conform in manners and habits to what the college faculty regard as decent and proper. There was no tyranny more than in daily attendance upon recitations and lectures. It was not a religious test, for those were excused from attendance who could plead conscientious religious scruples. There was no hardship, for those who lived at a distance from the chapel were excused, and those also who urged the plea of ill health; and further, the religious service was a brief one and attractive in its character, as shown in the reverent bearing of the students.

But the two most significant features in the committee's report were, first, the assumption that if attendance on prayers were not compulsory, the only alternative was the abandonment or discontinuance of the daily religious service altogether. That this would be the result was argued from the attendance at the English cathedral services, which was pitiably small under the most favorable auspices. The other assumption was that the large number of names appended to the students' petition carried no weight, for it was "well known how easily such signatures are obtained not only in college, but in the outer world." This petition, too, had not been left in some designated place, where those who wished

might sign it, but it had been carried from room to room with great urgency. These were the main points in the report. But there was one other reason given for denying the petition, although it was distinctly said the least of the arguments in behalf of the existing system: "Harvard College can ill afford the loss of reputation which would ensue on its being the first of all literary institutions in New England to abandon religious observances."

To those who knew Phillips Brooks it must seem strange that he should have been willing to append his name to this report. But he was a conservative in temperament; nor had he as yet looked deeply into the question. He probably acquiesced out of force of habit in the assumption that if students were not required to go to prayers they would not go. Hardly, however, had he signed the report than his attention began to go beneath the surface of both the petition and its answer. It might be possible that the students had better reasons for their request than they alleged. It was possible that they would continue their attendance, even if it were not required. If religion was natural for man and made its appeal to what was genuinely human, it might be properly thrown on its own native resources without being bolstered up by an extraneous authority. It indicated lack of faith in God and man to assume any other ground. It pained him to call in question the sincerity or earnestness of those who had signed the petition. The thing to do was to find out whether the sentiment of the students as a whole was averse to compulsory prayers, and then to trust and to honor their feeling in the matter as having some divine significance; to have faith in religion also that its ancient power was not abated. It would indeed require a greater expenditure of spiritual force on the part of those who were to officiate in the religious offices of the College, but that must be taken for granted.

In February, 1886, the students renewed their petition. In May the first Board of Chaplains was appointed, and in June Phillips Brooks, in his place as one of the Board of Overseers, stood up and earnestly advocated the abolition

of compulsory attendance on prayers, declaring further his unwillingness to officiate as a chaplain of the College unless the change were conceded. He did not argue for the change as a concession merely to the expressed wishes of the students, but as in itself the ideal arrangement, to be adopted because of its inherent fitness and propriety. There was surprise and even astonishment at the complete reversal of his attitude. But his influence was great; he was willing to take the responsibility; it could not hurt the College if it was known that he approved the change, and his name, indeed, would be a guarantee of the success of the voluntary system; there was nothing else to do after his bold declaration of his faith in the new method. In taking this position Mr. Brooks had the sympathy and support of the other chaplains associated with him. Their first joint act after their appointment was to recommend that attendance on prayers be voluntary, and their recommendation was approved by the Corporation and the Overseers. In the fall of 1886 the new arrangement went into operation.

In the discussion of the order of service to be used at morning prayers, Mr. Brooks took part. With him originated the brief address of three minutes. At the request of the students he said a few words before closing each service, and from this the custom grew until it became the general rule. It imposed a harder task upon the chaplains, but it tended to vitalize the occasion, and to prevent it from becoming a religious formality. That the new plan of voluntary prayers must be regarded as an experiment until it had been demonstrated a success was evident to Mr. Brooks, and in order that it might be made successful he was anxious that everything should be done to make the new arrangement attractive and impressive. In his letters to Rev. F. G. Peabody, who had been elected to the Plummer Professorship, and was president of the Board of Chaplains, he shows how deep his interest was: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, June 29, 1886.

Dear Mr. Peabody, — . . . I feel very strongly, as I think about it, that the meeting of October 3 should be devoted to a

full and comprehensive address from you, for which you should take plenty of time, and in which you should lay before the College and the world the complete meaning of the new movement. If it is thought well for one of the preachers to say a few words also, well and good; but the evening should be yours.

Let us not fail to get the great musician. And we must not be cramped for money. And we must be very confident in hope.

Ever sincerely yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, August 18, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. PEABODY, — . . . I hope that on that day the service may be as rich and strong as it is possible to make it. I have begged the President that we may not be stinted in the matter of money. At any rate, for those two days, let there be no economy. Get the best musical material that can be had. Put our musical director on his mettle regardless of expense, and let us see what he can do, only let him know that it is excellence of quality and not simply abundance of quantity that we want.

Ever yours most sincerely, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It may be added here that doubts and misgivings quickly vanished when the voluntary arrangement had been put to actual trial. The attendance at prayers was large and the service inspiring. Mr. Brooks took the month of November, and every morning after service was over went to the chaplain's rooms at Wadsworth House, where the students came to see him in increasing numbers. After his month was over, he wrote again to Professor Peabody: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, December 4, 1886.

DEAR MR. PEABODY, — . . . I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed this last busy month, or how deeply interested I am in the world over which you preside. Pray use me for it in any way, at any time, and do not let even Cambridge quench your hope.

After returning from his trip to the West, Mr. Brooks took up his residence at North Andover for the summer, where, as he writes to Strong, "there is peace and quiet to a terrible degree. I go down to Boston on Sundays and wake myself up with preaching to a miscellaneous summer congregation, and then go back to my bucolic cares." He tried to get his three old friends, Cooper and Richards and Strong, to meet together with him there, and "talk over the

universe," but the scheme was not realized. To Mr. Cooper he writes: —

July 3, 1886.

Another journey is finished without accident. I have seen the Pacific, and now here I am, thankful and peaceful among my acres and bucolic cares at North Andover. The grass is to be sold this afternoon at public auction out behind the barn, and that makes me a little anxious and restless this morning. Except for that, I am very well and happy, and hope these few lines will find you the same.

And you are coming to George Strong's week after next! I am sure you will not pass me by, but will look in and see my farming. There is nothing in the world to do. You shall not be bothered to go and see the cattle, for there are none; nor the kitchen garden, for there is n't any; nor even the chickens, for there is only one poor lone rooster, which the man who kept the place last winter could n't catch, but left behind him when he went away. No, you shall sit on the piazza and smoke, and sit in the study and smoke, and sit under the trees and smoke, and we will talk Pennsylvania and California, and you shall tell me all about the queer, queer things which have gone on in Philadelphia since the first of May. Now write a beautiful letter at once and say when I may meet you and Mrs. Cooper in Boston, and bring you here for as many days and nights as you will stay. I am sure that you will not disappoint your ancient friend.

His chief recreation at North Andover was in driving a quiet horse through Boxford and other adjacent towns, when he dressed in a most unclerical garb and seemed to enjoy it as if it were the proper thing to enjoy. But in his manner he had grown somewhat more quiet and subdued. In the course of these excursions he came to the ancient town of Rowley, where the first Samuel Phillips, son of the George Phillips who was the founder of the family, had spent his long life. A call at the parsonage for the minister, who could have told him much that he wanted to know, was fruitless. It seemed that in the quiet of those peaceful afternoons, where it was like a perpetual Sabbath, the minister had the custom of retiring to the prophet's little chamber on the wall, and was fast asleep while his distinguished visitor was knocking at the door. But there was a monument to be

seen, erected to the memory of this distant ancestor. The only relic which survived of him in the town was a fragment of a sermon on the "sin of wearing long hair." But there were traditions of him remaining to the effect that "he combined culture of mind, tenderness and sympathy of heart, and well-balanced Christian living."

The days at North Andover were marked by another event, when on July 21 he went to Framingham and read an essay before the Chautauqua Assembly on Literature and Life. It was published in pamphlet form and has since been incorporated in his "Essays and Addresses." Among the writings of Phillips Brooks, this essay holds an important place, valuable in itself for its profound and beautiful suggestions, most admirable as an introduction to the study of literature; but also important because it gives so clearly the method of his life work, revealing the springs of his enthusiasm and the sources of his perpetual freshness and power. His theme is that " life underlies literature and is the greater thing." " It is possible to treat almost any book so that the literary quality will disappear and the pulsations of the life beneath be felt." "Men must live before they can make literature."

> Very impressive and mysterious and beautiful are these noble years in the life of a people or a man, which are so full of living that they had no time or thought for writing.
>
> How many of us can remember it in our own lives, the time when life claimed utterance and clumsily, shamefacedly, secretly, but with a dim sense of crossing a line and entering a new condition, we wrote something, — a poem, an essay, a story, — something which gave literary expression to life.

He was asking himself why it was that in the last years of the nineteenth century there seemed to be a falling away in the quality of high literature. He thinks that the relations between life and literature are very delicate and easily disturbed.

> Life may become too strong for literature. There is question whether it be not so to-day, when the world is intensely and vehemently alive. It may be that former methods and standards are not sufficient for the expression of the growing life, its new

activities, its unexpected energies, its feverish problems. If the social perplexities of the age could be set forth in a more competent literature, catching the true meaning of the situation, then the pent-up torrent of life would find easier vent and open into broader, juster, and more charitable thought. Under these circumstances a man must believe in the future more than he reverences the past.

In the retirement of North Andover Mr. Brooks was thinking much of Richardson, whose death had moved him deeply. He speaks of him in a letter: "Richardson is off alone on his long journey. I wonder how long it is." In an article for the "Harvard Monthly" (October, 1886), he paid a tribute to his character and genius. The qualities which he discerned and selected for praise are those which the two men held in common, and which served to draw them together, — the instinctive and spontaneous character of his genius, expressing great ideas, based upon thorough study, and yet of which he could give no account as to how they came to him, "not a man of theories," but "his life passed into his buildings by ways too subtle even for himself to understand." "He grew simpler as he grew older." "Whoever came in contact with his work felt that the wind blew out of an elemental simplicity, out of the primitive life and qualities of man."

The loss which his death brought to his friends it is not possible to describe. It is a change in all their life. When some men die it is as if you had lost your penknife, and were subject to perpetual inconvenience until you could get another. Other men's going is like the vanishing of a great mountain from the landscape, and the outlook of life is changed forever.

His life was like a great picture full of glowing color. The canvas on which it was painted was immense. It lighted all the room in which it hung. It warmed the chilliest air. It made, and it will long make, life broader, work easier, and simple strength and courage dearer to many men.[1]

Mr. Brooks was further occupied during the summer with the preparation for the press of his fourth volume of sermons, which appeared in the fall with the title "Twenty Ser-

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 489.

mons," and was dedicated to the memory of his brother Frederick. The book has a distinct character from his other volumes of sermons, — his message to the hour, stamped with his imprimatur, and reflecting, also, the changes in his inner life and experience. The first sermon, with which the volume opens, entitled "The Mother's Wonder," is an epitome of his own spiritual history. It was written at the time when his father's health was declining, when he no longer attempted to exercise any semblance of a sway over his son's career. It recalls the moment in Philadelphia when the son was throwing himself into social and political reforms, advocating them with vehement eloquence from the pulpit, and the father's earnest remonstrance against his course. He had believed that he was right in following his own judgment, despite his father's protest. He was recalling his own reticence and invincible reserve in those mysterious years when he was trying to read the call of God to his soul, and his mother stood by perplexed, but silent and submissive, while he made no sign. He had changed much since those years went by, but they were uppermost in his consciousness still. He is sending now, as it were, his voice beyond the darkness to the father and mother in paradise, his apology for that which, in itself, was right or inevitable, yet had none the less given pain. The mother of Christ remonstrating with her son, "Why hast thou thus dealt with us?" is a type and illustration of that "which is recurring in every household as a boy claims for the first time his own life." He strikes the principle resting beneath the familiar experience, how people are in danger of realizing responsibility more than they realize God. He takes up the subject of reform and reformers, again, and in so doing shows that his father's protest had done its work and had mingled with his own judgment till it had modified his life method. The subject enlarges under his treatment till it becomes a discussion of God's part in the control of human affairs and in the development of every individual career. But this larger conviction has its roots in his experience as a boy in the intimate life of the human household.

Many of the sermons in this volume are noteworthy not only as great pictures on the canvas of life, but because they reveal the man behind the sermon. In "Visions and Tasks," already mentioned, he pays his tribute to his mother, and to every mother who mediates between the vision and the child whom she loves and thus brings the highest truth to the childish capacity. "It is a truth which we have all learned from some great experience through which we have been led, that any great experience, seriously and greatly met and passed through, makes the man who has passed through it always afterward a purer medium through which the highest truth may shine on other men."

In the "Beautiful Gate of the Temple," a sermon first preached in Philadelphia, and afterwards rewritten,—a favorite sermon and repeated many times,—he has described the religion of childhood, how it differs from the religion of the mature man, how it is to be taught and cultivated in order to its later healthy expansion. Upon this subject he could speak with singular force and wisdom, for he had the gift of knowing how to enter into a child's heart and to dwell there in joy and freedom.

The text "Make the men sit down" was suggestive to his mind of the contemplative restful aspects of religion, as compared with its incessant call to activity. He was thinking of his experience in India and the wide contrast between Oriental and Occidental types of religion. As he begins his sermon, he takes the congregation into his confidence, by telling them how often he has found that the wrong people take the wrong sermon to themselves. As he is proposing to speak of the peace and repose which religion may bring, he fears it will not appeal to those who are always rushing into more and more wild and superficial action, to those who really need meditation and quiet self-study, but to those already resting in quiescent calm, and need to be roused to action. This is one of the difficulties of the pulpit which it is almost impossible to overcome.

He had preached a sermon, as most preachers have done, on "The Man with One Talent," published in an earlier

volume, but it required a certain degree of boldness and originality to speak on the place in the world of "The Man with Two Talents." His object was to show how the average man may become great and almost infinitely multiply his gifts by living in the consciousness of God. The power of the God consciousness is also brought out in one of its most profound and far-reaching aspects in the sermon on "Standing before God," where he meets the difficulty which the mind encounters in thinking of immortality, because of the countless millions of human souls who have lived or are yet to live on the earth, till the insignificance of any one soul in the infinite throng overcomes the conviction of its priceless value. "The Knowledge of God" is the title of another sermon, where he makes his plea against what is called Agnosticism. His chief argument is built upon the fact of Christ's unconquerable conviction as in the words, "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father:"—

> Surely it must forever stand as a most impressive and significant fact, a fact that no man who is trying to estimate the worth and strength of spiritual things can leave out of his account, that the noblest and most perfect spiritual being whom this world has ever seen, the being whom the world with most amazing unanimity owns for its spiritual pattern and leader, was sure of God. I cannot get rid of the immense, the literally unmeasurable meaning and value of that fact.

There are sermons here which are the outcome of that consciousness of humanity in which he also lived. The sense of sin, the evil in life, the conception of life as a tragic struggle between hostile forces where God and man seem to be arrayed against each other, the awful mystery of the conflict and its appalling proportions, — these things are brought out in sermons, still vividly remembered by those who heard them, as revealing the preacher's power. In a sermon entitled "Destruction and Fulfilment," he traces the beneficent evidence of human progress. When we read the sermon on Going up to Jerusalem, it seems to have a prophetic character, as though the preacher, in urging upon his hearers to gain some clearer perception of the appointed

result toward which the steady tendency of their lives was growing, was thinking and speaking of himself. Life was changing for him now to its last appointed phase. From this time his own face was set, like that of the Master before him, to go up to Jerusalem; and when friends remonstrated and would fain hold him back, he went steadily forward, and as they looked after him in his stride toward the end, they were amazed. "Do not pray for easy lives. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks."

I bid you clearly know that if the life which you have chosen to be your life is really worthy of you, it involves self-sacrifice and pain. If your Jerusalem really is your sacred city, there is certainly a cross in it. What then? Shall you flinch and draw back? Shall you ask for yourself another life? Oh, no, not another life, but another self. Ask to be born again. Ask God to fill you with Himself, and then calmly look up and go on. Go up to Jerusalem expecting all things that are written concerning you to be fulfilled. Disappointment, mortification, misconception, enmity, pain, death, these may come to you, but if they come to you in doing your duty it is all right.

There remains to be mentioned one other sermon in this volume to which a special interest and importance must be attached. Its subject is the "Church of the Living God." It was preached in 1885, on the third Sunday in Advent, when it was the custom at Trinity Church to take up the annual collection for domestic missions. In this sermon Mr. Brooks defined his position on the questions then agitating the Episcopal Church. In the first part of the sermon he gives his definition of the Church Universal: —

The Christian church is the body of redeemed humanity. It is man in his deepest interests, in his spiritual possibilities. It is the under life, the sacred, the profounder life of man, his regeneration. Every human being in very virtue of birth into the redeemed world is a potential member of the Christian church. His baptism claims and asserts his membership. . . .

I cannot tell you, my dear friends, how strongly this view takes possession of me the longer that I live. I cannot think, I will not think, about the Christian church as if it were a selection out of humanity. In its idea it is humanity.

He defends the custom of baptizing the dying child, which sometimes has seemed like the "blankest superstition." "Will the ceremony do any good?" "Will the child be any the better for this hurried incantation?" He answers: —

> Baptism is the solemn, grateful, tender recognition of that infant's life on earth, of the deep meaning of his humanity. It is the human race in its profoundest self-consciousness welcoming this new member to its multitude. Only for a few moments does he tarry in this condition of humanity. His life touches the earth only to leave it; but in those few moments of his tarrying, humanity lifts up its hand and claims it, . . . appropriates for it that redemption of Christ which revealed man's belonging to God, declares it a member of that Church which is simply humanity belonging to God, the divine conception of humanity, her own realization of herself as it belongs to God.

He exclaims what a world this would be if only baptism were universal, with this understanding of its significance. He turns to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper "as the rallying place for all the good activity and worthy hopes of man. It is in the power of this great Christian sacrament, this great human sacrament, to become that rallying place." It would be the evidence of the world's transformation if to this great "sacrament of man" all classes of people — the mystic, the seeker after truth, the soldier, the student, the schoolboy, the legislator, the inventor, men, women, and children — were to come, meeting in a great host at the table of the Lord, owning themselves His children, claiming for themselves His strength, and thence go forth to their work. "The communion service would lift up its voice and sing itself in triumph, the great anthem of dedicated human life."

He speaks next of the Christian ministry. The old sacerdotal idea has not died away. Sometimes it is distinctly proclaimed and taught. But the remedy does not lie in any negation, —

> not to deny the priesthood of the clergy, but to assert the priesthood of all men. We can have no hope, I believe, of the destruction of the spirit of hierarchy by direct attack. It may be smitten down a thousand times. A thousand times it will rise again. Only when all men become full of the sense of the

sacredness of their own life will the assumption of supreme clerical sacredness find itself overwhelmed with the great rising tide.

He reverts to a subject already mentioned, but he was now speaking his mind fully and definitely on the debated opinions of the hour, and he was determined to be as complete in his utterance as he was clear.

Why is it that the Church has magnified doctrine overmuch and throned it where it does not belong? It is because the Church has not cared enough for life. She has not overvalued doctrine: she has undervalued life. . . . When she thinks of herself as the true inspirer and purifier of all the life of man, then she will — what? Not cast away her doctrines, as many of her impetuous advisers bid her do. She will see their value, their precious value, as she has never seen it yet; but she will hold them always as the means of life.

The decrying of dogma in the interest of life, of creed in the interest of conduct, is very natural, but very superficial. It is superficial because, if it succeeded, it would make life and conduct blind and weak. But it is natural because it is the crude, healthy outburst of human protest against the value of dogma for its own sake, of which the Church has always been too full. Let us not join in it. . . . Let us do all we can to build up life about dogma, and demand of dogma that service which it is the real joy of its heart to render to life. I will not hear men claim that the doctrine of the Trinity has no help or inspiration to give to the merchant or the statesman; . . . that it means nothing to the scholar or the bricklayer whether he believes or disbelieves in the Atonement.

I must do all I can to make the world's ordinary operations know their sacredness and crave the sacred impulse which the dogmas have to give. I must summon all life to look up to the hills, . . . and so make it cry out to the truths of the Trinity and the Atonement to open the depths of their helpfulness, as they have never heard the call to open them when only theologians were calling on them to complete their theologic systems. . . . Here in the assertion of the great human Church is the true adjustment of the relations of Doctrine and Life. Doctrine kept active by life. Life kept deep by doctrine.

He goes on to affirm that this large human idea of the church is a vision which yet lacks fulfilment. The church and the world are now in conflict, and those who are in the

church must keep watchful guard, and dread and oppose the evil influence of the world. But it is unnatural. We must never lose sight of the vision, — the real church and the real world struggling each into perfection for itself and so both into unity and identity with each other. As the history of the church passes in review, there is encouragement: "Very interesting have been in history the pulsations, the brightening and fading, the coming and going, of this great truth of the church and the world, really identical." He speaks of the Protestant Episcopal Church and of its relation to the church universal: —

> We value and love our Communion very deeply. To many of us she has been the nurse, almost the mother of our spiritual life. To all of us she is endeared by long companionship, and by familiar sympathy in the profoundest experiences through which our souls have passed. When we deliberately turn our backs for a moment upon all these rich and sweet associations and ask ourselves in colder and more deliberate consideration why it is that we believe in our Episcopal Church and rejoice to commend her to our fellow countrymen and fellow men, the answer which I find myself giving is that our Church seems to me to be truly trying to realize this relation to the whole world, this sacredness of all life, this ideal belonging of all men to the Church of Christ, which, as I have been saying, is the great truth of active Christianity. I find the signs of such an effort in the very things for which some people fear or blame our Church. I find it in the importance which she gives to Baptism and in the breadth of her conception of that rite; for Baptism is the strongest visible assertion of this truth. I find it in her simplicity of doctrine. I find it in the value which she sets on worship; her constant summons to all men not merely to be preached to, but to pray; her firm belief in the ability and right of all men to offer prayer to God. I find it in her strong historic spirit, her sense of union with the ages which have passed out of sight, and of whose men we know only their absolute humanity.

But he has a word of protest to make against those who, in the Episcopal Church, love to call her in exclusive phrase "The American Church." That is a name to which she has no right, but rather it belongs to the total body of Christianity in America which, under many divisions and different

names, broken, discordant, disjointed, often quarrelsome, and disgracefully jealous, yet still bearing witness to the love of God, the redemption of Christ, and the sacred possibilities of man. The doctrine of Apostolical Succession he designates a fiction: —

> If our Church does especial work in our country, it must be by the especial and peculiar way in which she bears that witness; not by any fiction of an apostolic succession in her ministry which gives to them alone a right to bear such witness. There is no such peculiar privilege of commission belonging to her or to any other human body.

He deprecates the exaggeration of the historic feeling in the Episcopal Church, which, while it makes part of the strength of the church, may also constitute its weakness. It may be tempted "to treasure overmuch its association with the great Church of another land, the Church of England," importing customs and costumes, names and ways, and so become "what she has been in part of her history, what she is in many parts of the land to-day, an exotic and not a true part of the nation's life." "The true apostolical succession, . . . she must not boast that she has, but she must struggle more and more earnestly to win."

With thoughts like these already in his mind, indeed they had been in his mind from the beginning of his ministry, Dr. Brooks went as a delegate from Massachusetts to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church which met in Chicago in October, 1886. This convention is remembered as having set forth what is known as the "Quadrilateral," — the terms on which the Episcopal Church would consent to approach the question of Church Unity. By some the terms she proposed were regarded as an invitation to organic union of the churches, and by others as a protest against schemes of church unity already broached. Dr. Brooks had been a member of the General Convention since 1880, but had not hitherto taken any important part in its discussions. At the session of 1886 he made himself heard upon various questions in debate. Thus he offered the following resolution: —

Resolved, That the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church sends cordial greetings to the assembly of the Congregational Church now in session in this city, and expresses its devout hope that our deliberations, though separately conducted, may minister together to the glory of God and the advancement of our common Christianity.

In support of this resolution he spoke, saying that the Congregationalists represented "a large body of workers in the cause of Christianity alongside of us, who sometimes seem to me unnecessarily separated from us." The motion commended itself to the House of Deputies and was unanimously passed, with this amendment: "And we assure them that we earnestly pray for such real unity as is according to God's will through Jesus Christ our Lord."

On the question raised in the course of the debate on the revision of the Prayer Book, whether the "Venite" should be changed so as to correspond with the form in the English Prayer Book, Dr. Brooks opposed the change, deprecating the tendency to imitate the Church of England. Again, at a meeting of the General Convention sitting as the Board of Missions, there was considerable discussion on the subject of a proposed Enrolment Fund looking to the raising of a million dollars, to be devoted to missions only when the full amount should be raised. Dr. Brooks spoke earnestly in behalf of the scheme, urging that these features of the plan should be rigidly adhered to, — that the fund should not be used until the full amount had been subscribed, and that the money should be collected in small sums from the whole church. "Our church is too largely a church of the rich. There will be a temptation to seek the money in large contributions from rich men and rich women, in sums of $1000 or $10,000. Our church should be interested in the one dollars, and the idea made prominent that the sum is to be raised by the people in a multitude of small subscriptions."

The Convention of 1886 is also remembered for the effort made to change the name of the church by dropping from its title the words "Protestant Episcopal." Various names were proposed as substitutes, such as "The Catholic Church,"

"The American Church," while others preferred that it should be known, after "Protestant Episcopal" had been elided, as "The Church in the United States of America." In his speech against the proposed change Mr. Brooks urged the fitness of the existing name "Protestant Episcopal" as discriminating the church from the Roman Catholic on the one hand, and from Protestant churches which had not retained episcopacy. It was easy to make the name sound ridiculous by a certain method of pronunciation, or by the prolongation of the syllables. But the name nevertheless answered its true purpose. It was not possible to abolish the present title without considering what title should be substituted. Such names as "American" or "Catholic" implied an assumption which was not true, — that this church was one of such large prominence, so largely representative of the Christianity of America, that all other denominations are practically insignificant. That tendency in the church which sought to borrow traditions, vestments, and manner of worship from the Church of England did not reflect the genius and spirit of America. Until the church identified itself more fully with the spirit of American institutions and ceased to support its claim by its relation to the Church of England, it was not entitled to be known as the American Church. But if this ground were untenable, upon what other ground could the church take its stand as the American Church?

It must stand before the country with the distinctive assertion of Apostolical Succession as the very substance and essence and life of the Church. Now there are those who believe the apostolic succession to be the essence and substance of the Church. There is no doubt about that. The position which they take in regard to the Church is absolutely clear. That there are other men in our Church who believe nothing of the kind, there is no doubt. I, for one, and I think that I am speaking for multitudes in this congregation this morning, do not believe in the doctrine of apostolic succession in any such sense as many receive it. I do not believe in the exclusive prerogative which gives to the Church which receives it any such absolute right of Christian faith. That is not the question before us; but there is no conceivable explanation of the desire to change the name of the

Church except the distinct adoption of that theory as the absolute condition on which it lives. We have been told, Sir, with great rhetorical flourish, that this Church, when it shall have taken its new name, is going to extend its area and take in all Christianity. I appeal to any reasoning man, whether, in any sense, this is to be considered an expansion of the power of the Church. It immediately dooms it. It dooms it to live in the corner and minister to men who are convinced of a certain theory with regard to the possession of the privileges of the Christian ministry. The passage of such a resolution as should fasten upon this Church the explicit title of the American Catholic Church dooms it to become distinctly the Church of those men who accept the theory which is based upon mere historical argument. Is that going to be the Church of America? Is that going to be the Church for praying people? Is that the Church which is going to do a work worthy of the Church of Christ?

On October 31, the first Sunday after his return to Boston, Dr. Brooks preached a sermon in which he gave to his congregation an account of the convention, and then denounced in pointed and vigorous language the attempt to change the name of the church. He was somewhat despondent in his tone, a thing so exceptional with him that this case forms almost the solitary instance in all the years of his ministry. The change of name had not been accomplished, and the vote against it was decisive, but he had been impressed with the extent of the vote in its favor, and was haunted by the fear that in the next convention the change would be carried. This fear he did not disguise in his sermon. It was a critical moment for him, because he knew that if the name of the church were changed to the American Church, in accordance with a theory of apostolical succession, there was no longer a place for him in the Episcopal Church. He spoke out plainly what he felt and what he feared. The sermon which he now preached created a popular sensation throughout the breadth and length of the land, and in England also, where it was quickly carried. The sermon was extemporaneous, with no record of notes for its preparation, but from the full reports in the papers its drift may be gathered: —

He began by tracing the growing belief in the theory of apostolical succession, since the time of the Oxford Movement in 1833, till at last those who held the theory proposed to make it the cardinal feature of the Episcopal Church, and the warrant for changing its name. The name proposed as a substitute, which seemed most acceptable to those desiring the change, was "The American Church." Upon this name he commented to the effect, that there were only two grounds which would justify its adoption. On the first of these grounds, the Church claiming such a name should be the largest in the country, numerically so strong that all other Christian communities would appear as insignificant or unimportant in comparison. But the change of name was not urged on this ground; it would be absurd, if it were, for the Episcopal Church stood seventh or eighth in the list, when tested among the churches by its number of communicants. It was evident therefore that the change of name must be justified on another ground, — that the Episcopal Church, even though one of the smaller Christian bodies, had a distinct and absolute right, through a divine commission from Christ and the Apostles not possessed by other churches, and entitling her, therefore, to claim for herself, and to be known as, the only true apostolic, Catholic Church in America. If the Episcopal Church did indeed possess such an exclusive commission, then she would have the right to the name, "The Church in the United States" or the American Church. Upon this point he remarked that there was not a line in the Prayer Book which declares any such theory. It was simply a theory held by individuals, — a theory which many both of the clergy and laity did not believe. He avowed for himself that he rejected the theory and would not consent to it for a single day. If this movement in behalf of a change of name were not checked, and the change were accomplished, he did not see how he or any one, who did not believe in apostolical succession, could remain in the Episcopal Church. He was despondent as he considered that the proposition to change the name was defeated by what seemed a small majority; but there was hope in the circumstance that the laity were more numerously opposed to it than the clergy; unless the feeling and intentions of the laity should be asserted more strongly in the next few years, he feared the change would be accomplished, and the Episcopal Church be doomed in consequence to become a small fantastic sect.

Having freed his mind on the subject Dr. Brooks refused to be drawn into controversy. He became the target for criticism, but, while many expositions were offered of the falsity

of his argument, he kept silence. He had not yet realized the importance of his utterances, or how, when he was speaking from the pulpit of Trinity Church, the whole people were listening to him. No one in the Episcopal Church commanded the hearing that was accorded to him. It did not give him, in this case, any pleasure to know that the strictures he had made upon the attitude of a party in his own church were listened to by all the churches, as though he had been specially speaking to them. He was annoyed by the way in which the press had given publicity to his remarks. "A man," he said, "may go on all his life preaching the gospel and no one takes any notice of it, but when he speaks of some matter of church administration, he is treated as if he had made some marvellous discovery." Yet there was justification for the popular interest aroused by this remarkable sermon. How it impressed the congregation listening to him is evident from this testimony of one who was present: —

> It was the most thrilling, dramatic thing I ever heard. He was intensely stirred, and the stillness as people listened was painful. By and by the sound of sobs was heard in different parts of the church; the excitement was so great that tears must come to relieve the tension.

Phillips Brooks was stirred to the depths of his being. All that he held most true was in the issue. Indignation mingled with alarm, as in vehement speech he gave expression to his convictions. He had never been so moved in any single utterance since the days of the civil war. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken a different method of combating what he regarded to be an error, admitting, indeed, that the Episcopal clergy were right in aspiring to claim an apostolical succession, but that the clergy of other denominations stood upon the same footing, equally entitled to the same ambition, nay, that every man and woman, imitating the life of the apostles, as the apostles imitated Christ, were truly constituted in actual, and even tangible, apostolic descent. Now he followed the opposite method, — the denunciation of what was untrue when it was made an exclusive claim. He

believed the moment had come which called for the courage of a reformer, who must overthrow before he could rebuild. Under this conviction, roused to moral indignation, he became like the whirlwind in its devastating power.

But in taking this attitude he felt that he was not alone; that he was supported by eminent scholars in the Anglican Church: Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Bishop Lightfoot of Durham, Dr. Hatch in his studies of early Christian organization. Such, also, he knew was the attitude of the reformers in the English Church in the sixteenth century. In the American Episcopal Church there had been many bishops and clergy from the time of Bishop White, who held the same conviction, valuing episcopacy, regarding it as having apostolic sanction, yet as not essential to the existence of a Christian church. Of some of these the lives have been written and their opinions placed on record: Bishop Griswold of Massachusetts,[1] Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio,[2] Bishop Meade of Virginia.[3] Among them was also his revered teacher in Virginia, Dr. Sparrow, with whose more outspoken words on the subject he was in sympathy.[4] The attempt to change the name

[1] Cf. *Life of Bishop Griswold*, by Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., pp. 221, 343–345, 361–364.

[2] Cf. *Life of Bishop McIlvaine*, by Carus, p. 273; also Hall, *Works*, vi. p. 56.

[3] *Memoir of Rt. Rev. Wm. Meade, D. D.*, by the Rt. Rev. J. Johns, D. D., pp. 175, 176.

[4] Cf. *Life and Correspondence of William Sparrow, D. D.*, by Cornelius Walker, D. D. p. 155: —

"On the subject of the Apostolic Succession I am clearer than ever; and I do not think that a man can logically and consistently hold to that as an essential of a valid ministry, and maintain true Protestant principles. That was the ποῦ στῶ on which the Tractarians planted their lever, in the first numbers of their series, and by which they have been enabled to move the Church, as with an earthquake. And so long as a man, or a church, holds to it, he is liable, or it is liable, to go off in a Romish tangent, further and further, till met by the secant of Romish infallibility."

"The doctrine of Apostolical Succession as commonly taught is the backbone of both systems [Roman and High Anglican]. Both alike resolve the being of a church into it. Those that have it, no matter how heretical (I had the statement alike from a Catholic and a Protestant Bishop), are a Church; those who have it not, no matter how orthodox and pious and outwardly regular, are no Church. Good Lord deliver me from such a caricature of the simple and spiritual Gospel of Christ." *Ibid.* p. 195.

of the church was equivalent to the condemnation of these and many other honored names. Had it been accomplished, he himself would have been driven from the Episcopal Church.

From this time Phillips Brooks never ceased to hear the renewing echoes of his utterance. The letters poured in upon him at once from every part of the country and from England, most of them thanking him for his sermon. There was a tone of excitement in them, or exhilarated gratitude. Many of these letters came from persons of distinction or of high social position, but also from humble women and inquiring students, who thanked him for his words. It was the laity who were chiefly moved to thankfulness. It is not without its pathos and its deeper meaning that many who wrote him belonged to other denominations. It was clear that it had not been without pain that they had seemed to see the Episcopal Church withdrawing from the fellowship of the other Protestant churches, and erecting an impassable barrier between them. They were loyal to their own communion, but they also loved the Episcopal Church, and would fain have had the privilege of its ministrations whenever convenience allowed. Phillips Brooks had spoken to them with authority and in the interest of Christian unity and fellowship. His name now became dearer than ever to those who professed and called themselves Christians, to whatever denomination they belonged, and to those unchurched masses who looked up to him as their teacher and spokesman.

And there also came letters of another kind, some of them anonymous, asking him to confine his attention to preaching the gospel and let the church alone. He was only renewing old controversies which would otherwise have died out, and he was embittering party spirit. Others called his attention to parts of the Prayer Book, which in his supposed ignorance he had overlooked. This was not all. An aged clergyman, who, with his wife, had been devoted to him, finding comfort and inspiration from his sermons, wrote to him in great distress because of a report which was in circulation, and had

found its way into the newspapers, to the effect that he had become an "apostate," had "denied the truth of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, and of apostolic succession, and was about to leave the church for Unitarianism." Others still thought it was not, perhaps, too late to labor with him, and to give him some light on the origin of the Christian ministry.

The disturbance which this subject brought to Mr. Brooks did not at once subside. In proportion to his depth and intensity of his feeling was the inward revolt through which he was passing. It required time before he could again regard the future of the Episcopal Church with complacency and hope. Meantime it was fortunate that immediately after his return from the convention, it fell to him to take up his work at Harvard, where association with the young life brought its healing balm to a spirit that had been wounded. The following extracts are from his letters written while in Chicago: —

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 19, 1886.

MY DEAR ——, Did you ever get a letter from the General Convention? It is getting pretty dull. The long debate upon Appellate Courts has just got decided, and they are talking about some useless Canons, in a very helpless way. So I have come out into the lobby here to write and tell you all about it. There is a long table at which a lot of black-coated clergymen are writing. Some, I suppose, are writing to their wives, and some to their senior wardens. . . . The people of Chicago are very hospitable, and I have had a first-rate time. Last week I went out to dinner every day, and it was great fun. They have very big houses and are very rich. The men are better than the women, whom I do not like. The city is enormous, and when they take you out for a drive there is no knowing when you will get back. But the convention is not good. The great debate of last week was upon changing the Church's name, and the change they wanted to make would have left no chance for sensible work in the Church, nor even, as it seems to me, for sensible men to continue in her ministry. Fortunately it was defeated, but by so small a majority that it is evidently pretty sure to come some day. But I must go back to my seat. Good-by, my love to Gert, and I shall be at home week after next.

Chicago, October 27, 1886.

Dear Cooper, — You were a very good man to write me a letter which broke the monotony of the convention, and cheered my soul up very much indeed. W—— has not come up yet from breakfast, and I will answer your note before he gets here and wants to smoke. The convention has been really very bad indeed. No spark of generous or noble spirit has appeared in its debates. The crowding forward of the hard formal Ecclesiastical spirit has been evident everywhere. The friends of the new name are rejoiced, as they have reason to be, and confidently expect to carry their purpose (as they will) at the next convention, and I am glad that we are going home to-morrow. I wish that I could stop on the way and see the big statue inaugurated in New York. That would be well worth while, and vastly more interesting than the convention. But I shall get home in time for the great festival we are going to have over the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard. That is going to be the big Boston sensation of the autumn.

To Mr. Brooks, in his despondency, there came letters of reassurance, telling him that his fears were groundless. Thus an eminent lawyer wrote to him: —

Boston, November 1, 1886.

Notwithstanding your apprehensions, I assure you that, under no possible circumstances, will the laity of our Church, who mingle so much more with the members of other churches than do the clergy, ever consent to adopt any such name as "*The* Church in the United States," or the Holy Catholic Church, or anything like it. No — never!

One reason they were not more generally heard from in the late convention, I doubt not, was the belief that no such absurd proposition ever could pass. In looking over my list of those who voted "Nay" on this subject, I note the absence of many from the East who would undoubtedly have voted against it, while the Western dioceses were more fully represented.

Mark my words, they will never come so near passing it again!

A prominent layman of Boston wrote to him: —

Boston, November 2, 1886.

Dear Dr. Brooks, — I have read with great interest the report of your sermon on last Sunday morning, and I want to say that I agree to every word of it; and further wish to thank you for so clear and positive an utterance. It is high time that a warning voice be raised; at the same time, I believe that the

laity of the country are overwhelmingly of your way of thinking, and they will never consent to a change of name for the church, nor approve the extremes which the men who live in closets advocate.

In my opinion there will always be a Protestant Episcopal Church regardless of any action that may be taken by any future convention. And should these matters in dispute be pressed to a division of the Church, the advocates of a new name will be the outsiders.

Sincerely yours, ——— ———.

This letter was written by the president of a New England college: —

I cannot refrain, after reading the report in yesterday's "Tribune" of your sermon on Sunday last, from expressing to you my gratitude at your frank repudiation of a doctrine which has been a great hindrance to the advance of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and, as I believe, to the progress of the kingdom of God in America.

Thousands who have read your words hitherto with the deepest interest will henceforth feel towards you a loving loyalty that knows no limit. Not that before I have really believed that you held such a doctrine as that there are no other ministers of Christ but those in the supposed direct apostolic descent, but the frank rejection of this belief, and the loving brotherhood expressed by you for others, will certainly give the deepest joy to a great many.

The Harvard festival, commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, began on the 5th of November, the festivities lasting for four days. Friday, the first of these days, was the Day of the Law School; Saturday was Undergraduates' Day; Sunday was Foundation Day, and Monday the Day of the Alumni, when the honorary degrees were conferred. Congratulations came from Cambridge University in England, and from the Universities of Edinburgh and Heidelberg. Foreign visitors were present as delegates of these universities: Professor Mandell Creighton (now Lord Bishop of London) with a message from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of which John Harvard was a member; Dr. Charles Taylor, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; and Rt. Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, of the University of Edinburgh. The President of the United States, Grover Cleve-

land, honored the occasion with his presence on Alumni Day, and the festivities culminated, when James Russell Lowell was the orator, and Oliver Wendell Holmes read the poem. A large number of the alumni were there, for Harvard counted among the living graduates of the College alone 4600 names. Everything was done which could give prestige to the celebration.

One day, Sunday, the 7th of November, was consecrated to religion, when alumni of the College who were in the ministry had been requested to recall in their respective places the history of Harvard. The sermon in the morning of that day was preached by Professor Francis G. Peabody, at Appleton Chapel, and in the evening came the sermon by Phillips Brooks. His subject had been assigned him, the religious history of Harvard. He took for his text the words of St. Paul, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The changes through which the College had passed he refused to look upon in a negative way as a mere casting off of restraints, but rather as so many successive enlargements, wherein the partial was gradually reconciling itself to the universal, the temporary fulfilling itself with the eternal. He could speak but briefly of these religious vicissitudes, in a history which covered two hundred and fifty years. But his brief summary reviewed the ground where momentous controversies had been waged: —

> There was a discipline of the Christian church larger than the discipline of the Puritans, in which the discipline of the Puritans had floated as the part floats in the whole. The discipline of the Puritans felt that; was pressed on, was tempted by it, and at last broke open in the attempt to find it. Experience was larger than Whitfield, dogma was larger than Calvin, life was larger than theology; and so, one after another, in these which are the concentric spheres within which human nature lives, the successive openings of the partial into the universal, and the temporary into the eternal came. . . . What is this universal and eternal power within which these and all the temporary struggles of mankind are included? We open the Sacred Book, we turn to the majestic letter written centuries ago to members of the great sacred nation, and there we find our answer, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

He was thus led to ask the question, What and who is Jesus Christ? At this point in his sermon, the inextinguishable theological curiosity was alert to know the answer he would make. The mere curiosity would have been satisfied had he announced his adherence to the Athanasian formula, as given in the Nicene Creed, carefully discriminating it from Arian or Socinian teaching. This formula he held with mind and heart, but it was not the time or place for theological discussion. He could have satisfied curiosity, but he would have alienated the larger part of his audience and killed the effect of his utterance. He did not stand there merely for the purpose of putting himself on record, or of "bearing witness" as he has called it in his "Lectures on Preaching," which has the tendency to weaken the message. He therefore gave the conditions, the atmosphere, out of which the formula had originally grown, and left the inference to his hearers: —

> And what and who is Jesus Christ? In reverence and humility let us give our answer. He is the meeting of the Divine and Human, — the presence of God in humanity, the perfection of humanity in God; the divine made human, the human shown to be capable of union with the divine; the utterance, therefore, of the nearness and the love of God, and of the possibility of man. Once in the ages came the wondrous life, once in the stretch of history the face of Jesus shone in Palestine, and His feet left their blessed impress upon earth; but what that life made manifest had been forever true. Its truth was timeless, the truth of all eternity. The love of God, the possibility of man, — these two which made the Christhood, — these two, not two but one, had been the element in which all life was lived, all knowledge known, all growth attained. Oh, how little men have made it, and how great it is! Around all life which ever has been lived there has been poured forever the life of the loving deity and the ideal humanity. All partial excellence, all learning, all brotherhood, all hope, has been bosomed on this changeless, this unchanging Being which has stretched from the forgotten beginning to the unguessed end. It is because God has been always, and been always good, and because man has been always the son of God, capable in the very substance of his nature of likeness to and union with his Father, — it is because of this that nobleness has never died, that truth has been sought and found, that struggle

and hope have always sprung anew, and that the life of man has always reached to larger and to larger things.

This is the Christian truth of Christ. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." This is the truth of man's redemption. As any man or any institution feels and claims around its life, as the element in which it is to live, the sympathy of God and the perfectibility of man, that man or institution is redeemed; its fetters and restraints give way, and it goes forward to whatever growth and glory it is in the line of its being to attain.

On December 15 Mr. Brooks took part in the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of King's Chapel, making an address which was felicitous under difficult circumstances. As the rector of Trinity Church, a daughter of King's Chapel, it was appropriate that he should be present; but recalling the theological divergence in consequence of which King's Chapel had been lost to the Episcopal Church, the occasion called for wisdom and moderation. Under these conditions he spoke, dwelling on the civic interests which united the two parishes, on their common relation to American history, on the deeper issues which underlay theological discussion and religious differences. "The present condition of the religious world was not a finality. There was to be a future for the Christian church, bringing richer results than the past had attained. There were problems which had not yet been solved. To prepare for that future, it was not needful to revive old disputes, but, while recognizing their earnestness, to strive for a deeper consecration to Christ in personal obedience."

It seems to me that any one who looks back on the past and recognizes in history the great providence of God in His dealings with men — so much deeper than men have begun to comprehend — simply wants to say to any church, speaking for his own as he speaks for others: Let us go and seek that Christ, that infinite Christ, whom we have not begun to know as we may know Him; that Christ who has so much more to show us than He has shown; that Christ who can show Himself to us only as we give ourselves in absolute obedience to Him. May that Christ receive from us, in each new period of our history, more complete consecration, more entire acceptance of Him as our Master; and

so may we receive from Him rich promises of new light, new manifestations of His truth, new gifts of His Spirit, which He has promised to bestow upon those who consecrate themselves to Him in loving obedience, unto the end of time and through all eternity! If one may turn a greeting to a prayer, may I not ask for you, as I know you ask for all of our churches, a more profound and absolute spirit of consecration to our Master, Christ, that in Him, and only in Him, we may seek after and come to His ever richer life?

Among the books he was reading was the Life of Longfellow. "How charming it is! What a bright, happy, friendly existence he had!" The approaching Christmas brought to him, as usual, an inward peace and delight. He commemorated it this year by going to a Sunday-school celebration of poor children, where a stereopticon exhibition was to be given to which he had been invited to comment on the different pictures. But on the Sunday before Christmas he could not refrain from reverting to the topic which had pained him. He preached a sermon on the apostolic commission, from the text St. Matthew xxviii. 20: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and brought out in more positive form the truth whose denial seemed to him to be fraught with grave danger. The sermon was heard from by an anonymous letter, reproaching him for higgling about a name and talking of a danger which no one saw but himself.

CHAPTER XIX

1887

INCIDENTS IN PARISH LIFE. INVITATION TO DELIVER THE BAMPTON LECTURES. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS. SERMON AT FANEUIL HALL. ST. ANDREW'S MISSION CHURCH. TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF TRINITY CHURCH. SERMON AT ANDOVER. SUMMER IN EUROPE. ILLNESS. CORRESPONDENCE

THE events described in the last chapter are important, but the most important features in the life of Phillips Brooks baffle description. It defies the imagination when we attempt to reproduce the scene at Trinity Church on successive Sundays in each revolving year, when every Sunday seemed like the bridal of earth and sky. Of any one of these years the same story may be told. There was no diminution in the power of the preacher, but rather an increase in the mystic potency of his appeal. There was no decline in the people's interest. What a newspaper writer says of the Sundays in 1887 was true of the preceding and of the following years: "Every Sunday crowds are to be seen packing the vestibules and the corridors of Trinity in vain efforts to enter." Whatever might be the subject of the sermon, it was impossible for the preacher to be dull or uninteresting; it was impossible to be present and not to listen. No theatre could compete for interest or fascination with Trinity Church, where religion was invested with perpetual freshness, as if therein lay the charm of living. One Sunday a stranger was observed, who, after the service was over, seemed to be confused, looking about in a distracted way. He was asked if he had lost anything. He replied: "I feel as if the gods had come down again to the earth. I have come all the way from Canada just to hear him preach,

and I would come again." A person who went to Trinity for the purpose of studying the congregation as well as the preacher, looked about him for a moment to find every face upturned to the pulpit, and was unable to cast more than this furtive glance for fear he would lose what the preacher was saying. We must not attempt to describe these occasions, or even to enumerate the sermons still remembered by those who heard them. But the mind seeks points on which to rest in a bewildering environment of wealth, as in a picture gallery where nothing is seen if the attempt is made to look at everything. In the midst of this distraction let a few incidents be taken as types of the rest.

It was a custom of Mr. Brooks through many years to speak in his sermons of eminent persons who had died, whether in church or state. One of his favorite hymns was, "Who are these in bright array?" When he announced it, the people knew that he had lost some friend, or was about to commemorate the departure of some one known for distinguished services. On the Sunday after Henry Ward Beecher died, he took for his text, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." "It seems very strange," said some one who was present, "that no daily paper of the following Monday contained any report of that sermon." This was in substance what was said of Mr. Beecher at the close of the sermon, as it is recalled by an interested listener: —

I know that you are all thinking as I speak of the great soul that has passed away, of the great preacher, for he was the greatest preacher in America, and the greatest preacher means the greatest power in the land. To make a great preacher, two things are necessary, the love of truth and the love of souls; and surely no man had greater love of truth or love of souls than Henry Ward Beecher. Great services, too, did he render to theology, which is making great progress now. It is not that we are discovering new truths, but that what lay dead and dry in men's souls has awakened. The Spirit of the Lord has been poured into humanity, and no one more than Mr. Beecher has helped to this, pouring his great insight and sympathy and courage out upon the truths which God gave him to deliver. A great leader in

the theological world, believing in the Divine Christ and in eternal hope for mankind, foremost in every great work and in all progress, one of that noble band of men whose hands clutched the throat of slavery, and never relaxed their hold till the last shackle fell off; inspiring men to war, speaking words of love and reconciliation when peace had come, standing by the poor and oppressed, bringing a slave girl into his pulpit and making his people pay her ransom. A true American like Webster, a great preacher, a great leader, a great patriot, a great man.

We feel sure that Mr. Beecher knew these Revelation promises. Wonderful was the vitality given him. Surely he had inner communion with God. Truly was he a pillar of the temple. Rejoice in the dead who die in the Lord. They have overcome and shall inherit all things.

Part of the impressiveness of the moment lay in the feeling which all shared, that it was the greatest of living preachers who was paying this tribute, and in so doing was unconsciously describing himself. Phillips Brooks had often listened to Mr. Beecher in the pulpit or on the platform of the lecturer, but the two men had never met. An extract from a letter to Dr. Brooks is here given, which describes a scene worth remembering, — a picture of Henry Ward Beecher visiting Trinity Church: —

New York, March 27, 1887.

I regret very much that you did not know him [Beecher] personally. He was an admirer of yours. He was very fond of the Episcopal Church. His mother was of that denomination. One forenoon he and I visited your Church. No one but the janitor was there. We spent three hours there. His admiration of the architecture and of the decorations was great. He went so far as to carry out the unfinished decorations, and made many suggestions as to what he would put in such and such panels and niches and arches. He said there that he wished to know you. It was there he told me about his mother, and took from his pocket a lock of her hair and showed me. As he related the history of her saintly life he wept. He never knew his mother; but few men ever loved more deeply a mother's memory.

There was one sermon most characteristic, which for some reason was made the occasion of criticism in the daily papers. The text was from the words of the children of Israel to Moses: "Speak thou to us; let not God speak to

us, lest we die." One of those who heard the sermon, and commented on it, thought that "he did not sufficiently appeal to the understanding, but stirred the emotions beyond all precedent." Another critic of the same sermon thought that he magnified the understanding at the expense of the emotions. Another remarked that he did not make a practical application; that after a sermon of thirty minutes, in which he had said as much as most preachers would require forty-five minutes to utter, he closed too abruptly, before he had a chance for the familiar exhortation. Some of his hearers said that he underrated the power of sin and worldliness in individual lives, but the general impression was to the effect that sin and worldliness were never so forcibly exposed and tracked to their inmost lairs. This is a report of the sermon by a listener who was asked for his opinion: —

> There was a profound spiritual morality in the sermon. God was so presented that you felt as if to live unto God and to allow Him to live in you was the first and only thing to be thought of. There were times when the preacher presented this truth so strongly that you felt as if God had come to live in each separate soul in the congregation. You felt intensely the smallness of the lives of those who fear to have God speak with them lest the enjoyment of life should cease.

Mr. Brooks was reappointed a preacher to Harvard University for the year 1887–88, as indeed he continued to be reappointed until 1891. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Columbia University at its one hundredth anniversary. He declined a request from the editor of the "Contemporary Review," asking him to describe the working of religion in America, about which the English mind was not clear. Any one who knew Phillips Brooks will be amused at an invitation he received to meet the late Mr. Ingersoll in joint debate on some question touching the essentials of the Christian religion. To enumerate the many invitations to occasions outside of his ministerial life is needless, but among them may be mentioned a speech which he made in 1887 before the insurance societies, where he turned over the principle of "safety" in its relations to a

man's work in the world in such a way as to make an invaluable advertisement if it could have been utilized for that purpose. He went to a meeting of Methodist ministers, where the subject of Christian Unity was to be discussed. His address deepened the conviction that Christian unity already existed. During Lent he took for his subject with his Bible class the Apostles' Creed. The course was one of great interest, and was largely attended. He treated his theme in the manner of a conventional systematic theologian, making formal definitions, stating objections and meeting them, dealing with modern theories. It was unlike his method in the pulpit and it may not have been wholly congenial to him, but no one could surpass him in this line when he chose to undertake it. The very full analysis made for each lecture is so admirable that one regrets he did not put his work in permanent form.

In April he received an invitation from Dr. Jowett, of Balliol College, Oxford, to deliver the Bampton Lectures, with the assurance that if he would comply with the terms of candidacy by sending in a schedule of the lectures he proposed to give, there was no doubt of his appointment. He seems to have considered the request for some time before he dismissed it, as is shown by his note-book, where he went so far as to write out an analysis for five of the lectures. There is a certain pathos and an illumination of his whole career in the subject which he was proposing to himself. He entitled the projected lectures, the "Teaching of Religion," or "On the Philosophy of Religious Teaching." But he did not complete the schedule, and finally wrote declining to become a candidate. Years later he worked up some of the points in his mind in an address before the Twenty Club (1892).[1]

The following extracts are from his note-book, written while he was contemplating the possibility of accepting Dr. Jowett's invitation: —

The true symmetry of the Intellectual and Spiritual in the

[1] Cf. *ante*, p. 537.

religious teacher. The Seminary is the place to produce it. One-sidedness of College and other-sidedness of much popular religious life; the minister to restore the balance and to learn how in the Seminary.

The relation of religious teaching to the hard, knowing man.

One suggestion about *style*. Never allow the desire to escape awkwardness or secure grace to interfere a moment with the purpose of it all, the making of the people understand and feel.

Like an ivy that has been for years growing on a wall, that is breaking the wall down, but that has grown so completely a part of the wall that it cannot be taken down without destroying the wall another way, — of excrescent doctrines which have fastened themselves on to religion.

The present tendency to reduce doctrinal demands. Shall we insist on full requirements for the sake of consistency, or reduce faith to its barest terms for the sake of peace and conciliation? Either implies a power over truth which we do not possess. No, the duty of such times as these is to go deeper into the spirituality of our truths. Instance the Everlasting Punishment Discussion not to cut off the hard corners, but to make them soft with life.

The tendency of good people to object more to a dissenter than to an infidel; to hate another shade of truth more than error. (See Lord Falkland's Speech in Rushworth, vol. iii.)

The parental character of all teaching. The parents' teaching is the type of it.

The sense of sadness in life as one grows older, not wholly a sign of the badness and unsatisfactoriness of the world; partly a mere regret at leaving what is pleasant even for something pleasanter. Landing from a steamer. Partly the sense of vastness, which is always sad.

Do not make Heaven attractive merely by deposing Earth. A cheap expedient. Make earth its richest and best, and then be able to make heaven still higher.

The need of teaching sure religion; something definite. The fallacy of hoping to teach religion in general, to inspire mere devotional feeling.

Danger of disparaging the teaching of Theology in favor of the teaching of religion, so called. It concentrates men's thoughts on man, and what he is, not on what God is. (Cf. Mysticism.) The old question about being damned for God's glory, debated by Catholics as well as Puritans. (Cf. Fénelon, vol. vi. pp. 249, 250, etc.)

Study the way in which deliberate beliefs of the cultivated pass into the opinions of the people, and, on the other hand, how the common opinions are made systematic and finished with reasons by the learned.

The different temperaments, intellectual, mystic, and practical; the different ways in which each receive truth. The real Church comprehends all. Dangers of asserting either solely as the office of the Church.

The need often of approaching the practical side. First softening the ground with duty. Both ways are possible. Only always the connection must be natural.

The place of Ecclesiasticism in the Truth. Teaching the way in which Partisanship comes in. The words of Sir T. Browne about "Founding a Heresy." The impulse to claim one's own pet ideas as ours, not God's. Paul's "my gospel." The death, then, of proportion in your teaching. Oh, how frequent this is in ministers! The teaching of *Truth*, of *Truths*, of *The Truth*. The moral preparation for every spiritual truth.

The vague talk about the good in other religions as if it detracted from the value of Christ's teaching.

The insincerity of method which may go with the most complete sincerity of idea and plan: "I believe this thoroughly, and would not preach it a moment if I did n't, but I will let myself tell it in false ways for these people's sake, — ways that I *don't* believe in."

"The ink of the learned is as precious as the blood of the martyrs."

God keeping some hemispheres of opinion, as He kept His half-world of America vacant till the old should overflow, — vacant till it should be needed by human growth.

It is the clear and constant feeling and presentation of the personality of the gospel that prevents its becoming monotonous. A person is endlessly interesting. You can tell men of him forever, men who care for him. But a truth once stated is not to be forever repeated. The two things this leads to in different believers and preachers, — in one dulness; in another, as an escape from that, fantasticalness.

Teaching by Parables. That and the God-revelation, the points of contact between spiritual and natural worlds.

The faculty of perceiving what is needed; the way in which it belongs to some men and not to others. The presence of it makes the good preacher, the lack of it shown in men who argue endlessly for nothing. This is the fault of many preachers. Hammering on the iron for the fun of the blows.

Use of mistakable and undefined words, as "coming to Jesus," "being in Christ," or "out of Christ."

Overstatement of experience.

Relation of general teaching of religion to advocacy of some special hobby, correcting of some special evil, etc. Danger of relapsing into this, yet necessity of something of the kind.

The relation between the whole and the part, between religion and our doctrine, between God's kingdom and our sect. The need of a special place, but of a wide belonging. The part treated as a part is all right, as a whole it is all wrong.

A thought provoked is worth ten thoughts imparted. The impossibility of teaching religion in one sense. Religion as a life, a character, is to be evolved. The broader use of the word that is regained.

The teaching of religion by art. Its history, its imperfections and essential limitations. Its need to-day.

Jesus taught — by personal presentation, awaking conscience, reaching truth on moral side, and establishing church (John vi.). Paul taught by starting from old knowledge. Address at Athens. How many loaves? John Baptist taught by convicting of sin and arousing hope. They all went to work to break up dead satisfaction, and create lively desire.

The way in which people listen. We say they listen stupidly, but really what they want is Religion. The sifting power of a congregation. It takes what it comes for: if poetry, or science, then that; if religion, then that, throwing all else aside.

The way in which means are always healthy only with relation to ends. Don't preach that people ought to go to church; if you do, when they have gone to church they 'll think that they have done everything. But make religion so great and attractive that they 'll want to go to its headquarters.

We have seen that Mr. Brooks had been interested by the effort to import into the Episcopal Church the methods known as evangelistic, giving his sanction to " holding missions." When, therefore, the invitation came to him from the young men of the Trinity Club, an organization connected with his parish, to preach on Sunday evenings at Faneuil Hall to the unchurched classes, he welcomed the invitation and prepared himself, but with inward perturbation for the result. There was the possibility of failure, and it might be the verdict that he could preach a comfortable gospel to those

in easy circumstances, who knew nothing of the darker, sadder side of life, but could not reach the masses of men. The experiment was hazardous, for he was putting his theology, his religion, his life, to the final test. Before and after his sermons he walked the streets of old Boston, where he had grown up, for inspiration and encouragement, and then for relief, — High Street, where he was born, and Rowe Street (Chauncy Street), where he had grown from youth to manhood.

The first of these Sunday evening services at Faneuil Hall was held on January 23. It had been the task of the Trinity Club, of which Mr. Lorin F. Deland was the president, to do all in their power to make the experiment successful. And it required no slight effort to prepare the way, to get access to the people at the North End in Boston, and make it known that Phillips Brooks was to preach. They were careful to have it understood that it was the Trinity Club which initiated the movement and secured the preacher; that the object in view was not a religious revival, but simply to increase the range of Mr. Brooks's influence, and to give those an opportunity to hear him, who were unable for whatever reason to listen to him at Trinity Church. The services were announced some time in advance, tickets were distributed in order that those for whom the services were intended should not be crowded out, as there was danger might be the case. The presence of a brass band was announced as an attraction, as well as the circumstance that there would be "no collection;" and a large voluntary choir was secured, including the Harvard Glee Club. So the announcement was altogether a sensation; the experiment was anticipated with unusual interest as an event in the ecclesiastical life of Boston.

We may linger a moment on the picture of these services where Faneuil Hall is associated with the memory of Phillips Brooks: —

> The sound of sacred chant [said the Boston Journal] echoed last night through the streets around Faneuil Hall, which the hush of marketing had left in lonely stillness, and a scene engrossed the auditorium which was unique even in a place that has

furnished the setting for so many and varied pictures. On the historic platform, surrounded by a hundred singers and musicians, and confronted by a strangely commingled gathering, stood for once a man who was not dwarfed by the colossal impression of Webster in the painting overhead, the notable rector of Trinity Church, Dr. Phillips Brooks. Beyond a comparatively limited element, the congregation was largely made up of persons who claim no church and are claimed by none, — men and women on whom the heavy hands of spiritual and temporal asperities have been laid. It was the meeting of the Back Bay and the North End. . . . Religious services with such surroundings and with helmeted policemen in conspicuous force, as if the menace of civil authority was necessary to supplement the persuasiveness of the moral, presented a curious study; but it must be said that the secular guardians were not needed, as no more attentive or appreciative congregation could have been gathered in any church in Boston. Here were pale-faced men, with unkempt locks and manifest indications of failure in life's high purposes; here individuals whose aspect bespoke frequent relapsing; young men and women who form the floating, unchurched, and aimless elements of a large city; . . . the rector of Trinity conducting a service which had no trace of rubric or ritual, and preaching in an every-day garb, with no aid from alb or stole or ecclesiastical insignia whatever. His was manifestly a personality that needed none, and as he came forward upon the platform with no manuscript, book, or pulpit to come between him and his hearers, and spoke with all the fervor and impetuous utterance which seems to be a part of his nature, there was something in his commanding presence that bespoke his hold upon their deferential attention. The only question by those who came to study the working out of the undertaking was as to whether he would touch their feelings by heartfelt expressions as fully as he would gain their admiration by his eloquence. But as he proceeded, all doubt on this ground was dispelled, and the upturned and sympathetic faces before him indicated that his searching appeal to the kindly and hopeful elements in their nature, together with his picturing of God's fatherly pity for the lowliest and most downcast of His children, had wrought an effect that was worthy the effort and the theme.

The text of the sermon was a verse from the Psalms: "Like as a father pitieth his own children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." The sermon meant so much to Phillips Brooks that a few extracts from it are given,

although they must fall short of revealing the power infused with tenderness and love which went into his appeal:[1] —

When fatherhood is spoken of, it means this love which takes the child simply because it is the child; not because of what the child has done, or what the child is in its character, but simply because it has been cradled in these arms in its infancy, and all the hopes and affections of the parent have gathered around that little life.

Underneath all the approbation or disapprobation of God, underneath His approval or disapproval of what we do, there is the great, patient, indestructible love of God for us because we are His children, the wickedest of us as well as the best of us, those who are living the most upright life as well as those who are living the most profligate life, — they are all God's children.

If you are ever going to understand or to get any conception of that great enfolding life which lies all around us, to rest on it and to trust in it and test its consolations, its encouragements, and its supports, the first picture of it must be in your own house. I almost hesitate when I talk to a multitude of people such as this, and ask them to consider their relations with regard to God from the way in which their own families are living. I hesitate and draw back and say, "Do these people want me to talk to them in this way, to ask them to understand that God is to them just exactly what they are to their own children?" I should have to look round and think that I saw better men and women than I know that I do see here to-night. Where is the father who is willing to let his child draw his idea of God from the way in which his fatherly life is related to his child's life?

I am struck, and I am sure you have been, by the way in which people think the basest moments of their lives the real and true moments, and are not willing to think of the grandest moments in their lives as the true ones. The noblest thing you ever did, the noblest emotion you ever felt, the deepest and tenderest and most self-sacrificing love ever in your soul, that is your true self still, through all the baser life into which you have fallen.

Men are continually preached to that they are a great deal wickeder than they think they are, that they must not value themselves so much, that they must not put so high a worth on their humanity. We want, along with that, another kind of preaching. Men are nobler than they think themselves to be. There is in every man something greater than he has begun to

[1] Cf. *The Spiritual Man, and other Sermons*, London, 1895, for a report of the sermon.

dream of. When he gives himself to Jesus Christ in consecration, then that begins to come forth. Break through the cross of your despair and ask Christ to let you see yourself as He sees you, all stained with sin but with the Divine image in you all the time.

The comments of those present indicate that they had been surprised at the fine congregation of non-churchgoers that had assembled to hear Phillips Brooks. One young man, not in the habit of going to church, said: "These people, and I live among them, have not been approached in the right way, and been made to know the true meaning of religion and its place in their lives and homes. A preacher like Mr. Brooks will inaugurate a new era in their lives." An elderly man, who confessed that he did but "little in wearing out the carpets in church aisles," had gone for the purpose of seeing how Mr. Brooks would take hold of workingmen and their families. This was his verdict: —

He is in no sense a revivalist. He will not excite the emotions of people, but gives them a great many sound things to think about. He gives practical religion. That is what everyday men and women want. That was a very beautiful thought of his that men are apt to think that they are worse than they are, and that they should see that the true gauge of their character is the best that is in them. This is what shows a man his own possibilities; and the way in which Dr. Brooks spoke of the pity of God for those who had fallen short of the glorious possibilities of their natures was a helpful lesson; it kindled ambition, inspired hope, and warmed the heart with the love of God for His children. This is what people ought to hear, and this is what he is telling them.

Mr. Brooks was inwardly moved when a man approached him after the service, thanked him for coming, and asked if he could recommend anything for his wife's rheumatism. It was the human side of religion, as the people in the days when Christ was on the earth, after hearing the gospel, brought their sick to Him to be healed. He promised the man to attend to his request.

On the 30th of January and on the 6th of February Phillips Brooks met the same great audience, with no diminution

in attendance or interest. He preached great sermons also; one from the text, "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up the head" (Ps. cx. 7), where he dwelt on the sense of responsibility and the power of the forgiveness of sins; and another sermon from the text, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean" (Matt. viii. 2), when the familiar words of Evangelical hymns were sung with which both sermons were in deep accord, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," and "Just as I am, without one plea." There were other efforts at this time to reach the people, as at the Globe Theatre. To these services Phillips Brooks went with the same message that he had given in Faneuil Hall, and always met the same large concourse of the unchurched classes, anxious and eager to hear him. It seemed as if a strong religious wave were passing over Boston.

During the weeks that cover the sermons at Faneuil Hall, Trinity Church and its rector were absorbed in efforts for the extension of the parish life. There had been a mission chapel of Trinity from an early period in Mr. Brooks's ministry in Boston, situated on Charles Street, called the Chapel of the Evangelists. Municipal improvements in 1886 had required the removal of the building elsewhere, and for a year the Mission had occupied rented rooms on Chambers Street. The Rev. Reuben Kidner, the assistant minister of Trinity Church, was demonstrating by his successful work the need of a permanent home, adapted to the growing necessities and opportunities before him.

On Sunday morning, January 9, 1887, in Trinity Church, Mr. Brooks made an appeal for $50,000, to meet the cost of this project. For five successive Sundays he spoke of this subject from the pulpit, mentioning each time the amount to which the subscription had risen. The people entered with enthusiasm into the project, the interest of the whole parish was engaged, and contributions came in in sums varying from one dollar to five thousand. Friendly notes accompanied the gifts, all of which Mr. Brooks answered with his own pen, remarking that it was "rather difficult to find a new form of words for each note."

February the 9th that year fell on a Wednesday, and a special service to commemorate the consecration of Trinity Church

had been appointed for the evening of that day. The church was crowded. The rector reached the robing-room some time before the service, to learn if the full amount desired had been received. Several hundred dollars were still needed, and some prominent members of the parish came in and expressed their readiness to make up the full amount. But messages and telegrams kept arriving, and before the service began it was found that the $50,000, with a balance over, had been subscribed.

This was one of the occasions in the life of a parish which bring before it the work it is doing, when minister and people feel more keenly the bond that unites them. It was a moment of enthusiasm when Mr. Brooks announced to his congregation that the amount called for had been subscribed. Just as, ten years before, they had built and paid for the most costly church yet erected in New England, so now, with promptness, they had responded to his wish that the most elaborate mission church yet planned in this part of the country should be their offering of commemoration. He spoke of the work of the parish during the ten years in the new edifice. His pride and joy in Trinity Church were evident as he reviewed its long history under former rectors, until the new edifice was built; or as he described the bright day of consecration, how the long procession of clergy came up the aisles, the eloquent sermon of Dr. Vinton, and how on the Sunday following, when they had the church to themselves for the first time, it seemed as though they had been worshipping there for years: —

I do not come to you to-night with statistics. I have not even counted how many have been baptized in these ten years, how many times the marriage service has been performed, how many times the beautiful burial service has been read over the dead, how many of you have been confirmed. I have not looked to see; I do not care. I care more for what these services have been to you and to many souls. I do know that some have come in to them and have gone out with no change in their faces; but there has been a change; there is something which they have got which they did not have before they came. I know that many of you have been helped, that many of you are the better for these years of services in this church. There is one thing which I will tell you of, which has been done in these years. The trea-

surer of the church has given me the amount which has been contributed during the past ten years for charitable and missionary purposes, including the contribution for the new St. Andrew's Church. It is $365,000. It is a large amount, and a small amount, — small when we think of the means which God has given us, and the work to be done. But it has accomplished good in different parts of the world, and from time to time we hear of the good that has been wrought.

It has been our grief that the great architect who built our church died before it was completed. The time will come when money will be given to finish the towers of the façade according to his plan. I am in no hurry for it; other work must be done first, but this, too, will come in time. Far be it from us to boast of what our church has done, but for some things we can be thankful that they have been done right. We welcome all those who come to worship with us. I know how heartily, and often at no little inconvenience to yourselves, this welcome has been given. There has not yet been turned away a person from our doors when there was a seat for him to occupy.

And as your minister, may I thank you for your help and sympathy during these years? You have made my task anything but a burden. As our church has grown and duties have increased, it has been impossible to keep up the personal intercourse which we had together in the first years. I appreciate the patience which you have shown to me. When a person gives up his whole life to such work, trying not to refuse to any the aid which he may be able to give, I think he may still ask for continued patience. I ask that you will bear with me in the future. We are thankful for the past years, but we want to make the coming years fuller and better, to consecrate ourselves more fully to God, and do more earnest work for Him.

Everything that Phillips Brooks now did or wrote was permeated with an increasing depth of tender feeling. He was illustrating the truth of the remark that no one can think profoundly who does not feel deeply. This was shown alike in his sermons and in his letters. He was still despondent about the church, for he had been inwardly hurt by the movement to change its name. This despondency, it will be seen, appears in his letters. When he went to Andover, on January 4, to preach the sermon at the consecration of the new Episcopal Church, he made it an opportunity for asserting more positively the faith that was in him. Throughout

the sermon glowed the intensity of his emotions. He spoke of the place of the Episcopal Church in the Puritan town: —

> Long before our Church came here this was a distinctly religious town. The Church of Christ in other forms, the experience of Christ in other forms, in deep reality was here. . . . It is not in arrogant presentation of herself as the only Church of Christ to which this old religiousness must conform before it can be really churchly. God forbid! It is as one distinct and valuable form of Christian thought and life — as one contribution to the Church of the future which is to be larger, deeper, wiser, holier, than any Church existing in the land to-day.

The subject of the sermon, and the occasion, led to characteristic utterances regarding the nature of the Church, its worship and ordinances: —

> The Church is no exception and afterthought in the world, but is the survival and preservation of the world's first idea, — the anticipation and prophecy of the world's final perfectness. The Church of Christ is the ideal humanity. Say not that it leaves out the superhuman. I know no ideal humanity that is not filled and pervaded with the superhuman. God in man is not unnatural, but the absolutely natural. That is what the Incarnation makes us know.
>
> The Church is the most truly human institution in the world, — the Church building is the most human institution in the town. Here in Andover, your shops, your houses, your stables, your taverns, your library, your girls' school, your boys' school, your seminary, — they all mean something human. But the Church has the best reason for being of them all. It means the most human thing of all, the truest human fact of all facts, that man intrinsically and eternally belongs to God.
>
> This strong conception of its life must pervade its architecture. No heavy and oppressive darkness, overwhelming the soul with fear, and making it want to lose itself in the unearthly gloom; but broad simplicity and ample light, and all the freshness and sweetness of the beautiful world, taken up, glorified, and translated.
>
> And so of the Church's services. They must be human. They must be uttered in the vernacular, not merely of the local speech, but of the human soul. They must be full of hope, not of dread. They must make man respect and not despise his essential self. They must show him his sin by making him see the glory of his intention and his destiny. They must humiliate his intellect by

displaying the infiniteness of truth, and not by declaring the sinfulness of error.

Whatever mystic richness must belong to the Church's two perpetual sacraments, warm forever with the touch of the very hands of the dear Lord, deepened and filled with the countless holy experiences of countless souls, they must be ever pervaded, not in contradiction or in diminution, but in increase of their sacredness, by the simplicity and humanity which is in their very essence. The elemental substances, — water and bread and wine, — these keep the two sacraments forever broad and true. It is through earth's most common substances that Christ, the Son of man, symbolically gives Himself to man. The stream, the field, the vineyard, have their essential sacredness declared in those deep, venerable words, "Baptize all nations." "This is My Body." "This is My Blood."

The Church whose fundamental truth is the essential sacredness of man must hold its doctrines humanly. . . . It will believe that no doctrine has been truly revealed until the human consciousness has recognized its truth. It will have nothing to do with the false awe of the *Credo quia impossibile*. The truths of heaven and the truths of earth are in perfect sympathy; every revelation of the Bible is clearer the more it is to be found in the speaking conscience, or in the utterance of history, or in the vocal rocks.

The real authority of man to speak to brother man must rest in personal qualities and conditions. It is truth which cannot be carried save by the believing soul. It is fire which can only be carried by the lighted torch. It is God who can only shine through a soul luminous and transparent with His own divinity. Behind all other authorities lies forever the first authority of intelligence and sympathy and consecration. Without that all other authorities are worthless. With that, no man may disparage any ministry, however simple and unelaborate that ministry may be in other things.

To the Rev. W. N. McVickar, who was going abroad, he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 8, 1887.

It is sad enough to think that before another Saturday a big piece of the ocean will be between us, and that for months there will be no chance of setting eyes on you. My heart will be on board the Eider with you next Wednesday. You will not see it, but it will be there. It will climb the Pyramids with you (if you really do go up to the top). It will sit with you on the

Mount of Olives, and wander with you through the bazaars of Damascus. Be kind to the old thing (I mean my heart), and give it now and then a greeting, and tell it sometimes what a good time you are having.

Sometimes upon the ocean think of the happy days in which we stared together at the waste of waters. Let the Servia come up to you out of the dim past, with all its ghosts on board, and say something cheerful to them to show them that they are not forgotten in your present joy.

How we shall miss you! When Quinquagesima arrives, remember Cooper and me, sitting on your doorstep.

Good-by, dear fellow, and may the God who has been so good to us keep us both until we meet again. Good-by, good-by.

Ever and ever yours, P. B.

To the Rev. Arthur Brooks, who was making the tour of Palestine, he writes: —

New York, Sunday (Sexagesima), February, 1887.

When you get this we shall be in the thick of Lent. Where will you be? Perhaps almost ready to keep Easter in Jerusalem when this arrives. It is good indeed to know how much you must be enjoying. Forty centuries are looking down upon you from the Pyramids this blessed Sunday. I wish I were one of them, and then you could come up my pyramid and we could sit and talk it all out, and you could tell me all that you have done. I can imagine something of what has happened since then, but at Cairo I lose you, for I have never been up the Nile, and it is a mysterious jumble of tombs and sphinxes and pyramids to me. If you see the veritable Rameses, with the magnificent head, tell him I salute him, and am quite sure that those Hebrews must have been terribly exasperating and disagreeable people. How strange it does seem that out of them should have come the world's religion!

A new pulpit was at this time placed in Trinity Church, in order that Mr. Brooks might be better heard in some parts of the building. He had hitherto preached from a lecturn, the same that he had used in Huntington Hall, originally associated with Holy Trinity Chapel in Philadelphia, whence it had been sent to him as a gift, at his own suggestion. What importance he attached to the associations connected with it is evident from the circumstance that the upper part of this lecturn was fitted to the new pulpit, for a sermon board. So he preserved the connection of his years.

To the Rev. Charles D. Cooper he writes with reference to the "Mind Cure," in regard to which his opinion had been misrepresented: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 25, 1887.

My dear Cooper, — I never heard of these people who are disturbing Albany, and I have no sympathy with their kind. There is a truth in the midst of the fantastic performances and the confused philosophy of the "Mind Cure," but it and the notions which are related to it are capable of vast mischief in the hands of ignorant and self-seeking men and women. Such seem to be the folks of whom you speak. May those for whom you care be saved from them. I assure you they have no right to quote me as their endorser.

An incident occurred at the diocesan convention in May which is characteristic. In 1886 it had been voted to change the rule of order requiring a sermon at the opening of the convention. When Mr. Brooks heard of it he was indignant at the idea of taking away the one chance which a man had of preaching to his brethren; it seemed like abolishing the first function of the ministry. At the convention in 1887 he moved that the words be restored calling for a sermon by the appointed preacher. He made a short and vigorous speech in behalf of his motion, and carried the convention with him. A member of the convention writes: "The ease with which he swung the convention back to the sermon was striking. I think no debate followed his speech. We all let him have his way."

On the 8th of June Mr. Brooks sailed in the Adriatic for England, accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. William G. Brooks, and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Brooks. Only in this respect did his visit differ from previous ones, that he was mainly concerned to put himself at the disposal of the ladies, and share in their pleasure at seeing what was now so familiar to him. That there was no abatement of the enthusiasm among his English friends and admirers was evident from the rush to be early in the field of the candidates claiming his services as a preacher. One event in England, the Queen's Jubilee, now eclipsed every other in national interest

and importance, till it seemed almost natural to his English friends that Phillips Brooks should be there as "a loyal subject." Thus a friend writes to him: —

> The Queen will come in great state to the Abbey. It will be a ceremony such as has only occurred three times in nine hundred years (Henry III., Edward III., George III.), and will be a reminiscence of the coronation. Tickets of admission will be very hard to get. They are given to very few except the Houses of Lords and Commons, courtiers, and the great ones of the earth. But you shall have a seat; I pledge myself to get you one.

The promise was kept, and on the 21st of June Mr. Brooks was present in an eligible place in the Abbey to witness the imposing and gorgeous scene.

An English lady writes to him this anecdote of childhood which she thought would amuse him: —

> A little girl, eight years old, where I was staying a short time ago, observed to me one day, —
>
> "Nearly all America belongs to England, does n't it, Mrs. W——?"
>
> "I am afraid not, dear."
>
> "I mean, nearly all the States do. Well, if they don't, then they ought to."

Mr. Brooks preached but a few times, for his stay in England was short, — at St. Margaret's, Westminster, as usual, for Archdeacon Farrar; at St. Mark's, Kennington, for Mr. Montgomery; at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he met Dean Church. He also preached at Crosthwaite Church, in Keswick, — "the greatest sermon Crosthwaite ever listened to," writes the vicar. He went down to the East End and made a speech to the workingmen. Among the attractive invitations he was obliged to decline was one from the chaplain of the Royal Dockyard Church, with its large number of English soldiers and their officers. He met, through the kindness of Archdeacon Farrar, the best men of England, and a large number of the clergy. The Nonconformists gave him a warm welcome, as if he were of their number. But the rector of a large London church also writes to him: "The

secret by which you make us High Churchmen enthusiastic about you remains unexplained to me."

After a few weeks in London, he went with his companions for a journey in rural England, visiting cathedrals and other objects of interest, and on the 19th of July left England, as he writes, "for the old commonplace Continental journey, — Brussels, Cologne, the Rhine, Heidelberg, the Tyrol, Venice, Milan, Switzerland, Paris, — all old and delightful, but no longer with the charm of novelty." He continued to show himself a restless traveller, impatient to be moving, unwilling to be idle when there was anything to be done; but chiefly anxious for the friends who were with him, giving them no rest in his desire to show them what ought to be seen. Among his few letters, this one to Mr. Robert Treat Paine tells that the new St. Andrew's was uppermost in his mind: —

Schloss Hotel, Heidelberg, July 24, 1887.

My dear Bob, — Here we are for another Sunday, where the great party spent the larger part of a Sunday now two years ago. Do you remember it? It all comes back most vividly here, as indeed it has all along the route. I expect to hear scraps of George's Journal lingering among the echoes of the corridors, and to meet Ethel coming out of a mediæval doorway, and to find Lily wherever there is a stray dog. I wish indeed that I could call you all up in actual presence as well as in imagination. What a Sunday we would have! For the day is perfection, and the great outlook was never lovelier.

Your letter, which I was very glad indeed to get this week, made me see you all at home, dining on the terrace, and keeping the Fourth of July. It was a pretty picture. I wish I had been there. And then came your very interesting account of the discussions about the new chapel, and your delightful architectural drawings, which gave me such a clear idea of how it ought to be done and how it ought not to be done. It would have made a very interesting summer if I could have been at home and talked all these things over with you all. I need not tell you that I like the largeness of your ideas. Many a time, in these last twenty years, you have saved us from doing things on a small scale, and kept us large. We never shall forget — I hope history will not let it be forgotten — that we owe it to you that Trinity Church is big and dignified, and not a little thing in a side street, which one must hunt to find, and think small things of when he has found it.

From Mrs. Whitman's Portrait

And now, St. Andrew's. Let that be conceived as generously as possible. Let there be nothing mean about it. If we need more money let us get it. Let us make it a home of which neither rich nor poor need be ashamed. Let us anticipate vastly more of work and life than we at present have to put in it. In all this I am with you heartily. The main hall of the parish building, I believe, will be above all our expectations in its usefulness, — a sort of Palace of Delight, like the one we read about in London four years ago, and which I saw in its partial realization the other day. It may be made the centre of all sorts of good influences for that whole region. Oh, that I could see, on the 18th of September, as I turn into Chambers Street, the chaste and elegant façade of a finished building all ready for its work, with Kidner waving a St. Andrew's flag upon the doorstep, and the crowd waiting for the blessing at the open windows! I shall not quite see that, but something, I am sure, will have been done, and there is time left yet before we die and other people are to follow us and take up what we leave undone.

I only wish I felt more sure about this Church of ours, the Episcopal Church, I mean. I wish it looked more as if it meant to be sensible and simple and rational and ready for the best sort of work. It looks to me now very much as if it meant to go on to stiffer and stronger ecclesiasticism, and might, in time, become a place in which it would be difficult if not impossible to work. Perhaps not; and meanwhile, I see nothing to do except to press on and keep her as good and strong and sensible as we can, but there would be a stronger confidence about it all if she would only behave better. There seemed to me to be very much in England which looked the same way.

But, however that may be, there will be some good result somewhere of all good work. That is the comfort which one falls back on more and more, and I begrudge all the time now that I take out of the few years which remain for work at home. Even when it brings one to Heidelberg, which is as beautiful as a dream this hot Sunday afternoon. The music of a profane band comes floating through the trees, and there are those delicious old red walls, with the breaks in them just at the right places, and down below the brown-roofed town, and the silver Neckar wandering through it. You know it all, and it is so full of the associations of '85 that I feel as if you all were here. Would that you were!

I hope you all are well and happy. To know that any of your flock were unhappy would make me so, too. I shall track your footprints in the waters of the Grand Canal, and on the rocks of

Wengern Alp, and it will be pleasant when I take you by the hand again on your own porch. I send my love to Mrs. Paine and Edith and John and Emily and Robert and Ethel and George and Lily, and am, ever and ever,

Affectionately yours, P. B.

When the party of travellers reached Geneva, Phillips Brooks was called to know personally what physical suffering meant in one of its most intense forms, in consequence of a felon which had formed on the thumb of his right hand. It indicated some weakness in his constitution, — a physical correspondent, perhaps, to the inward depression which hung about him. From the conscious knowledge of pain he had hitherto been exempt through all his years beyond an occasional headache in his youth. To his friends who accompanied him he now seemed to bear it with heroic patience. Pain is a great leveller, yet despite well-nigh unendurable agony he preserved his integrity. For weary days and sleepless nights he continued to suffer and endure. He was besought to call in a physician, but he persistently refused, waiting in the vain hope that the throbbing pain would subside, reluctant, indeed, to admit that he could not overcome by strength of will an aberration of nature which by the divine order should be subject to man. At last he had almost waited too long. When the physician, Dr. Binet, of Geneva, was summoned, he was alarmed as he looked at the finger, and at once, examining the arm, found that it contained symptoms of disease so dangerous that he despaired of saving it. Just before the finger was cut open, Dr. Binet advised him to take chloroform; he declined it; to his request that he might light a cigar the physician consented, and he held the cigar in his mouth during the operation: "There was a moment," said Dr. Binet, "when he did n't draw." These incidents were communicated to the Rev. Leighton Parks by Dr. Binet himself. When Phillips Brooks was asked afterwards about the extent of his suffering, he would say that he knew of no standard by which the relative degrees of pain could be measured. He only knew that "it throbbed." Hitherto disease had been something so far away that it seemed at times to those

who heard him refer to the subject as if he scorned it for a personal infirmity. He was quoted as saying that he hated sickness. "All the sickness that I see does not make sickness seem a bit easier or more natural, and my wonder at the patience of sick people grows with every day of my life."

The injury to his hand prevented Mr. Brooks for some time from the use of his pen, and no letters record his movements. On the 18th of September, he was again at his post in Trinity Church, and had resumed his connection with Harvard University. In October he went to the Church Congress at Louisville, Kentucky, where he made a sensation by his speech on the apostolical succession, stating his position with the emphasis and vigor which church congresses are apt to engender. There were hisses in the hall as he spoke. It shows the ecclesiastical ire he aroused, that a prominent layman who heard him remarked it would have been a pleasure to assist in throwing him into the Ohio River. Again the speaker's words were caught up and carried throughout the country. No record of the speech remains, however, for the records of this congress perished by some accident in the flames. There is one brief allusion to the subject in a letter written by Mr. Brooks after his return to Boston, October 27, 1887: —

> Only last night did I get back from this ecclesiastical junket, which began with the Congress in Louisville, and ended with the ministerial council in Philadelphia. The congress was ugly, but the saints had good rooms at the hotels, and there were enough of them to praise each other's speeches.

With one other letter this phase in the life of Mr. Brooks comes to an end, and he no longer felt it incumbent on him to pursue the subject. Three times he had spoken his mind with all the fiery energy of his nature, — at the General Convention in 1886, at Trinity Church, and in the Church Congress. He had made his position known, so that there could be no doubt where he stood. In this letter to Dr. Dyer, for many years the trusted and honored leader of the Evangelical school in the Episcopal Church, he shows himself still despondent, and expresses his misgivings. The

letter is of further importance because he avows that he no longer holds the dogmatic theology known as Evangelical.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 19, 1887.

Dear Dr. Dyer, — It does me good to hear your blessed voice again. Old scenes come trooping up with the sight of your handwriting, and I am a youngster again, sitting at the feet of my elders and betters. Yes, I will be an officer of the Church Missionary Society if they want me to, — most of all, if *you* want me to, — but it will not save the Church. Nothing will save it, I fear. It is fast on the way to become a small, fantastic sect, aping foreign ways, and getting more and more out of sympathy with the great life of the country. I am sorry indeed, but I cannot think anything else. Look at the West and see what our Church means there. Where are the dioceses that you strove to build a quarter of a century ago? Well, well, the work will be done by somebody, even if our Church refuses to do it. But what a chance we had!

I know no better place to work, and so I work on still in the old Church, growing more and more out of conceit with organizations, — more and more sure that the dogmatic theology in which I was brought up was wrong,[1] but more and more anxious for souls and eager to love God every year. The old days when we haunted Dr. Vinton's study and hammered out Constitutions for the Divinity School in Philadelphia, and took breakfast with the Volanses, look very bright, but far away and very young. Those days were earlier, but these are happier, — and, on the whole, the larger hopes which live on Christ and expect Him to do His work in His own way are more inspiring even than the hopes we used to have for E. K. S. and E. E. S.

[1] The points on which Mr. Brooks recognized his divergence from the dogmatic theology in which he had been brought up were these: 1. Its view of baptism as a covenant. 2. Its literal theory of inspiration and its conception of Scripture as a whole. 3. Its separation between things secular and sacred; its failure to recognize truth in other religions and in non-Christian men; its indifference to intellectual culture. 4. Its tendency to limit the church to the elect. 5. Its view of salvation as escape from endless punishment. 6. Its insistence upon the necessity of acknowledging a theory of the Atonement in order to salvation. 7. Its insufficient conception of the Incarnation and of the Person of Christ. 8. Its tendency to regard religion too much as a matter of the emotions rather than of character and will. And yet he regarded these divergences as the accidents of the Evangelical theology, not its essence, which lay in devotion to the Person of Christ. In his deep harmony with this feature of Evangelical teaching, he seemed to remain at heart an Evangelical to the end.

I am glad, indeed, to know you are so strong and well. How I would like to see you again. God help you always.

Affectionately yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter he writes, expressing his dislike in a satirical way for the over-valuation of ecclesiastical domesticities: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 26, 1887.

No, my dear Henry, I will not go back on what I wrote, or what the "Evening Post" says that I wrote, which is the same thing.

I conceive the trimming of the altar, the cleaning of the candlesticks, the cutting out of artificial flowers, and the darning of the sacramental linen to be, on the whole, the noblest occupation of the female mind, the very crown and glory of the parish work of women. They correspond exactly to the sublime work of showing strangers to seats and playing checkers with loafers at the reading room, which is what we have canonized as *men's* work in the same parish. How beautiful they both are! How worthy of the male and female topstones of Creation!

And will you stay with me when you come on January 22, to preach for Parks and at Cambridge? I shall be very glad and grateful if you will.

Ever faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On November 26 Mr. Brooks laid the corner stone of the new St. Andrew's Church, in the presence of a large number of people. He followed at this time with deep interest the task of Ramabai, then in this country, in behalf of her Hindu sisters. He had the pleasure of welcoming as his guest Professor James Bryce, for whose work he had great admiration. On his fifty-second birthday he wrote this letter to Mrs. Robert Treat Paine: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, December 13, 1887.

DEAR MRS. PAINE, — I want to write a word before the birthday closes, to thank you for your kind word and the bright flowers which made the birthday possible to bear. You and yours will, I know, stand by me to the end, and give me your friendship till I get safely through.

God bless you for all you have been to me all these years.

Affectionately yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

CHAPTER XX

1888

RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN PHILADELPHIA. INCIDENTS OF PARISH LIFE. LENTEN SERVICES. CORRESPONDENCE. SENTIMENT AND SENTIMENTALITY. COMMENTS ON "ROBERT ELSMERE." THANKSGIVING SERMON

In the summer of the previous year Phillips Brooks had experienced the intensity of physical pain. In the first month of this new year he encountered the vision of sudden death. This was the report which startled Boston on the morning of January 27, as it was read in the newspapers: —

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, the Rev. William N. McVickar, rector of Holy Trinity Church, the Rev. C. D. Cooper, rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles, and Miss McVickar, sister of Dr. McVickar, narrowly escaped being killed last evening.

Dr. Brooks had come on from Boston to visit his many friends in this city [Philadelphia], and to assist at the opening of the new chapel of the Holy Communion, at Twenty-seventh and Wharton streets. He was at the residence of Rev. Dr. Cooper, No. 2026 Spruce Street, during the afternoon, and later in the evening Rev. Dr. McVickar, with his sister, called in a carriage for the reverend gentlemen to convey them to the chapel.

So bad was the condition of the icy streets that the driver had difficulty in keeping his horses on their feet. It was just 7.45 o'clock when they got to Greenwich Street, and the driver turned his horses' heads to cross the Pennsylvania Railroad. The spot is one of the most dangerous in the city, the high walls of the Arsenal building almost shutting the trains from the view of drivers of vehicles. The safety gate was not shut in consequence of its being so encrusted with ice that it could not be worked. The driver, seeing that the gate was open, and not seeing or hearing an approaching train, drove upon the tracks. Hardly had those in the carriage seen the dazzling headlight of the engine before it was upon them, catching up the heavy carriage like an

eggshell, overturning it in the twinkling of an eye, and crushing a great hole in the side where it had struck.

The occupants were thrown headlong to one side of the carriage. Dr. Brooks was partly covered by the débris. Along the track for fifty yards the engine pushed the cab and its affrighted occupants before it could be stopped. The engineer had seen the carriage before the locomotive struck it, and he at once reversed the lever. Had not this been done it is probable that some if not all of the occupants would have been killed.

Ready hands came to the rescue and helped the members of the party out of their perilous position. Rev. Dr. Cooper and Miss McVickar had been thrown violently against the side of the cab. Dr. McVickar was covered with broken glass and wood, and across Dr. Brooks's breast rested a heavy axletree. All considered their escape from instant death as marvellous. The driver fared worst. He was hurled from his box to the ground, and lay last night in a semi-conscious condition.

The delay in the arrival of the party at the chapel caused some alarm, and a carriage was sent in search of them. The searchers found the clergymen by the railroad tracks, and conveyed them to the chapel, where the services proceeded as if nothing had happened.

A lady in Philadelphia, upon whom Mr. Brooks was calling the day after the accident, took down the words in which he referred to it. He rose from his chair, paced the floor, and, with his face aglow with deep emotion, said: "I was not the least afraid to go; I know there are beautiful things God has to show us in the other world; but, I want to live to see what He has to show us that is beautiful and wonderful in the coming century in *this* world."

The following letters of Mr. Brooks relate to the accident, written to his friends McVickar, Cooper, and Strong: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 31, 1888.

Oh, my dear William, you do not know the good which your letter has done me. If you did, you would be glad all your life for the blessed hour in which you wrote it. I have had all my share of happiness, and more. I have had friends such as are given to few men, and they have been constant and faithful to me in a way that fills me with gratitude and wonder when I think of it; but life is pretty lonely, after all, and so, when one of the oldest of the oldest of one's friends says kind, good things like

this, it sort of breaks me down, and I am glad, like a true awkward Bostonian, that you are not here to see how much I feel it; but you must know how much you have been to me all these long years, and how much it is to me, even although I see you so seldom, to know that you give me a thought sometimes, and care how I am faring.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 1, 1888.

Dear Cooper, — I got to New York safe, and found Arthur interested in the accident and told the story there, and the next morning took the train here, and arrived home last night, or rather in the afternoon at three o'clock. James Franks was waiting at the train, and he and Sallie and I dined at William's, where we told the tale again, and gave thanksgiving round the family table. This morning lots of people called, and I felt amazed and overcome to find how much people cared whether I lived or died.

And so the thing goes into history, and we are safe for some years more of work. God knows how many! The more the whole event takes possession of me, the more I am willing to leave it all to Him, sure that it would have been all right if He had called us then, and sure, too, that every week of work He still allows us is a privilege.

I think of you constantly; may you be richly helped and supported in your loneliness. Let me hear from you when you can. God keep you safe. Yours lovingly,

P. B.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 2, 1888.

Dear George, — A thousand thanks for your good letter. I knew you would be glad I was not dead, but yet it was a joy to hear you say so, and I read your kind words more than once, and found great pleasure in them. Think of poor Cooper, with his seventy-four years' old bones and muscles, getting turned over and over by a locomotive and coming out marvellously safe and well, and going on and making his little speech just as if nothing had happened! Awful as it was, I think the accident will serve for a diversion which will distract his thoughts. But no more such diversions for me in this short life, please God!

This marvellous escape left its uneffaceable impression upon Phillips Brooks. An era in his life seemed to date from this moment, as he gave himself, even more unreservedly, to the demands of the people. The Rev. Leighton Parks, who spent several weeks with him at the rectory in

1888, relates, that, astonished at the frequency with which the door bell rang, from an early hour in the morning, he determined to keep a record, and found that it averaged once for every five minutes. But Mr. Brooks steadfastly declined to seclude himself, or appoint hours when he would be at home to callers. They wanted to see him, he would answer, and it might not be possible or convenient for them to come at the hours which he might fix. Any one who went to call upon him at this time would be apt to find such a situation as this, — some one waiting for him in the reception room, another in the dining room, while he was closeted with a third in the study.

There were fears lest his health would suffer; indeed there were symptoms that it had already been impaired, but he continued to give himself, as if with the desperation of a man who felt that his time was short, that he must work while the day lasted. And there was nothing that was so much wanted of him now as the man himself. The Rev. Leighton Parks further relates that he had an appointment to meet him at the rectory at eight o'clock one evening, whence they were to go to a reception at the house of Mr. Robert C. Winthrop. Not till nearly eleven o'clock did Mr. Brooks return to his house to keep the appointment. He had been detained at a hospital by a colored man who had been injured in some affray and had sent for him. A physician whom they met at Mr. Winthrop's expressed some surprise that Mr. Brooks should not have sent his assistant, as any physician would have done. But in spiritual things it must be otherwise, and Mr. Brooks's reply was that the man had sent for *him*.

Another incident is told by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith. A colored girl who was dying sent for him with a verbal message through her sister. It was Sunday morning, just as the service at Trinity was beginning. In this case Mr. Brooks sent his assistant, explaining why he was unable to come. But the assistant returned with the message that the girl had declared she would not die until he came. When the service was over Mr. Brooks himself went accord-

ing to the request, with the intention of administering the Communion. The sequel of the story was this, — he found that the two sisters, fearing he might not come, had concluded to keep the Communion for themselves, imitating the sacred rite, as far as they could, with bread and water.

Still another incident is communicated by Rev. E. W. Donald, the present rector of Trinity, which also belongs to these years. A workingman, living in one of the suburbs of Boston, was told at the hospital that he must undergo a dangerous surgical operation; that he could not live unless it were performed; that it was doubtful even then if his life could be saved, but there might be a chance. He returned with the information to his home and his wife. The operation was to take place the next day. They had the evening before them, and they proposed to spend it in a call on Phillips Brooks whom neither of them knew, or had the slightest claim on his interest or attention. Only, as they faced the crisis, it seemed as if a call on Phillips Brooks was adequate to its portentousness for them both. Mr. Brooks received them as they had expected he must, talked with them and soothed them, and promised to be with them at the hospital on the following day. All which their imagination had conceived of what he might be to them in their emergency was fulfilled to the letter.

There are many other instances of a similar kind to be told of Mr. Brooks at this stage of his life, upon which he was now entering. Some of them are known in all the fulness of their pathos, others are unknown because he kept the details of his kindness to himself. It is not that incidents of this kind are peculiar in his experience as a pastor, though there is this peculiarity, that they are calls from outside his parish, unless we take his parish to be Boston and its vicinity. But what strikes the imagination in them is the contrast they suggest, that the preacher who moved the admiration of the world and had received its honors, the scholar who could have done so much in theology and in literature if his time had been at his disposal, the man of cultured artistic sense, with social gifts, sought for every-

where as the ornament of social functions, where society put on its beauty and its glory, — that such a man should have been claimed as their own and as if existing for themselves alone, by the poorest, the humblest, the lowest, the outcast, and the sinner. He evidently was moved to the lowest depths of his being by these appeals, allowing nothing to interfere with these demands, which rested upon the claim of a simple humanity. It would have been easy enough, if he had been so minded, to have withdrawn himself, pleading before his own conscience —and who could have said he would have been wrong had he done so? — that he was engaged in a higher work, imperatively demanding his time if it were to be successfully done; that he had no right to be giving his days to such ministrations which others could perform as well, while no one could do the greater work he was accomplishing; that in this effort to minister to one soul in trouble he might diminish his power of ministering to the thousands who flocked to hear him. He might, at any rate, have laid down the limits to Trinity Parish, or tried to do so, — for Trinity now almost seemed to have no limits, — beyond which he would not go. It must have been that out of these things there came a yet more powerful motive to feed his soul for its greater utterances. He might not have time to read learned books any longer, but he was reading more closely than ever the book of life. Some might have gone to the opposite extreme of asceticism and have reasoned that the joy of social life was incompatible with daily ministrations to human sorrow and sufferings. But he did not. Life in itself was never richer or more attractive to him; culture and wealth and refinement, a social function, still had for him a charm.

And yet even, in the midst of many engagements, and when life was at its fullest, we begin to have occasional complaints from him that he is lonely. It may be owing to some consciousness of isolation, or lack of complete sympathy; or may come from the unique position he occupied. It may have been that his large nature made demands for human love which no friendships could satisfy. Certainly he now became

more than ever dependent upon his friends. He grew hungry for their companionship, entreating them to come to see him. It was strange that with a world full of friends he should ever find himself alone. What he suffered from and even dreaded at times was the return to the house, where there was no one to welcome him. His face would light up in the evenings if fortunately, at ten o'clock, he found some friend awaiting in the study his return. But the dominant note of his life was one of hope and cheer for the world. "The richest gifts of God cannot be imparted at once, and man must wait in patience until the inward preparation to receive them is completed." "Life in the individual or the race follows the analogy of education where the best is held in reserve." About this time was written the sermon entitled "The Good Wine at the Feast's End." It was born of an inward conflict in the adjustment of the changes of life.

Christianity is full of hope. It looks for the ever richer coming of the Son of Man. It lives in sight of the towers of the New Jerusalem which fill the western sky. Therefore it has been the religion of energy and progress always and everywhere.

There are ways in which the world grows richer to the growing man, and so the earliest years cannot be meant to be the fullest or the most glorious, but that privilege must belong rather to the ripest and the last.

When what we vaguely call this life is done, there is to come the fulfilment of those things of which we have here witnessed the beginnings. This is the sublime revelation of the Christian faith. The words of Christ reach forward. They all own present incompleteness. The soul which uses them is discontented and lives upon its hope.

Christ will take you, if you let Him, into his calm, strong power, and lead you on to ever richer capacity and ever richer blessing, till at last only at the end of eternity shall your soul be satisfied and be sure that it has touched the height and depth of His great grace and say, "Now I know Thy goodness wholly. Thou hast kept the good wine until now." [1]

The accident at Philadelphia left no visible traces on his

[1] Cf. *The Good Wine at the Feast's End*, New York, 1893. The sermon was preached in May, 1888, at the Church of the Incarnation in New York.

physical system. He took up his work as if nothing had happened. In the early part of the year he was making many addresses outside of his parish: at the Groton School, the Boston Latin School, the Little Wanderers' Home, the Harvard Vespers, the Workingmen's Club, and St. Mary's Church for Sailors, in East Boston, — a diversified list of calls upon his sympathy.

Lent came in on February 15. He commented, as it began, on "the change to the great shadow." "There is much foolish talk about optimism and pessimism, but the highest and deepest, the brightest and darkest thoughts of life must go together." His sermon for Ash Wednesday was on the "Sin that doth so easily beset us." Another sermon is remembered on "David and the Shewbread," where he dwelt on the freedom of the Bible, the freedom of great men like David. "The needs of human nature are supreme, and have a right to the divinest help. The little tasks need divinest impulses. The secular woes are only to be relieved by God. In this use the shewbread is most honored."

In a sermon at Harvard Vespers, March 8, he spoke on the text, "God's judgments are far above out of his sight." "There are judgments of our lives of which we are unaware, which we are not fine enough to feel. But the order of the universe feels the judgment as a jar between its wheels. Essential righteousness is busy condemning us and setting right the wrong which we are doing. It is awful to be thus judged at judgment seats too high for us to know. Our brother beside us is being judged at them and knows it; therefore the restless disturbance of his life. As we grow stronger we come into ever higher and higher judgments. Christ judged by them all: 'This is My beloved Son.'"

In his Bible class on Saturday evenings, he commented on the Psalms. He preferred those which he could associate with the experience of David, for David was to him one of the few to be accounted great in the world, and the Psalms gained in vividness when associated with a great personality. "Only the experiences of a great soul accounted for such great utterances."

Very faithful and searching were the sermons dwelling on human sinfulness; one from the text, "He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope;" another, on the words of Jesus, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more," where he dwelt on the dilemma in which sin places those who would fain dwell with it. "How difficult it is to meet it rightly! The fear of cruelty and fear of feebleness; the sense of one's own sinfulness; the danger of being superior and patronizing; the fear of exasperating and condoning. So we keep out of the way. The first thing about Christ is that He never kept out of the way."

The prominence of Christ in these Lenten services overshadows all the utterances. It seemed as if the speaker had known Him in the flesh, or had other conversations with Him in the spirit, enlightening him as to the deeper meaning of the Saviour's words. Two sermons were given to the "loneliness of Christ." On Wednesday evenings he took up the relations of Jesus to some of the problems of society and life. Of special interest were the lectures on the Litany given on Friday afternoons. He analyzed its structure and the significance of its various divisions, the variety of its appeal, the value of its emphasis in repetitions, its unvarying uniform cry for deliverance. The invocation of the Trinity in its opening clauses was not intended to shut out and restrict its use, but rather to expand the grounds and motives of the infinite appeal. He dwelt especially on the phrase "miserable sinners," as representing the human soul standing in its emptiness and waiting to be filled with the profusion of God.

On the threshold of the Litany sinfulness is encountered, as in actual life, — the hindrance of sin. Its sources, — the very substance of our own nature; the remoter sources, — the offences of our forefathers. The double cry to escape the punishment and to be delivered from these palsying consequences, the guilt and power of sin. (1) The sense of a universe against us, of external foes, the assaults of the devil, and the feeling of the wrath of God; (2) the defects within the soul, the passions and meannesses, the spites and hatreds, — the soul deceitful and corrupt; (3) the triple agency of evil, — the world, the flesh, and the

devil; (4) the dangers of the physical life, — the cry to be spared from "sudden death;" (5) the evils of corporate life, heresy and schism.

One lecture was devoted to "The Great Appeals of the Litany," — "by the mystery of Thy Holy Incarnation, Thy passion, Thy resurrection, and ascension." Then he turned to the public means of grace, the Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments, the State also, and suggested a new petition for "the world of nations." He closed with an impressive summary: "*We sinners*, what right — and yet what a right we have to pray!"

The Good Friday sermon was from Hebrews x. 20. "By a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh."

It is strange how the great critical event of the world's life is a *Death;* not a battle, nor a coronation, nor a new institution, nor a birth, but yet all these summed up in this dying.

Obedience unto death. This the only real approach to God. You may crowd upon Him any other way and you do not reach Him. Only the great submission of the will blends our life with His.

The great silent bliss as soul joins soul, — the Son and the Father! But surely also those whose life He had gathered up into His own! He carried them through and in His obedience. Can we understand that? The human flesh has been always an *obstacle;* Christ made it a channel between God and man.

The sermon for Palm Sunday was on the cry of the multitudes that went before and followed after Christ as He entered Jerusalem. "The great future for the world and for the personal life" was the subject: "Up the broad pathway, lo, *He* comes rejoicing in the solemn crisis and the awful acquisition of life."

On Easter Even was revealed "the history that pauses. Here and there it seems to wait a moment. So with the world's history; so with a life's. There are moments when greater powers are more forceful than we can feel; greater truths are true for us than we can know."

Exhausting as the Lenten services might be, Mr. Brooks came to Easter Day with the culmination of his powers. The

morning service at Trinity, said the newspaper reporter, was attended by the largest congregation ever gathered within its walls. The sermon was only another variation of the endless theme, —

> the value and sacredness of life, the impossibility of man's creating it, the tremendous power with which man clings to life, and the imperishable hope with which man looks forward to the perpetuation of life.
>
> No matter what crazy sorrow saith,
> No soul that breathes with human breath,
> Has ever truly longed for death.

In Christ there came rolling back the great flood of life, and into the harbor of life a flood of vitality. The thought of Easter is the Sea of Life, the ocean without bounds, flowing all ways and overflowing all, the Divine existence in its ocean-like extension.

In the correspondence of Mr. Brooks there is to be observed a change in his mode of reference to the Lenten season. Hardly a year had passed since his ordination when he does not refer with some misgivings to the multiplication. Thus, in 1882, he had written: —

> I can't help doubting whether it is an unmixed good, though I know there is a great deal of good about it, this sudden and tremendous access of churchgoing. There is no way of drawing back and retrenching the multitude of services without seeming to discourage people's worshipping. But I think the old Lents of my earlier ministry, with two or three good solid services in a week, were probably quite as blessed as these with their services every day, and sometimes twice a day. So you see, here I am, at forty-six, already *Laudator temporis acti.*

But the scene at Trinity Church during Lent, beginning with this year, 1888, was one never to be forgotten. The newspapers called attention to the services. It seemed as if the only parallels were "in the flood of fiery eloquence poured forth by Savonarola, or the matchless eloquence of Lacordaire." As evidence of the change the note-books may be mentioned for the year 1888, and the following years to 1891. Each year he filled a large note-book with his plans of daily addresses, or of Wednesday or Friday evening

lectures, or of Bible class studies. The people went to these services in constantly increasing numbers and with an ever deepening interest. A new phase of his ministry seemed to have begun, marked by deeper solemnity and an ineffable tenderness of spirit, as though his heart alone were speaking, and every one in the congregation were his dearest friend. The expansion of the man and the fuller revelation of his soul made every service deeply impressive.

The Lenten lectures, delivered from year to year in Trinity Church, Boston, are made so interesting, so helpful, so memorable, that vast throngs are always in attendance at their delivery, that whenever reported and published they are eagerly read in all parts of the country, and that their influence outreaches and outlasts the immediate occasion. The lectures are full of both doctrinal and practical theology, but always of the kind that springs with seeming spontaneity out of the theme and out of living present human interests.[1]

The writer of the above paragraph was struck with one statement of Mr. Brooks's when speaking of the Litany: "It is significant that not in her creeds, but in her prayers, the Church most clearly states her dogmas." The remark is, indeed, significant as showing how far Phillips Brooks had departed from the spirit and method of the New England theology, which had terminated in a scholasticism like that of the Middle Ages, built upon dialectic, glorying in its intellectual supremacy, in the victory it had achieved over the theology of the feelings. Phillips Brooks had gone back to the theology of life. He accepted the feeling as the characteristic and decisive element in religious faith. There was an intellectual element in the process of faith; but it was not that which constituted its foundation. In the feeling for the worth of things, reason possesses as true a revelation as experience has in the principles of scientific investigation. In a passage in one of his sermons, written about this time (1889), he took occasion to refer to the New England theology and to the arrested development of religious life out of which it had sprung: —

[1] Cf. *Phillips Brooks in Boston*, by M. C. Ayer, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, p. 26.

You all know something of what a confusion of intricate, complicated, and practically incomprehensible dogma the New England theology became. The endless discussion of fantastic questions occupied a large part of the people's thoughts. The minute and morbid study of their spiritual conditions distorted and tormented anxious souls. Strange theories of the atonement grew like weeds. . . . Heresies sprang out of the soul where orthodoxy lay corrupt and almost dead. It was the sad fate of a religious life denied its due development and shut in on itself.[1]

In a letter to Mr. Cooper there is an allusion to the season of Lent, showing the pleasure he took in the frequent services. But he bemoans the changes which life is bringing. In the midst of his engagements he had been shocked and saddened by the death of Mrs. Leighton Parks in Italy. She had entered with her husband into the circle of his more intimate friends, — a woman who possessed a beautiful and stately presence, combining with it a gracious charm of manner and power of pleasing, but also strength of character, self-possession, devotion, and a true woman's insight and wisdom. In her youth she was suddenly called, leaving sorrow and mourning behind her.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 7, 1888.

My dear Cooper, — It seems to me as if Lent had lasted six months, and had had ten thousand services already, but I never liked it so much, I think, and the habits which it makes of going to the church and thinking and talking about the best things were never so welcome. I hope it does the people as much good as it does the minister. It has been saddened for us here by the melancholy tidings from Parks of Emmanuel Church. He is abroad for a winter's rest, and has been for weeks at death's door in an hotel at Pisa. And in the midst of his illness, his wife, who was with him, died. He is going to get well, but what a dreary life he will come back to. He has three little children. It is the breaking up of one of the happiest and brightest homes I ever knew.

And is the shoulder all right? And have you got your sleeping powders yet? And has William Bembo got his head again? And has the railroad given him a thousand dollars? How long ago it all seems, and yet what a shudder it sends through one's bones to think of it! Mr. Morrill sent to New York and got

[1] *Sermons*, vol. vi. p. 352.

me a magnificent and mighty stick to replace the one that vanished on that awful night, so that I carry a memorial of the great accident on all my walks.

The following letters belong to this period: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 9, 1888.

Oh, if things would not so be breaking to pieces all the while! Nothing stays put. Here is our little ecclesiastical teapot all in a bubble. Courtney goes this way and Greer goes that, and who knows what will happen to Percy or whether Father Hall will be spared! The Bishop looks very ill. It must all be that the things which cannot be shaken may remain.

Good-by. Bless God you are safe and well.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 13, 1888.

Dear Arthur, — Now in these idle days of Lent it is a good time for a small piece of extra work. Professor Jacks, of London, has sent me these copies of the addresses to be made to James Martineau, and asked whether a few of the representative men of our church would like to sign it. I think that some of them would. Certainly I shall sign it. Will you? And will you ask four or five others of the New York men? You will know whom it is best to ask. But I wish you would ask Bishop Potter, and I would venture to name Huntington, Tiffany, Donald, and Heber Newton.

Surely this is a proper chance to do one of these natural and pleasant things which make us feel the unity of the search for truth under all our divisions. I thought of sending it to Harwood, and Bishop Harris, and Professor Allen. Do you think of any one besides, whose name would be desirable?

The blessed Lenten days are fast slipping away from us, and before we know it we shall come out of the golden gate of Easter into that bewildering world where we do not go to church every day. How strange it will all be! But to-day, Winter is in our faces, and Lent is in our hearts.

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

P. S. There can be no harm in a *lay* signature or two, if the right men occur to you. How about President Barnard?

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 22, 1888.

My dear W., — On the morning of the 23d I start for Halifax, that is, if I go to Courtney's consecration, as he has asked me to do, and as it seems to me that somebody from his old home here, where he has been for so long, ought to do, but you shall

have the welcomest of welcomes, and I will do all that it is in my power to do for your blessed Baptist. This shifting from denomination to denomination, either of lay folk or of clergy, has little in it to stir one's soul, but let us take the little Baptist in and teach him all our beautiful ways, and he, too, will soon be prating about unity.

How the parsons are jumping about! What a dance it is, — A—— and B——, and now there are faint signs of agitation in C——. May they all find the peace they seek.

Your old friend and brother, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks was projecting a larger work for Trinity, and seems to have felt the necessity also of arranging that some share in the preaching should be borne by his assistants. The vestry of Trinity responded to his request for relief, instructing the clerk of the vestry "to communicate to our beloved rector the grateful acknowledgments of the Proprietors for his untiring and devoted services during the past autumn and winter, and to make arrangements with him for his relief from labor and care during the proposed absence of the assistant minister." At this time he resigned his position as trustee on the Slater Foundation, which he had held since 1882, having been appointed by Mr. John F. Slater when he made his gift of one million dollars for Christian education in the Southern States.

To Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, he wrote: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, June 5, 1888.

DEAR HENRY, — I did not read Dr. Harris's excellent pamphlet. Can you really care about the infinitesimal question of "non-communicating attendance"? It seems to me to be the very end and exhaustion of religion, a toy for the —— intellect to play with, but profoundly unworthy the consideration of any reasonable man.

And then the way the Disputants deal with it! The appeals to authority! The eager interest in the question whether the Early Fathers "stayed to Communion"! Who cares?

Are all the hard questions answered and the great wrongs set right that men are able to find time for things like these?

I hope that you are well and idle.

Affectionately yours, P. B.

At Trinity Church, on Sunday, the 10th of June, Phillips Brooks, in the course of his sermon, spoke of the death of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a Unitarian minister who for many years had been held in the highest respect and reverence in Boston, for his intellectual and moral force and his saintly character: —

I cannot stand here to-day without a tribute of affectionate and reverent remembrance to Dr. James Freeman Clarke, the minister of the Church of the Disciples, the friend and helper of souls. How much that name has meant in Boston these last forty years! When I think of his long life; when I remember what identification he has had with all that has been noblest in every movement of the public conscience and the public soul; when I see how in the days of the great national struggle, from first to last, he was not only true to Freedom, but a very captain in her armies and a power of wisdom and inspiration in her councils; when I think what words of liberty the slave and the bigot have heard from his lips; when I think how his studies have illuminated not merely our own faith, but all the great religions; when I see how much of Christ was in his daily walk among us, in his unswerving truthfulness, his quiet independence, his tenderness and strength, his pity for the sinner, and his hatred of the sin; when I think how he loved Christ, — when all this gathers in my memory at the tidings of his death, the city, the country, the Church, the world, seem emptier and poorer. He belonged to the whole Church of Christ. Through him his Master spoke to all who had ears to hear. Especially he was a living epistle to the Church of Christ which is in Boston. It is a beautiful, a solemn moment when the city, the Church, the world, gather up the completeness of a finished life like his, and thank God for it, and place it in the shrine of memory to be a power and a revelation thenceforth so long as city and Church and world shall last. It is not the losing, it is rather the gaining, the assuring of his life. Whatever he has gone to in the great mystery beyond, he remains a word of God here in the world he loved. Let us thank our Heavenly Father for the life, the work, the inspiration, of his true servant, his true saint, James Freeman Clarke.

Part of this tribute, beginning with the words "He belonged to the whole Church of Christ," is now an autograph beneath the portrait of James Freeman Clarke in the church where he ministered.

Letters were constantly sent to Phillips Brooks, telling him what his published sermons were doing to strengthen faith and inspire hope. This letter is from a person in England unknown to him, and represents the feeling, almost the expressions, of the many others who wrote to him: —

May 14, 1888.

For the last five years I may say that I have read one of your sermons every Sunday, and the help and spiritual nourishment I get from them has been a very real source of strength and happiness in my life. . . . Often and often have I opened a volume of your sermons in hours of despondency and gloom, when the Unseen has seemed to be the non-existent, when all high ideals were slipping away, and the actual was pressing out faith and courage; and never did the reading of your words fail to encourage and strengthen me and send me back to suffering or action with fresh force and energy. I have been through the various phases of intellectual doubt and skepticism, and *you* have helped me out on the *right* side. The absence of all dogmatism and sectarian narrowness, combined with so inspiring a belief in God's revelation of Himself *to* us and of the Divine *in* us, is what I find so helpful in your books; and the large views you take of life are to me most educative and elevating.

There is a letter from Dr. Holmes,[1] which, although it has been published, is so interesting and representative that an extract from it may be given here: —

296 Beacon Street, May 23, 1888.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — I had the privilege of listening to your sermon last Sunday forenoon. I was greatly moved and impressed by it, and I came away very thankful that so divine a gift of thought and feeling had been bestowed upon one who was born and moves among us.

My daughter would be glad to have me as her constant companion, and of course it would be a delight to listen to such persuasive and inspiring exhortations as those which held your great audience last Sunday. . . .

I am ashamed to ask you to pardon this letter. You know the language of sincerity from that of flattery, and will accept this heartfelt tribute in the spirit in which it is given.

Sincerely and respectfully yours, O. W. Holmes.

Mr. Brooks was to spend the summer at home preaching

[1] Cf. *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, vol. i. p. 280.

at Trinity and at St. Andrew's (when it should be ready). Nominally he was residing on his ancestral acres in North Andover, but he made many visits. One was to Pittsfield, where he spent a week with Rev. W. W. Newton, from whence he visited Williamstown to preach before the students in the Congregational Church. He writes to Mr. Newton after his return, and speaks of Commencement at Harvard: —

July 4, 1888.

The Commencement went off bravely. President Eliot gave us a fine panegyric on Democracy, and the boys will talk and behave better for it in the future, and we of '55 played the old graduate with dignity and credit, so I hope, but the youngsters were too busy admiring themselves to care how we played it. Never mind, we have each other, and the world is rich in recollections.

There came letters to him from India, from the Rev. G. A. Lefroy, of the Delhi Mission, and from Mr. Robert Maconachie, of the Indian Civil Service, showing that he was still held in affectionate remembrance after the lapse of five years. To these letters in his leisure at North Andover he responded: —

July 5, 1888.

My dear Mr. Lefroy, — It made me glad and proud to get your letter, now a long time ago. To be remembered for five years by one whose life is as full as yours is indeed something to be proud of, and to have the pleasant days which we spent at Delhi so pleasantly recalled is truly a delight.

How long ago it seems, and what a host of things have happened since, and yet how clear it all is. I had a delightful letter from Maconachie the other day, which was like the thinning of a cloud which was very thin already. I saw the old scene perfectly, and could hear the tones of voices which I have not heard for five busy years. And that you and the friends I saw with you have been bravely and patiently going on at the good work ever since fills me with admiration. Do you still have your noon service in your chapel-room as you used to? That seemed to me always beautiful. And do the brown boys play cricket? And do you have school feasts and prizes? And is that region of the Kuttab as fascinating as it was when we drove out there one bright morning? I can hear the cool splash of that

boy now, as he jumps down into the pool. It is a picture which never grows dim, and only needs the touch of a letter's wing to scatter the dust which lay collected on it.

That you in your good work should care anything about my books touches me very much indeed. They were written for my people here, and nothing was farther from my thought than that they should be read by the Jamna and the Ganges. But how simple it all grows as we get older! The whole of what we personally have to live and what we go out to preach is loyalty to Christ. It is nothing but that. All truth regarding Christ and all duty towards His brethren is involved in that and flows out from it. To teach Him to any one who never heard of Him is to bring a soul into the sight of Him and His unspeakable friendship. To grow stronger and better and braver ourselves is to draw nearer to Him and to be more absolutely His.

And this seems to take off the burden of life without lessening the impulse of its duties. He is behind all our work. It is all His before it is ours and after it is ours. We have only to do our duty in our little place, and leave the great results to Him. We are neither impatient nor reluctant at the thought of the day when we shall have finished here and go to higher work.

But, dear me! what right have I to say all this to you, who know it so much better, who are putting it so constantly and richly into your life and work? I grow stronger for Boston when I think of Delhi. I hope that Allnut will come back to you mightily refreshed. Give my best love to Carlyon, and tell him how well I remember all his kindness. Your other mates I do not know, but venture to send them my greeting as their brother in the work. Be sure that I shall always delight to hear from you. How hot you must be to-day! Would that you were here in our New England coolness. God bless you always!

Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

July 6, 1888.

DEAR MR. MACONACHIE, — It is long since anything has made me so glad as your letter. That you, with all your busy life, should think still of those two weeks which are an unfading picture in my memory is indeed wonderful to me. I greet you and your wife as if it were only yesterday instead of five long years since we parted. What a life God has given you! To be His minister to millions of His children, to touch their lives with the new sense of justice and mercy which must bring them some revelation of Him, and at the same time to care for the real life which is the spiritual life of some of your fellow workers, who is

there that has greater privilege? All that you say about your friend touches me deeply. God help him! The great assuring certainty is that God *is* helping him. I think we should all of us long ago have given up trying to do anything for our friends if we had not been spiritually sure of that. The things we do are so out of proportion to what is to be done. But he is doing it, and our work may well be content to be a bit.

Since I saw you life has gone on with me in very pleasant monotony. I came back to my work in the autumn of 1883. Twice since then I have made summer visits to England and the Continent. The winters have been given to preaching and working. I hope it has not been without result. But I grow less and less inclined to ask. The work itself is delightful, and, if it is faithfully done, it must do good. That is enough. Every year it seems to me as if not merely the quantity but the quality of Christian life grew better. Never was there an age when so many men had so high thoughts of God as now. And this I say in clear sight of the perplexing problems and discouraging spectacles to which no man can shut his eyes. We see dimly what your anxieties are. We, with our country swarming with the disturbed elements of all the world, have our anxieties and misgivings, which are yet not too much for faith. Is it not just in our two countries, yours and mine, India and America, that the meeting of strange races with one another is taking place, and so that the issues of the greater day of Christ are being mysteriously made ready? Would that we could sit either in your bungalow or in my study and talk of all these things! But this letter-writing is poor work. It is only like ships hailing each other at sea. But it is better than nothing. Your letter brought me the Indian sunshine and color and strength, and Boston for a moment seemed the unreal thing. Now I am reading it again, and answering it under my ancestral trees in the country, twenty-five miles from Boston, where my forefathers have lived for a century, and where I retreat for summers. It is the very glory of a summer day. The trees are chattering Puritan theology, and I am rejoicing that the world is larger than they know, and that afar off in the Punjab there is some one who cares how it fares with me. May God bless him and his wife and his boys, — so prays his friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, Dr. Brooks preached at Trinity Church before the National Prison Congress. The sermon was noteworthy apart from its eloquence, for it con-

tained the assertion of profound theological and humanitarian principles, and as such was immediately published by the National Prison Association for gratuitous distribution. The text, "I was in prison and ye came unto me," led him to take up the deeper meaning of the words of Christ, who had suffered no imprisonment and yet had been in prison. "It must have been the deeper Christ, — the Christ which the theologies have tried to express when they have made Jesus the head of humanity, — Christ the typical manhood, Christ the divine and universal man, — this was the Christ who had lain in the prison awaiting the visitation of pitiful and sympathetic hearts." The great human sympathy of the preacher flowed through the sermon like a river. It closed with a fine passage drawing sharply the distinction between sentiment and sentimentality.

I know how weak, in many people's minds, are my positions, because they rest on sentiment. I know how weak, in many minds, seems the whole cause of prison improvement, because of the element of sentiment which is in it. But there is nothing stronger than a true sentiment for any policy or plan of action to start from and to rest upon. The great human sentiments are the only universal and perpetual powers. Creeds, schemes of government, political economies, philosophies, are local, are temporary; but the great human sentiments are universal and perpetual. Upon them rests religion. In their broadening movement moves the progress of mankind. It is not sentiment, but sentimentality, which is weak and rotten. Sentiment is alive, and tense, and solid; sentimentality is dead, and flaccid, and corrupt. Sentiment is just; sentimentality has the very soul of injustice. Sentiment is kind; sentimentality is cruel. Sentiment is intelligent; sentimentality is senseless. Sentiment is fed straight out of the heart of truth; sentimentality is distorted with the personal whims and preferences. Sentiment is active; sentimentality is lazy. Sentiment is self-sacrificing; sentimentality is self-indulgent. Sentiment loves facts; sentimentality hates them. Sentiment is quick of sight; sentimentality is blind. In a word, sentiment is the health of human nature, and sentimentality is its disease. Disease and health often look strangely alike, but they are always different. He who would escape sentimentality must live in sentiment. He who would keep sentiment true and strong must fight against sentimentality, and never

let himself accept it for his ally. In these days, when many men are disowning sentiment because they confound it with sentimentality, and many other men are abandoning themselves to sentimentality because they confound it with sentiment, do not all men need to learn, and never to forget, their difference? Do any men need more to learn, and to remember it than they who have to deal with prisoners and prisons?

To the Rev. George A. Strong he writes in response to an invitation that he would deliver a lecture: —

TRENTON FALLS, July 22, 1888.

DEAR GEORGE, — Your letter of last Wednesday has found me at this pleasant place, where I am spending a peaceful Sunday without preaching or any other clerical performance, only looking at the pretty falls, and going this morning to a little village Methodist meeting, where the sermon was very good indeed. And here comes your request to lecture in your course next winter! Dear George, if it were only anything but lecturing! If you had only asked me to give a concert, or a ballet, or any of those things which are quite in my line! But I have never lectured, and don't believe I can. I have not a rag of preparation to cover the nakedness of my incompetence. Will it not be enough if I come to hear Charles? He never thought the rest of us had any manners. How he will give them to us when he gets us in his helpless audience! As to lecturing after him, I am hopeless, — but I will do it for you, George. I will do anything for you. I will disgrace myself to any extent, if only I don't disgrace you! So, if I may come and talk extemporaneously, out of an idle brain, and do not have to write a beautiful lecture on paper to be read with feeling and expression, I will come, — that is, if you and M—— will come and see me at North Andover some time between the 15th and the 30th of August, and tell me all about it. Do not deny me this. But send me word immediately to Boston, will you? when it shall be. I shall go up each Monday afternoon, and you will come from New Bedford in the morning and go up with me. Say you will do this, and I will be most happy. Tell M—— to tell you to say "Yes" for yourself and her. I hope to hear this week. Good-by. I think I shall lecture on "Matters."

Ever yours, P. B.

St. Andrew's Church was opened for worship on Sunday, July 29, 1888, and in the evening Mr. Brooks preached to an overflowing congregation on the fatherly care of God for

all his universe, and showed that the church was established to set forth that divine love and care. He continued to preach at St. Andrew's every Sunday evening for the rest of the summer. To the Rev. W. Dewees Roberts, he wrote asking him to be one of the assistant ministers at Trinity Church. How he regarded the work of an assistant, or, in other words, how he administered the affairs of a large parish, is evident from the following passage: —

I cannot specify in detail what would be your duties in the parish. In general, I should like to have you help at the Parish Church and at St. Andrew's, as it might be required; and I should be glad of every effort of your own enterprise and originality, in devising new work, and extending the good influence of the Church in every direction.

An English novel, "Robert Elsmere," was the chief sensation of the summer. Mr. Brooks alludes to it in the following letter: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, September 1, 1888.

My dear Miss Meredith, — I must beg you to excuse my delay in sending you these Literatures and Lives which I now most gladly enclose. I was absent when your note arrived, and when I did receive it, it was in the country where I could not lay my hand at once upon the interesting documents. But here they are, and I am very glad to send them.

I have finished "Robert Elsmere," and found it very interesting, mainly, however, with that secondary interest which belongs to the circumstances of a book and its relation to its time, rather than to its substance and absolute contents. It is a curious mixture of strength and weakness. It has the sharp definitions of spiritual things, the fabrication of unreal dilemmas and alternatives in which the English mind, and especially the English clerical mind, delights. It is as unintentionally unfair as a parson, only on the other side. It seems, as Matthew Arnold used to seem, to be entirely unaware of the deeper meanings of Broad Churchmanship, and to think of it only as an effort to believe contradictions, or as a trick by which to hold a living which one ought honestly to resign.

It is not good to name a doctrine by a man's name, but there is no sign that this writer has ever heard of the theology of Maurice. But how interesting it is! what charming pictures of English life! and what description of mental conditions and evo-

lutions, whose real source and true issue we must still feel that she misses!

I am very glad indeed to know that your anxiety is in some degree relieved regarding Mrs. Norris.

Ever faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Among the papers of Mr. Brooks there are rough notes which seem to indicate that he had been asked for some more formal expression of his opinion. For the book had been so real in its portraiture that it had thrown people into mental and religious confusion. This was his more complete judgment: —

Thoroughly English.

Weakness of the orthodox people. Preconceived idea that they *must not think*.

Perhaps a return to the human Christ from which the disciples began. Thence to be led on through the mystery of manhood into His complete life.

The whole question what is to become of his Brotherhood. Not be contemptuous about the new, extemporized, experimental character of it. By such experiments the great eternal stream of effort is constantly reinforced.

The Christ-miracle; and then all else believable.

Broad Churchmanship is not explaining away, but going deeper, embracing all nature.

This is Matthew Arnold turned to prose.

The incomplete story of the reasons of the change in Elsmere.

The nineteenth century in the book.

Elsmere between the Squire and Catharine.

The necessary struggle of the new coming forth from the old, its exaggerations and distortions.

The attitude of Phillips Brooks in rejecting the tenet of apostolical succession, and his bold insistence on recognizing the Christian character and work of Unitarian ministers such as his friend the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, was followed by hostile criticism in Episcopal Church newspapers, which continued through the summer, and indeed from this time was never intermitted. He had evidently counted the cost when he took his ground, discounting the ecclesiastical criticism which was sure to follow. The summer, on the whole, had been an agreeable one, broken up

with short visits, but with no intermission of preaching. He started into the work of the fall with his usual apparent vigor.

To the proposal of some of his friends to nominate him for the presidency of Columbia University, in New York, he refuses to listen. To Rev. W. R. Huntington he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 29, 1888.

Dear Huntington, — I thank you heartily for your friendly note sustaining Tiffany's kind but somewhat wild suggestion. I have had to write him that it must not be. My only ambition is to be a "Parish Priest." I am not much of a P. P., but as a College President I should be still less. It would be good to be where I should see you all, and run perpetually in and out as seems to be you New York men's way. But it would not be Boston, and I should be lost in your vast town. So leave me here, and let another hold the college sceptre. Both you and Tiffany are only too good to think the nomination would not be absurd.

The cards which came to-day tell me how near draws the change in your household which will make life different to you. I am rejoiced to know that it will only make it happier and richer. I wish I knew your daughter well enough to send her word by you how truly she has the best of good wishes from her father's friend. May the marriage bells and skies overrun with blessings. Ever faithfully yours,

Phillips Brooks.

There was a short visit to Philadelphia in the latter part of October, and then this letter to the Rev. W. N. McVickar: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 6, 1888.

My dear William, — It was a bold thing for me to ask you for the "Vade Mecum," but I wanted it, and I thought you would give it to me, and you did. Now I shall have associations with it every time I take it up to go on one of those official duties which we know so well. The first one I had was given me by Marshall Smith when we left the Seminary. The second was given me by George Strong while I was at Holy Trinity. And now you fit me out for the home stretch, and give me the book which will see me through all the services until my journey's end. Would that I were where I might take your hand and thank you. You will be sure that I am grateful, won't you?

We have seen that Phillips Brooks reserved for his sermons on Thanksgiving Days topics of general interest, political or religious, which afforded the opportunity to summarize the world's outlook in each successive year. In the preamble of one of these sermons, 1881, he thus alludes to this usage and justifies it, although aware of its dangers: —

> Thanksgiving Day has fallen naturally into the habit of trying to estimate the tendencies and the present conditions of our current life. Such efforts have made a great literature which I think is almost peculiar to our time, the literature of an age's introspection; of the inquiry by living men into the nature and worth of the life of their own time.

The Thanksgiving Day sermons taken together present not only a picture of the time through which he lived, but of his own life also, — the individual moods reflecting the mood of the common humanity. In 1888 he considered that passing mood of sadness, which seems to have been widespread, when for a moment the world had grown subdued and thoughtful, when the joy of living had given place to a more sombre estimate of the future. Taking for his text Psalm lxxxix. 15, "Blessed is the people that hear the joyful sound," he began his sermon with this tribute to the forefathers of New England: —

> With all the hardness of their Puritanism they were not so grim as they sometimes seem, since it was in their hearts to institute a day of joy. It may be they were of those who rather accepted joy as a duty than yielded to it as an instinct; but at least they saw how true and necessary a part of life it was.

The gratitude and thankfulness called for by the national festival were in contrast with the prevailing mood of the hour.

> Let us think for a few moments about the tendency of the world with reference to this whole matter of joyfulness. Sometimes we hear, sometimes certainly we fear, that the world we live in is growing to be a *sadder* world, that happiness is less spontaneous and abundant as the years go by. Is that the truth, or is it a delusion?

His method of meeting the inquiry is to reduce it to more

exact terms. The world of realism is just as joyous as it ever was. The world of childhood knows no difference. The children have not found out that the world is old. Each new generation is still born into a garden. The world also of uncivilized, barbaric life keeps all the joy and freshness it ever had. It is only of the comparatively small world of adult human civilization of which it may be said that its sadness deepens its joy. And of this world it may be asked whether its growing sadness is a real decline and loss of that robustness and primitive simplicity of life, or whether the great world, like every man, is simply for the moment moody, and the stage of sadness is a temporary thing, not to be made too much of, sure to pass away, having no reasons which are deep, best treated, as the moods of a great healthy man are often best treated, by ignoring it. He turns to the reasons which may account for this existing mood: —

(1) The larger view of the world, the clearer atmosphere, so that we hear the groans of misery in Mexico or Turkey. The curtain has fallen between the rich and the poor; the poor look into our luxurious homes with their haggard faces, and we eat and talk and sleep in the unceasing sound of their temptation and distress. There has been nothing like it in any other day. No wonder the world grows sad.

(2) The universal ambition; all who feel the spirit of the time are struggling for the unattainable. The mountains and the rivers, once climbed or followed only by a few, now fling their challenge or the invitation to all. There is discontent everywhere, and discontent means sadness.

(3) The vague way in which our complicated life puts us in one another's power. The strings of a man's destiny are held by a thousand hands, most of them unknown to him, — his fortune at the mercy of brokers plotting on the other side of the wall, his character at the mercy of gossips talking in the next room, his life at the mercy of anarchists raving in some cellar underground. Hence the burden of a conscious helplessness, — a nightmare which will not let him stir. He is sad with the vague loss of personal life.

(4) Another reason for the sadness of which all are more or less aware is the presence of fear as an element in our life. Other ages knew at least what perils they were threatened with. The consciousness of our time is that it does not know. Vast,

unmeasured forces hold us in their hands. Great, bleak, uncertain vistas open and appall us. We are like children in the waste of a great prairie. The mere vastness scares us. We fear we know not what. We only know we fear. And fear like that does not inspire definite and concentrated energy. It only breeds pervading and pathetic sadness.

(5) The man on whom these causes of sadness act. Our modern human nature is *sensitive* as in no other time to such a degree. Things *hurt* more than they used to hurt. Once no one cared how much the beasts suffered by the driver's lash or the surgeon's knife. Once men went home from an auto da fé and slept without uncomfortable dreams. The atmosphere has grown clearer and the perceptions within us finer. He who had foreseen it all years ago might have said prophetically, "What a terrible capacity of sadness man is growing into and will reach!"

From this summary of the causes producing sadness, the preacher turned to the reassuring prospects in life, to show how in each one of these motives he had enumerated there was the possibility of contributing to joy, that indeed they are the very elements and motives that must be mingled in the deepest joy. The large view of the world, the eager ambitions, the close complications of life with life, the outlook into future mystery, and the quickened sensitiveness, — these are essential to the final perfect happiness; they are permanent forces which have come to remain; it is only the first influence of them which is temporary; as the time goes on the first confusion and depression will pass away. "The life and character of Jesus is a perpetual illumination of the hopes of man. In Him behind the superficial and temporary sadness is revealed a profound and ultimate joy. No restless and impatient pessimist knows the deep tragedy of life as the Divine Sufferer knew it. All that lies undigested, unassimilated in the present condition of the world lay harmonized and peaceful in the soul of Christ."

I have talked idly, almost wickedly, upon Thanksgiving morning, unless I have succeeded in making you see light shine out of the darkness, in making you hear a "joyful sound" piercing through the complaints and wailings which besiege our ears. We take too little views. It is not the events of life, nor its emotions, or this or that experience, but life in itself which is good.

The great joy is just to be alive. The fact of life is greater than what is done with it. So I answer confidently the question which I asked. No period of sadness can be other than temporary. The nature of the world is not changed. Nothing has happened to make it different from what it has always been. The essential tendency of life is towards happiness. Therefore we may wait confidently till the morning. Optimism tempered and sobered, nay, saddened, if you will, but optimism still is the only true condition for a reasonable man. I seem to see Christ stand over all making the world into His likeness. The promise issues fresh from the divine lips of the great Saviour, the great Sufferer, the Son of Man, the Son of God, that the pure in heart shall see God, and that He will lead all men to the Father.

On his fifty-third birthday he wrote to Mrs. Robert Treat Paine: —

December 13, 1888.

Dear Mrs. Paine, — I thank you again, as I have thanked you many times before, and always with a fuller and fuller heart. Few men have had such happy years and such kind friends as have been given me. I wish I had been more worthy of them, but at any rate I am grateful for them, most of all for you and yours. I dare to believe it will keep on until I am a hundred. At present, however, I am looking forward to next Saturday, when I shall thank you again. Gratefully,

Your friend,

Phillips Brooks.

CHAPTER XXI

1889

WATCH NIGHT. OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES. LENT SERVICES AT TRINITY CHURCH. ILLNESS. SUMMER IN JAPAN. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS. THE GENERAL CONVENTION. SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORMS. THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. CORRESPONDENCE

WATCH night at Trinity had always been an impressive service, but the impression deepened with the passing years. There was something almost weird in seeing the church at midnight with a congregation coming from every direction, quietly pouring into all the vacant spaces, on the floor or in the galleries. Mr. Brooks always made it a point to have his friends in the chancel in order to more sympathetic utterance. A description of the service is here given, as it was reported in a Boston paper: —

Everybody has heard of Methodist and Second Adventist watch-night meetings; of the prayers, of the songs, the testimonies, the audible manifestations of religious enthusiasm with which members of these communions are accustomed in certain localities, and especially were accustomed in former times, "to watch the old year out and the new year in." The impression derived from witnessing or reading accounts of such gatherings naturally is that a watch-night service is peculiarly adapted to places and people where and among whom religious fervor is more highly esteemed than the graces of culture. Accordingly the public devotional observance of the midnight hour between December 31 and January 1 is not extensively practised in New England. But, year after year, the wealthiest church in Boston, connected with that denomination which, of all Protestant communions, has the stateliest ceremonial of worship, celebrates "watch night" with services so impressive, so solemn, so deeply spiritual, that the memory of them remains indelibly stamped upon the minds of many participants.

Last night, when the hour of eleven opened, Trinity Church appeared to be filled in every part; yet for some time afterward there was a constant stream of people entering and following the ushers, who kept on providing seats in all possible places until not another seat could be found; and then a multitude remained standing, until the last hour of 1888 was ended, and the first hour of 1889 had come.

After an address by Rev. Leighton Parks, Rev. Phillips Brooks spoke three or four minutes, urging home the thought that during every moment of the closing year God's hand has held and guided us, and that during the coming year we rest still more completely in His love, not because He loves us more, but because we may open our hearts wider to receive His love.

Then, as the hands of the clock that stood within the chancel railing pointed to one minute of midnight, the great congregation bowed in silent prayer until twelve strokes had been sounded forth, and 1889 had begun. The united repetition of the Lord's Prayer aloud ended this solemn stage of the service, after which Dr. Brooks again spoke a few earnest words, expressing the hope that all present might live stronger, purer, more manly, more womanly, more Christlike lives in the year that had begun than in the year that had closed.

An incident occurred in the early part of the year which illustrates the tolerance of Phillips Brooks, not only in thought, but in action. As a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, he labored for the confirmation of Rev. C. C. Grafton, who had been elected bishop of Fond du Lac, in Wisconsin, writing letters also in his behalf to other dioceses which were hesitating, urging that the comprehensiveness of the church should not be restricted by any personal or doctrinal prejudices. In a letter he remarks that he is surprised to find how earnest he has become in advocating the cause of one "for whom nothing in the world would have induced me to vote."

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 7, 1889.

Dear Arthur, — You really ought to read "Ilian, or the Curse of the Old South Church." It is the most preposterous novel that any author ever wrote, and any publisher ever published. I have read it from beginning to end, and thanked you for it at every absurd page. I did not dream a book could be so bad. Therefore I bless you for a new sensation. . . . I went

to St. Paul's Church and preached there morning and evening the other Sunday, and had the usual curious and mixed sensations. I could n't help feeling as if Father and Mother were sitting over in Pew No. 60, and as if I were both the preaching minister and the tall boy in the congregation.

During January and February Mr. Brooks went again to Faneuil Hall for four successive Sunday evenings. He gave also one Sunday evening to a service in the Globe Theatre. There is the usual record of sermons at Appleton Chapel and of addresses at the Harvard Vespers. He was getting some relief under the burden he was carrying, for Trinity had called another assistant minister, — Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, in whose coöperation Mr. Brooks took hope and comfort. How full his days were is evident from this letter to Rev. W. N. McVickar: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 14, 1889.

Dear William, — Is it indeed possible that a week from to-morrow evening you will indeed be here? 'T is true! And I am all expectation. You and your sister will arrive, I hope, as early in the evening as you can. I am to be out of town all day, but shall be back by six o'clock, and dinner shall wait you at whatever hour after that you will come. About Sunday, the 27th, you are to preach at Cambridge in the evening. Alas that I must not hear you, but I must be at Faneuil Hall, where I am holding four Sunday evening services, but we will meet later and you shall tell me how the students liked your talk. You will preach for me, I hope, in the morning, and then we will make Roland Cotton Smith preach in the afternoon, so that neither of us shall be overworked. Cotton Smith is preaching excellently, and fast taking the work out of the hands of the old Rector.

I hope now to get away from here on the evening of February 6, and spending a day in New York, to be in Philadelphia some time on Friday, the 8th. There I can stay, I hope, about a week, and it will be a delightful frolic.

The sermons which Mr. Brooks delivered at Faneuil Hall or at the Globe Theatre differed in some respects from his ordinary preaching. In his note-books we see him in the process of preparation for what is requiring a greater effort of his strength than his ordinary sermon. He was not pro-

posing to preach down to these congregations, but to lift himself above even his highest level. He took for one of his texts the words of Christ, "I am among you as he that serveth." He did not urge upon his hearers the importance of goodness or righteousness in themselves, for some might have lent a deaf ear to his entreaty. He struck a deeper note, one that must resound in every soul, when he summed up practical religion in the effort to make others good. "Christ in the gospel never appears so much as one who is cultivating righteousness in Himself, but as one seeking to cultivate it in others."

In his sermon at the Globe Theatre he dwelt on the necessity of a feeling of "need" as lying beneath the world's life and the history of its civilization. No discovery was made or work done without it; imagine it removed and there would be a vast stoppage. "In the spiritual life the absence of the sense of imperious need is the great cause of sluggishness, — the dulness of the churches compared with the vitality of the streets." He wrestled like a giant with his theme, till it seemed as if every soul must have felt the need which he portrayed. His text was the words of the centurion to Christ, "Sir, come down, ere my child die."

Turning from these sermons we find him on the 15th of January at the dinner given to Professor Lovering on the completion of fifty years' service at Harvard, where he spoke for the ministry, as bringing their tribute to the man of science. For himself, as he remarked, he had not been while in college or since a student who excelled in the natural sciences, and for mathematics which Professor Lovering represented he had shown no aptitude. And yet there remained "the value of forgotten knowledge, which has somehow passed into the blood. It was better to have known and lost than never to have known at all. At least the sense of the value of the sciences was something gained. It was all like forgotten but effectual periods in the world's history." He recognized "the debt which we all owe to a man who has made any department of life more complete, the power of scientific study to enrich life and make it more youthful, —

the proud consciousness of a man who knows the world through which he is passing."

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 17, 1889.

Dear Arthur,— . . . How the familiar mill grinds on through these mid-winter months! I hope the world is better for its grinding, and I believe it is. We varied it the other night by a great dinner in honor of Joe Lovering and his completed fifty years of professorship. Eliot and Peabody and Goodwin and a lot of others loaded him with praise, and he himself looked happy and young and wonderfully as if he would like to begin again.

To think that I myself remembered Cambridge for almost thirty-eight of those fifty years was solemn.

There is no other news except that I have written half a sermon and hope to get the other half done by Sunday. And last night there was a Wednesday evening lecture, and William and Mary came in afterwards, and Parks turned up quite late.

I wish that you were here this rainy afternoon. We would neglect our duty and talk. Now I will neglect mine and read.

Ever affectionately, P.

On the 21st of January he made the address on the occasion of the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association, when they were taking possession of their building on Boylston Street. His subject was the value of the institution, and the significance it had for human life. But as he went on he broadened his thought, as he did on every such occasion, till it included religion and the changes which it had undergone; he spoke of this organization as one of the necessary forms which the changed form of religion was demanding. He had no fear of its interference with the churches of Christ, for it is the Church of Christ. Liberty, he impressed upon the young men, had been the characteristic word of the last hundred years, but it was a negative term, the removal of obstacles in order that a higher order might come in, the reign of human sympathy under the recognition of human brotherhood. "Cultivate the power of sympathy because it is the spirit of your age and the coming age." Sympathy "is curing more and more the evils of social life, making harmonious the differences of our com-

mercial life, entering more and more into the obstructed ways of secular life."[1]

This varied picture of the active life of Mr. Brooks during the month of January is not exceptional, but may be taken as a type of all his months in every year. We follow him now into another Lenten season, where we can only pause to note the topics with which he was concerned. Friday evenings he devoted to the versicles in the Prayer Book, and as he expounded them the words, which had become so familiar as to have almost lost their force, were seen to be full of unsuspected depths of meaning. He dwelt on the "effect of a largely constructed liturgy like ours, constantly used, upon the progress of religious thought in an individual and in a church." Because he kept himself alive to the deeper meanings of familiar words, he gave them force when he read them in the daily services. They were mistaken who thought that he slurred the service in order to get to the sermon. The service took on new beauty and impressiveness when he read it. "He puts into his utterance of creed and litany and prescribed forms of prayer," said a writer not of his own communion, "such wealth of personal consecration that a person who should hear that and nothing more would remember the thrilling experience all his days."

On Wednesday evenings he dwelt on the "appeals to Christ" as given in the Evangelical narrative: "Come down ere my child die;" "Speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me;" "Give me this water that I thirst not, neither come hither again to draw;" "Remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom." There was one course of lectures that he was giving during Lent in this year, which deserves a special mention. He took up with his Bible class the evidences of Christianity, — what some have thought to be the most formal and perfunctory subject in the whole range of systematic theology. His natural utterance on these subjects was in his sermons in such a living way that Christianity became its own evidence, — and Christianity was Christ. It is evident from the preparation he made that he

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 170 ff.

was doing his best to reach the minds of the young men before him in ways that they would appreciate. The distinctive features of his theology appear at every turn, and the thoroughness of his mind, as he takes up in succession, (1) Christianity, (2) Christ and the Trinity, (3) The Bible, (4) Miracles, (5) The Resurrection, (6) The Church, (7) Personal Experience, (8) Prayer. Although he did not value this kind of work as his best, yet if his notes of these lectures could be published, they would form a valuable manual for Christian instruction. As an instance of his method and in justification of these comments, an extract is here given from the last of these lectures, entitled "Personal Experience:" —

What is the Christian religion for? The salvation of the world. But that must be by the salvation of men. And so we ask whether it has saved men. When we ask what it is to save a man, we remember what are a man's enemies. His sins, his discouragements, his sloths, his temptations. All of these keep man from the fulness of his life, from what God made him to become.

Now the religion of Christ undertakes to rescue man from these evils, and to let him complete himself. Has it done that? Who shall answer? Only they who have submitted themselves to its power. The difference of this proof from all others: danger of reasoning in a circle. The soul must stand in the sunlight to bear witness to the sun.

The claim of the Christian faith is that there is a Divine Presence among men, by whose agency Christ is forever present in the world and does in richer way that which He did during His incarnation, — the truth of the Holy Spirit.

What did Christ do?

1. He forgave men's sins, and so set them free for a new life.

2. He declared such a doctrine of humanity as made that new life seem to be the natural life of man.

3. He put the power of that new life into men, and made them strong with a power which they knew was not their own.

4. He comforted men for their sorrows with a positive consolation which made even their sorrows a source of strength.

5. He glorified life; filling it with joy and making it seem a beautiful and noble thing to live.

6. He adjusted men's relations to each other by making them have common love for himself.

7. He set unselfishness as the law of men's lives. Making them first devoted to Him and then, for His sake, to one another.

8. He made life *spiritual*, making the soul more than the body.

9. He declared immortality to the soul, making it know itself stronger than death.

Now all these could only be known to the souls in which they existed, and to those whom they told of their experience. But that souls did know those experiences we cannot doubt. Look at St. John's Epistles, — "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," etc.

And all of these are the experiences of men to-day. We cannot doubt their word. Then why not of all men? Either: —

1. They are *meant* for a few and all are not capable of them.

Show that this cannot be true. The essentially human character of the experience.

Only understand the need of different types and properties of their elements.

Or else: —

2. Men put some hindrance in the way. How unconscious this may be. The need of close self-inquiry as to the condition of mind. Need of asking what are the ways of openness.

Those ways are: —

1. Prayer. The whole appeal of the nature to the Infinite.

The asking of God to show Himself. The objective and subjective thoughts of prayer. The meaning of God's "hearing prayer" and doing things because we pray to Him.

2. Reading the Bible. The need of knowing the historic Christ. The hope that in Him we may find the help we seek. The strange neglect of and lack of acquaintance with the Gospels.

3. The readiness to give reality and value to the experiences of others.

4. The sense of our own incompleteness. Not to be satisfied, but always conscious of the prophecy of larger things.

To count the highest experiences not impossible, that is the condition for the highest life.

One may detect a somewhat unusual tone in the Sunday morning sermons delivered during this season of Lent. At least the texts imply a certain pathos in the mood which chose them, stealing over the preacher, as he sought in new ways to enforce the truth within him. Thus the sermon for Ash Wednesday was from the text, "Who knoweth if He will return and repent and leave a blessing behind him."

The picture is of a departing God, once very near, now going away and going further. To some it is very real as a fact of experience. They did once have God nearer to them. The days of communion and obedience and realized love; the definite standards. And now the far-awayness of it all. Or to take the comparison, not of past and of present, but of idea and realization. God is close to us in His own revelation, but far from us in our actualization of Him. This the deeper historic meaning.

Either way the withdrawing God and the soul crying after Him. Strange situation! Driving Him away and yet calling on Him to stay. The mixed mystery of our inner life. . . . He certainly will return, else what mean these promises? He is not going willingly, nor angrily, nor carelessly. He is going because He *must*, because you will not have Him.

He will return if you seek Him rightly. The gift He will bring back with Him is an offering to Himself. Restoration to be sought that we may have a life to give Him.

This puts a motive into our repentance. Repentance for safety, even for cleanness, is not complete. The true motive that God may be glorified in us.

This implies a certain essence of the misery of sin. It is that our sinful lives do not belong to and redound unto Him. That is the felt misery of the best lives when they fall into sin. They have dishonored God. They have nothing to render Him. Then the delight of His return, that once more they may do Him honor.

The sense of exhilaration which thus enters into repentance.

One of the sermons was on the text in the Prayer Book version, "He brought down my strength in my journey and shortened my days." Another sermon was on a verse from a Psalm: "I shall find trouble and heaviness, and I will call upon the name of the Lord." And still another from the words of Christ: "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." In this sermon he dwelt on the expenditure of energy for personal power and wealth and lower ends, — the giving of life for most unworthy things.

The life *must* be given. You must expend it. You cannot keep it. It is going. What is there to show for it at the end? Is there the result of enlarged spiritual conditions in the world, so that first we and then our brethren are better for our having lived? He who perishes in Jerusalem claims Jerusalem for God.

There are but few letters belonging to this moment. One

of them is important as giving his opinion on the various expositions appearing from time to time regarding the Episcopal Church, its claims and their grounds. It was written to the Rev. George H. Buck: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 16, 1889.

My dear Mr. Buck, — I do not know a single book about our Church which does not mingle with its exposition of what the Church is some notions, more or less erroneous, but certainly private and personal, of the author. Therefore, I am quite out of the habit of asking any one who is at all interested in our Church to study anything but the Prayer Book. The Prayer Book, without note or comment, interpreting itself to the intelligent reader, — that is the best thing. And histories of our Church also are written with a purpose. There is not one which is not colored with the intention of its writer. Bishop White's "History" is the best, and some of Frederick D. Maurice's "Lectures on the Prayer Book" have much light in them. Let your friends know that the only real "claim" of the Church is the power with which it claims their souls and makes them better men. Then offer them its privileges if they are humble and earnest enough to know their need.

I hope that you are well and happy, and I am

Ever faithfully yours, Phillips Brooks.

To the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, on the news of his appointment as Bishop of Tasmania: —

April 13, 1889.

My dear Friend, — This is indeed a startling letter. One cannot hear of such a great change in a dear friend's life without a moment's something which is almost like dismay before he lets himself go freely into the congratulations which are the true response to such intelligence. But I do congratulate you with all my heart. The great fresh world which you will go to will make all things new to you, and you will have the splendid sense of building for vast futures, and of touching the springs of great hopes. It is just what one has longed for a thousand times, who has worked in a world as old as yours, or even as old as ours. If I were an Englishman, I would beg you to take me with you, and make me a humble canon or something else which could give me a bit of share in the work which you will do. May God bless that work, and make you very happy in it.

Those who followed the preaching of Phillips Brooks and

contrasted his later with his earlier method were aware of a change, not only in the form of the sermons, but in the manner of their delivery. Instead of standing unmoved and apparently impassive, as he has been described while in Philadelphia or during his first years in Boston, he appeared to be profoundly moved, his physical system even to be shaken by the severe effort. Whether it was that preaching now exhausted his nervous force, or whether some other cause must be assigned, it was becoming evident that he was not well. His friends noticed the change in his looks with alarm. The Proprietors of Trinity Church sent to him this resolution passed on Easter Monday: —

> The Proprietors would respectfully recommend to the Rector, in view of the length of time that has elapsed since he has been away from us, and the amount of work that has fallen upon him, that he take a liberal vacation, and, if possible, go abroad.

The late Colonel Henry Lee spoke what many were feeling when he wrote to Mr. Brooks: —

> Boston, May 3, 1889.
>
> I was shocked, as I have been several times of late, at your appearance. Who am I, to meddle in your affairs? Only one of many more thousands than you will ever know, to whom your existence is all important; and as one of them I beg you earnestly to cease your incessant work this very day and depart, going by sea or land where you can find rest and recreation. I wish I knew who was your physician. I would urge him to order you off at once. If you knew of what importance, not only to your Church, but to the college, to our city, to all of us, is your life, you would do what you can to preserve it.

As for Mr. Brooks himself, while he refused to admit that he was not as well as ever, yet there is evidence that he was aware of the need of some greater change and of absolute cessation from work. It had been a mistake, his plan of taking rest only in alternate years. Perhaps it had worked well enough in earlier life, but it was trespassing on his strength, or his supposed strength, to keep up the practice longer. He realized that the time had come to lay aside work, to find some new country where all was fresh and strange, and

where for a while he might forget himself. So he had turned to Japan. He held long conversations with Rev. W. E. Griffis, author of the "Mikado and his Empire," who encouraged him to make the venture. He read with great zest "The Soul of the Far East," by Mr. Percival Lowell. As the scheme took possession of his mind he grew enthusiastic about its possibilities. It added to his pleasure in contemplating the journey that he had secured his friend McVickar for a travelling companion. If he had misgivings about his health, they do not appear in his letters, which seem to overflow with a new buoyancy of spirits. To Mr. McVickar he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 20, 1889.

My dear William, — I went down to Salem and lunched with the blessed Frankses. Then, after luncheon, I went over and saw Professor Morse, who is the biggest authority on Japan to be found anywhere. And such a collection of bowls and basins, of cups and candlesticks, of jars and jimcracks as he has! My mouth is watering and my eyes are sparkling even now, in spite of several Lent services which have come in between. But what he says is this: that Japan is perfectly possible in summer; that it is very hot, but that the heat is not felt as much as it is here; that you must wear the thinnest of clothing and the strawiest of hats, and that it is as healthy as you please. He makes little or nothing of the rainy season. Says it rains worst in June and September, but declares that if we reach there about mid-July, and leave to come home about September 1, we shall have royal weather.

It would seem, too, as if Japan were a rather singularly easy country to see. There is a central core of it which apparently contains most all which we shall care to see. Yokohama, Tokio, Nikko, Osaka, Kioto, and perhaps the inland sea of Nagasaki. These, with the country and the sights which lie between them, are enough to make us feel always that we know Japan, and these can easily be compassed in six weeks.

In the afternoon there came to Jim Franks's study a certain Captain H——, who has commanded steamships all about in the Chinese and Japanese seas, and he had many interesting things to say. But the main thing was that he, too, said there was no trouble about going there in the summer, and raved, as they all do, about the wonderful beauty of it all.

And now, dear William, the middle of June is just upon us.

It will come *jiki-jiki*, which, being interpreted, is "toute de suite," and then we will say to the train at New York some fine morning, *Peggi*, which means "Go along," and before we know it we are there. Jim thinks he cannot go, which is so much the worse for him. But *we* will go, and all the parish apparatus and routine shall be for three good months as if it were not. Won't it be fine?

Is n't it sad about ——? Dear me, if that splendid fellow has indeed given way, who of us is there that can be sure of himself for an hour? And yet there are encouragements as well. Here is —— getting engaged and starting out on a new life when it seems as if he would think things were about through with him. He 's like the fellow who lights up a new cigar just when it seems as if bedtime had really come. But there is a splendid courage about it, and it almost makes one ready to fling prudence to the winds and go in for it himself. But I guess I won't, on the whole.

I can hear the chatter of Japanese tongues and the clatter of Japanese crockery in the distance, but just now I must get ready for service, and so must you.

Affectionately yours, P. B.

Mr. Brooks left Boston on the 10th of June for the ride across the continent, breaking the journey at Salt Lake City, where he spent a Sunday, and visited the Mormon Tabernacle. He does not seem to have been impressed by the appearance of the people, or by the features of their civilization. On the 20th of June he sailed from San Francisco for Yokohama in the steamship City of Sydney. There were but two passengers on board besides himself and Dr. McVickar. The eighteen days passed quietly, for the ocean was calm, and the only event which appealed to his imagination was the dropping of one day from the record of time, Monday, July the 1st. "The lost day! Think what might have come of it! The undone deeds! The unsaid words!"

These are extracts from his note-book written on shipboard: —

Difference between "a good fellow" and a good man.

Preach on the tone of life, high or low, apart from special acts.

Over the prairies racing the moon. Wednesday, June 12.

Text, "God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." The

way men bear each other's sins. The great sinful world on men's shoulders. Ah! there 's the key! Imagine that complete.

Those wise blinds, through which you can see out, but cannot see in.

"Thou hast wrestled and prevailed." The deeper life. The only question left, How to do one's duty.

"I will not do this wicked thing and sin against God." The special definite resolve.

"Unless the Lord build the house, their labor is but vain that build it." The inner spiritual building of everything.

"Then would I flee away and be at rest." The deep impulse of escape and retirement.

I would like to do one thing perfectly, and do only that the rest of my life. Yet, no!

A "spent sea" in history; *e. g.*, the ages following the seventeenth century.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
What! a child's paradise?
No! the eternal childlike,
The Child in all great, simple actions.

Like the captain's view of things at sea, so different from the landsman passenger's.

The question whether all life is to be drawn in, — its great expansion into the supernatural denied it. Intention for extension. The world it would make. Try to depict.

"And the land had rest fourscore years." The worth and dangers of rest.

Awful the convulsion that *does nothing*. The beauty of our war. It killed Slavery.

What is the greatest, noblest, finest deed ever done on this earth? What if we could put our finger on it!

Jehoram "reigned in Jerusalem eight years and departed without being desired." The being missed and its natural desire.

The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do. Christianity all in the line of God's great first purposes.

Coming in sight of a new land (Japan), with its mysterious multitudinous history, set in the ancient halls, like coming in sight of another man's life with its mystery. July 8, 1889.

That Mr. Brooks was in the happiest of moods during the long idle days of the ocean journey is shown by his reversion to poetry. He was writing Christmas and Easter

carols, for which he had a peculiar gift or combination of gifts, — his grasp upon the large primitive instincts of life, and the child's gladness and simplicity of nature. The joy of many Easter and Christmas festivals wherein he had rejoiced as if a child himself with the children, keeping his faith the stronger because of his sympathy with childhood, — all this comes out in these carols, which he seems to have written with great ease, as if they had long been singing in his heart. But beneath them is the vivid consciousness of the possible perversion of theology. Thus among his notes he speaks of the expression the "visitation of God," which in mediæval theology stood for the inexplicable calamities of life, and the higher idea of God's visitation of the world at Christmas tide.

The silent stars are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
And stars their sacred lessons teach
Of faith and hope and fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth;
And Angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human utterance took,
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

This was the first rapid sketch of one of the Christmas carols. Another begins with the lines: —

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.

And a third: —

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

This Easter carol also, which has become widely popular: —

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer!
Death is strong, but life is stronger.

In the letters from Japan, Mr. Brooks speaks of his journey as a great success. The weather was unusually fine.

I do not think there can be a place anywhere in the world more suitable for pure relaxation. . . . Of all bright, pretty

places, it is the prettiest and the brightest. . . . It is very fascinating, the merriest, kindest, and most graceful people, who seem as glad to see you as if they had been waiting for you all their years, and make you feel as if their houses were yours the moment you cross the threshold, . . . as if good manners and civility were the only ends in life. I never saw anything like it, and the fascination grows with every new street picture that one sees.

We have had most hospitable welcome from American and English people; almost every night in Yokohama we dined out, and here we have been given rooms at the club, which is a Government affair and most comfortable. To-morrow night we are to dine with the English Bishop of Japan, and there is more of courtesy and kindness than we can accept.

While most of the time was spent in travelling, and getting acquainted with what was most distinctive of the country, no opportunities were lost of meeting the missionaries, and learning of their work. He was greatly impressed with Bishop Williams, of the American Mission. He came across one of the missionaries engaged in translating into Japanese "Pearson on the Creed," an elaborate and learned work of Anglican theology in the seventeenth century, and thought it unwise to confuse the minds of the Japanese with the technicalities and processes through which the Western mind had passed. Once only did he preach.

In his letters home he speaks of the impression which he and Dr. McVickar made upon the Japanese by their unusual size. He was afraid that the jinrikisha men would rebel at the burden, but that happened only once. The Japanese were curious to get the measurements of the head and hands and feet of their extraordinary guest. The children called out, *Daibutsu*, which means the image of the great Buddha.

Kioto, August 1, 1889.

My dear Bob, — I am anxious to send you all at least one greeting from this queer and interesting land, and I must do it quick or not at all, for our short time here is half exhausted and the next steamer but one will carry us to San Francisco. The journey has been a great success thus far, and here we are perched on a breezy hill just outside of the brightest and gayest of Japanese cities with such a view of the confused and jumbled town

and the high hills beyond as not many city suburbs can furnish. It is a hot, sweltering afternoon. All the morning we have been looking at Mikado's Palaces and Buddhist Temples, dragged in jinrikishas through picturesque and crowded streets by trotting coolies who must remember us and hate us all the rest of their miserable lives. Now in the quiet afternoon there is a pleasant wind blowing across the hotel veranda, and all the time there comes the monotonous and soothing music of a Buddhist drum which a poor priest is beating at the Temple close to us, and which never seems to pause an instant from the sun's rising to its setting. It is all as calm and beautiful and different from Boston as anything can be. The bamboos are waving gracefully in the foreground and the pines are standing majestically behind. Japan is rich in both, and they are pictures of the way in which strength and grace meet in her history remarkably.

We are now in our fourth week on shore, and indeed I do not know how any one could make for himself a more delightful summer than by doing just what we have done. A swift run across the continent, a slow and peaceful sail on the Pacific, and then this phantasmagoria of color and life and movement for six delightful weeks. And then the return over the familiar ways with much to think about and one's brain full of pictures. What could be better than that?

Do you remember our meeting Harleston Deacon long ago up among the barren heights of Auk? I found him this year among the temples of Nikko, the sacredest of Japanese sacred places, and the deep thunder of his voice mingled beautifully with the chanting of the priest. There, also, were Bigelow and Fenollosa, both very interesting men. Besides them we have seen our missionaries and something of their work, though the schools are mostly now in summer vacation. They are good strong men, and the work which they are doing will be a true contribution to the dubious future of Japan.

But I wish I knew just how it is faring with you all. An afternoon on the terrace at Waltham would even more than repay the loss even of this pretty scene, and the strange sights which we shall see when we go out as it gets cooler. Better still, if you were all here! But we will meet soon, and meanwhile be sure that I am thinking of you and wishing you all good. My best of love to Mrs. Paine and all the children and the grandchildren, and I am, dear Bob,

Ever affectionately yours, P. B.

On the return voyage he resumes his note-book: —

The strange personalness of a new land; becoming "acquainted" with it.

As the Japanese build their houses to suit their mats.

The Japanese smiling as he tells of his mother's death.

Japan strangely self-conscious. Lack of sense of individuality in the East.

"Why pluckest thou not thy right hand out of thy bosom to consume the enemy?" The apparent indifference of God. What is God's enemy?

The thing which is done upon earth, He doeth it Himself.

Both engine and brake. Conservatism and radicalism parts of the same machine.

Sermon on a man's discovering a meanness in himself from which he thought he was free (coming from new circumstances, *e. g.*, travelling).

Sermon on outgrowing temptations, falsely made cause for complacency. Like passing railway stations; the new ones are the old ones under new forms.

The ultimate mystery of life is personality. All which stops short of that is partial.

The impressions of nature, the truths of science, all less than personal relations. The only final means of revelation. Reconciliation. The secret of Christ. God sent forth His Son. Two kinds of religion, — truth and person. All religions develop both. Love and faith are the powers.

Houses for earthquake, built either very slight or very solid.

R. S. V. P. So says nature with her invitations.

A man behind whose closed eyelids light and darkness show their difference, though he can distinctly see no object.

The latitude and longitude of life.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Christ the key of existence, not Buddha, nor any other.

The Japanese giving a new name at the time of death. The new name of the new life kept hung up in the sacred place of the house.

"While I am coming another steppeth in before me." Competition, — its naturalness and unnaturalness; its advantages and horrors. Sure to be some day outgrown. As a method so often used for other things.

Mark iii. 21. Christ's friends, not His enemies, said, He is beside Himself, and wanted to restrain Him. The limitations that Christians put to Christ.

Mark v. 7. The demoniac crying out, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus?" But Jesus shows that He has something to do with the Son of God.

"That the things which cannot be shaken may remain."

The spider spins his web in the rice-pot. Japanese phrase for poverty.

You might as well think to help the moon fighting its battle with the clouds.

The balance and coöperation of content and discontent.

A law, a truth, an institution, a Person. Which is Christianity? There can be no doubt.

The East haunted by the problems of reality and apparition, as well as by that of personality and impersonality.

The present with the future on its back, like a Japanese mother and her child.

Shakespeare's true apology for art: —

> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean.

Sermon on the variety of aspect of religion in the various ages of life, — youth's activity and middle age.

The rising tide catching one against a precipitous wall. Escape impossible.

If we hope for that we have not, then we work for it.

The whole meaning of Reconciliation.

"My people." God's word for the Jews. Its larger equivalent. The pastor and his parish.

"Get thee behind me." The everlasting word to the tempter. Who cannot say it, dies.

"A dislike in the mass is a prejudice." Victor Hugo, "Toilers of the Sea," p. 61.

Lives haunted like houses.

A *man* who is a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

The Shinto (ancestor-worship) of Boston.

Losing a Tuesday going over and picking up a Thursday coming back.

August 28, 1889, lived twice on the Pacific.

Pride before destruction. The great danger of boasting. Our liability to the sins from which we think ourselves most secure.

A man's suffering till the consequences of his sin are exhausted.

Japanese preserving political traditions in the manner of making or serving tea.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known." The kind of world that perfect light shall make, and the kind of life in waiting for it.

He shall save his soul alive.

Ashamed of himself. Filled with all the fulness of God.

Evening and morning were the first day. Ending and beginning everywhere.

A man in Christ.

By the middle of September Mr. Brooks was again in Boston, and had resumed his work. While he was in Japan he had not been well, and his enjoyment of what he saw, or of the hospitalities extended to him, had in consequence been diminished. He was the better, however, for the change, better than if he had tried to spend "a lazy summer" at home, as he at one time proposed to do. To the world he seemed vigorous and strong, or, as one of his friends abroad wrote to him, "the happiest and hopefullest man I know."

At Trinity Church, the first Sunday after his return, he spoke of God's ownership of the world, as giving it beauty and value: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." With what interest he was followed is shown in this extract from a daily paper: —

As he passed quietly in to begin the service he looked and moved with all his old-time vigor, although some might fancy that his massive frame betrayed an appreciable loss of flesh. A slight cough, too, was also noticed during the reciting of a portion of the service. To the friends who embraced an opportunity to greet him, he manifested his unvarying cheerfulness and vivacity. It was in the pulpit, as always, that he appeared with all the fulness of his personality and mental powers, and when he spoke, it was with a torrent of language and abounding imagery that seemed to have gathered even more than the customary momentum from contact with the Oriental glow of life and scenes. Whether from association with these, or from the feelings evoked by return to the family of his congregation, he supplemented his unsurpassed rapidity of thought and utterance with more than his usual emotional quality.

On the second Sunday after his return he went to Cambridge to address the students at the opening of a new year of college life. He spoke of the new system of voluntary prayers as no longer an experiment. "Hitherto there had

been a certain self-consciousness about it which it was now time to drop. It was the legitimate successor of all the best religious influence." He urged upon the students to give their best to the college if they would get its best in return, "treat it not as a playground or living shop, but as a living being with a soul caring for spiritual nature, and it will bestow its riches, for *indeed it has them.*" The address was noticeable for its intense earnestness. His love for Harvard came out in a few sentences at its close. "Many noble men have rejoiced to live for the College, asking nothing as they grew old but to do something more for her before they died. Will you join their army? What she asks of you is to be as full men as you can, for so her life grows fuller."

The General Convention met in New York in October, when he was the guest of his brother Arthur. It was quiet compared with that in Chicago, three years before, and the proposal to change the name of the Church was not renewed, as he had wrongly prophesied. He took part in the discussions on the revision of the Prayer Book, urging the substitution of Psalm lxiv for Psalm lxix in the Evening Prayer for Good Friday. "We listen to Jesus crying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and then proceed at once to say, 'Let their table be made a snare, to take themselves withal,'" etc. In the debate on recommitting the Prayer Book for further revision, he expressed the hope that the task would be continued for three years longer, for many points needed further consideration. He spoke against introducing the versicles, "O God, make speed to save us," "O Lord, make haste to help us," on the ground that it seemed as if the purpose was to seek uniformity with the English book even in small details, rather than to meet any great demand for new forms of devout expression in view of the changed conditions which prevail in our great and new Western land.

In a proposed canon on marriage and divorce Mr. Brooks objected to a phrase forbidding "clandestine marriages:" "If we are to forbid a thing, we must have some penalty for its disobedience, which in this case would obviously be exclusion

from Holy Communion." He should feel himself unable to deny the sacrament to people who in their youth had been indiscreet enough to make a clandestine marriage. "There is a danger of making marriage too difficult." The subject of "divorce" had been in his mind as he was returning home from Japan. In his note-book he expresses hints of his opinion.

The "putting away," which Christ condemned, was not the equivalent of our present divorce system; it was purely arbitrary, with no trial or opportunity of defence, the man's right only, while the woman had no corresponding power; it was originally for some cause which includes more than adultery, and it allowed remarriage (Deut. xxiv. 2). Our divorce is a different matter, involving different necessities. The Mosaic institution which Christ modified had reference to inheritance and preservation of purity of descent. There are strong objections to using the Holy Communion for enforcing a position on this subject, especially in the matter of its administration to the dying, in view of the perfect conscience with which divorces are obtained. It would be more consistent to deny divorce altogether. But the whole question is not a clear one in view of the fact that Christian nations have so differed regarding it and so differ still. Circumstances have changed since the time of Christ. The spirit is more than the letter.

On his return from the General Convention, Mr. Brooks preached a sermon at Trinity Church more hopeful in its tone than his sermon in 1886. He reviewed the results the convention had accomplished in a kindly way, declaring himself not altogether in sympathy with the changes made in the Prayer Book, but speaking of the convention as an inspiring one in its manifestation of high moral purpose, in its desire for Christian unity, and in its zeal for missionary work. He went to the Episcopalian Club, where the convention was passed in review, making a speech which pleased and satisfied its members and was pronounced by some to be "churchly." He was apparently forgiven for what he had said of the convention of 1886. But he was so genuine, so rational, so human, that forgiveness was not difficult to grant.

Two sermons of Phillips Brooks are notable for his advocacy in his own way of causes of social and political reform. On Fast Day he discussed "the public schools" and "prohibition." In regard to the first he maintained that the state has incorporated its best ideas in the public schools, the three essentials of character without which a state cannot exist — freedom, intelligence, and responsibility. Not only the right of the state, but its duty in this matter of primary education must be boldly maintained. If scholars were to be withdrawn from the public schools into private institutions, the state must assert its prerogative and enforce on them its principles, insisting that they shall be the equals of the public schools in cultivating freedom, intelligence, and responsibility.

On the subject of prohibition he declared his preference for restrictive legislation as the true policy, on the ground that it gave the opportunity for self-control. But, on the other hand, his interest in the end to be attained was so real and absorbing that he could say: —

> I have no charge or reproach to make against the most extravagant temperance reformer. I can understand the intensity of his feeling, which urges the most sweeping laws which he can secure. But it seems to me that instead of legal restriction, the great advance in this direction is to arouse the conscience of the people to live for the State and for their fellow men, and not for themselves; to let no selfish desire stand in the way of any reasonable measure which shall help to overcome this evil. It does no good to champion this or that public measure, while as yet our own hearts and consciences are untouched. In this as in similar matters it is very easy for intense earnestness to develop into mere partisanship, in which condition we oppose all plans which do not harmonize with our own, even though they may contain much good. Rather let us keep ourselves pure and broad, ready to accept any truest and best method by which at the time our purpose may be achieved.

He preached a sermon on Civil Service Reform, in response to a request that the clergy would treat the subject from their pulpits on Thanksgiving Day. The sermon was, however, given the following Sunday, with this preface: —

When Thanksgiving morning came, it seemed impossible to preach it, with a furious fire raging in the city, awakening awful memories of the old conflagration and baffling all prediction as to where it would be stopped. With everybody anxious and excited, it seemed quite impossible to ask those who came to church to sit quietly and listen to a discussion on the meaning and duty of Civil Service Reform.

The interest of the sermon lies in revealing his devotion to the idea of nationality, and to the underlying principles of a republican form of government. The text was from the Old Testament, "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation. These are the words that thou shalt speak unto the kingdom of Israel" (Exodus xix. 6). That one should take a text from the Old Testament for Civil Service Reform might appear to some, he said, as evidence of the incompetence of the clergy to deal with living political issues.

The old reproach of ministers that they lived in the Old Testament and preached about the sins and virtues of the Patriarchs, and not about the sins and virtues of the modern world, is perhaps obsolete. It is hardly worth while to ask how far it was ever deserved. That which it most concerns us to observe about it is the misconception which it indicated, on the part both of preachers and of hearers, of the true place and use of that wonderful portion of the word of God in which the story of God's dealings with his chosen people is related. The history of the Jews appeared to some men to be an utterly outgrown, uninteresting record of a people who perished as a nation centuries ago, and the constant recurrence to it seemed to be a hopeless effort artificially to keep alive the dead. To other men it seemed as if many, at least, if not all, of the details of Jewish life were of perpetual obligation, patterns to be mechanically copied and repeated to the end of time.

He commented on the Old Testament as still the "authoritative text-book of nationality," despite the manifest failures to enforce its teaching in Christian history, as in the notion of the divine right of kings, or in Puritan attempts to make the law of Moses the law of God for modern life. "God, may we not say, was too present with His modern world to let them treat Him as if He had died two thousand

years ago." But the thought of the Old Testament lives on. The nation is sacred and struggles to assert its sacredness. "At the moment when it almost seemed as if the notion of the sanctity of the state had perished, and nations were coming to be regarded as only joint stock companies for mutual advantage, — there has come this wonderful thing, the sacredness of human life, standing up and demanding recognition:" —

Republican government is open to the influx of the essential sacredness of human life itself.

The essential nature of humanity is so divine that every effort of man after self-government is a true echo of the life of God.

The simplest republic is sacred as no most splendid monarchy could ever be.

The divinity which used to hedge a king fills all the sacred life of a free people.

Not down from above by arbitrary decree, but up from below, out from within by essential necessity, proceeds the warrant of authority.

The sacredness of man, of the individual man; the cultivation, not the repression, of his personality; individualism not institutionalism; institutions only for the free characteristic development of the individual, — those are the tokens of healthy life, the watchwords of true progress.

A state in which the people rule themselves is able to realize the sacredness of the nation more profoundly than any other.

Popular government is not the last desperate hope of man, undertaken because everything else has failed. It is the consummation toward which every previous experiment of man has struggled. It is no reckless slipping down into the depth of anarchy. It is a climbing to the mountain top of legitimate authority.

The public officer embodies the nation's character, expresses its spirit and its sanctity. The public servant is not simply a man hired by the State to do a certain work. He is the State itself doing that work and so making manifest at one point its intrinsic life and character.

Is popular government naturally disposed to corruption and misrule, and so must you force upon it against its nature an integrity and unselfishness which it instinctively hates and despises, or is it the constant struggle of popular government to bring its best men to power, and have you only to work in confederation with that struggle and against the enemies which hinder its success?

To make America to be more truly American, with a profounder faith in and loyalty to herself, to resist any attempt to impose the will of a man or a party on the free action of Americans, this sums up the duty of every reformer who believes that thus strengthened and set free, America will of her own nature send forth her own true governors.

That he shared in the prevailing sense of anxiety about the country which was prevalent at the time is evident from this passage: —

We cannot forget the *stress and strain* to which, as all men feel, the whole system of human government, popular government like every other, is evidently in the near future of the world to be subjected. We believe in our institutions as we believe in a strong ship in which we sail out upon the sea. But we cannot look forth upon the sea on which we are to sail and not behold it black with threatening storms. We are full of faith that the good ship will weather them, but what fools we are unless we look not merely to the soundness of the timbers which compose her structure, but also to the character of her officers and crew! In the great trial of popular institutions which is coming, the most critical of all questions concerning them will be as to their power to control their own leadership and to express the better and stronger, and not the worse and weaker, portions of their life through those whom the nation calls from the mass of her citizens and sets in public stations.

During the month of November Mr. Brooks was conducting prayers at Harvard, as he had also given his quota of Sunday evenings to Appleton Chapel from time to time throughout the year. But for some reason, probably the ill health which had been so visible in his face and in the shrinkage of his form in the spring as to induce much comment, he had not enjoyed the work at Harvard as in previous years. He spoke of his period of service there as "distinctly an off term," intimating that the sound of his voice had grown familiar and tiresome. For whatever reason he seemed disappointed, and at moments inclined to dreary forebodings about the future.

To an invitation from Rev. Lyman Abbott to take part in the services of his installation as pastor of Plymouth Church, Mr. Brooks wrote the following letter: —

WADSWORTH HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, December 2, 1889.

DEAR DR. ABBOTT, — . . . I thank you for the friendly impulse which made you wish that I should come and take any part in the most interesting service of your installation. I value that impulse of yours very deeply, and I always shall. I may most frankly say that there is no man from whom I should more joyfully receive such a token of confidence and affection.

I should like exceedingly to come. I would make every effort to do so. There is nothing, I am sure, in any canon or rubric which would prevent my coming. I am not very wise in rubrics or canons, but I do not remember one which says a word about our ministers sitting in Congregational councils. . . . As to the function of a member of an ordaining council, I am disgracefully ignorant. I have been nothing but an Episcopalian all my life. What does an installer do, I wonder. And what would the Congregationalists say when they saw me there?

Would it not be better that I should come, if possible, and utter the interest which I really deeply feel by giving out a hymn or reading a lesson from Scripture at the installation service? And then, if at the last moment, something here made it impossible for me to come, perhaps another man might do my important duty in my place, and I should be with you in spirit and bid you godspeed all the same.

These are my questions. In view of them, do with me what you think best. I hope I have written intelligently, but since I began to write, several of these boys have been in with their big questions which they ask with as much apparent expectation of an immediate and satisfactory answer as if they were inquiring the way to Boston. How delightful they are! We are all rejoicing in the good which you did here and left behind you. It was a distinct refreshment and enlargement of all that had been done before. We will do our best to keep the fire from going out until you come again.

Meanwhile, I hope I have not written too vaguely about the council, and I am

Ever faithfully yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the first week of December he took part in the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, which held its session in Boston. One evening was assigned to him, when he made an address occupying nearly an hour in its delivery. His speech has been published in the proceedings of the society, where, in its intensity and tumultuousness, it still excites the reader.

One can understand his rapidity of utterance in reading it, for the excitement may be felt in every sentence. He threw all considerations of form to the winds, apparently anxious to make a full utterance of his convictions. He travelled over the whole field of theology, coördinating all his beliefs with the central truth that every man is the child of God. He was careful to have it understood in his opening remarks that he had not chosen his subject; it had been assigned to him, — "The Need of Enthusiasm for Humanity;" but if he could have chosen, there was no subject upon which he would have desired more to speak. He recalled the origin of the expression by the author of "Ecce Homo." After more than a quarter of a century he took up the phrase and gave it his own interpretation. It had originally been defined as "the love of humanity grounded in the conviction that Christ is the type and ideal of every man." This he had believed and preached; but according to his own definition, "the enthusiasm for humanity is based upon the conviction which Christ implanted, that every man is the child of God." He seemed to go beyond himself in the fiery zeal of his earnestness as he enforced this principle in all its implications. The address cannot be analyzed here or even its synopsis attempted. But one passage may be cited: —

> Do I believe that Jonathan Edwards, when he has told me about the power and the majesty of the divine will, has told me the whole truth? Do I believe, on the other hand, that Channing, when he has told me of the purity and dignity of human nature, has told me the whole truth? God, revealed to me by the deepest thoughts of those who have lost themselves in His existence; man, revealed to me by the deep and tender utterances of those who have lived in supreme sympathy with him! God and man, shall they stand separate? It is the Christ, the God-man that I see. The great Christ-truth of the Sonship of man to God takes possession of these things which have been fragments, as we have heard this afternoon, and blends them in their glorious whole. We have feared that man should be a traitor to God. There is great danger also, — who shall measure dangers where they are all so tremendous? — there is vast danger lest man be a traitor to man. It is thirty years, I suppose, since Mrs. Browning sang, in one of her characters: —

Rev. Arthur Brooks

This age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.[1]

A letter to the Rev. Arthur Brooks, which, like so many of his letters, seems to say but little and yet reveals so much of the man in his most characteristic mood, closes the record for the year: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 26, 1889.

Dear Arthur, — When we came home from Jim's, where we had eaten our Christmas dinner last night, I found the big box in my front entry, and I slowly extricated from it the delightful lamp, with all the world upon its globe. Indeed, I never thought that I should own a globe like that of yours which had excited my youthful wonder. And here it is, all my own, and with a lovely lamp to set it on, and I can hardly wait for the evening shades to prevail that it may take up its wondrous tale. I think of giving a party to let people see it, and at the same time improve their geography by study of its globe. I cannot do that for a week or two, but meanwhile, Bishop Clark is coming to spend two or three days, and preach for me on Sunday. He invited himself, saying that he would like to preach in Trinity Church once more. He shall see the lamp, and I am sure it will brighten him up. . . . I am hoping to look in upon you on the 16th of January, when I am coming on to help install Lyman Abbott at the Plymouth Church. Then you shall tell me all about Hartford and the good things which you did there, and I will tell you all about the Evangelical Alliance and Greer's speech. And we will mingle our tears in memory of Browning and Lightfoot, and altogether it seems as if it would be very pleasant. Until that time you must think of me as sitting gratefully in the warm light of the new lamp, very calm and very happy.

We trace the working of his mind in some brief hints of his Christmas sermon on the text, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding."

The greatest is the kindest and the dearest. Tendency to run

[1] Cf. for the Address in full, *National Needs and Remedies. The Discussions of the General Christian Conference held in Boston, Mass., December 4, 5, and 6, 1889, under the Auspices and Direction of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States.* New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. 1890.

to the little in our religion. The great landscapes, the great thoughts suitable for Christmas time. Their belonging to all men makes them more and not less truly ours. The dear earth and dear sky. Dear humanity. It is not relative size, but true relationship that makes the grip. Ask yourself if your largest were not most sympathetic.

CHAPTER XXII

1890

SPEECH AT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. LENTEN ADDRESSES IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK. CHANGE IN MANNER OF PREACHING. CORRESPONDENCE. ADDRESS AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS. THANKSGIVING SERMON

"REGRET at leaving any past; but quick! seize what is precious before it is too late; then go! Seize Wisdom, Faith, Hope; then forward!" These were the words addressed to the congregation at Trinity Church after the bell had struck which announced the death of the old year and the coming of the new.

With the coming of 1890 we enter upon the last year in the parish ministry of Phillips Brooks. All his years seem great, yet this stands out with a distinct character of its own, in some respects the greatest of them all. It was not that the incidents of his life were more striking than in previous years, but the life itself seems greater and more impressive. He had now reached the age of fifty-four, and had kept the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination. Twenty-one years had gone by since he became the rector of Trinity Church. There was no outward sign of weariness or exhaustion as he entered the fifty-fifth year of his life, for on the contrary he summoned the energies of his being to make more effective the utterance God had given him. He had attained the simplicity for which he had aspired and struggled. Intellectual difficulties about religion or the world process had long ceased to embarrass him. His philosophy of life was the same with which he started, only it had now become part of his being, identified with his inmost personality. He had this one theme, the sacredness, the beauty,

the glory of life, and that because all men were the children of God, and Christ was the eternal Son. This one theme ramified into a thousand variations, always new, always different, and rich beyond measure, as the theme in nature is simple, but inexhaustible in the beauty and variety of its manifestations. Whenever he spoke, the subject was to him as if it were new, and this sense of freshness and novelty was contagious. Wherever he went, whatever might be the occasion, he lifted his banner whereon was written the sacredness and the possibilities of life. As some were blind to the beauty of outward nature, others, the greater part of men, were blind to the wealth and the splendor of the spiritual world, and yet ready to recognize it when pointed out to them. This was his work, to recall men to their spiritual environment, to remind them of their spiritual heritage, and show them its content. He quotes in his note-book the words of Schleiermacher as though he were applying them to himself: "Now this is just my vocation, — to represent more clearly that which dwells in all true human beings, and to bring it home to their consciousness." But what seemed to rise above every other characteristic of his preaching or his conversation was the inextinguishable and boundless hope. He would not allow himself to be daunted by any circumstances of life in proclaiming the salvation by hope. Amidst countless voices of despair, or the wailings of misery, or the manifestations of indifference which surged about him like a chorus striving to silence or drown his utterance, his voice rose above them all, proclaiming hope and the blessedness of life in itself, the sacredness of humanity and all its legitimate interests. Nor was it that he did not see the evil, the misery, and the sin. More than most men was he called into contact with suffering and with sorrow in their pathetic and tragic forms. Constant ministrations to the sick and dying, to those in deepest mourning, filled up his days. His gift of consolation was so marvellous that it must needs be in perpetual exercise. The more hideous forms of evil, the evidences of vice, lives from which almost all the light had gone out, — these things were familiar. Then there were his

own personal sorrows and disappointments, the growing loneliness, "If any man knows what loneliness is, I do," he once said of himself; possible misgivings about his health, of which he spoke to no one; the feeling, an awful one to him, that youth was departing and with it might be lost the freshness of his outlook on life; the possibility that he might not live to see what life would soon reveal, — all these combined to raise their varying strains of hopelessness and sadness, and still the voice that was in him soared above the discordance and confusion, proclaiming hope, and joy, and always cheerfulness as the word of God to man. He had to fight harder, it may be, to retain his faith, but for this very reason his faith grew stronger and more secure. However it may be explained, so it was that he gained an ever deepening conviction that the world, whether of nature or of humanity, had been redeemed and glorified in Christ. In the light of this redemption the world never looked fairer or richer, or life more attractive than now, till it almost pained him to address young men with the prospect before them of a vision which he could not live to see. He resented every attitude or criticism which implied that there might be anything fundamentally wrong where men were using their God-given faculties to open up the meaning of man's environment.

Let us take one more and a final glance at the equipment which made possible this outlook on the world, — so rich, so comprehensive, so generous and rare. He was not a philosopher in the conventional meaning of the term, but in its larger and truer sense he had gained what philosophy could give. In the working of his mind we may trace the results of the long history of philosophy, from the time of Plato to his own age. There was nothing in the line of philosophical development beyond the range of his endeavor to comprehend and to adjust in a large scheme of the world's order. He had this peculiarity, when compared with others engaged in the task of explaining the world, that what they were thinking he was not only thinking, but feeling and living. He was not a professed student of philosophy or the systems of great thinkers, yet he inquired of them, and he seemed to know, as

if he had made their search the object of his life, what it was that they stood for in relation to the world problem. He was an idealist with Plato. With Kant he lived in the human consciousness. He felt the force of the transcendental philosophy. There are hints of the Berkeleian principle, as well as reminders of Hegel's ruling idea. Yet on the other hand he retained his youthful devotion to Bacon in the idealization of the world of outward nature, while in Lotze he found a healthful check for the extravagance or one-sidedness of a transcendental idealism, — the purely intellectual estimate of things. He still retained the vision of his youth, when he saw the world transfigured as in ancient Neoplatonic reverie; but he overcame its error and weakness by giving the central place in thought and life to the Incarnation, thus gaining unity and simplicity, the power of the personal Christ as the bond of union with God. He held the truth of the immanence of God, in nature and in humanity, uniting with it the personality of God in His distinctness from both, whose personal will was the final explanation of all the issues of life and thought.

In the various addresses he now made, or in the sermons preached, we may see some of these points illustrated. Thus, in January, he spoke to the merchants of Boston at a banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, when his speech was the amplification of the words of Bacon: "Not for gold, or silver, or precious stones was commerce instituted, not for silks or spices, nor for any other of those crude ends at which thou aimest, but first and only for the child of God, that is to say, for light."[1] He began his address by remarking that it was a privilege "to sit in the midst of a multitude of merchants and see the modern look in their faces and catch the modern tone in their voices; it is the merchant to-day who holds the reins and bears the responsibility of life." This was the report of his speech: —

> Let it be our place to rejoice that the world had not fulfilled itself, — that man, so marvellously mysterious as he was, evidently was beginning to realize that he had not begun to display the power

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 226.

that was in him. And let us take up boldly the responsibility which belonged to his enlarged outlook. The one thing that grew upon him as he grew older, he said, was the mysteriousness of human life and the absolutely unfulfilled powers that were in humankind. His one great assurance was that the world was bound to press onward and find an escape from the things that terrified it, not by retreat, but by a perpetual progress into the large calm that lay beyond. The very things that made men hesitate, fear, and dread were the things in which we most rejoiced, and which we could not possibly surrender. The things that made it beautiful to live to-day were the enlarged opportunity, the enlarged intelligence, the enlarged communication, the magnificent freedom, and the increased conveniences of human life. These were the things that made the enormous and fierce competition of mankind; but these also were the things which mankind, having once tasted, never could surrender, and so it must be through progress and not retreat, through greater enlargement of human life and not restraint in its regions of thought or action, that the future of mankind was going to realize itself. Let us look forward and believe in men. Let us believe that every power of man put forth to its best activity must ultimately lead to the large consummation of the complete life to all the sons of men. To be in the thick of that seemed to be the glory of a single human life. It was for us to rejoice in the richness of the life in which we were placed, — the richness of thought and the richness of action, — to believe in it with all our hearts, to hesitate at nothing. But it seemed to him the very newness of our life, the very newness of business life and of scholarly life, compelled a complete loyalty to those great fundamental things which never changed. The more change came, the more absolutely we were bound to hold fast to those things which must be the strength of every changing civilization, every activity of men's thought or nature. Those things were integrity and public spirit. Let those be alive among our thinkers and merchants, and the thinkers and merchants needed them equally, and then we might welcome whatever great changes had to come in the future. It was because those were being preserved, as he believed, most earnestly, most religiously, that we were able to look forward into the future without a fear. There never was a time for men to live like this time.

His imagination was working in the same line as he went in January to the Leather Trade dinner, noting down this point to be made in his speech: —

Each business touches the imagination. It stands between nature and man and turns the wonderful world to human use. Behind the carpenter, the waving forest. Behind the factory the sunny cotton field, and before both *man*, human life, made stronger, happier by the transformation which they work. These the two great things of the earth, nature and man.

Behind your business is the world of cattle on a thousand hills, the lowing herd in the pasture, the rush of buffaloes across the prairie, the bleating of flocks in the fold, — these bright and airy pictures; and in front of it man, with this tough element in his civilization which you bring there for his comfort.

He had taken offence at something which he had heard uttered in disparagement of nature and of its study, as if the love of nature stood in the way of the spiritual life. His answer to it was a sermon at Trinity Church to "a great gathering," when his text was the words of St. Paul: "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God," and his subject the relations of nature and humanity, — the waiting attitude of nature for the perfect man: —

How full were Paul's words of the spirit of our time! For what was Science doing to-day? Was she not building up and completing man so that he might be more and more able to ask of Nature what she means, and call forth from her the great forces of the world?

The thing men were looking for was not that Nature should become more and more rich or full, but that man should become more worthy of the answers and the revelations which Nature could make to him of herself.

This was also true of the poetry of the time, for it was a characteristic of the verse of the nineteenth century that it felt a soul in Nature.

And it was the pain at the great soul of Nature that she could not do for man what she could do were he worthy as a son of God. The world was waiting to-day to do the things for man that it could not do so long as he had not in himself the son of God.

Well, man had declared himself the son of God, and that was the lesson of those wondrous pages, yet men stumbled over them with little conception of what they meant, and spoke of miracles as incredible simply because they never happened before or since.

Why, the Son of God never manifested Himself before or since,

and that was the true philosophy of miracles. It might be that Christ did things which had in them only the ordinary forces of nature, but He gave liberty to the soul of the world, and gave it power to manifest itself.

The question of the miracle, its actuality or its possibility, was at this time one of the disturbing issues in the churches. Phillips Brooks encountered it in his preaching, receiving sharp protests from those who dissented, urging him to abandon what was unprofitable and men no longer believed. His answer to such protests was the mild reply that the pulpit should be free, or that if all lived up to the truth they *did* believe, it would be well. There are many of his letters, many reports of conversations with him, turning on this point. Young men came to him with the difficulty. It was keeping them out of the church, or preventing their wholesouled allegiance to Christ. He did what he could to help them by argument or by statement of the question in a new light. He was troubled by an attitude in which he did not sympathize, and he seems to have kept his deeper conviction in the background as something they could not share. But in a sermon preached in 1889 — one of the most characteristic sermons he ever wrote — he gave full scope to his devotion. The text indicates his attitude toward this and every other conviction he held, "Rejoicing in the truth." It was one thing to *believe*, and another to *rejoice*. He enumerates the points of belief wherein he rejoiced, and in doing so comes to the miracle: —

> There is the man who rejoiceth in the truth of the miracle, and for whom the earth he treads is always less hard, more soft and buoyant, because it has once trembled under the feet of Christ. He is glad through all his soul that the hard-seeming order of things has once and again felt the immediate compulsion of the Master soul. Critical as he may be in his judgment of evidence, he does not grudge assent because of any previous conviction of impossibility. He is *glad* to believe. Belief to him is better than unbelief. Every sunrise is more splendid, every sunset is more tender, every landscape has new meanings; the great sea is mightier and more gracious; life has more fascination, death has more mystery, because Jesus Christ spoke to the

waters, and shone in the transfiguration glory, and called Lazarus out of the tomb, and stood himself in the bright morning outside his own tomb door at Jerusalem.

Mr. Brooks seems at this time to have been making more occasional addresses than usual. Thus, in addition to those already mentioned in this first month of the year, he went to a Browning service and spoke; twice to the Harvard Vespers; to the Grand Opera House, where he preached on a Sunday evening; to Cambridge to talk on Foreign Missions to theological students, and to a meeting of the Yale alumni. He went out to Cambridge again as Lent approached, February 17, to meet the alumni of the Episcopal Theological School, who were holding a "retreat" in preparation for their work. He did not like the word, but he went determined to do all that was asked of him, giving three "meditations" on the words of the great Intercessory Prayer, and rising early on the morning of the second day of the meeting in order to administer the Holy Communion. In his parish during Lent he was making three addresses every week. On Wednesdays his subject was the Joys of Christ: His incarnation, — obedience, consciousness of brotherhood, transfiguration, resurrection. On Fridays, the Sufferings of Christ: His incarnation, — persecution, disappointments in friends, the mystery of Gethsemane, the crucifixion. With his Bible class he took up the church as it was in the mind of Christ, following its presentation in history, ancient and mediæval, and closing with the modern church and the church of the future. He was preaching on Sundays in Lent at Trinity, and his record shows him going to other places, — to the Old South Church, to Winchester, to Springfield, to Roxbury, to Newton Lower Falls, to Providence. As if this were not enough, he gave an address lasting for an hour every Monday noon at St. Paul's Church, in Boston. These services were intended for business men, but long before twelve o'clock the church was filled with women, with the clergy of Boston and of the surrounding towns, as well as students of theology, so that business men were crowded out. A letter of remonstrance was sent to Mr. Brooks: —

Boston, March 13, 1890.

Dear Sir, — Will you inform me whether the Monday noon services at St. Paul's during Lent are intended to be "Business Men's Meetings," or not? There is a general impression on the street that they are, and the lectures would seem to strengthen the impression. Yet the preponderance of women in the audience would seem to belie the impression. *If* the meetings are intended particularly for business men, would it be unjust to others to reserve the central aisle for business men only until 12.05, for instance? That such a step would be approved I am sure from conversations both at the church and on the street. Business men feel, as far as my knowledge goes, that *if* it is their service, it is keeping them out to have nine tenths of those in the pews women, who can get there before twelve, and the majority of whom can, and probably do, hear you on Sunday. The business men from the suburbs or distant cities cannot hear you on Sundays, we will assume, but can on Monday noon. I know of many men who would attend the noonday service on the Mondays in Lent but for the fact that they cannot get to St. Paul's before twelve, and at that hour the seats are taken and the aisles crowded, so they remain away. If the service is primarily for business men, they are at a great disadvantage at present; if not primarily for them, of course they must take their chances with the rest. A line will be appreciated by many friends, etc.

A similar experience awaited him at Trinity Church, New York, where he went during Lent to give a course of addresses to business men on six consecutive days. The invitation came from the rector of Trinity, the Rev. Morgan Dix, for whose courtesy and ability as the honored president of the House of Deputies in the General Convention Mr. Brooks had often expressed the highest admiration. The event was one of peculiar interest and significance in the life of Phillips Brooks. He had been in the habit for many years of preaching at the Church of the Incarnation on the Sunday after Easter, and occasionally at Grace Church. But at Trinity he spoke to representative New York in the largest possible way. If it was an event for Phillips Brooks, it seems to have been still more an event for the city of New York. No missioner ever achieved a greater conquest. And what was most remarkable, no effort whatever was made to

call attention to the services, no announcement in other churches, no advertisement in the newspapers. A simple placard was suspended to the iron fence on the day when the services were to begin, announcing that Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, would speak to men at twelve o'clock each day of the week. The difficulty which had been experienced in Boston was not to be repeated. It had been proposed at first that one half of the church, divided by the middle aisle, should be assigned to women, and the other half to men. Mr. Brooks decided that the services should be confined to men. The following reports of these services are taken from the New York "Sun:" —

At 11.30 this morning [Monday, February 24], busy men began to file into Trinity Church. The great interior was dim by reason of the heavy rain outside, and the business men who entered carried umbrellas dripping wet, or shook the water from their gossamers as they stood in the entry. The seats were rapidly filled, and before twelve o'clock the benches in the aisles were occupied, so that, after that hour, the men who entered were obliged to stand in the broad space far in the rear

Before the lecture was completed a throng of men, whose business made it inconvenient for them to come at the beginning of the address, had pressed down the aisle at the end of which the pulpit stands, so that, when the lecture was half completed, there stood beneath the pulpit a great throng of men looking with the earnestness and steadiness which true eloquence begets up at the great preacher who was uttering simple words of Christian wisdom.

It was an impressive sight to see this vast church filled to overflowing with a body of New York men, representatives of the professions, trades, commerce, and the financial energies of Wall Street. For here were men who directed affairs involving millions, others who represent vast litigations, seated side by side with clerks and older men, who were employed, many of them, in subordinate capacities by the men beside whom they sat.

The chimes in Trinity steeple, whose echoes were heard with dim resonance in the church, had scarcely ceased ringing for the hour of twelve when the door of the vestry room opened and the choir boys, with Dr. Brooks and Dr. Morgan Dix following, entered the chancel. Dr. Brooks wore the conventional surplice, while Dr. Dix wore no vestments. Dr. Brooks at once mounted

the pulpit, where, as he stood, his giant stature was revealed to the great throng before him. In a low voice, which could be heard scarcely twenty feet away, he read the opening hymn, beginning, "A charge to keep I have." The great congregation rose, and it was a sight to see these busy men as they stood there singing the hymn to the familiar tune written for it. There were men who, a few moments before, had been plunged into the intricacies of trade and finance, now singing with devout manner the hymn, and the volume of music which arose from this great throng must have sounded sweetly to the ear of Dr. Brooks, for he paused in his own singing that he might listen to the glorious music made by this congregation of male voices.

After a Collect and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, which must have been pronounced by every member in the church, so great and distinct was the volume of sound, Dr. Brooks began the address. He started without a preliminary utterance right into the heart of the sermon, and his very first sentence was uttered with that mighty impetuosity of thought and speech which distinguishes him among American clergymen, which makes it impossible for the swiftest stenographer completely to report him, and which is a Niagara of thoughts and words maintained from the beginning to the end of the discourse. His voice is peculiarly sympathetic and sweet, even in his most impassioned utterances. His tones are mellow and a delight to the ear, and when he utters a sentence with the utmost speed of thought, and of great length, but with perfect symmetry and lucidity, his tones are so melodious that they seem almost like the intoning of his discourse.

The first few sentences, however, were spoken in so low a tone that they were inaudible, and a silent gesture of protest went up all over the church, manifested by the holding of one hand to the ear that his words might be the better distinguished. He seemed to take the hint, and to have tested the acoustics of the church, for a moment later his voice was distinct and clear, and heard in the remotest corners. . . .

As he finished his address he stopped for a moment and looked over the pulpit at that vast throng crowding the aisle beneath with upturned faces, listening for every word which came from his lips. When he turned to descend from the pulpit, the throng still stood there as though controlled by his presence and power, even after he had departed from the place where he had uttered these words of wisdom in a manner which seemed almost inspired.

On the second day, Tuesday, the hymn was "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," followed by the saying of the Lord's

Prayer. These sentences indicate that the interest was growing: —

The heavy mist which palled the city this morning concealed the steeple which surmounts Trinity Church, and almost hid the clock at noon to-day, while the chimes rang out the mid-day hour in tones which seemed to be almost muffled. Yet a steady throng of men had been filing into the church for half an hour, ready to meet with the discomfort occasioned by the packing together of a throng whose clothing was damp, and every one of whom carried a dripping umbrella. When the noon hour was reached, the great interior contained as dense a throng as were ever within its walls. After all the seats were taken, the crowd pressed down the aisles, and stood in a great mass of men in the passageway at the rear of the church. So dense was the throng that, after the exercises which called it together began, it was impossible for any to get in, and almost impossible for any to get out.

Yesterday the church was comfortably filled, but the throng that gathered then was moderate in comparison with that which assembled to-day. In the aisles, too, there stood with perfect patience for nearly an hour men who command millions of money, and who direct affairs of colossal importance. Not one of these turned and left the building, although the discomfort was great by reason of the close packing of the throng and the dampness which was encountered on every side.

Very many in the audience had never heard him before, and it was evident that they were, at the beginning, astonished at the rapidity of his utterance. He spoke with a voice better modulated to the acoustics of the church than was the case yesterday, and after the first sentence or two, his words were heard with perfect distinctness all over the church. But, though he had increased the volume of his tone, and the distinctness of his utterance was evidently in his mind, yet the exquisite modulation of his tone was even more apparent than yesterday.

The service closed with the hymn, "Arise, my soul, and with the sun." The impressiveness of this hymn as sung by the great body of men was very great, and not a few of those there assembled, who heard the volume of song, were so impressed that tears rolled down their cheeks.

As the days went on the interest continued to grow deeper, as the following comment shows: —

The services suggest none of the familiar scenes of the revival meeting. There is no excitement, but there is a majestic revela-

tion of the power of eloquence used to illustrate the sublimest of all truths upon a vast body of business men.

Each succeeding day has witnessed an increase in the attendance, till the chancel has been occupied, the preacher has found difficulty in wending his way to the pulpit, and hundreds have been turned away unable to gain admittance. There have been clergymen present, a large number of young men, lawyers also, and the great throng of business men, till Wall Street and its vicinity seemed deserted. The women have pleaded to be admitted but have been refused, for if women were admitted they would fill the church to the exclusion of those for whom the service is intended.

Whatever the reason, the throng that has been drawn from the offices and stores in the lower part of the city to Trinity Church at the noontide has been something unprecedented. The wonderful success of the Lenten season at Trinity Church is an event about which merchants, bankers, and lawyers are talking.

It is important to preserve the contemporaneous comment, the description of the effect produced, the efforts to explain it. The above comment is taken from the "Sun." The following is from the "World:" —

There is a bewitchery of eloquence which has descended upon lower New York. A Demosthenes has appeared in the modern metropolitan market-place. There are people who argue that a "revival" is in progress in "Old Trinity," but it would be extremely difficult to substantiate this claim. Certainly Dr. Brooks has not as yet called for volunteers to the "anxious seats," nor even requested an uplifting of hands among those who desire to be saved. On the contrary, he studiously avoids all incentives to religious excitement. The unusual spectacle of a big church filled, as seldom is any theatre, with the leading business men and capitalists of New York, must be explained on natural grounds. No Moody, no Sankey, no timbrel-playing of the Salvation Army, could have held this audience. The secret of this success is eloquence.

Phillips Brooks, in his splendid personality, — for he is a commanding figure, — is awe-inspiring of himself. He is like a vessel which, having been filled by nature to the brim, simply overflows. His congregation yesterday, representing all that is eminent in business circles, or rather in that greatest of all business circles which spreads its brilliant circumference south of Fulton Street, practically consisted of so many human fishes. These

money-getters, these prosperous and for the most part, doubtless, churchgoing men, sat under the rainfall of his eloquence as though they had for months been famished.

It was a marvellous spectacle. He told them nothing which they might not have heard, and probably had heard over and over, from the honest lips of less gifted preachers, but it all seemed to have a new sound. He held his hearers spellbound.

We are not concerned so much with what Phillips Brooks said as with the fact that in these days, when men are accused of such a general disregard of churchgoing, business and professional men on a week day should crowd a church to listen to what a preacher has to say of God and of man's duty to Him. There is in such a service conducted by Phillips Brooks nothing that approaches the sensational. Nobody goes to hear him to be amused or startled. None of the pulpit tricks some "drawing" preachers resort to, none of the paradoxical rhetoric or novel illustrations others seek out, are ever used by Phillips Brooks. Were he that kind of a preacher he might possibly fill Old Trinity once or twice with the kind of an audience that is crowding it this week, but then the crowding would stop. Busy men at a busy hour of the business day have no time to spare for such amusements. These men crowd to hear Phillips Brooks because he is an earnest and powerful talker with a sincere message. His eloquence is so simple that at the time one hardly recognizes it as eloquence. It is what he says and the man who says it, not his manner of saying it, which attract and win. Phillips Brooks appeals to men as one of themselves, who has himself found a great secret, — the secret of faith in the unknown God. He is in touch with the modern world in all its science, and luxury, and progress. He knows its thinking and its philosophy. He is a part of it. His is not the narrow, literal belief of an earnest good man, whose outlook is bounded by the horizon of his creed. He is as great a contrast to a Moody as Colonel Ingersoll himself. And yet there is in Phillips Brooks's every utterance the same ring of absolute sincerity that charms in Moody. But about his sincerity and his views of life there are, besides an absence of the conventional, a Christ-like directness and simplicity in reaching the heart of the matter, and a Christ-like recognition of the wideness of the spiritual nature, which appeal to the thoughtful in the same way as the words of Jesus himself.

Men are not nearly as indifferent to religion as many of the signs of the times seem to indicate. For its conventionalities they care little. They have lost faith in the virtue of mere dogmatism. But when the opportunity is given them to hear a true

"message," — the message of a man in whose breadth of view and sincerity of conviction they have confidence, — they are ready, even eager listeners. The crowds that throng Old Trinity are typical of the attitude of thinking men to-day. They are seeking to strengthen a faith that finds much to shake it, and that cannot be regained by words of professional religion. Words that count must be words spoken by a man to men.

Another most intelligent observer seeking at a later time to give a calm estimate of the man who had produced such "a marvellous effect," writes: —

One of the most potent secrets of Phillips Brooks's power was unquestionably his complete and rounded knowledge of all the forces amidst which he lived. His large work and immense influence outside his parish amply prove this. With a type of genius that linked him largely with the outreaching faith and self-denial of an age of greater faith than this, he had all the practical keenness of vision that linked him to the present. He was a progressionist to the letter. Without this trait he could not have wielded the influence he did over the business men of Wall Street in New York, or of State Street in Boston. A man of mere faith, without insight into all their methods and springs of action, could not have held those men day after day during their busy hours of dollar-hunting.

Before dismissing the subject, we turn for a moment to the preacher himself, as he is preparing for utterance. As soon as he accepted the invitation, several months before the time fixed upon, he decided upon his subject, and made a synopsis of each address. First he had taken rough notes in pencil, and then in ink drawn up the more matured plan. During the intervening time he was revolving the topics and their method of treatment in his mind. He spoke extemporaneously without the assistance of notes, but each address meant an immense amount of preparation. Again, judging from the appearance of these analyses, it was no calm preparation that he made, but his soul was heaving with excitement and emotion, as he dug deep into the recesses of his theme. After he had made the final analyses he went over them in review with interlineations in almost every line. But all this only prepared the way, for in the presence of his

audience he was set free and lifted up to say things with startling power, which are not mentioned in his plan. He never was more free, and therefore more himself, than when he stood in the pulpit of Trinity Church, New York. What he was endeavoring to do was only in more intense and thorough fashion that which he sought for in every sermon. But the occasion stimulated him with the possibility of presenting in complete and condensed form the total picture of life and of man in relation to the gospel of Christ. He appears determined that nothing which he esteemed of vital importance should be lost. He spoke as if all the world were listening.

He chose "Freedom" for his subject, — the one word most revealing men to themselves, in the presence and under the influence of an enfeebling fatalism, which had come in consequence of the decline of individualism, of the rise of socialism, of theories about heredity, and of the reign of universal law. Here are a few detached sentences from his note-book: —

It is not by going aside from life but by going deeper into it. The full understanding of life is the renewal of life. This the old Bible idea of wisdom and folly.

There are two kinds of living, one to be given up, the other to be assumed. The need of going from one to the other haunts every man. But how? One says in reply, "From freedom to imprisonment." The constant presentation of this view. Its truth, as shown also in civilization. But there is another method. It is an entrance in a new region where new powers awake. Without rejecting the other method, this must be the best.

Liberty is the full opportunity to be one's best. Take the matter of belief, as an illustration. The question, *Must* I believe so and so? A liberal faith ought to believe more, not less. There is the other question, — *May* I believe? The enlarged creed is an enlarged life. Faith in the Incarnation, — the open field of a new truth.

So of the resolution of a new life. Think of purity; which is negative, and which is positive? It is not that the pure man is losing something, but the impure. The glorious self-indulgence at the end of all self-denials.

And so of the total Christian life. The dominion of words, —

it is not an initiation, it is life. It is consecration to a Master to whom you belong. Is all this an everlasting disappointment and degradation of the nature? No! but its true satisfaction. The liberty to be good; the liberty of life with Him.

What value does this give to sin? It takes all its glory and glamour away from it. The awful spell of that. The sense of its disgrace and meanness. It is a self-imposed and treasured slavery.

And yet it gives sin its full value of awfulness. It is you, the man, the true son of God, that is sinning. The awfulness of the chains which bind a king.

Here is the chance for every man. The impulse of freedom in every soul. The nature's homesickness.

In his second address he took for the subject "Christ the Liberator."

Christ had shown how a man might be perfectly pure and yet manly; how a man might defy conventionalities in the name of truth; He had set before men the glory of character. Christ was free, and says of His freedom that it belonged to Him as the Son of God. That does not separate us from Him, but brings us closer together. Are not we the sons of God? Jesus was full of the mystery of human life. This, too, is freedom. No doctrine could do all this. Our religion is a *personal* religion. It is following Christ.

The third address, "The Process of the Liberation," was interesting as showing how he treated the endless controversy, as old in Christian history as the time of Pelagius and Augustine, — the question of the relation of God's grace to human freedom. He combats lingering notions about election which still hamper men. He refers the whole work of salvation to God alone, as Augustine had done, and the freedom is God's gift.

God is working on His side for you with His instruments. What are they? All your experiences. He is really the worker and He uses them all; the sunshine melting and the iron smiting. You cry out to Him, "Use that other," but He uses what He wills. So you work, and at last the wall is broken down and you are with God. And then comes a surprise to learn how long He has been seeking you, even when you were a boy. At last you stand in His freedom, doing His will for His love.

The subject of the fourth address had a distinct theological interest, for it concerned the "Freedom of Christian Thought." It stood out among all the addresses as having made the most profound impression, and was referred to as having given character to them all. It cleared the intellectual horizon. Phillips Brooks was sensitive to a widely prevailing impression that the clergy were not free to speak the full truth, or even to think freely, because they were bound by subscription to theological tenets which were irrational, whatever their denomination or sect. This deep and widespread conviction was acting as a subtle barrier against the appeal of the Christian faith. Then there was the large body of Christian tenets or doctrines, unintelligible to most men, which hung like a dead weight upon even the religious mind. Intelligent laymen even, who went to church or recited the creeds, would in confidential moments admit that they did not know anything about it, whether they believed or did not believe. To teach men the meaning of dogmas, or the discrimination of theological refinements, was too vast a task for a course of addresses. But the preacher had this advantage, that he had gained his own freedom, and knew that he was free, not by denying dogmas, but by entering into their spirit and discerning their relation of life. This part of the subject he touched only indirectly, devoting his time to the establishment of one supreme presupposition, which, if it were admitted, covered the whole ground.

During all these days one thought must have arisen in many minds: "All very well, but your boasted freedom stops with activity; it cannot reach to thought; that is all enslaved." Such thought is common. It is sometimes assumed by churches and religious books that it is true.

If true, the religion could not hold us by any means, and it could not really be an active force. Christ claims that it is not true: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It is the truth itself that is to bring freedom. Let us talk of this to-day.

I think I know something of what it means. It is the difficulty of realizing a life not our own; partly also the sense that it is too good and great to be true. I know the worse side. I

will not think of that. Rather let me think of the doubter who would fain believe the Christian faith.

What is the Christian faith? The need of definitions. It is Christ the Leader. A thousand things besides attached to it. But that is it. It is the Being standing there in history and attaining the power of God to lead men into new life, so that the desires of richer life find fulfilment in Him. Am I hampering myself in that? Not unless electricity hampers itself when it gathers in lightning.

But how do I get at Him? Just as the people in Jerusalem got at Him. Christ Himself, in His personal character, then faith in His words and their acceptance, the opening up of their possibility in life. Is a man not free with his world enlarged?

Miracle, yes! That means that the world has larger answers to make to the greater power, as it says more to the civilized than to the savage. It bursts to larger music and diviner landscape. Miracle *does* happen when the miracle man appears.

And how for me? Why, that Being claiming my confidence says He will be always here and will always lead. He promises the great extension of Himself, — the Holy Spirit. He gives one divine commandment.

That is the Christian faith. The other things connected with it, character of books, forms of government, interpretation of His words, special injunctions, aye, His own nature, His scheme of penalties, — all of these are interesting, but Christianity behind them all. Let us not exclude Christians from Christianity. Whoever is His disciple and calls Him Master is a Christian.

What does Christ do? He makes God real. The two reasons for believing God's existence, — *the world is intelligible with Him*, and a great puzzle without Him; and *Jesus believed Him*. I think He knew.

I honor the skeptic. He will not enter this region unconvinced. Perhaps he is demanding conviction, which can only come when he is inside. Still, honor to him. Truthfulness is more than truth. But his is not a larger, 't is a smaller life.

The fifth address was entitled "The Christian is the True Man." The sight of men coming to these services raises the question, "Have they left one world for another, or have they mounted to the highest conception of their whole world?"

The way people keep their religion; there is a loss of continuity; once in a while a run across from one world to the other; then back to the old life.

The Christian life is the human life. The same, only filled out entirely. Do I say only? What can be more? The absolute way in which Christ is recognized as the truest man, — man forever and forever, — and all the more as God.

The noble value of human life is the first truth of religion. The truth of the Incarnation, the truth of the Cross. Along these lines to God. Christ is nearer to us than most great and good men. The dreadfulness of cynicism. Its ineffable selfishness. The duty and privilege of living. The dreadfulness of suicide; its horrible cowardice.

The simple first emotions, how they are at the root of everything! Men advance only as these advance. Delusion of scientific advance. Talk from here to Calcutta, or journey to California. What to say? what for? Christ knew none of these things. The nobility of man, that is greater. Character at the centre of all.

The strong sense of the need of character in special acts. No special skill makes up for its absence. The great victories, — justice, love, sympathy. Over all is the Christian life. The elevation of these human goodnesses to their completeness, but the same things still, — love to man and to God, gratitude, truth, the service rendered for Christ's sake to fellow men.

When I say this, then the whole essentialness of Christian life opens; the great charge against it of arbitrariness disappears. Hell and heaven, what shall they be? their sorrow and their joy? The suffering is in the sin, the joy is in the holiness. Heaven and hell are here. Spiritual revealment.

The naturalization which this gives to our best moments. They are not glimpses of another world. They are liftings of this world into the light of God. The easy way in which we expect our lowest to repeat itself, but not our highest. Your best moments are your truest.

The great conception of *doing things for God*. How it transfigures and glorifies duty and makes the most familiar splendid.

The great secret is to insist on doing such things as shall *need* God. You are doing too small things. Do larger, and you will be on your knees calling for God.

The two great rites of the Christian church. Their narrowness now, but how great as sacraments in their splendid universal humanness: (1) Consecration (baptism), or the life put in God's hands. (2) Dependence (the Lord's Supper), the life fed on God.

In the last address, when the interest which had been daily increasing culminated, he began by expressing the

sense and fear of too much talk lest he should have complicated what is simple, but also the rejoicing confidence that "when we plead with one another, there is forever the great pleading power of God" standing behind the appeal, as the power of nature with the physician or the law of gravitation with the mechanic.

I could never get hold of the theology of those who stand in perpetual amazement before the spectacle of God's love to his children. That love seems to me more and more natural.

What I have tried to do is to make the whole seem natural. You know a little more truth; then a little more obedience, then more truth; forever so. But all depends on being in earnest. Assume earnestness.

Do you say, What can I do? As your brother, let me try to tell you.

(1) *Leave off your sin.* (2) *Do your personal duty.* (3) *Pray,* simply, passionately, earnestly. (4) *The Bible;* read it till that Christ figure is before you. (5) *The Church,* which is the embodiment of all. If it is weak, make it strong.

Unless you do these things you have no right to complain that the new life does not come in and you are not free. These are not a set of rules. They are the windows of the soul.

These are the great religious words ever deepening: —

(1) *Separation from the world;* not the desert or cell, but independence by service.

(2) *Salvation of the soul,* not from pain, but from sin.

(3) *Prepare to meet thy God,* with glorious and glad welcome. He is always here.

Be such a man that if all men were like you the world would be saved.

Farewell, my friends. It is not for long, and yet it is so long. For the world will be here after we are gone, and after the world is gone we shall live forever. Whatever may come hereafter, not this particular opportunity to serve God will come again. Catch to-day. Be men; be men. Love God. Be brave. Be true. And at last, may we say as He said, "Father, I have glorified Thee on the earth."

Those who were following Phillips Brooks at this time, as he pursued his wonderful career, felt that some mysterious change was passing over him, intensifying his power, producing effects upon his congregation which no words are ade-

quate to represent. Here is an extract from a Boston paper, important because it records what many were thinking, written just after his return from New York, and referring to his work there: —

> According to all accounts that quality which has entered into Dr. Brooks's sermons, especially of late, was felt in a marked degree by his New York audience. Always strong, earnest, and filled with the dignity of his words and work, it has been a matter for comment in Boston that since his return from his last journey [the visit to Japan] he has brought to bear a deeper force than ever, a more impassioned delivery of thought, and an apparent burning conviction of the necessity of impressing upon the people the truth of which he is convinced. The repressed but tremendous effect of yesterday's sermon in New York confirms the belief that there is new power in his utterance, a sense of having been touched by the coal that the world's prophets have felt when they have spoken enduring words to those who "hear indeed but understand not."

This "new power of utterance" was now increasingly manifest in every sermon, but it cannot be described. One thing was apparent, however, that the whole man was visibly affected when he preached. It was not so in his earlier ministry, when he stood unimpassioned and unmoved, thrilling his audience till it took them long to recover their normal mood, but himself calm in the inner recesses of his spirit, and maintaining his self-composure. What struck his hearers now was the torrent of feeling within him, as he poured forth his burning words. He was preaching as if under the stress of anxiety that the whole truth should be said before it was too late, that not one particle of the power which God had given him should be wasted or lost. He had mastered the rules of rhetoric and studied the art of composition, and accumulated from life the similes it could offer; but all this only to gain his freedom in the pulpit, where he rose above all artificial restrictions and appeared in his real greatness, a man addressing his fellows with a gift of penetrating every heart. It was the culmination of the process by which the simple manhood in him had become a stronger appeal than any intellectual endowment.

One would like to linger over many of the sermons preached in a year which seems to have been among the most prolific in his ministry. Especially was the Lenten season rich in these impressive sermons. And what was noticeable was his inclination to dwell more on the passive side of the life of Christ, His sufferings and cross in their deeper relations to Christian experience. He saw the Atonement in the light of the Divine Fatherhood, as that for which the long process of thought and inquiry into the meaning of Christ's death had been preparing the way. He seemed also to be reviewing his deeper theological convictions, and giving them a firmer expression. He had refused to dogmatize upon the subject of the duration of future punishment, but in a sermon on the text "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," he speaks of the "blessedness" of "Eternal Hope" and of "our right to keep it."

How the mind of Phillips Brooks was working in other directions at this time may be seen in an essay entitled "Orthodoxy," read before the Clericus Club, June 2, 1890. The essay has been already referred to in a previous chapter, but a few words may be added here regarding the time and the motive which led him to write. He saw the symptom, as he believed, of an ecclesiastical reaction, waving this word on its banner. He seems to challenge the coming storm in his own person. He denounces orthodoxy as "born of fear, and as having no natural heritage either from hope or love." He admitted that orthodoxy had a place and an importance, but they were both inferior.

> It is an arrogant, pushing thing, crowding itself into thrones where it has no right. . . . Is not the whole sum of the matter this, that orthodoxy as a principle of action or a standard of belief is obsolete and dead? It is not that the substance of orthodoxy has been altered, but that the very principle of orthodoxy has been essentially disowned. It is not conceivable now that any council, however œcumenically constituted, should so pronounce on truth that its decrees should have any weight with thinking men, save what might seem legitimately to belong to the character and wisdom of the persons who composed the council. Personal judgment is on the throne, and will remain there, — personal judg-

ment, enlightened by all the wisdom, past or present, which it can summon to its aid, but forming finally its own conclusions and standing by them in the sight of God, whether it stands in a great company or stands alone.

Mr. Brooks preached the Baccalaureate Sermon at Harvard before the class of 1890, and performed the same service for the graduating class of the Institute of Technology. In the year's record of preaching, two sermons stand out with peculiar vividness, where he seized the allegories of history and brought them home to the individual soul. They are both of them poems, where the tragic element is supreme: "The Egyptians dead upon the Seashore" and the "Feast of Belshazzar." These were written sermons, while for the most part his preaching was extempore. In the year 1890 he wrote but six sermons. He was not satisfied with himself, and bemoaned the days when the sermon was the event of the week. He told one of his friends at this time that he intended to give up extempore preaching and go back again to the written sermon. From this account of his preaching we turn to his letters, which cover the year. To Dr. Farrar he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 12, 1890.

My very dear Archdeacon, — This New Year . . . starts well, I think, in spite of a thousand perverse things and people which one would like to rectify or obliterate, and cannot. The thing which grows on me most is the splendid sense of liberty which is everywhere, which no sight of the extravagances and enormities to which it gives place can make to seem anything but splendid. I rather think that there has never been a time to which, if we were suddenly transferred, we should not feel as if we woke up in a stifling dungeon with chains at hand and heel. So let us rejoice and hope great things of 1890. I cannot picture your house with the changed look that it must have now that your children have, so many of them, gone. But be thankful that you are not a miserable celibate, whose being is bounded by the ground his two feet stand on. Browning and Lightfoot both are gone, and the world is vastly poorer. I think of both of them as you gave me the privilege of seeing them at your house, and their great work is nearer and more real to me because of your kindness. I will not believe that the new great Poet is not near at hand. I thought I

met him in the street yesterday, but perhaps I was mistaken. But he will come soon!

Referring to the death of Professor Bowen, who had been his instructor at Harvard, he says in a letter to Rev. Arthur Brooks: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 23, 1890.

Professor Bowen is dead. The old Cambridge is fast disappearing. Childs and Lane and Cooke are the veterans now. There was a great deal of humanity in Bowen; at least he knew what it was to be a philosopher if he was not one himself, and he was, and dared to call himself, a Christian.

While staying in New York at the time when he was giving his addresses at Trinity Church, a gentleman called upon him for the purpose of interviewing him and of publishing the results of the interview in a Philadelphia paper. When the article appeared headed "Phillips Brooks's Broad Views about Modern Christianity — Truth, not Dogmas, Wanted," Mr. Cooper was disturbed at the unqualified, almost excited tone of the remarks reported by the interviewer, and wrote to know if he had been reported correctly.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 5, 1890.

My dear Cooper, — One day last week, when I was staying with Arthur in New York, a most respectable man called on me and introduced a friend whose name I did not catch. We talked for about half an hour. In the course of conversation he said that he had something to do with the New York "Sun." I have not the slightest recollection of his mentioning any Philadelphia paper, or of his saying anything about reporting our conversation. If he had asked my consent I should certainly have refused it.

This is the report which you have sent me in "The Press." As to the matter of it, it follows the general line of our conversation, and I recognize a remark of mine here and there. I hope I do not wholly talk like that. The whole thing teaches me again not to talk freely with any living fellow creature, unless you want to see what he thinks you said, or thinks that you ought to have said, in the next newspaper. Of course there is nothing to be done about it. It will die the quiet death which comes to rubbish, and the world will go on very much the same.

The report presents him as a radical reformer, eagerly

awaiting some great religious revolution in the near future. But it should be said, in justice to the interviewer, that it was a very difficult thing to give Phillips Brooks either in preaching or in conversation. He once delivered an important address, when two stenographers took down his words, but their reports when written out differed so greatly that it was impossible to determine which was correct, and the proposal to publish his speech was in consequence abandoned. Many reports of interviews with Mr. Brooks have found their way into print, which must be read with allowance for the personal equation of those who talked with him. He had a way of making those with whom he talked feel that he agreed with them, for he was quick to recognize the many aspects of truth and the many attitudes of men in regard to it. His sympathy, his carelessness about qualification of his remarks, led to misapprehension. He was more comprehensive, and also more conservative, than reports of his conversations would imply.

Among the letters he wrote to those who thanked him for his services in New York is one to Bishop Potter, who had also enclosed to him a newspaper cutting containing his portrait: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 6, 1890.

My dear Henry, — I thank you truly for your most kind letter, and for what you say about my visit to New York. It was full of interest to me, and did me good. If it did anybody else good, and the Bishop of the diocese is satisfied that it did nobody harm, I am devoutly grateful and glad.

I was deeply impressed and touched by Dr. Dix's courtesy and generous spirit, first, in inviting me, and then, in the welcome which he gave me when I came. I am sorry that I did not get sight of you; but they were not very happy days for social pleasures.

And Smedley says I looked like this! I hope that you are well and happy, and I am

Ever faithfully yours, P. B.

On May 14 Mr. Brooks was in Pittsfield, visiting the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, and preaching the sermon on the occasion of the opening of the new church.

Many of the clergy of the diocese were present, and also the pastors of the various churches in Pittsfield. One of the interesting events of the morning service was the baptism by Mr. Brooks of the infant daughter of the rector. A photograph was afterwards taken of Mr. Brooks holding the child in his arms, which has caught a characteristic expression given in no other portrait.[1] People from far and near had come to Pittsfield attracted by the occasion of the opening of the church and by the reputation of Phillips Brooks. Among others was a Shaker brother, from a neighboring settlement, who was anxious to show him that his tenets were in sympathy with the Shaker creed. Failing to reach him, he wrote a long letter, expounding the faith as held by the Shaker community. The letter was addressed to "Pastor Phillips Brooks, the Celebrated Preacher." In a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards he says: —

Boston, May 24, 1890.

Thank you for sending me the Martineau article [a notice of the Seat of Authority in Religion]. How much better and devouter such books are than all the "Lux Mundi" sort of thing which is pulling and hauling at systems and truths to make them fit one another, which they don't and won't.

It had been Mr. Brooks's intention to spend the summer at North Andover, and he had so informed his friends; but he seems to have suddenly changed his mind and decided upon a summer in Europe. From Switzerland he writes to Rev. Reuben Kidner, and speaks his mind on surpliced female choirs: —

Hôtel Clerc, Martigny, August 17, 1890.

Dear Kidner, — Thank you for your letter, and here I send you greeting of the kindest kind.

Not a surpliced female choir, my dear friend! Almost anything but that! But let us set ourselves against that most fantastic and frivolous affectation which has turned up in these days, when surely the Church is young-ladyish enough without putting young-ladyism decorated for a spectacle in the seat of prominence and honor. Surely it is amazing how much attention clothes enlist in all the operations of our great Communion. Let us keep

[1] The portrait is published in *The Child and the Bishop: Memorabilia of Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks*, by an Old Friend. Boston, 1894.

our simplicity, and so, no vested female choirs! Almost anything but that!

I hope you and Roland Cotton Smith and the others are working out the question of the Vincent Hospital, and that I shall find it all arranged on my return. It is a pretty problem with difficulties of its own, but I am sure that it is capable of being worked out into a beautiful and unique institution. Pray use all your ingenuity and get it done.

In a letter to Rev. John C. Brooks he speaks of a visit to Tennyson: —

LUCERNE, August 25, 1890.

I had a delightful little visit to Tennyson at his house at Allworth. He has grown very old, but is bright and clear-headed, and may give us some new verses yet. Just after I left England Newman died, and all the pulpit and press have been full of the laudation and discussion of him ever since. He was a remarkable man, by no means of the first class, for he never got a final principle nor showed a truly brave mind; but there was great beauty in his character, and his intellect was very subtle.

This summer in Europe was a happy one. Mr. Brooks was furnished with letters of introduction by his English friends, which enabled him to see what he wished in places not hitherto visited. He wandered through Devonshire and Cornwall, going also to the English Andover out of respect for its associations. While he was in London he was moved once more to the writing of sonnets. It was now many years since his poetic mood had tempted him in this direction. One of these sonnets was entitled

HAPPINESS AND CONTENT

Now will I find the traitor where he hides,
The culprit, Happiness, who did me wrong.
He came to me with trumpet and with song,
Even as he comes to Victory and to brides.
With rich delights he hung my sombre walls,
And taught gay dances to the serious hours,
His footsteps thronged the vacant mead with flowers,
His breath with music filled the silent halls.
And then he vanished. But, the day he went,
The central jewel of my house he stole,
The precious jewel which is called Content,

Without which no man keeps a living soul.
The thief I 'll find. The theft he shall restore,
Then he may go. I covet him no more.

Another sonnet was inspired by Titian's Madonna and Child in the National Gallery: —

MADONNA AND CHILD

He 's hers! He 's all the world's, yet still he 's hers!
The Christ-child smiling upon Mary's knee!
'Mid the world's worship still her heart avers,
"The child divine belongeth unto me."
So kneel, sweet Catherine, and tell thy love;
Haste, John, thy flowery tribute to present;
A holier heaven is beaming from above
In the young mother's face of calm content.
All else are restless; she alone is still;
In pure devotion all desire doth cease;
There is no tide of thought or wind of will
On the broad ocean of her perfect peace.
No fear of pain to come her spirit stirs,
Handmaid and mother she! And he is hers!

Immediately on his return to Boston he wrote to Professor F. G. Peabody that he was ready to take up his work at Harvard: —

Boston, September 13, 1890.

Dear Dr. Peabody, — I have landed to-day and found your note of the 29th of August. It is good to get tidings of the chief, and to know that he is well and eager for the fray. . . . Yes, I will do what you want of me as far as ever I can. I will come on the evening of September 28 and speak my little piece. I will take morning chapel from Monday, October 13, to Saturday, November 1, inclusive, and Sunday evening, November 19 and 26. Anything else that you want me to do and that I can do, I will do gladly, and I am ever

Faithfully yours,

Phillips Brooks.

In letters to his friends he makes allusion to the summer wanderings in Europe: —

I have had a bright, pleasant summer of the kind which makes no history, but leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. And now

even the door bell has a pleasant sound, because it means the old familiar life and work.

It was a quiet little thing, the journey was, but very pleasant. Two placid voyages with interesting people enough on board; three weeks in England and three weeks in Switzerland; the old places which we knew so well, — Chamouni and Interlaken, and Lucerne, Paris, and London, all very delightful and refreshing. It went without an accident or disappointment, and when we stepped ashore on Saturday, it seemed easy enough to be thankful.

The burden of the familiar letters from 233 Clarendon Street, which went forth at once to his friends, was an urgent invitation to come and see him. He should be expecting them at every ring of the door bell. "Come at once." "I will put prohibitory marks against the calendar." Even the "precious fragments" of their time were besought amid many engagements, some of them "vexatious." The Church Congress was to meet in Philadelphia in November, when he was to read a paper entitled "The Conditions of Church Growth in Missionary Lands."[1] But the prospect of a visit to Philadelphia seemed to loom up more largely to his imagination than the subject of his paper. How he looked forward to the visit is shown by this letter to McVickar: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 8, 1890.

Dear William, — You do not know how I am counting on next week; it is gilding everything and making the roughest surfaces run smoothly. I don't care what happens to-day or to-morrow, for to-morrow night I take the train for New York. I shall arrive there early on Monday morning, and break my fast with Arthur. Then I have one or two errands to do in the great city, and in the afternoon I shall get aboard a train and come to you. I will not be later than five o'clock in presenting myself at your hospitable door, and then a good long week of brotherly intercourse and mutual improvement, and a high old time! Ah, it is these oases that make the desert of my life worth travelling, but how thirsty one's lips do get for them, sometimes, and when they seem to be close at hand how hard it is to wait until day after to-morrow! It was good of you to want to keep me over

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 198 ff.

the following Sunday; I will stay with delight. Early on Monday morning, the 17th, I must be off and reach Boston that night, because on Tuesday, the 18th, ten million women are to hold an assembly in Trinity Church, and I am to preside over what they are pleased to call their deliberations. But how far off that seems, and not till it is many days nearer than it seems now will I give myself the least particle of trouble concerning it. Somehow I find myself thinking very little about the Congress, even about "the conditions of church growth in foreign lands," and very much about you and the happy idle days! But no doubt the Congress will be interesting enough when one gets into it. Only there must be hours when we forget it all and simply revel in idleness and friendship.

Good-by. Soon after you get this you will see me.

Affectionately yours, P. B.

Late in the fall Mr. Brooks published his fifth and last volume of sermons, dedicating it, "To the memory of my brother, George Brooks, who died in the great war." Many sermons are here which must be counted among his best, such, for example, as "Backgrounds and Foregrounds" and "The Planter and the Rain," both written in 1889. An important sermon is "The Seriousness of Life," from the text, "Let not God speak to us lest we die," which has been mentioned in a previous chapter, where the impression it made was described. Another sermon, written from the depths of his own experience, is the "Silence of Christ," — "But He answered her not a word." "The Priority of God" was a sermon whose idea was long in his mind before he wrote, where the God-consciousness is presented in which he lived and moved and had his being. He here contrasts the phrase "the religious world" as employed in the newspapers with the reality, the religious world as it should be: —

What a poor, petty, vulgar thing that old phrase, "the religious world," has often been made to mean, — a little section of humanity claiming monopoly of divine influences, and making the whole thought of man's intercourse with God cheap and irreverent by vicious quarrels and mercenary selfishness; the world of ecclesiastical machinery and conventions and arrangements. But look! See what the religious world really is in its idea, and shall be when it shall finally be realized. A world everywhere aware of

and rejoicing in the priority of God, feeling all power flow out from Him, and sending all action back to report itself to Him for judgment, — a world where goodness means obedience to God, and sin means disloyalty to God, and progress means growth in the power to utter God, and knowledge means the understanding of God's thought, and happiness means the peace of God's approval. That is the religious world.

The sermon is also here which Principal Tulloch pronounced the finest he had ever heard, "The Opening of the Eyes," where Christ seems to stand forth in visible presence so vivid is the insight into His personality. But Mr. Brooks gave the precedence in his own judgment to the sermon "The Light of the World," whence the volume takes its title. There is here also what seems like prophetic intimation, in the sermon which closes the book, "The Certain End." These are some of the titles; one would like to give them all, for every sermon has its peculiar beauty and significance. And yet the volume fails to represent him in the fulness of his power, in these last years, when in extemporaneous utterances, whose inspiration was in the passing moment, he seemed to transcend himself and to produce effects ever to be remembered, but impossible to describe.

To the Rev. C. A. L. Richards, who had called attention to an obscure sentence in the sermon "The Light of the World," he wrote: —

Boston, December 18, 1890.

Thank you for what you kindly say about the sermons. I have looked at the particularly bad slough on p. 14, and I am ashamed to say that it is just as I wrote it, and just as I read it in the proof. There is no misprint, no stupid compositor to hide behind. I did it. It is very bad. All I can think is that, in delivery, it was made a bit less meaningless than it appears in print; and that when I read it in the proof the sound of its delivery was still in my ears. Sermons ought not to be printed, anyhow. What the sentence needs is a plentiful interspersing of the words "He is" in various places, and then I think it would mean something, whether it meant right or wrong. I thank you for telling me of it.

On December 4 he went to Philadelphia to preach the

sermon at the Church of the Advent, where he began his ministry over thirty years before. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the church. His text, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," had long been in his mind, as suggestive of the mystery of the spiritual life, — the mystery of the withholding of spiritual gifts, when God is willing to give and man is desirous to receive, and yet the blessing does not come. "The meaning of it *must* be that there is some inability to take the gift." From the subject of his sermon he turned to the occasion, recalling to the congregation how he had kept the twentieth anniversary with them in 1860. He dwelt lovingly on the "little church," the "simple service," the "voluntary choir," the "great Sunday-school," the "people's love for the church," all still fresh in his memory. He enumerated the names of those with whom he had been associated. He touched on the war and its experiences. Then he reviewed the years that had passed since he left them, the new congregation, the more elaborate service, the freer thought, the new sense of God, personal liberty, greater work, and the truer missionary spirit. "And so, let the future come. It is better than the past, by the past."

So the year 1890 came to an end. He kept his twenty-first anniversary as rector of Trinity Church, which was to be also his last. His fifty-fifth birthday was commemorated as usual by some of his more intimate friends who met him at luncheon. He came to Christmas with its festivities, the last he should celebrate in the dear, familiar way, for a change was impending in his life, and "new experiences," of which he often spoke, were to open before him.

CHAPTER XXIII

1859–1893

CHARACTERISTICS. REMINISCENCES. ANECDOTES. PARISH MINISTRY. ESTIMATES

In the following chapter, reminiscences of Phillips Brooks are brought together from many sources, including reports of conversations and extracts from private letters. It has not been thought necessary in every case to give the names of the contributors, but it may be said of them all that they stood close to Phillips Brooks, and of some that they had been admitted to his more intimate friendship.

Among his personal characteristics, as Bishop McVickar has remarked, was the power of making his residence home-like. This had been true of his rooms in the Hotel Kempton, and of the house he rented for a few years, 175 Marlborough Street. It appeared more clearly in the house on Clarendon Street, built as the rectory of Trinity Church, but designed by Richardson primarily to suit the purposes of Mr. Brooks. Its personal adaptedness appeared at once on entering it; it had no drawing-room, but in its place on the first floor was the large study. He did not throw open his house for receptions of a general character, whether social or parochial. But the study was the home of the Clericus Club, so ample in its accommodation that the twenty-five or thirty members who assembled there never gave it the look of being crowded. Here also once a year he invited the members of the Trinity Club. It was a most attractive and beautiful room, luxurious even in its appointments, reflecting everywhere his culture and refinement. The massive fireplace built of large blocks of unhewn stone was the central feature, at once arresting the attention as characteristic and appropriate. The walls were

lined with books on all sides of the room, halfway to the ceiling, and above the bookcases every available space was devoted to pictures. It was the same in the small reception room next the study, where the books overflowed and where pictures abounded. Mr. Brooks was particularly fond of portraits: whether of his friends or of the great men whom he admired. Prominent in his study was the portrait of Maurice. On one of his visits to London he had bought the copies remaining of this engraved portrait of Maurice, presenting them to his friends when he returned. There were also marble busts of Coleridge and Kingsley, replicas of those in Westminster Abbey, and a smaller bust of Stanley. Of one of the ornaments in his study he was specially proud, — the image of Pico of Mirandola carved in wood. From India he had brought the image of Buddha. There was a cast of Cromwell's face and another of Lincoln's. Many interesting and beautiful objects the room contained, wherever the eye might turn. And all, books and pictures, were closely associated with the deeper experiences of his life; so that the room became the reflex of the man.

There was his working table, carefully constructed for himself, large and inconveniently high for any one else; the writing table of Dean Stanley, sent to Mr. Brooks after Stanley's death, on which, according to tradition, had been written the "History of the Jewish Church." On another table, movable at pleasure, often drawn up in front of the fireplace, lay the latest books and magazines. This was to many the most attractive feature of the room. It was a source of wonder how he seemed to secure in advance whatever was valuable in recent literature, and to have read it before others were aware of its appearance. The study never gave the appearance of a working room, or depressed one with a sense of the strenuousness of its owner, — but as rather devoted to leisure and social converse. Much of his work was done in a large alcove on the second story, above the front door, where the walls were lined with books of reference. His bedroom was over the study, corresponding to it in size, and opposite was the guest room, often occupied. He slept on his mother's bed, which had been enlarged to suit his convenience.

Those who enjoyed his hospitality know how rich and abounding it was, what power of welcome he could offer. His letters already given show how he was constantly beseeching his friends for visits, or the short notes he was constantly writing: "Come, won't you? The years are not so many as they were." He had the capacity for mental concentration, so that the presence of others or the talk going on around him, even an interruption from a caller, was no disturbance or injury to his work. He rather looked down on ordinary mortals who were obliged to shut themselves up to their task. It was very impressive, impressive beyond measure, to be with him on Sunday and watch him as he prepared himself to preach at the afternoon service. There was no appearance of nervous anxiety, no exigency in the manner, but a calmness and serenity that went deeper than words can describe, his face aglow with spiritual beauty. He would answer questions with a gentle refinement and sweetness of tone, but beneath the appearance there was the intense concentration of the whole man upon some theme he was inwardly revolving, to whose power he seemed to be submitting himself. He held a scrap of paper which he would glance at quickly for a moment, — the only apparent aid in his preparation.

I recall an incident [says a friend of Phillips Brooks] which happened on some occasion when he had invited a number of young men to his house. Among them was a theological student, whom I observed to be moving about in the study in a wild, distracted manner, scanning the books, even getting down on his hands and knees in order to read the titles in the lower bookshelves. As Mr. Brooks was not in the room at the time, I took the liberty of asking him if there was anything he was searching for. He replied, "I am trying to find out where he gets it from." When I asked of him if he had found the source, he replied, tapping his forehead, "He gets it here."

Among the relics in the study was the sermon of Dean Stanley preached at Trinity Church, whose chirography it was impossible to decipher; the last sermon preached by Dr. Vinton; a sermon by Dr. Sears, of Weston, and another by

Dean Farrar. When he was visiting Tennyson, he asked for the clay pipe just finished, and about to be thrown into the fireplace. Tennyson had hesitated a moment, and saying, "Do you want it, mon?" had handed it to him. He called upon the widow of Rev. F. D. Maurice in London, and received from her a manuscript of one of Maurice's sermons. So highly did he value the gift that he had it bound up with "Maurice's Life and Letters," in the richest of red morocco. Red was his favorite color. In ordering prayer books and hymnals for Trinity Church, he specified that they must be bound in red. He liked to collect autographs, pasting the autograph letters of authors in their books.

He had the gift of home-making, and he had also the gift of housekeeping. His house was in scrupulous order. He was annoyed by the signs of shiftlessness, when there was no necessity for it, on account of straitened income. He ordered the meals himself every morning, regulating in a few words the household affairs for the day.

He was careful in little things, in his dress observing great neatness, not growing careless with the years, but avoiding, on principle, every badge of clerical dress. A Scotch clergyman, who wrote under the initials A. K. H. B., was surprised when he met him travelling abroad in the garb of what seemed like a well-to-do gamekeeper.

Great conscientiousness marked his conduct, not only in dealing with others, but with himself. When he returned to his house, after an absence or journey, to find many invitations awaiting him, he followed the rule to accept them in the order in which he opened the letters, not allowing himself to choose which he would prefer. It was a principle with him never to decline an invitation to preach unless prevented by some previous engagement.

He was particular in the matter of correspondence, in the later years always answering letters so promptly that one hesitated to write to him for fear of increasing his burden. It was of no avail to tell him that a letter required no answer. He wrote his letters with his own hand, and in his most beautiful handwriting, seeming to take pride in their appearance. He was severe in his strictures upon illegible or even ungraceful handwriting, thinking there was no necessity for it. He became very skilful in turning out letters. In the case of his call to Harvard he wrote

two hundred. But he repeated himself and did not seek to vary his responses. He had a large number of formulas for different occasions, which made it easy for him to meet them, and this explains his boast that he could write a letter in three minutes. But this was not the case with letters of friendship.

He liked to have things beautiful around him; he enjoyed a woman's beautiful dress as he did a poem. He hesitated about buying for his study some convenient arrangement for holding books, on the ground that as a piece of furniture it was ugly. His admiration for precious stones was noticeable, as shown in his sermons, where the simile of the jewel often occurs, and becomes the occasion of beautiful description. The ground of his admiration was the intrinsic beauty of the precious stone, which no commonness would reduce.

I was impressed with the circumstance [says one who often stayed at his house overnight] that from the earliest moment when I heard him stirring in the morning, he was singing to himself, not exactly a tune, but the effort at one; he continued it during his bath, and until the breakfast hour.

His hours were regular in the later years; he rose at seven, and breakfasted at eight; then followed a short interval of work before the crowd of callers came. He would have no office hours, nor would he refuse to see any one who called. Lunch was at one. In later years he might fall asleep afterwards for a moment over his cigar, but quickly recovered. After lunch came calls on the sick, or meetings of various kinds. He made few parochial calls. Six was the dinner hour. He sometimes found it hard to go out in the evening. Often there were callers. At ten o'clock the house was shut, and at eleven he was in bed.

He worked hard in the mornings and seemed to be wonderfully free from moods or depression. He could drop his work and take it up again, without suffering from any interruption. He labored most diligently on his sermons, and on every address he was to make.

In the evenings, when he did not go out, and there were no callers, he was most delightful. He used me as a sort of conscience, taking the opportunity of any casual remarks I made to deliver his thoughts at some length. He would lecture me on my delinquencies; he was not in the habit of paying compliments to any one. It was easy to rouse him to tremendous explosions of wrath. Once as he sat taking a survey of the things in his study, he said they did n't amount to much, or were of no great value, but he should miss them if they were not there.

The portrait which he liked most was the drawing of the head

of Christ, by Leonardo. William Blake's pictures he admired. He greatly liked Kipling, especially the India stories. Talking once about Bryce's "American Commonwealth," he admitted that the republican form of government could not produce the highest result, but that it had, on the other hand, great advantages. He had no exalted opinion of the Mugwump movement in politics, and refused to follow it. The best Englishmen, he said, were better than the best in any other country, and the rest were poorer than the poorest elsewhere. He was very loyal to his friends. One of them said to him once, "Phillips, if you like a man you swallow him whole."

He advised me never to go to the theatre. In speaking of the histrionic art, he said that it demanded for success weakness rather than strength of character. The occasion which led him to speak on the subject was an effort he was making to prevent a young girl from going on the stage.

He preached a sermon at Trinity Church one Sunday, in which he guardedly intimated that prohibition might not be the best way of dealing with intemperance. Then there came at once several letters on the subject, from good men who complained of his attitude. In one of the letters the writer said, "You have sold yourself to a rich congregation. Your Christianity is spurious." "They won't allow me," he said, "the courtesies of ordinary politeness. It is a matter of indifference to Trinity Church which attitude I took."

He was very generous in his Christmas presents, spending much time and thought over what he was to give, and careful that no one should be omitted whom he wished to remember.

The career of Phillips Brooks always looked to those about him as one line of unbroken prosperity. There had been no check to his success, no halt in his triumphs. "Perennial sunniness," says one who crossed the ocean with him, was his characteristic. He was accustomed to say of himself that his life had been one of the happiest. In the later years, and after the death of his mother, the sense of loneliness increased. He began to realize how the course of his life condemned him to increasing loneliness for the remainder of his days. He yearned and hungered for human affection. This was the royal avenue to his soul for those who knew how to take it. To Bishop McVickar he admitted that it had been the mistake of his life not to have married. Sometimes, in

the happy homes of his younger friends, he seemed to resent their happiness, as though they taunted him in his greatness with the inability he had shown for human love. More than once he is known to have said, "The trouble with you married men is that you think no one has been in love but yourselves; I know what love is; I have been in love myself." He wanted to enter every great human experience. Life grew sad in the retrospect when he thought that he had been shut out from the greatest of all experiences, — marriage and wife and children. But he forced himself to look upon the brighter side of things. Out of his loneliness there came consolation to himself and others. Thus in one of his sermons he says: —

> Sometimes life grows so lonely. The strongest men crave a relationship to things more deep than ordinary intercourse involves. They want something profounder to rest upon, — something which they can reverence as well as love; and then comes God.
>
> Call ye life lonely? Oh, the myriad sounds
> Which haunt it, proving how its outer bounds
> Join with eternity, where God abounds!

Then the sense of something which they cannot know, of some one greater, infinitely greater than themselves, surrounds their life, and there is strength and peace, as when the ocean takes the ship in its embrace, as when the rich, warm atmosphere enfolds the earth.

A statement regarding the name of Phillips Brooks, that he was called after his uncle John Phillips, may be corrected on his father's authority, who writes in his journal: "Phillips was born in High Street, December 13, 1835, — a stormy, cold, icy night. His name was taken from the surname of his mother's family."

His love of clear and simple humor was marked and emphatic, and he had a rippling way of describing ludicrous scenes which was like nothing so much as a bubbling, gurgling brook, laughing its way over rock and stone and moss.[1]

When I think of Phillips Brooks, I recall the remark of Dr. Johnson, that "the size of a man's understanding may be justly

[1] Cf. *The Child and the Bishop*, by Rev. W. W. Newton.

measured by his mirth." Mr. Brooks seemed to me to have what has been called "the deep wisdom of fine fooling;" he had attained what so few possess, — the dignity of joyousness.

These are some of the stories told by those who knew him personally: —

Once, at a marriage service at Trinity Church, the gentleman who was to give away the bride became confused, and asked what he should do. "Anything you please; nobody will care."

He had his version of the "Jonah" narrative, but whether it is original I do not know. When some one was wondering at the possibility of Jonah being swallowed by the whale, he said, "There was no difficulty. Jonah was one of the Minor Prophets."

A poor woman, whose business was to scrub the floors of Trinity Church, came to him about the marriage of her daughter, asking the use of the chapel. "Why not take the church?" "But that is not for the likes of me." "Oh yes, it *is*, for the likes of *you*, and the likes of *me*, and the likes of every one. The rich people, when they get married, want to fling their money about; but that is not necessary in order to be married at Trinity Church." And so the marriage took place in Trinity Church, and the great organ was played as if it were the wedding of a daughter of the rich.

His reticence about his methods of work is shown by this anecdote. A clerical friend entering his study took up from the table the plan of a sermon just finished. "Oh, is this the way you do it?" "Put that paper down," said Mr. Brooks sternly. "No, I 've got the chance and I 'm going to know how it 's done." "*Put that down or leave the room.*"

To a young man in his congregation who, out of awkwardness, had got into the habit of saying to him, "Mr. Brooks, that was a fine sermon you gave us this morning," he replied, after enduring it as long as he could, "Young man, if you say that again to me, I 'll slap your face."

"Why is it," said a friend to him, "that some of these men who call themselves atheists seem to lead such moral lives?" "They have to; they have no God to forgive them if they don't."

His power of repartee was great, but it would be difficult to illustrate. Here, however, is an instance which may bear relating: —

A clergyman who was going abroad to study said in jest that when he came back he might bring a new religion with him. A

person who was present said, "You may have some difficulty in getting it through the custom house." "No," said Mr. Brooks, "we may take it for granted that a new religion will have no *duties* attached."

He once contrasted the ancient church with the modern to the effect that then they tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions; now we are glad if we can save them from going to the dogs.

One element of his humor consisted in assuming that he was identified with the world and carried it with him, so that all the world must be aware of his environment, and be thinking of the things which he was thinking about. From this point of view, it was possible to express surprise and to call things "queer" which differed from what he was accustomed to. Thus on revisiting a place in Europe, where he had once passed some delightful days with friends, he writes: "It seemed so strange to find the people doing the same things, the same guides and porters and landlords that we left. I kind of felt they must have stopped it all when we came away."

The use of the word "queer" is common in his "Letters of Travel." He is astonished, on reaching Berlin, that he hears nothing about the squabbles of a certain church at home. When he was asked what the Queen of England said to him in the interview she granted, he replied that her first remark was, "How is Toody?" [his little niece]. "Not that she said it in so many words, but that was what was in her mind." He represents the letter-carrier approaching him when he was abroad and shouting so that all could hear, awakening the interest of everybody on the street, "A letter from Tood! A letter from Tood!" The humor of his letters to children is something rare and exquisite. It consisted in putting himself in their place and talking as if he were one of them, using their language, keeping within the circle of their ideas.[1]

Many of his references to smoking should be humorously construed. He was not a great smoker, although this impression might be gained from his allusions to the subject. The cigar was a symbol of social enjoyment; he did not smoke when he was alone.

[1] Cf. *The Century*, August, 1893, for an article entitled "Phillips Brooks and his Letters to Children."

Phillips Brooks always retained a vivid impression of the call he made on Dr. Vinton, just after his failure in the Boston Latin School, and when in doubt as to what should be his work in life. He and Dr. Vinton would occasionally revert to the subject in later years, trying to straighten out each other's recollections. Dr. Vinton would insist that Brooks while in college had avoided him, in order to prevent any conversation on the subject of personal religion. When, therefore, Dr. Vinton got the chance he improved it to the utmost. Brooks had resented at the time this attempt to introduce religion as if it were an affront, and, grateful as he was for what Dr. Vinton had done for him, could never recall the circumstance without the memory of that sense of injury done to his personality. He would say to Dr. Vinton whenever the subject came up, "All the same, it was *mean* in you to get a fellow in a corner and throw his soul at him." Dr. Vinton was fond of recalling that when he tried to get from Brooks some idea of what he would like to do in life, Brooks had replied, "I cannot express myself very clearly about it, but I feel as if I should like to talk."

Dr. Vinton was not afraid of his young protégé, and did not hesitate, if occasion demanded, to rebuke him. Once, when Brooks had been talking with a lady at an evening party in Dr. Vinton's house, he turned his chair around and sat with his back to her. Dr. Vinton, seeing the situation, came up to him. "Brooks, get up a moment." Then, turning the chair around, "Now, sit down again. That is the proper position."

Brooks was very much at home at Dr. Vinton's house. Sometimes he displayed strange moods. He had remained talking with the doctor in his study one night till it got to be twelve o'clock, when he displayed an unaccountable aversion to going back to his house. Dr. Vinton at once proposed that he should spend the night, and a room was made ready for him. But after waiting for some two hours longer, he rose, and saying he would n't make a fool of himself he went home.

Dr. Vinton did not understand Brooks's rapidity of utterance, and once asked him to preach slowly, that he might form some judgment of the effect. His advice, after hearing this attempt, was, "You had better go it your own gait, two-forty, or whatever it may be."

I took Mr. Gardner, the head master of the Latin School, to hear Mr. Brooks preach at Trinity Church. He made no comment on the sermon, but called attention to the ungrammatical construction of a sentence.

While Mr. Brooks was in Philadelphia, at the Church of the

Holy Trinity, a study of his character was made from his hand. These were some of the inferences: "The line of heart shows a nature more susceptible through the imagination than through sentiment. . . . The line of life is steady and unbroken, but does not indicate longevity. . . . The balance between the material and the spiritual is remarkably even. The man is devotional from principle rather than from sentiment; but is of a pure and truthful nature, honest and generous, and kindly in all his instincts."

As illustrating his preference for city over country life, I am particularly fond of this: "The Bible shows how the world progresses. It begins with a garden, but ends with a holy city."

To a lady on shipboard who was nervous in a storm, he said there was no better way of dying than to go down in a shipwreck.

Commenting upon a meeting of the Church Congress, from which he had just returned, he said the speeches were like towing ideas out to sea and then escaping by small boats in the fog.

Talking with an American gentleman one clear evening in Japan, about some late discoveries in astronomy and the enormous number of the stars, the gentleman, who was engaged in a study of Buddhism, said, "If we have a life to live in each one of the three hundred and fifty millions we have quite a row to hoe." "Ah, well," said Mr. Brooks, "if they are as beautiful as this I am willing."

One of his closest and oldest friends, when explaining to some one how he should ever have been admitted to his friendship, said, "He allowed us to crawl up on him a little way, where we might better look up to see him."

You felt you did not get into the inner citadel of his soul in any conversation, said one who knew him better than most. But you got there when you made no effort, and were there sometimes when you did not realize it.

It was because he felt it to be great to live, and had such an abounding sense of life, that he walked the earth like a king and seemed to fill every day with the grandeur and fulness of eternity. In the words of Shelley: —

> All familiar things he touched,
> All common words he spoke, became
> Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.

The same charm which he exerted in the pulpit was felt in the consciousness of his presence in social festivities, or in the private room. No one else seemed to be present when he was there. He filled the room.

I can remember (writes an English bishop) with highest pleasure a visit with which he honored me in my room at the Divinity School, Cambridge. His genial presence seemed to fill it, and spread around an atmosphere of energetic life.

An English lady, an authoress and highly cultivated, spoke of him as the "enchanter of souls."

He possessed that "mysterious gift of charm which, like magic, gives to some men and women a wholly unexplained influence and ascendency over their kind. We now and again come across some persons to whom all things are forgiven because they possess this extraordinary charm. No one can say in what it consists. It neither belongs especially to beauty, nor yet to talent, nor to goodness in life. It is impossible to get behind the secret of charm."

Mr. Brooks would have nothing to do with so-called psychological investigations, whose object was to communicate with the departed. "Why is it," he once said to me, "that mediums always live at the South End?"

A lady told him that her grandfather said that Bishop Bass, who was an ancestor, looked in his picture like a judge who had just given a wrong decision. "He is the first person," said Mr. Brooks, "that found any expression whatever in Bishop Bass's face."

Speaking once of High Churchmen, he remarked, "What they lack is a sense of humor."

He walked across Green Park behind three English bishops, and was inwardly chuckling over their gestures. When they came to a fence, they put their hands on the top and jumped over, while he meekly went round, not despising the aprons so much.

He burst out once when we talked of a person with rather affected manners, "If only people would be simple!" Very reserved people he did not get on well with, — he was too reserved himself at once, and too sensitive to atmosphere. "If they would only once express *themselves*," he said. He loved people as people, and always wanted to "hear about folks." In one of his sermons he speaks of what I know he felt about the city streets. "To prosperous men, full of activity, full of life, the city streets, overrunning with human vitality, are full of a sympathy, a sense of human fellowship, a comforting companionship in all that mass of unknown and, as it were, generic men and women, which no utterance of special friendship or pity from the best known lips can bring. The live and active man takes his

trouble out on the crowded streets, and finds it comforted by the mysterious consolation of his race. He takes his perplexity out there, and its darkness grows bright in the diffused, unconscious light of human life."

Did you ever hear how his carriage failed to come one day till it was too late to get him to a meeting, that he expressed himself with considerable impatience, and then the next morning went over to the livery stable office at the Brunswick and apologized for his hastiness?

His impatience was sometimes quite evident in the way he touched the bell in the Sunday-school if there was n't silence at the first ring.

He was sometimes bitterly deceived in people, but it was not from lack of discernment, — he was very discerning, I think, — but because, like that old friend of God, "through grace he regarded them not as they now were, but as they might well become." When he finally made up his mind, he was capable of much righteous indignation. Besides, every one showed him their "star side."

Some one accused him once of always addressing men in his sermons, and adding women and mothers and girls as an afterthought; and I remember our laughing at him once because, after admiring the beauty of a fancy ball, he added that "ordinary parties were all black." It was evident what *part* of the party he was thinking of.

Once here at tea, where he was the only man, he spoke of the strange willingness Englishmen showed to change their names, forgetting, as some one told him, that "all the ladies present either had or intended to change theirs."

Little children turned to him like flowers to sunshine, and I think his expression when he looked down at them, or held a baby in his arms, was the most tender thing I ever saw.

> And manhood fused with female grace
> In such a sort, a child would twine
> A trustful hand, unmasked in thine,
> And find his comfort in thy face.

"In Memoriam" is full of him, and how fond he was of it! He used to talk to us a great deal about Tennyson, and about "our set," as we called them, — Maurice, and Stanley, and Kingsley. I remember his saying Coleridge was one of the most interesting and puzzling of men, but Newman, "after all, was only a second-class mind." He agreed with Lowell's remark that Newman made the great mistake of thinking that God was

the great "I Was" rather than the great "I Am." He laughed over a photograph in which Maurice, in an ill-fitting coat, hangs on big Tom Hughes's arm: "No matter how spiritual a man is if his coat sleeves are too long!"

On hearing that Esther Maurice was accused of destroying some of the Hare family letters, he said, "If even more had been lost to the world, I think I could have forgiven her."

He impressed me as having the gift for administration. He was to Trinity Church what a good housekeeper is in a family. He had his eye on everything, knew all that was going on, and seemed to be everywhere. He was very positive, but the people liked it. When anybody wanted to do anything, he would make himself master of the situation in five minutes. Any one could get hold of him, if only there was earnestness and he saw that he was really wanted and needed. But he dreaded machinery in a parish, and was fearful that organization might tyrannize over parishes. He did not at first welcome the St. Andrew's Brotherhood. He had already his Bible class, and thought that was enough. It was the same with the Woman's Auxiliary. Some thought he was opposed to "churchly" ways; but that was not the reason.

He was the most sensitive of men if he was not approached in the right way. He told me once that he did n't like being fifty. He said he did n't want to be left behind. Some one had remarked to him, "Your generation was occupied with slavery; ours has taken up sociology." "And so," he remarked, "the inference is that I am to be thrown out."

He never could be alone except when he was travelling. "Travelling is the only place on this footstool where I can be by myself." "Why don't you have a prophet's chamber?" He said he did want one sometimes, but that his mission was to see people. That was what he was here for. After he had been two weeks by himself, he hungered for people. It was the possibilities in people that made them interesting.

He was always reading while he was travelling. The others might be looking out of the windows, the days might be hot and dusty, but he continued to read. He threw the books out of the window when he had finished them. You might trace him in his journeys by the trail of books.

He used to talk to me of himself and about his preaching. I asked him once whether it was easier to preach extempore or written sermons. "In preparation there should be no difference. But extempore preaching depends on moods." In his preaching he was always gathering hints from those who had talked with

him. He would take up their remarks in an impersonal way. It was always so in every sermon. He preached a sermon in Huntington Hall on the "Martyrs beneath the Throne," and was depressed because he had failed: "I have n't told the people what was in that text." In his morning sermons he was more formal, and at times seemed to be disturbed and even violent, but as the day went on he came to himself and was more calm. There was a tone of sadness occasionally in the later sermons. He told me once that he did not come of a long-lived race.

When he was in Germany he had tried going to the German churches in order to get religion and German at the same time; but he discovered he was not good enough to do without going to his own church twice every Sunday. He said this to a young married woman who told him she only went to church once on Sundays.

When people were in trouble he would go and sit with them without saying anything, and let them talk.

He once said to me that he felt this burden of souls.

He would say that he did n't know anything about music, but if you assumed that he did n't know anything about it he was indignant. He wanted to be thought to know about music. He wanted to enter into every experience, and fretted that he could not. He liked a great congregation singing, or a musical band, — anything that was big.

The stricter Unitarians, I know, could n't go to hear him. They admired him, but they could n't take the truth as he presented it. Once, after he had preached in the Hollis Street Church, I heard these two reports: "I think it was an insult for him to preach that sermon in this church;" and the other, "That was a good Unitarian sermon."

His tendency to stumble in preaching, till sometimes it seemed doubtful whether he would extricate himself from the snarl of words in which he had become entangled, was owing to his habit of using a lead pencil to make corrections, interlining words and phrases, while he was reading his sermon over before preaching, and especially before preaching a sermon a second time. These intercalated words and phrases were written in a fine handwriting, and looked somewhat dim compared with the bold manner of his manuscript. When he came to them in preaching they were like obstructions thrown across the track of the rushing engine.

When he preached extemporaneously, he reminded me of a hound who does not at once catch the scent, but having caught it, goes off with a rush at his highest speed.

"Phillips always hated," says his brother John, "to have people remark that he could n't help being good." A friend of Mr. Brooks calls attention to this passage in Caird's "Philosophy of Religion" (p. 289) as bearing on the subject: —

> The moral life is not a passionless life. Benevolence, patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, are not the unemotional pursuit of abstractions, virtues which live in a vacuum. The noblest moral natures, the men who live most and do most for mankind, are not strangers to feeling, untouched by the desires and passions of the common heart. On the contrary their very greatness is often due, in part at least, to the keenness and quickness of their sensibilities, to the intensity of that original impulse and feeling which is the *natural* basis of their *spiritual* life.

But still more to the point is an extract from a sermon of Phillips Brooks, "The Sea of Glass:" —

> You may go on through the crowded streets of heaven, asking each saint how he came there, and you will look in vain everywhere for a man morally and spiritually strong, whose strength did not come to him in struggle. Will you take the man who never had a disappointment, who never knew a want, whose friends all love him, whose health never knew a suspicion of its perfectness, on whom every sun shines, and against whose sails all winds, as if by special commission, are sent to blow, who still is great and good and true and unselfish and holy, as happy in his inner as in his outer life. Was there no struggle there? Do you suppose that man has never wrestled with his own success and happiness, that he has never prayed and emphasized his prayer with labor, "In all time of my prosperity, Good Lord, deliver me!" "Deliver me!" That is the cry of a man in danger, of a man with an antagonist. For years that man and his prosperity have been looking each other in the face and grappling one another, — and that is a supremacy that was not won without a struggle, than which there is no harder on the earth.[1]

The moral character of Phillips Brooks stands out clearly in his sermons. Only the man who realized in himself the ideal he was perpetually holding up to his hearers could have dared to enforce it as he did. He left the impression, by his appearance and his speech, of absolute goodness and of

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 119; see, also, vol. v. p. 155.

inward purity. The world was right in fastening upon his true and genuine manhood as his predominant characteristic. Every sign by which we judge of life would fail us if in this case the reality did not correspond with the appearance. One might illustrate in many ways how he seemed to carry virtue to its highest point. He was like Luther — a comparison which is constantly recurring — in his tender conscience, which inclined him to regard the slightest fault as a great sin.

He once said to Bishop Clark with great solemnity, "How wretched I should be if I felt that I was carrying about with me any secret which I should not be willing that all the world should know."

By nature he was quick-tempered, given to forming hasty and sometimes severe judgments, and it was hard for him to overcome prejudices. But if he had wronged any one, or said anything which seemed incompatible with the relations of friendship, he would put himself to much trouble to make amends. "You will not think for a moment, will you, that I could have meant to say anything which I thought could hurt your feelings, or that I could have been willing to do so?" was the apology he went some distance to make when he heard he had been misunderstood.

However it may be with the transmission of moral qualities by descent, there is no doubt regarding the reappearance of physical peculiarities after the lapse of generations. Let any one compare the photographs of Phillips Brooks with the portraits of his ancestors and the resemblance is apparent. His great stature and the large dark eye came from Phœbe Foxcroft, his great-grandmother. He most resembled his mother in his features, a resemblance which became more marked in his later years. The face of Phillips Brooks is to be classed among the few beautiful faces which the world cherishes. "He was the most beautiful man I ever saw," said Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States; "I sat opposite to him once at dinner, and could not take my eyes off him." His photographs, after he allowed them to be published, were to be found in every household. A commercial traveller, who had gone into almost every town in the State of Massachusetts, was struck with the fact that

everywhere he found the portrait of Phillips Brooks, without regard to difference of race or of religion. A Roman Catholic Sister of Charity writes on receiving his photograph: —

I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am for that lovely picture of one of the loveliest men this world has ever known. . . . I like any one who likes Phillips Brooks. What a handsome face! His eyes seem to be looking for what has been much sought, but looking still, searching patiently, satisfied that beyond these "mists and vapors" and "darkened glasses" all is clear. I can never say exactly what an impression Phillips Brooks has always made on me. I feel a queer sort of soul kindred with him. I should like to have known and talked with him. Though we would not have agreed on all points, I am sure we would have been friends, — queer presumption, but you know what I mean. I 'm not speaking of the intellectual, the scholarly, the official Phillips Brooks, but of the *natural man*, that looks out of those honest eyes. I like the mouth, too, expressive of the firmness and fulness and compassion and truth of him. The picture now hangs alongside of a beautiful photograph copy of Hofman's famous Christ, and seems at home there.

At times he appeared to rejoice in his large stature, as when on coming into a friend's house he would easily place his hat on some tall bookcase or other object where any one else would have to mount on steps to reach it; or would light his cigar from a street lamp. Yet at times, also, he felt his height as an annoyance, saying that it made him feel awkward to be looking down on every one in the room. But the worst of it was that it made others feel and act awkwardly in his presence. It was difficult for some people to know how to approach him. Very much as when Heine had prepared himself to meet Goethe for the first time, and when he stood before him only managed to stammer something to the effect that the day was fine. Those who were not afraid of him had no trouble. He would talk freely enough with his friends, always within certain limits, and at times even about himself. He was more communicative with women than with men, as indeed he was dependent on their friendship. With young men he would be quite unreserved, even singularly gracious and kind, saying things about himself and his experiences, — intimate avowals which surprised those who had known him long. When he did talk, it was often so freely that the wonder was he did not get himself into trouble. He put restraint on his humor and his power of satire, but it was withering when he gave it full

scope. Of some one whose folly or perversity provoked him, he remarked, "I suppose there must be something good in that man."

When children were present, he became almost oblivious of the presence of others. It was sometimes annoying that he would not talk when he was expected to do so, maintaining his silence when people had been invited to meet him. On one of his visits to England, the American minister, Mr. Lowell, gave him a dinner, to which among others he had invited Mr. Huxley, under the supposition that the two men would enjoy meeting each other. Mr. Huxley talked, and Mr. Brooks was silent, till Mr. Lowell feared he had made a mistake; but Mr. Brooks afterwards expressed himself as having found great pleasure in Huxley's conversation. Mr. Brooks was not given to telling stories, though no one liked more to hear them from others. He did not cultivate the art of conversation. He sometimes appeared to eschew the formalities and conventionalities of social life, and yet no one could be more formal when he chose to be. A great part of conversation consists in turning over lightly ideas and opinions. There was what amounted to positive disability in Brooks to take part in such talk. Ideas aroused him. He kept them sacred, to be used only for moral ends. Perhaps there is here an explanation in some part of that jovial, boisterous manner, which treated all things in humorous fashion. It was his way of staving off serious conversation and saving himself from its effects. He is remembered once, in his capacity as a visitor of some theological institution, sitting through the hour while the lecture was given, but after it was over breaking out into indignation at the students that they could remain passive in seeming indifference to what was being said.

A clergyman for whom he felt a strong liking, although prominent in what was known as the "ritualistic" party, undertook to define his views on all the points of difference which separated them. After listening to him patiently until the exposition was finished, Mr. Brooks gave this response: "It has all been very interesting, and I have n't understood a word of what you have been saying."

The following reminiscence is by a member of the Clericus Club; its truth all the members of the club will recognize: —

Through all those years what he was to us I cannot find words to say. It would be to tell the story of evenings that burn in memory now, — evenings, so many of them, made memorable and

sacred by the recollection of his welcome, which seemed to draw us into his great soul; his brilliant essay read faithfully when his turn came; his talk when taking part in the discussion, — talk never abundant, but even in its great brevity illuminating the subject so that none of us felt that we could add a ray of light, although some of us would pretend to do so. He was so determined to get at the central truth of whatever topic might be under discussion that his words always had that tone of genuineness, of reality, which never seemed like argument, but rather like the movement of his mind in quick recognition of some deeper truth which we all had missed, and which, when indicated by him, seemed to close the whole question then and there.

Sometimes when one or other of us would be tempted to talk for the sake of talk, or merely to make a point, his silence was an eloquent admonition. And the quick glance of intelligent sympathy which he always turned toward any speaker in whom he recognized something of his own sincerity of mind was like an encouraging cheer from a hero to a struggling companion in arms.

The intellectual constitution of Phillips Brooks puzzled some of his contemporaries. The intellect was so permeated with the power of feeling and the moral sense that its separate action could not always be traced. The following passage is from a sermon by Rev. George A. Gordon, who after he became pastor of the Old South Church entered into the circle of Phillips Brooks's friends: —

The intellect of Phillips Brooks was as striking as the man himself. There was in it a platonic subtlety, sweep, and penetration, a native capacity for the highest speculations, — a capacity that did not always become apparent, because he passed at once, like a flash of lightning to the substance of things, and because he believed that the forms of the understanding, into which the highest in man throws its findings, are at best only inadequate symbols. He could not endure the men who say that nothing can be known, nor could he abide those who say that everything can be known. . . . There was in his mind a Hindu swiftness, mobility, penetrativeness, and mysticism. . . . Had he chosen, he could have been one of the subtlest metaphysicians, or one of the most successful analysts of the human heart, throwing upon his screen the disentangled and accurately classified contents of the soul. But he chose, as indispensable for his calling, to let the artist in him prevail, to do all his thinking through the forms of

the imagination, and to give truth a body corresponding, as far as possible, to its own ineffable beauty. Thus it happens that the sermons with the noblest form, with the greatest completeness, and the finest artistic quality have come from his mind.[1]

The Rev. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York, bears similar testimony: —

Some intellects enjoy parcelling out truth into its component parts, just as a botanist pulls a flower to pieces that he may the better understand it; others would rather contemplate the object of their study in its wholeness, eager most of all to catch and to appreciate the total effect. The one temper is that of the metaphysician, the other that of the poet and the artist. Each type of mind has its value in connection with religion, but it is hard for the men of the one make to do justice to the men of the other. The powerful intellect of Phillips Brooks was not of the dogmatic bent. Had it been, he never could have done the work he did, for religion in Boston had suffered in times past from overmuch dogmatizing, and men were weary of that vein; they thought of it as worked out. But this new teacher, himself essentially a poet, came to them holding up splendid pictures of truth. "I do not care to argue it out with you," he seemed to say, "only look and see!"

In the constitution of every man of genius there is perpetuated the heart of childhood; in the words of Balzac, "Dans tout l'homme de génie, il y a un enfant." In one of his pocket note-books, Phillips Brooks has pencilled these words: "The need of something childlike in the fullest character. A man wholly manlike is only half a man." There is no better authority for the definition of genius than Coleridge, and it gives new force to his words as we apply them to Phillips Brooks: "Every man of genius possesses deep feeling." And again to quote from Coleridge: —

I define genius as originality in intellectual construction; the moral accompaniment and actuating principle of which consists perhaps in the carrying on the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood. . . . To combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years has rendered familiar, this is the character and privilege of genius and one of the marks which distinguish

[1] Cf. *Phillips Brooks; a Memorial Sermon*, pp. 15, 16.

genius from talent. And so to represent familiar objects as to awaken in the minds of others like freshness of sensation concerning them is the prime merit of genius and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation.[1]

In the light of these passages, the meaning of that deep reserve which characterized Phillips Brooks from his young manhood becomes more clear. Its secret was the child heart that survived in him till his latest years. For very shame he must conceal it, so exquisitely simple was it, so transparent and pure when it should be known. Upon this subject there are sentences in a sermon from the text, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," which are worth recalling: —

Every living thing which is really worth the knowing has a secret in it which can only be known to a few.

The essential lives of things are hidden away where some special sympathy must find them.

There is something that every man holds back from us; and the more of a man he is, the more conscious we are of this reserve.

The more of a man a man is, the more secret is the secret of his life, and the more plain and frank are its external workings. Anybody may know what he does and where he goes, yet all the while every one who looks at him will see that there is something behind all which escapes the closest observation.

We all know how little other people know about us. The common saying that other people know us better than we know ourselves is only very superficially true. They do see certain tricks in us which we are not aware of; but if we are at all thoughtful and self-observant they do not get at the secret of our life as we know it.

What is necessary before one can read another's secret? It is not mere curiosity, — we know how that shuts up the nature which it tries to read. It is not mere awkward good will; that, too, crushes the flower which it tries to examine.

A man comes with impertinent curiosity and looks into your window, and you shut it in his face indignantly. A friend comes strolling by and gazes in with easy carelessness, not making much of what you may be doing, not thinking it of much importance, and before him you cover up instinctively the work which was serious to you and make believe you were playing games.

[1] Cf. *The Friend*, vol. ii. pp. 104, 384.

When men try to get hold of the secret of your life, no friendship, no kindliness, can make you show it to them unless they evidently really feel as you feel that it is a serious and sacred thing. There must be something like reverence or awe about the way that they approach you. It is the way in which children shut themselves up before their elders, because they know their elders have no such sense as they have of the importance of their childish thoughts and feelings.[1]

In regard to his intellectual habits and methods, one thing is clear, that Phillips Brooks worked through the poetic imagination rather than by the process of dialectics, although he could show great dialectic subtlety when occasion demanded. When we conjoin this power of the poetic imagination and his other gifts, the "unparalleled combination of intensity of feeling with comprehensiveness of view and balance of judgment," we can understand how he could quickly penetrate to the heart of intellectual systems, how a hint to his mind was like a volume to others, and he preferred to work out the hint in his own way. He left the impression of a man versed in the best literature, who could have won high distinction as a literary artist; he seemed familiar with the recondite bearings of philosophical thought or at home in the philosophy of history. He had the gift of speaking to specialists in their lines, and showing them the relations and significance of their work, and could bring inspiration to all. He made no mistakes or blunders through ignorance of the field where he was travelling.

There was one other estimate which deserves brief notice as connected with his intellectual habits. It was often said that he was no controversialist, and lived above the atmosphere of controversy. This indeed was in general the impression he made in his preaching. There was truth in it to a certain degree; he did seek to lift men out of the straitened ruts of theological controversy, but in order to that end he passed through it before he rose above it. One reason why he kept out of ecclesiastical controversy may have been his dread of a certain aptness for it. His first impulse was to rush into it.

[1] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. viii. pp. 272–275.

He had an instinctive tendency to oppose any formal utterance which assumed to be the whole truth, or any dogmatic assertion of opinion. His own experience had taught him that all such assertions were one-sided, containing at best only one aspect of the truth. His mind at once began to look for other aspects, — the neglected, obscure intimations of truth on the other side. He was ready to challenge any statement in the interest of the other side. He had a natural sympathy for the "under dog" in the fight. All this points to a controversial habit of mind. But the process did not stop here. The next step was to bring these opposite or contrasted aspects of truth together and from them to deduce some higher truth. It was not until he had accomplished this result in his own mind that he was ready to speak. There were occasions, some of which have been mentioned, when he acted and spoke under the controversial impulse of contradicting some half-true assertion. But these were rare. When he was prepared to speak, it was as one who stood above the conflicts of opinion, taking some larger ground where opponents could meet in harmony. There are many illustrations of this to be seen in his sermons. A sermon was born when he had heard or read some statement which roused an inward antagonism. Thus he listened once, and this is a typical case, to some lecturer who was pointing out how the natural sciences had hurt the aptitude for spiritual things. That might be true, but if so it did not prove that the pursuit of the natural sciences was responsible for this result. There was some defect in the spiritual attitude or it could not have been hurt by an inquiry into the mind of God in the natural order. The conclusion was that when the right kind of spiritual men appeared they would be able to appropriate without injury all that science could reveal.

So deep was the inward contradiction in the man that there were moments when it might seem as if the two sides of his being were not thoroughly fused together. To the last he remained jealous of religion lest it should be treacherous to humanity. He seemed like a humanist trying to restore to man the blessings of which he had been robbed in the name

of religion. He loved with a passionate devotion this present world and the good and beautiful things which human life yields with its seed in itself after its kind. But if he were tempted on the one side to overvalue them, and to love them for their own sake, yet he could not accept the alternative of renouncing them altogether for the love of God. That method had been tried and had failed. The deepest instincts of his nature rebelled against it; he dreaded it for himself and for those whom he loved. There was only one way of escape from the dilemma, and into that he entered by continued struggle, — to love life, and the beautiful gifts of life, in God, as having His consecration, as revealing His goodness and love.

There were some contradictory aspects of truth which he made no attempt to reconcile, unless it were that he did not allow them to appear in the same sermon. Thus at one time he sympathized with the *Credo quia impossibile* of Tertullian and at another time condemned it. How his mood about life could vary is shown in these two extracts from his sermons: —

> Once or twice in our lives we have stood by the grave-sides of young men which were too solemn for regret. We complain that life is short. It is not time you want, but fire. The cloud lies on the mountain top all day, and leaves it at last just as it found it in the morning, only wet and cold. The lightning touches the mountain for an instant, and the very rocks are melted, and the whole shape of the great mass is changed. Who would not cry out to God: "Oh, make my life how short I care not, so that it can have the fire in it for an hour. If only it can have intensity, let it but touch the tumult of this world for an instant. Then let it go and leave its power behind." [1]

But now on the other side: —

> To lose any of the legitimate experiences of a full human career is a loss for which one will be poorer forever. This is the reason of the sadness, which no faith in immortality can dissipate, belonging to the death of those who die in youth, the sense of untimeliness which we cannot reason down.[2]

It would be unjust to Phillips Brooks to class him either as a radical or a conservative. He clung to old ways, held

[1] Cf. *The Spiritual Man, etc.*, p. 85.

[2] Cf. *Sermons*, vol. vi. p. 333.

the past in profound reverence, and at the same time had a strange liking for new things and new ways, till it was almost a presumption in favor of any movement that it had the charm of novelty. This was his feeling about many of the movements of his time. Thus he sympathized with the cause of Woman Suffrage, though he never publicly advocated it; he accepted the principle of "cremation," giving the use of his name to further its adoption. He thought there was some truth in the modern theory of the power of mind in healing disease, and welcomed it as a protest against the current long-established methods of medical practice. But he condemned as irrational the so-called metaphysical or scientific principles by which it was explained or vindicated. He did not commit himself to any methods of sociological reform, dreading in this line of work, as in ecclesiastical affairs, the danger of relying on machinery, of treating men as a class, rather than as individuals. Thus he speaks of the subject in his characteristic way in a private letter: —

> How good it is when the gospel and the ministers get at work at these questions which the business folks are muddling so, and let them see how simple they really are. They are really simple if only the business folks would go at them gospel-fashion. I delight in your picture of the workmen's heads out one window, and the capitalists' heads out the other, and the big jaw going on between them. It will get settled somehow, and things will be juster than they are to-day.

He was conscious of the bitter mood engendered by the long strife.

He was sensitive as to what people might be thinking of him. As he stepped upon a street car he wondered what the conductor's feeling toward him might be; or on shipboard he was uneasy as he thought of the steerage passengers in their discomfort, and of the social usage which enforced such a distinction.

I was sitting with Mr. Brooks in the study of his house on Clarendon Street. In the course of some remarks upon the work of the Christian ministry he said, "I suppose that there are men passing this house every day, wearing overalls and carrying their dinner in tin pails, who, if they happen to know where I live, look up at this house and say with a sneer, 'There is that grand

house, and a clergyman lives there, — a teacher of the religion of Jesus Christ. A fine sort of Christian teacher he must be to live in a grand house like that.' But I believe that I have a right to live here, with this beauty and luxury about me. I enjoy it all, and I do my work as a Christian minister better for having these surroundings. A man is no better Christian for wearing overalls than for working in a beautifully furnished study. He can be one in either situation, if only he have the spirit of Christ."

Yet Phillips Brooks had won the affection and the confidence of the poor in an extraordinary degree. They recognized his genuineness and sincerity, even those who had become disaffected toward church and religion. His method was simple, — he let his heart go out toward them, not merely as to a class, but to individuals, and on the ground of their divine humanity. He put himself to much trouble to wait upon any one who called for his aid. He interested himself in special cases, — and there were many of them, — not only making contributions of money, but going in person. And wherever he went his personality carried power, courage, and hopefulness. He watched by their bedside when sick and dying.

How wonderful, how glorious it was, the way he talked to that audience at Faneuil Hall! These were some of his sentences as he closed his sermon: "Try to go to church. Not that there is any charm in going to church, but it is the place where every one is praying and worshipping God, where we all feel how great it is to be good. I invite you to Trinity Church. I know that every church will welcome you. The days are past when the church did not welcome every one. Come to the evening services at Trinity, which begin in March! Come to the morning services *now!* Come! I feel as if I knew you after these four meetings, and as if you knew me.

"You must remember what I have said to you. Do not only try to be good yourselves, but try to help others. You all have a chance, I am sure, to say a kind word or do a kind deed. Try! Try to live nobler, higher lives; do not yield to your temptations, but struggle against them, and remember that the strength of Almighty God is behind you. Trust in Him, pray to Him, and He will uphold you." Then he made an extempore prayer, and closed by saying, "Now let us all stand up and sing together 'Just as I am, without one plea.'"

As a parish minister Phillips Brooks retained the ideal of his youth, when the organization of a parish was simple, when the duty of a pastor was to preach, to administer the sacraments, to visit the sick and the dying, and to comfort those in affliction. To the end of his rectorship of Trinity Church he was inwardly critical of what seemed to him the feverish activity which found vent in a complex organization of varied interests, societies, and guilds for every conceivable philanthropic or charitable work. Yet under his ministry, Trinity Church was changing as the age was changing, and he recognized the obligations it imposed on him. When he assumed the rectorship, he found what would be called a church relatively small in the number of its communicants, estimated at 400, with a depleted congregation, worshipping in a building left stranded in the business part of the city. After a ministry of twenty-two years, when he resigned from its rectorship he left it with the grandest church edifice in New England, if not in the country; its communicants increased more than fourfold, and its activities multiplied till it had become the strongest church in Boston in its contributions to charitable work of every kind; with its host of workers under his supervision, zealous in promoting every agency for good which ingenuity, combined with Christian sympathy, could devise. He stood at the head of an institutional church, whose successful administration alone commanded respect and admiration. So natural and inevitable had been the growth that when people paused to consider the work he was carrying on through these diverse agencies, they began to wonder at the administrative power which seemed to match the greatness revealed in the pulpit.

But whatever may have been Phillips Brooks's natural capacity for the work of administration, it must be admitted that he took but little interest in the details of what is called working a parish. He kept his eye on every agency at work, he scrutinized plans projected, he knew what each helper or each society was doing, or was capable of doing; where it was strong or where it was weak; he encouraged and stimulated every enterprise of which he approved. His mind

was so comprehensive that he easily carried the work that was done under him in whole or in part; but there his apparent interest and activity ended. It was not he that projected the plans or sought to enlarge the range of activities by schemes of his own. That was done for him by others, who saw the opportunities and brought them to him for approval. Whatever may have been his own latent capacity for creating openings or originating methods, he did not avail himself of it; he preferred to stimulate others, and profit by their creative enterprise. If we may call him successful as an administrator, it was because he knew how to concentrate his strength on what was essential, and disembarrass himself of the detail and labor necessary for its accomplishment. He was accustomed to allude to these things in a humorous way. Thus on one occasion, at the beginning of Lent, he issued a pastoral letter, calling upon the men in the congregation to make more use of the frequent services. Sending a copy to his brother Arthur he wrote on the back of it, "I want you to see what a tremendous pastor I am getting to be. I hope to be famous yet for 'executive ability' and 'administrative talent.'"

It is an instance of his lack of interest in the detail of administration that he kept no list of the communicants of Trinity Church, and had no conception of their actual number. Nor had he any basis for computation, except to add each year the number of those confirmed to the original number reported when he came to Trinity. From 1869 to 1870 his report reads "about 450;" in 1871 "about 480;" for the next four years successively he added 50 for each year, and in 1875 and 1876 he reports "about 600;" in 1878 "about 700;" in 1879 "about 750;" in 1880 "about 900." He seems to have been afraid of overstating the number, preferring to err in the opposite direction. But in 1880 he was seriously remonstrated with for placing the number of communicants far below what it was evident they were by actual count at the monthly communions. He then seems to have determined upon forming a complete list, and in 1881 issued a printed card, which was distributed widely,

calling on each communicant for signature of name with the time and place of confirmation. While the effort was not successful in obtaining the desired information, it led him to report the number of communicants in 1881 as "about 1000." At this figure he allowed it to remain for the next seven years, making no further effort to be exact. But what mental process allowed him to keep the figures stationary for seven years, when each year there were large accessions by confirmation, does not appear, unless it were an unwillingness to seem to be magnifying the growth of his work. Once more, after another remonstrance, he concluded to report an increase, and in the year 1888 he gave the number as "about 1200." His report in 1889 was "about 1250," and in his annual statements for the following years beyond that figure he did not go. The probability is that the actual number of those who regularly communed at Trinity Church was larger by several hundreds.

The wisdom and the power of Phillips Brooks as the administrator of a large parish lay in giving freedom to his assistant ministers and other helpers to seek and find opportunities for beneficent work. And for the rest he so stimulated the energies of his people that we do not wonder at the variety of the activities and the vitality which pervaded the parish. This would have been his method of promoting the growth of any of the higher institutions of learning to which he was called, had he accepted such a position. He would have made an ideal provost of the University of Pennsylvania, or president of Columbia University, to both of which posts he was invited, for he had the power to infuse life and enthusiasm and to inspire confidence. Because he was abounding in vitality he could not but communicate his gift, till the things about him grew and thrived. It might not be called administrative ability or executive talent, but it produced the same if not a higher result.

The list is a long one of the societies and organizations in Trinity Church which alike looked to the rector for support and inspiration. In the Industrial Society, the Employment Society, the Visiting Society, work was done for the

poor. The Indian Mission Association had for its object to aid those who sought to protect the American Indians in the far West from political and mercenary adventurers, and to promote their spiritual interests. There was a woman's Bible class largely attended and under most efficient instruction which combined instruction with missionary zeal. The Zenana Mission supported a missionary at Calcutta, and the Zenana Band was allied with it in promoting the better condition of women in India. The Trinity Club was a social organization of the young men of the parish, but efforts were expected from it, and were always in process for the extension of the religious influence in the city of Boston. There was a Home for Aged Women primarily for the needs of Trinity Church, but open, when there was room, for those outside of its fold. Trinity House, situated at 13 Burroughs Place, was fruitful in beneficent charities with its Laundry and its Day Nursery. In the Girls' Industrial Classes, for a long time associated with Trinity House, instruction was given in cooking, laundry work, housekeeping and domestic service, sewing, mending, and dressmaking. All of these agencies needed money for their establishment and successful prosecution of their work. During the years that Mr. Brooks was the rector of Trinity, the annual contributions for charitable purposes averaged some $50,000 a year.

To this list must be added the organized charities connected with St. Andrew's, the mission church of Trinity, under the charge of Rev. Reuben Kidner. Here, in addition to societies of a similar nature to those above mentioned, there was a mission for deaf mutes; in the Trinity Dispensary four physicians gave their services gratuitously, — advice and treatment for the sick, with a mere nominal charge for medicine and hygienic instruction in order to the best health standards for workers and breadwinners. Connected with the dispensary was the Vincent Memorial Hospital. Regarding these various organizations Mr. Kidner writes: —

> Brooks encouraged and cheered us, as was his wont, but did not take the initiative. So far as my experience goes, he never initiated or suggested anything. He never came to any of us and

said, "I should like you to try this or that." Not one single method or plan of parish work was original with him. Whenever we wanted to do anything, if it commended itself to him, he was enthusiastic, and gave us the warmest support. But he would not give his sanction to any scheme based on the recognition of divisions or classes among men.

After Trinity Church had been completed, an important work still remained to be done in its interior decoration, and in this Phillips Brooks had his share. Many of his letters written while abroad are occupied with commissions he had undertaken for the perfecting of the decorations with its ample opportunities for memorial windows. During the years that he remained as rector, its interior continued to grow richer as window after window was added, till it became, in the estimate of competent judges, "the most important building in the history of art in this country, or anywhere in the present century." [1] He loved the church, and was proud of it with all his heart; he gave his attention to every detail of its enrichment. It was he who caused the ivy to be planted which now covers a large part of its walls. While in India he thought of its care, and wrote requesting that its roots should be protected during the winter, — a task which he had always superintended. Among other things which to his mind added distinction and historical interest to the church was the bust of Dean Stanley. Its donor was Lady Frances Baillie, who took a special interest in Trinity Church because in years gone by the funeral services had been read there over the body of her brother, Sir Frederick Bruce, then the British minister at Washington. To Mr. Brooks she wrote, making the inquiry whether the gift would be acceptable, only requesting that the name of the giver should be withheld. The Proprietors of Trinity Church having at Mr. Brooks's suggestion accepted the gift, he wrote, on the arrival of the bust, to the donor: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 20, 1883.

Dear Lady Frances, — The bust has come, and this afternoon it has been carefully unpacked and now stands in my study,

[1] Among the many articles written describing the interior decoration of Trinity Church, cf. *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1879.

where it will await its formal acceptance and the preparation of a fit place for it in the church, of which it will be always one of the very chiefest treasures. I need not try to tell you with what true reverence I took it in my hands and set it up. It was almost as if he had really come to us himself. His inspiration and, I hope, something of his spirit have been with us ever since his never-forgotten visit. Indeed, they had been with us long before he visited us. Now, in the setting up of his almost speaking face, where ministers and people will always see it, it seems as if the seal was set upon our possession of him, so that he can never be taken from us. I love to think how the preachers who will come after me will treasure this memorial of him, and how it may have some power to purify and enlarge and enlighten the teaching of the church which I love very dearly, long after I am gone.

I must not attempt to thank you, my dear friend, but I know you will be glad to think how much joy and help your noble gift will be the means of bringing to this far-away church, and minister, and congregation. It shall be very sacredly honored and preserved.

By and by I will tell you of the final installation of the bust in its permanent place. But I could not help sending you this little word of gratitude at once.

I hope that you are very well and very happy, as you ought to be. Pray let me count myself,

Ever sincerely your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The inscription beneath the bust was written by the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop.

There was a memorial window to Frederick Brooks, erected by the generous kindness of Mr. C. J. Morrill, between whom and Phillips Brooks was a beautiful friendship, dating from the early years of his ministry.

Another historical feature added to Trinity Church in 1890 were the stones from St. Botolph's Church in the English Boston, which now form an arched opening in the side of the cloister leading from the eastern entrance of the church to Clarendon Street. It had been the original intention to send the stones from the central doorway in the great tower. Had this plan been carried out, it would have perpetuated an interesting memorial of Rev. John Cotton, for beneath those stones he had gone in and out twenty years while vicar

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S STUDY

of St. Botolph's, and a minister of the Church of England.

At this point we pause for a moment to call attention to an important feature of the parish ministry. Enough has already been said regarding the primary conviction of Phillips Brooks, which underlay his life and preaching, that all men were by nature and by grace the children of God. He held that this truth found emphatic expression in the Book of Common Prayer, that it was not hidden in a corner, but assigned a place of honor and prominence in the Church Catechism, to be taught to every child. It constituted the fundamental difference between the Anglican and the Roman communions, — a truth from which the Puritan churches of the seventeenth century had departed, — the sonship of all humanity and the universal redemption. Phillips Brooks gave to this conviction such prominence, such force, as to make it seem like some new discovery. To him also it seemed an inevitable inference from the truth of the Incarnation. That doctrine lost its full meaning and became something accidental or exceptional instead of essential, unless humanity as a whole were conceived as the body of Christ.

But now we turn to another aspect of the subject. It was the strict and uniform usage of Phillips Brooks to require from those coming to confirmation unmistakable evidence that they were actuated by the motive of conscious love toward God and the purpose to devote themselves to His service. So insistent was he upon this requirement that to some, even in his own congregation, it looked as if he were adopting the Puritan stringency, departing from the Anglican position which called only for the ability to "say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and to answer to such other questions as in the Short Catechism are contained." Thus he received a remonstrance from one of his parishioners, the late Mr. John C. Ropes, who, in addition to his ability as a military critic, was also versed in theology. In a letter dated March 6, 1899, shortly before his death, Mr. Ropes in reverting to the subject wrote : —

The attitude of Phillips Brooks was calculated to deter all who had not gone through a real "religious experience" in the Evangelical sense of that expression, no matter how innocent, how manly, womanly, sound, affectionate, true-hearted boys and girls they might be, no matter how unreservedly they were willing to make their vows "to renounce the devil and all his works," etc. This it was which awakened my opposition, for I had been brought up in an Orthodox [Congregational] church, and had been (in my junior year) received into one on "Profession of Faith." I revere the Orthodox Congregational churches, but I must say that they lose a great many young men and women who are perfectly willing and serious to come into full communion with the church of Christ, but who cannot meet these requirements.

On this point Mr. Brooks never changed his attitude. He called for no conventional tests as evidence of such a love, but in conversation with the candidate he satisfied himself of the beginning of a new life. In these personal interviews he was gentle and tender, yet searching, appreciative always of the faintest signs of the awakening spiritual life. He never forgot that it was God's own child with whom he was conversing, or whom he was examining, in order to know if the relationship to the Eternal Father were consciously felt and acknowledged. He preserved in a separate package the letters written to him by young boys and girls, where with imperfect, inadequate language was expressed the desire to live for God; he kept them as if he attached some special value or saw some special beauty in the way these souls were opening toward the great reality. But that much he insisted on, — some evidence of a beginning of a conscious sense of love toward God. Whether this were the attitude of the Anglican Church may perhaps be an open question. But it must be remembered that he had been brought up from his childhood on the Church Catechism, as well as learned religion from his mother's teaching. And in the Catechism it is said that two things are to be learned from the Ten Commandments, "My duty toward God and my duty toward my neighbor." And further in the reply to the question, "What is thy duty toward God?" the child is taught to answer: "My duty toward God is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with

all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength." Words like these to a sensitive child with the aptitude for spiritual things, such as Phillips Brooks possessed, are apt to bury themselves deep in the heart, constituting a deterrent from lightly assuming the vows of confirmation. This must be taken into consideration in determining the attitude of the Anglican Church.

To the communion of the Lord's Supper, Phillips Brooks attached the highest importance, seeking to make it impressive and memorable to every recipient. It was in order that its full significance as the rite of Christian fellowship might not be obscured, that he steadfastly refused to multiply communion services and kept the feast only on one Sunday in the month, and then at the mid-day service. When, however, the number of communicants became inconveniently large, he made one concession, and on the first Sunday in the month allowed an earlier communion. A communion service at Trinity Church became one of the most impressive of religious spectacles anywhere to be witnessed, when the congregation seemed to rise as a whole and press forward to surround the Lord's Table. To the influence of this service, a young Japanese student confessed that he owed his conversion to Christianity.

Another feature of the parish ministry of Phillips Brooks was his desire, to use his own words, that "Trinity Church should be the most hospitable church in Boston." The effort no doubt had its inconveniences, but the parishioners supported the rector and allowed his wish to prevail. This was an expansion of the parish ministry, for the number of those who sought access to Trinity was large and always increasing, till the pastor seemed to stand in pastoral relations to all Boston and its suburbs. This open-hearted hospitality, which refused to draw any limits to its exercise, extended still further. Not only did the young men and young women in Boston feel a special relationship with Phillips Brooks, but from every part of the country they came to Boston, and from England also, with letters entrusting them to his care, opening with the familiar formula, "May I introduce and commend to

your confidence as if he were my own son, my young friend," etc. His correspondence abounds with appeals from anxious parents whose children were going out into the world, from the ministers of churches of every denomination, concerned for the welfare of their young people, all alike earnestly requesting his interest, from his personal friends also who entrusted their sons and daughters to his solicitude. The burden was immense, but he appeared to carry it easily, knowing how to utilize agencies of every sort to his purpose. He did not neglect these commissions, for he knew how much they meant to those who sent them. There were cases when all the other interests of his life were placed aside, in order that he might devote himself to one single case of need where his personal supervision and sense of responsibility had become to him the one absorbing duty of the moment.

The exacting requirements of such a pastorate, as thus far described, would seem a sufficient task for any man, quite as much as the strongest man could carry. We must recall his literary work also, costing no slight effort, surely, and the range of his philanthropic efforts and sympathies. But even with all this, we have far from exhausted the list of efforts put forth by Phillips Brooks in his beneficent work. It is in his relations with schools and colleges, and the higher institutions of learning, that we discern another and most important phase of his pastoral activity and influence. He was called upon constantly and from far and near to preach and to make addresses to young men in the centres of education, whether secular or religious. The list is a long one, and it would be wearisome to attempt it, of institutions which asked for his presence. He had his preferences, we may suppose, among the schools and colleges, but he had the gift of making it appear that each one was his special favorite and came closest to his heart. Yale University came among the first in the order of discovery of his efficiency. He went there often to lecture, at the request of President Porter. Although he had delivered a course of lectures on Preaching on the Sage Foundation in 1877, yet he was invited to deliver a second course on the same foundation in 1885. "Among all the inhabitants

of the globe," so runs the invitation, "you are our first choice; if you cannot write lectures, bring any of your old sermons." To Cornell University he went as early as 1875, initiating an annual course of sermons to become a fixed feature of the institution, of which President White says to him: "I do not suppose that any college chapel ever before exhibited, Sunday after Sunday, so many attractive faces. The new organ in the chapel is one of the tangible monuments of your success here."

The Institute of Technology in Boston was certainly one of the institutions whose well-being he cherished deeply, and so often was he there on representative occasions that he seemed to be in some official relationship. He went often to Williams College at the request of President Carter, who writes to him in 1882, "I have long felt that your influence as a preacher of the manliness of Christ ought not to be confined to the young men of Boston." In 1884 he was elected president of the Harvard Alumni Association. He was invited to the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1885, where the President of the United States was to be present, the governor of the state, the various medical faculties, and representatives of philanthropic institutions, when from every point of view the occasion would be one of mark. The invitation to make the address was very urgent, "the wish to have you is unanimous." In 1886 Dr. McCosh invited him to Princeton to give the address on Graduates' Day. He went to Washington and Lee University in Virginia in 1888. He was asked to give a course of lectures before the students of Johns Hopkins University in 1890: "You, better than any one else that we can think of, can reach the minds of those who will be here assembled." In the same year he had two other similar invitations, one to give the Baldwin Lectures, at Ann Arbor, where he was assured of "a throng of students;" and another to the Ohio Wesleyan University, where a new lecture foundation had just been established by ex-President Herrick, who had named Phillips Brooks as his first choice.

He was one of the trustees of Groton School, of which Rev.

Endicott Peabody was head master, having taken the deepest interest in the inception of the school, and visiting it often, not only in his official capacity, but as a friend of the boys, who felt that in some peculiar way he belonged to them. In 1887 he wrote the Groton School Hymn, which ever since has been sung on the greater days in the school life.

Theological seminaries seemed to be placed under his special charge, always standing open to him with a peculiar welcome. This was true of Andover and of Cambridge, and appears to have been more emphatically true of the Methodist Divinity School connected with Boston University, where he made his influence felt for twenty years upon every class going forth from its walls.

His interest in young men while in college, says Bishop Lawrence, surpassed the interest he felt in them after they had entered upon their course of professional study. So long as there was the open possibility his interest was at the height, for his imagination was touched at the prospect. In his conversation with young men he was remarkably frank, drawing out their best as he gave of his best in return. He would reveal his inmost experience, or relate his history, placing the accumulated wealth of his inner life at their disposal. In the reports of conversations with them, of which there are many, we see almost a different man, so fully does he speak of himself, and unbosom his deepest, most sacred hopes and aspirations.

But the story of the relation of Phillips Brooks to young men must be supplemented with the record of his relations to young women to whom the college had thrown open similar opportunities. The relation was as influential as with young men. Thus he was elected as an honorary member of the class of 1889 at Wellesley College, of the class of 1890 at Mt. Holyoke College, and of the class of 1891 at Wheaton Seminary. One of the members of the class of 1889 at Wellesley writes: —

> His association with the class was highly prized by all of us, and none but members of '89 can know what inspiration his connection with us was. We were privileged to know something of

the tender thoughtfulness and eager sympathy with which he could enter into our plans and pleasures. We shall never forget the fine courtesy with which he wore the tassel of his Oxford cap on the B. A. side on our Senior Tree Day because he belonged to '89. The eagerness with which he demanded a class pin, and the faithfulness with which he wore it on subsequent visits to the college, the glee with which he shouldered our poor dead class tree and bore it away that we might have our picture taken with it, — these and many more instances are cherished by us.

When we first asked him to be an honorary member of our class, and he had actually said that he would be, we were inclined to be a little shy, for we had been told that "he was very fond of boys, but did n't like girls." But the first time we met him socially, all that fear vanished, either because the hearsay was false, or because of the great-souled humanity that loved all.

There were times at Wellesley, as the students were gathered around him asking questions, when there came a strange solemnity upon him, and he was moved as he spoke. One of these times was when the talk turned upon immortality. There would be moments also when the students were loath to leave him, keeping up the talk, or the merriment it might be, until the bell rang for the chapel service. Then he would take his place and preach to the students as no one else could do.

That was a charmed circle, of which Dr. Brooks made the centre, and truly, the hearts of those girls burned within them as they talked with him. How full of questions those hours were! As if a group of college girls were the one element in which he found himself most at home, Dr. Brooks would turn from one to another of his listeners, now sportively laying claim to some class or college privilege, then joining in a hearty laugh at the difficulties in his way.

Again the conversation would take a serious turn. The heart of a new book would be laid bare, the progress of some social movement in all its vital relations to life. Perhaps the question turned on the subject of a preceding talk or sermon, and then, in a simple way, the spiritual life of each was quickened and stirred by the pure fire of the soul which touched it in an answer.

And always with the thought of Dr. Brooks will rise to mind the evening chapel hour, — a room crowded to overflowing, the swaying of that majestic form behind the desk, the full torrent of words, the breathless hush, and last of all, the heart of the listener glowing from the warm touch of Divine love through God's inspired prophet.[1]

[1] Cf. *The Wellesley Magazine*, March, 1893, for these and other reminiscences.

What Phillips Brooks was to Harvard has been made apparent to some extent in the foregoing chapters. In his relation to its students he has been compared to Dr. Arnold at Rugby. "His influence," writes a Harvard student, "was tremendous and was much needed:" —

> That intellectual paralysis and moral dry-rot which some of its wretched victims complacently style "Harvard indifference" could not endure the presence and inspiration of a man like Phillips Brooks. One of his last efforts was an appeal to educate young men to *do* something. He lamented that so many delayed entering upon the fight of life until they had passed the first flush of youthful ardor. "Do something," he adjured them, "do something, *do* something." It was his last appeal to young men.

It has often been the complaint in these later years that the Christian ministry has ceased to be an attractive profession to young men, in comparison with other callings, as instanced by the relatively small number of graduates from Harvard and other large colleges whom it enlists in its ranks. But when Phillips Brooks spoke of the ministry as a profession to Harvard students, it seemed as if no other calling could for a moment compete with it in its human attractiveness and importance. It was in 1886 that a course of lectures was projected on the different professions, each to be given by one who occupied the foremost rank, Richardson giving the lecture on architecture as a profession, and Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes on law. Phillips Brooks was to speak for the ministry. Each lecturer was to deal with the practical side of the subject, the qualifications needed, the difficulties to be surmounted, the emolument, in a word all that might be necessary to enable the student to make an intelligent choice. One who was present when Phillips Brooks talked on the ministry writes: —

> I was there in Sever 11, and it was an occasion in the life of Brooks, — a great opportunity, and he realized it. The hall was never more crowded. Students stood and sat on the window-seats; they seemed to be on each other's shoulders. He tried to be cool and philosophical, and tell them what the ministry was like, as previous speakers had told of the other professions, — he started in that way, but the mass of the young men and the

upturned faces and the subject got the better of him, till, throwing philosophy and cool statement to the winds, he broke out, "I can't come here and talk to you of the ministry as one of the professions. I must tell you that it is the noblest and most glorious calling to which a man can give himself." The torrent once loose, it did not cease till it reached the deep calm of his closing words. One was almost afraid that the whole body of young men would rise on the impulse and cry, "Here am I, send me!" That was a great speech, for its feeling and its thought.

Another lecture, "The Minister and his People," given before the students of the Divinity School, has been ever since remembered, often spoken of as one of his most characteristic and powerful speeches, and deserving a permanent place among his writings.[1] There was an amusing incident in connection with it, — his surprise and embarrassment at finding a large audience when he had expected a small one, an audience in which the women seemed to predominate.

He was a stalwart defender of Harvard against any hostile criticism which might be made on the score of religious dangers to be encountered there. To a young man asking his advice, where he should go to college, he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 28, 1887.

My dear Friend, — I am glad that you are thinking of coming to Harvard College, and hope that you will do so. I think that it was never so good a place for the life and study of a young man as it is to-day. I have known it for the last thirty-six years, and watched it closely all that time. It has improved and ripened steadily, until it may be said to-day, with no disparagement to other colleges, that nowhere can a better education be obtained than at Harvard.

There are young men there of every form of religious faith, and many who have no faith. There are scoffers, perhaps there are blasphemers. There are also earnest, noble, consecrated Christian men, and many souls seeking a light and truth which they have not yet found. You will meet in the college what you will meet in the world. You will have to choose what you will be, as you will have to choose all your life. You will find all the help which Christian friends and Christian services can give to a young man whose real reliance must be on God and his own soul. I hope that you will come and be the better and not the

[1] A full report was published in *The Christian Register*, February 28, 1884.

worse Christian for your four years' course. If you do come and I can serve you, I shall be very glad. Pray come and see me as soon as you are settled here, and let me know how the questions which are now very rightly on your mind find their solution.

I hope you will write to me again if there are any special questions which you wish to ask me, and I am, with all best wishes,

Yours most sincerely, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In 1892 he was present in New York at the annual dinner of the Harvard Club, where he was greeted when he rose to speak with prolonged applause and cheers, every one rising to his feet to do him honor. What was an unusual thing with him, he continued to talk for half an hour in a half-serious, half-jocular vein. He defended the change to voluntary prayers at Harvard: —

I trust there are colleges more religious than Harvard. It is possible. But I will say this of Harvard, — I do not know any other community in Christendom where one third of the population, without the slightest compulsion of law or public opinion, deliberately attends religious service.

The interest of Phillips Brooks in Harvard, as in other institutions with which he was connected, was not merely a philanthropic one, in some vague and general way, leading him to the utterance of fine sentiments, but it was a concrete, personal relation, where he carried the needs of many individual students. He was aiding young men with money as well as with advice, — young men with their pathetic stories and their failures, brought to him in the conviction that he could help, if any mortal could, in their restoration.

Harvard students became familiar with the sight of Phillips Brooks both in the chapel pulpit and upon the college campus. Here is a description of his appearance: —

Many a morning, after chapel, one might see President Eliot and the great divine crossing the quadrangle together, or coming down the avenue in front of Gore Hall. President Eliot is himself a tall and stalwart figure; but he was completely dwarfed by the great bulk and towering height of his companion. Clad in a voluminous ulster, with a large, broad-brimmed silk hat tipped back a little on his head, and usually with a big walking-stick under his arm, Dr. Brooks strode along in Brobdingnagian

ease, looking like a walking tower. His face in repose suggested benevolence and placidity rather than power, and irreverent college younglings used to comment wittily on his habit of keeping his mouth ajar as he walked along. He was usually wrapped in profound abstraction.

Any sketch of the characteristics or of the pastoral activity of Phillips Brooks which omitted his relation to children would indeed be deficient. He read children by the power of his imagination, but not without close experience of child life. One of the most beautiful as well as practical sermons he ever preached was on the education of children.[1] Beneath it lay the love and devotion which had gone forth from their infancy to Agnes, Gertrude, and Susan, the children of his brother William. Not only was he their frequent visitor, but he made it a rule to go to his brother's house whenever he was free on Sunday evenings. He had the children learn the poems which he liked, and preserving the tradition of his father's household, he called for their repetition, as a sacred task. He took the children with him when he went to buy the Christmas presents, enjoining them to forget all they knew about them until Christmas came. It was a rule, and a trying one for the children, that no presents were to be looked at until Uncle Phillips came to dinner on Christmas Day, after his service in church was over, in order that they might be opened in his presence and he might share in the joy. He preserved their letters, filing them in the order of their dates. When Gertrude was old enough, he made her his companion, taking her with him on his journeys or when going to Cambridge, and often insisting on her being at the rectory for breakfast. When Susan was old enough she was to share in the privilege. In these little things he was exigent, out of the abundance of his heart concentrating his affection.

To be with children seemed to give him more pleasure than anything else in life. He was much in demand for children's

[1] Cf. "The Education of Children," in the Boston *Transcript* for April 26, 1890. The text of the sermon was Luke ix. 48: "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me."

schools. There were homes for poor children where he visited regularly, going quite as much apparently for his own pleasure as for the children's profit. He is recalled on one occasion as bitterly disappointed, and showing that he was so, when he went to one of these homes in the suburbs of Boston one Sunday afternoon, expecting a good time in playing and even romping with them, to find that advantage had been taken of his coming to invite an audience of adults to meet him, whose contribution to the support of the home it was desirable to obtain. When he realized the situation he went to the window and stood there in silence, after having made his remonstrance. There were not only the children in various institutions whom he carried in his heart, but there were the children in hundreds of households where he visited, who rejoiced at his coming and claimed him as a friend. Numberless are the anecdotes which illustrate this mutual devotion and friendship. The story of Helen Keller may be recalled as a beautiful instance of the extraordinary character as well as range of his parish ministry.[1] She was entrusted to his care by her father, who was anxious that her first religious instruction should come from Phillips Brooks. The story need not be repeated here, for it has had wide circulation, how he sounded the depths of that young soul, shut out from access to the ordinary methods of acquiring knowledge, of sight and of hearing, and gave to her the idea of God. He was profoundly impressed with the remark she made after the first conversation, that she had always known there was a God, but had not before known His name. She continued to write letters to him as long as he lived, telling him about herself, her thoughts, her experiences. In one of his letters in reply he makes one of those profound remarks which put to shame the attempted philosophy of life, yet so simple that a child could understand it, and so true that it called for no evidence, "The reason why we love our friends is because God loves us."

Still another sphere into which the ministry of Phillips Brooks expanded was the number of those to be counted by the thousands who had never seen or heard him but knew

[1] Cf. *Letters of Phillips Brooks to Helen Keller*, Boston, 1893.

him by the reading of his books. To illustrate the nature and extent of this service, it would be necessary to reproduce the letters of those whose gratitude for the aid and comfort he had given demanded expression, — letters constantly coming to him, telling him, it almost seems in exaggerated strain, how he had been the means of imparting faith and hope. He needed these letters for his own encouragement; they were to him like the staying up of Moses' arms when engaged in prayer. A friend of his recalls his words: "Do not be chary of appreciation. Hearts are unconsciously hungry for it. There is little danger, especially with us in this cold New England region, that appreciation shall be given too abundantly."

The power of Phillips Brooks in the sick room was recognized as something wonderful and rare. A mysterious influence seemed to go forth from him for good, for strength and life, even when he sat down in silence by the bedside and no need was felt for words. He had a great gift for inspiriting people who were depressed or had lost heart for their work. A word from him would send them back to their tasks again, with renewed energy. What he said to a young woman tired out with the care of an invalid mother may illustrate, even without his voice and presence, how he dealt with the disheartened, "You go on taking care of your mother, and when she is gone, God will take care of you."

The letters he wrote to people in affliction, if gathered together, would form a considerable volume. He seemed to attract them, as he did the poor, the sick, the outcast, by some force which he did not consciously exercise, and yet of whose existence he was aware. He had made, as we have seen, a study of the art of consolation. It was not only by imagination that he entered into the woes of others, though imagination helped him and was alert on the slightest appeal to his sympathy, and he could not have been so successful without its aid. But he was applying the consolation to himself in the first instance, and testing on himself its power before he carried it to others. The flight of time, the departure of youth, the loss of friends, the changing world kept his mind and heart absorbed with the problem of the meaning of life,

— the purpose of God in giving or withholding or withdrawing his gifts. The strange mystery of it all was a burden he could not throw off; but amidst the complications of life one truth stood out clearly before him, — we find it in his letters of condolence as early as 1883, when he was writing to a friend on the loss of two children who died together in infancy, — and this truth he formulated as the essence and final result of his observation of life, "*God never takes away any gift which He has once given to His children.*" Out of these many letters of consolation, one is here given as a type of all: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 19, 1891.

Dear Mr. ——, I have thought much about our meeting last Sunday, and the few words we had together. May I try to tell you again where your only comfort lies? It is not in forgetting the happy past. People bring us well-meant but miserable consolation when they tell what *time* will do to help our grief. We do not want to lose our grief, because our grief is bound up with our love and we could not cease to mourn without being robbed of our affections.

But if you know, as you do know, that the great and awful change which has come into your life and wrought you such distress has brought your dear wife the joy of heaven, can you not, in the midst of all your suffering, rejoice for her?

And if, knowing that she is with God, you can be with God too, and every day claim his protection, and try to do his will, may you not still in spirit be very near to her?

She is not dead, but living, and if you are sure of what care is holding her and educating her, you can be very constantly with her in spirit, and look forward confidently to the day when you shall also go to God and be with her.

I know this does not take away your pain, — no one can do that, you do not want any one to do that, not even God; but it can help you to bear it, to be brave and cheerful, to do your duty, and to live the pure, earnest, spiritual life which she, in heaven, wishes you to live.

It is the last effort of unselfishness, the last token which you can give her of the love you bear her, that you can let her pass out of your sight to go to God.

My dear friend, she is yours forever. *God never takes away what He has once given.* May He make you worthy of her! May He comfort you and make you strong!

Your friend sincerely, Phillips Brooks.

Many were the attempts to fathom the secret of Phillips Brooks's power in the pulpit. And of them all it may be said that they were so many contributions to the solution of the problem, while yet in the last analysis the secret remained, mysterious, inexplicable. Thus was he placed in comparison with famous preachers whose reputation is cherished in the church's tradition; but no standard of judgment could be found, and in the comparison the difference stood forth more prominent than the resemblance. No one was a closer student of Phillips Brooks in the pulpit than his English friend, Professor James Bryce. After speaking of other preachers whom he had heard, — Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Candlish, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Liddon, and Henry Ward Beecher, — Mr. Bryce continues: —

> All these famous men were, in a sense, more brilliant, that is to say, more rhetorically effective, than Dr. Brooks, yet none of them seemed to speak so directly to the soul. With all of them it was impossible to forget the speaker in the words spoken, because the speaker did not seem to have quite forgotten himself, but to have studied the effect he sought to produce. With him it was otherwise. What amount of preparation he may have given to his discourses I do not know. But there was no sign of art about them, no touch of self-consciousness. He spoke to his audience as a man might speak to his friend, pouring forth with swift, yet quiet and seldom impassioned earnestness the thoughts and feelings of a singularly pure and lofty spirit. The listeners never thought of style or manner, but only of the substance of the thoughts. They were entranced and carried out of themselves by the strength and sweetness and beauty of the aspects of religious truth and its helpfulness to weak human nature which he presented. Dr. Brooks was the best because the most edifying of preachers. . . . There was a wealth of keen observation, fine reflection, and insight both subtle and imaginative, all touched with a warmth and tenderness which seemed to transfuse and irradiate the thought itself. In this blending of perfect simplicity of treatment with singular fertility and elevation of thought, no other among the famous preachers of the generation that is now vanishing approached him.[1]

Professor A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow University, the author of important books, — "The Kingdom of God," "The

[1] Cf. *The Westminster Gazette*, February 6, 1893.

Humiliation of Christ," "The Training of the Twelve," "Apologetics," etc., — a man with "strong, clear, Scotch intellect," when he was in this country delivering a course of lectures in Union Theological Seminary, took the opportunity to hear Phillips Brooks.

He came down to my house one evening [says Rev. E. W. Donald], full of enthusiasm that could not be repressed, because he had heard, on the previous Sunday, three sermons by Phillips Brooks. He had gone to the Church of the Incarnation in the morning out of a mild curiosity; had broken an engagement with a friend to hear a minister of his own church in the afternoon, that he might again hear Mr. Brooks; and he had broken still another engagement in the evening also to listen to a clergyman of his own church, that he might hear Mr. Brooks preach once more. When I asked him, "How does he compare with your great preachers in Scotland and England?" he said, with a homely and yet a very striking figure, "It is this way: our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full or half full of the Word of God, and then, by the force of personal mechanism, they attempt to convey it to the congregation. But this man is just a great water main, attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's truth and grace and love, and streams of life, by a heavenly gravitation, pour through him to refresh every weary soul."

From an article by Rev. H. G. Spaulding, entitled "The Preaching of Phillips Brooks,"[1] a few extracts are taken bearing upon his power and the secret of his strength: —

Of Phillips Brooks a brother clergyman has said, "He had but to stand up before an audience and let himself be seen, and the day was won." But that which won the day was the rare combination of qualities, — the magnificent presence, the commanding stature, the flashing eye, the sympathetic voice vibrant with emotion, the swift imagination, and the wonderful faculty of massing words till their very volume became the fit vehicle of the rushing thoughts. To all these qualities were superadded the thorough manliness, the transparent simplicity, the complete Christlikeness, of the preacher's character. The exhortation to diviner living derived its potency from the actual divineness of the life from which the message came. . . . "By common consent," as President Tucker, of Dartmouth, well says, "no one has translated so much of the Christian religion into current thought and life."

[1] Cf. *The New World*, March, 1895.

Of Phillips Brooks we may say, as was said of Plato: "Because he was also an artist, he immersed his thought in the warm atmosphere of human life, and at every stage gave it the dramatic interest of intimate human association."

In the comparison with other preachers, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Fénelon, and Tauler are mentioned: —

We miss in their works the blood-veined humanity, the spirit of sonship, and the broad and manly sympathies of Phillips Brooks. . . . These flush his eloquent periods with a fervor that Barrow altogether lacked. These make his figures of speech — many of which are as beautiful as any that Jeremy Taylor used — resemble flowers freshly plucked, glittering with the yet unwasted dew, and clothe his mysticism with a lifelikeness and reality for want of which the discourses of the earlier mystics seem but pallid ghosts and empty semblances of truth.

The late Rev. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, himself an eminent preacher, enumerates the gifts of Phillips Brooks which constituted his power: —

Thus there was in him a majesty and strength of spirit, as of person, which all had to recognize, and were glad to recognize; but with this was the utmost, loveliest gentleness and tenderness which made a sunshine in the shadiest places, among the humblest families whom he visited. There was that unsurpassed affluence of nature and of culture, but with it there was the beautiful simplicity of spirit, as of the vital air, as of the sunshine which irradiates and bathes the earth, — a simplicity as childlike as one ever saw in a human soul. There was his utter devotion to the highest ideals of duty and of truth, and his keenest apprehension of the beauty and authority of these ideals; and yet there was with this the most sympathetic interest, habitual and spontaneous, in humble persons, and in the common affairs of life, his own or others. There was that marvellous eloquence, yet consecrated always, in its utmost reach and rush, to the service of the Master, to the giving of the message which the Master had given him for the souls of men. And with all the self-respecting consciousness which he could not but possess, and with all the admiration and love and honor which have surrounded him as almost no other of his time, there was that marvellous modesty, which shrank from anything of self-assertion or assumption over others, and which showed to the last no more of either of these than when he had been a boy in school, or a freshman in college. It was this com-

bination of qualities, interblending with each other, representing the golden hemispheres of the perfect globe, which gave a something unique and mystical to the spirit of Phillips Brooks.

The Rev. J. R. Day, a distinguished Methodist clergyman, was impressed by the universal sympathy of Phillips Brooks, his power to enter into the lives of men of every class, and make them his own: —

> Marvellously did he bring out of that wonderful gospel teachings which appeal to the profound and the learned, and plain lessons which also help the unlettered; so that the deep-thinking were introduced to the profoundest philosophy, and the hurried man felt that somehow the hour and the lesson were for him, and that he could go out and work noble manhood out of the commonest callings of life. The scholar said, "He is of us," and the unlettered said, "He is of us." The poor said, "He is of us," and the rich said, "He is of us." To the young he was full of mirth and buoyancy; to the troubled he was a man deeply acquainted with grief. All men, of all classes and conditions, claimed him, because in his magnificent heart and sympathy he seemed to be all men, and to enter into their disappointments and into their successes, and to make them his own. This was rare genius. This was large capacity.

Others who were studying Phillips Brooks found his power to lie in the essential nature of what is called genius, and carried the examination no further. He had "the genius for religion and for preaching." He was to the pulpit what great poets are who have given the highest and fullest expression to life. Bishop Clark took the boldest comparison, calling him "the Shakespeare of the pulpit." In the preaching of Phillips Brooks there was, as with Shakespeare, the absence of personal peculiarities.

> If he is nearly as impersonal as Shakespeare [says Rev. H. G. Spaulding], it is because, when he preaches, he becomes almost as completely the voice of the spirit as Shakespeare is the voice of nature. He draws his illustrations not from his religious autobiography, but from the spiritual biography of the race.

In an admirable study of Phillips Brooks as a preacher, by the late Professor Everett, of Harvard, the same comparison is employed and expanded: —

We have, then, to recognize that Phillips Brooks was a man of genius. He was as truly such as any of our great poets. It is not important, nor, indeed, would it be possible, to make a comparative estimate of his genius with that of any specified poet or artist. All that is to our purpose is to notice the fact of his wonderful genius, and to illustrate, as may be possible, its nature and its methods. The genius that Phillips Brooks possessed was that of the preacher as truly as that of Longfellow or of Tennyson was that of the poet. I cannot say under what other forms this genius might have manifested itself. What was actually displayed in his life was the genius of the preacher. Some preachers do helpful service by their reasoning. Some inspire by the power of their imagination. There are comparatively few in whom the special genius which marks the truest preacher as such makes itself felt. This genius was preëminently the gift of Phillips Brooks.

The genius of the preacher, I need hardly say, consists in the power of so uttering spiritual truth that it shall be effective in influencing the hearts of men. This implies a profound insight into religious truth, — an insight that shall reveal implications and applications of which the ordinary mind is not conscious. It implies also a gift for the presentation of what is thus beheld in an attractive and effective form. It is thus a genius of expression, which is something very different from a genius for expressions. Shakespeare had a genius for expressing the passions of the human heart. This implied an insight into the depths of human life, a power of creation by which what he perceived was embodied in living forms, and a power of presentation by which these forms that lived for him should live also for the world.[1]

There was one characteristic of Phillips Brooks regarding which the verdict was unanimous, — his power of excitation over an audience. How it was done no one could explain. Yet it was clearly enough apparent that, in preaching, he was making some mighty effort of the will to lift his hearers to his own high altitude, even while he resorted to no sensational efforts, and seemed to trust entirely to the power of the spoken word of truth. He knew that he had the power; he knew that he could exert it with success, though now and then he admitted failure. But while he could arouse the inner mood of a congregation to the highest pitch of excite-

[1] Cf. *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, April, 1893, p. 339.

ment, yet also his appeal was not to the sensuous emotion. It was no luxury to hear him preach, but it strained the tension of the hearer beyond any other experience of the art of oratory. He went beneath the feelings and moved the mysterious centre of one's being. He played upon the will like some subtle, accomplished musician. The remark of an English bishop, Rt. Rev. James Frazer, of Manchester, was the universal comment, "He makes one feel so strong."

He rose in his first few sentences [says Mr. Bryce] like a strong-winged bird, into a serene atmosphere of meditation, stilling and thrilling the crowd that filled the chapel like a strain of solemn music. Few have possessed in equal measure the power of touching what is best in men, and lifting them suddenly by sympathetic words to the elevation of high-strung feeling and purpose which they cannot reach of themselves, save under some wave of emotion due to some personal crisis in life.

It was in the afternoon sermons at Trinity Church that Phillips Brooks was at his greatest.

These were the times [says Mr. Robert Treat Paine] when the glory of his preaching culminated. In words blazing with fire, or melted in exquisite tenderness, or radiant with hope, and changing quickly from one emotion to another, often with his head thrown back and eyes on high as piercing through the veil, his great figure would rise and dilate to its utmost majesty, as he threw his arms wide open with that mighty gesture of loving invitation, and then his face would melt into that angel smile of tenderness, never seen by some of us on any other mortal face.

A lady once heard him in the afternoon at Trinity, and when asked about the sermon, remarked that it was not so good as some she had heard from him, but that she carried away from it one impression, — his deep, overpowering love for his congregation. On hearing this, he was affected to tears, and remarked that he would rather that should be said of him than anything else.

We have the description of one of these afternoon services by Phillips Brooks himself: —

I always remember one special afternoon years ago, when the light faded from the room where I was preaching, and the faces melted together into a unit, as of one impressive, pleading man, and I felt them listening when I could hardly see them. I

remember this accidental day as one of the times when the sense of the privilege of having to do with people as their preacher came out almost overpoweringly.[1]

It may have been this same day, but it was not an "accidental day," when Mr. Horace E. Scudder was present, witnessing from the pew what Mr. Brooks experienced in the pulpit: —

The solitary pulpit light became the sole illumination of the church. Its whole flame was cast upon the red cushion and the side of Mr. Brooks's half figure and face. There was a glow of color upon the speaker's enkindled visage. All the church was dark. I could see a head here and there in the murkiness, but that intense light glowed more and more intensely. The darkness deepened the stillness, and the voice of the preacher, growing more fervid and passionate, came full and strong from that central glory in the gloom. It was the apotheosis of the pulpit.[2]

Phillips Brooks would occasionally make a remark in conversation which told more about himself than others could tell. Thus he said to his friend, Mr. Deland, who treasured the words in his memory as full of meaning, "I say many things in the afternoon which I should never think of saying in the morning."

In this incomplete sketch of the characteristics of Phillips Brooks, one feature of the man is left to be described in his own language, with this brief word of preface, that from his youth he had kept himself in close association with the lives of great men. The following extract is from his note-book, as he was preparing to speak in Trinity Church on Washington's Birthday, which in 1891 fell on Sunday. He took for his text, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister:" —

It is the day of a great man to-day. This kind of festival nobler than the festival of an event. The latter is the presence of God's power, the former a presence of God himself. Great men are the treasures and inspirations of the nation. Let us think this morning of Great Men!

The vague yet certain process of their discrimination. Let us

[1] *Lectures on Preaching*, p. 83.

[2] Cf. *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1877.

admire the human instinct! No one can tell why this or that one stands out, but *he does*. The others fade away. Luther, Cromwell, Washington: the estimates vary, but the conclusion is clear. The sense of accident and circumstance comes in; the "mute, inglorious Milton" theory; the subtle proof that the other man is greater. Yet still the element of timeliness to be regarded. There are men who are out of time; the need of getting a little distance off to see the prominence of some, to catch up with others. But the few great men stand. Others sometimes added, but almost never is one extinguished. Position cannot make or disguise.

The question whether they are different in *kind* or in *degree* from other men. Both. *Difference of degree becomes difference in kind.* It is an affair of proportion of the elements of life. The simplicity of greatness; more elemental, more free, holding larger conditions in harmony. Comparison of a great city; how different its life! So of a great man.

While greatness is ordinarily associated with prominence, we recognize its quality often in obscurity. There we see a person who has these two conditions: (1) He is at once exceptional and representative. He is unlike other men, and at the same time makes a revelation of them. Thus he haunts and fascinates. The moral and mental united. (2) He is not a mere expert, but a man; great, not in some special skill, but as a being.

But enough of the effort to define greatness. We all know it. The real question whence it comes. Once great men were looked upon like meteors dropped out of the sky: now as if they grew out of the ground, expressing its fertility. The significance of the change. The greatest men make greatness possible to all. In a mysterious way it is we who did these things. Vicariousness. Personality is universal. Shall there come a time of high average with no great men? Surely not. They shall always be.

Great men of the future. The world shall choose them better. They shall better know their places. Great men have not found their place, though they are always feeling after it. It is service. The conceit and jealousy of dignity must pass away. Who is greatest? He that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? Christ's appeal.

Cultivate reverence for Greatness. Teach it to your children. Cultivate perception of it. The double blessing of pattern and power.

CHAPTER XXIV

1891

LENT AT TRINITY CHURCH. NOON LECTURES AT ST. PAUL'S. ELECTION TO THE EPISCOPATE. THE CONTROVERSY FOLLOWING THE ELECTION. EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE

THE last of the Lenten ministrations of Phillips Brooks was the most impressive of all. If he had known that it was the last Lent he was to keep at Trinity, he could not have better expressed the mood appropriate to such a moment. The change in his appearance, indicated in one of his photographs, where humility of spirit and a brooding tenderness and solicitude look out from his dark and somewhat saddened eyes, corresponds with a certain indescribable quality, which pervaded all his utterances. A brief allusion to some of these Lenten addresses will be sufficient.

The subjects of the lectures to the Bible class on Saturday evenings were the larger words of Scripture and of life, Creation, Preservation, Inspiration, Incarnation, Redemption, Sanctification, Resurrection. On Friday afternoons he commented on the Te Deum, bringing out the sublime meaning of the church's greatest hymn till the grandeur, and at the same time the deeper truth of the poetic interpretation of life, was felt by all who listened. On Wednesday evenings his subjects were personal utterances of Christ, which expressed the essential meaning of life. Thus he took up the words, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

With these words of Christ he associated the utterances of

great men in Scripture: the words of David, "All thy works praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints give thanks unto Thee." "The only real praise is the extension of the glory of a thing. Obedience is praise."

For the distinctive words of St. Paul he took the passage in Romans v. 10, 11: "For if when we were *enemies* we were *reconciled* unto God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled we shall be *saved* by His life. And not only so, but we also *joy* in God through our Lord Jesus Christ by whom we have received the *Atonement*."

These were representative words of John the Baptist, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

The inevitable sadness of such words, and yet an element of gladness in them. There must be both, because they are great life-words. Sadness and gladness in all life. There is here the relief of pressure, which, however the pressure has been rejoiced in, is welcome. Another takes the burden.

This word of Moses is different from the words of Jesus, of Paul, John, or David: "And he said unto him, If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

It has the strange *Covenant* figure in it. It makes terms with God, but it is the full tone of the Old Testament which craves God's presence. It is manly and vigorous. If it sins it will face its sin in the full light. Life shall mean its fullest.

The Lenten sermons, like the addresses, dealt profoundly with the consciousness of sin. On Ash Wednesday, the text was, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" on Good Friday the text was this: "And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Blood is life. But, as always used, it is *given* life, — life made manifest in being given. The mystery of blood, even seen in these veins. It is freely shed that another may have the life I have. And life is cleansing. There is no other cleansing than that which comes by life. The flowing stream grows pure.

Serious and solemn, searching to the last degree, were these Lenten addresses, but never depressing, and every Friday afternoon came the elevating, inspiring tones of

the comments on the Te Deum. On Fast Day (April 2) the duty was urged of mingling praise and hope with penitence. "They cannot stand alone, they make one man."

The sense of evil in life does not *deny* but *implies* the noblest capacities in man. It is because he is great and strong that he is wretched. All satire must keep sight of man's greatness. This, then, is the order: a glow of man's greatness, a chafing at man's failure, and then a sweep towards man's possibility.

On Easter Day this was the text: "That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death."

He was born that he might die. The old sad story. Can anything be sadder? So we talk to each other in our darkest moods. But the glory of Jesus is that He takes our old despairing speeches and makes them glow. The dirge becomes a pæan. "I am born that I may die," becomes a cry of victory.

In the course of this Lenten season he made an address every Monday at twelve o'clock in St. Paul's Church on Tremont Street. A placard affixed to the gate of the church, announcing that the services were "For Men Only," kept the women away, and the men took possession. Those lectures were a new revelation of the power of Phillips Brooks to the men of Boston, and its suburbs. They are still talked about when people are recalling his memory. He was at his greatest when preaching to men, young men, but men also of every age and calling. He could by his imagination take the outlook upon life of the average man, and using that as his leverage he addressed them with a tremendous power, such as they had not dreamed of as in the possession of any man. In Boston, as in New York, it was the man whose spirit was stirred within him as he thought of the danger of lost opportunities. He had once written — it was in his "Lectures on Preaching" — that "the thought of rescue has monopolized our religion and often crowded out the thought of culture." But he would not have written that sentence now. Every man had his opportunity to develop himself to the utmost as God meant him to be. To rouse men to the danger of losing that opportunity was his motive; to bring them to the recognition of their possibilities, all this was "rescue work." He

did not preach the penalties of hell as the alternative, but he made men feel the alternative to be a loss unspeakably sad and fearful. This is a report from one of the daily newspapers which will apply alike to each one of those memorable services: —

It was a large and thoroughly interested audience that confronted the Rev. Phillips Brooks in St. Paul's Church to-day at noon. All the seats were early filled, and the aisles were occupied with eager listeners to the eloquent words that fell with marvellous rapidity from the lips of Boston's great pulpit orator. The men who thronged the church, — for it was an exclusively male audience; the ungallant placard outside, "For Men Only," effectually keeping away the gentler sex, — the men were evidently from the business walks of life, little accustomed to giving the best hours of the day to religious services, and the preacher's remarks were addressed to just that class. Nor were they apparently accustomed to such a torrent of words driven home with the power and fervor of a man thoroughly in earnest. Many seemed almost bewildered and dazed at what must have appeared to be directed at themselves as individuals, while others watched the speaker with eyes of expectancy, wondering what would come next. All were swept along, forgetful of their surroundings, by the grandeur of his presence, the impressive sweep of his hand, and the tremendous power of his utterance. At times he would straighten himself up, throw back his head, and in the most dramatic manner picture the terrible consequences of sin, appealing to his hearers, if they had no concern for themselves, to think of those who might be looking to them as examples. Then their gaze would be fixed upon him as though magnetized, and the intensity of their faces would be almost startling.

The addresses of Phillips Brooks during Lent at St. Paul's had aroused so much attention that the secular newspapers in Boston made the effort to report them in full. The "Churchman," of New York, also sent its special reporter, assuming that it might have the same privilege as the secular press. There were various reasons why Mr. Brooks should object to the publication of these reports. He had learned by sore experience that what he said was one thing, what others thought he meant might be quite a different thing. Each one understood him according to personal presupposi-

tions with which he might or might not be in sympathy. The refinement and subtlety of his mind, working in conjunction with his large spiritual sympathies, removed him far from the conventionalities and commonplaces of religious utterance, and yet these were employed almost of necessity in making a report for others of what he had said. The case was a difficult one. He not only had no time to spend in revising his addresses for publication, but such a task would have been very distasteful. It hampered him in the freedom of the pulpit to know that reporters were present who were not sure to represent his thought. For these reasons he was moved to make another vigorous protest: —

March 21, 1891.

EDITOR OF THE "CHURCHMAN," — I wish it to be distinctly known, and I beg you to state in your paper, that the publication of the addresses which I have delivered in Boston has been made by you without any revision of your reports by me, and against my wish distinctly and repeatedly expressed.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There was an event connected with this season of Lent which it is important to chronicle, — a union service, held on the evening of Good Friday, at the Old South Church. Mr. Brooks had contemplated such a service in the year 1890, but for some reason the plan was postponed. In this year, when the plan was again proposed, he acquiesced, suggesting that the names of those to be invited should represent the churches in the immediate vicinity of Copley Square, — Rev. Samuel Herrick (Congregational), Rev. Brooke Herford (Unitarian), Rev. Leighton Parks (Episcopal), Rev. P. S. Moxom (Baptist), together with the pastor of the Old South Church, Rev. George A. Gordon. Mr. Moxom was unable to be present, but, with this exception, the above-mentioned clergymen united with Phillips Brooks in a service to commemorate the death of the Saviour of the world.

The following interesting letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine in Europe will serve to continue the narration for the earlier months of the year: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, March 26, 1891.

My dear Bob, — Don't you want to hear a word from me at Easter time? To-morrow is Good Friday, and this week is slipping away as you have so often seen it go. And Sunday will be Easter Day, with all its strange uplifting and exhilaration. It has been a long, hard spring, with much of sickness and distress. In the middle of Lent [March 9] died Bishop Paddock, after a long winter of bitter suffering and patient resignation. It has been good to see how cordially every one has recognized the goodness which was in him, and how the praise of *faithfulness* has come at once to everybody's lips. He did try to do his duty, and he wore himself out in doing it, and he will be remembered gratefully. There is not much talk yet about his successor, but the Convention meets about five weeks from now, and then he must be chosen. I have no idea who he will be, perhaps William Huntington, perhaps William Lawrence. Then one day this week I buried Mrs. William Lyman, who died suddenly. I remember the old days in Philadelphia, when we lived in the same boarding-house, and the world looked very large ahead. It looks large still, but the going on of one after another whom one has been accustomed to see reminds us all the while that we shall not see the drama of the world played out, and that the end of our share in it all cannot be very far away. I suppose that it is some impression of this kind that has worked our good old class up to the desire to see more of itself, and has led Tileston and Willard and Jim Reed to arrange that we should dine together once a month at Parker's. It has been twice that we have done it now; on the first occasion there were twenty of us there, and on the second occasion fourteen. Sanborn did most of the talking. Barlow was present the last time, and did his share. There is some wonder about how long the thing will last. I think it will probably settle into a semi-annual dinner, or something of that sort. But at any rate it shows how young we are, and how fresh still are the bright days of our youth. I saw Edith and John the other day, — dined with them in the old room where I used to dine with you. The children had disappeared for the night, but I had a delightful evening with their parents, and heard the last news from Rome as it was seen through Ethel's bright eyes. By this time you are deep in Italy, and must be much delighted in it. Do all you can to improve the temper and habits of the fiery folk, and if they will not promise to behave themselves keep them at home, and do not let them come to murder and be murdered at New Orleans. . . . In other things Trinity Church is much the same as always. Only

our music goes to pieces at Easter. Mr. Parker has resigned, and the choir goes out with him, so that the western end of the church is all to be supplied anew. And Heaven knows what may come to us! If ever anybody was a baby in matters where he ought to be a man, 't is I! . . . P. B.

On the Sunday after Bishop Paddock died, Phillips Brooks preached a memorial sermon at Trinity Church: "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." With these words for his text, he drew the portrait of the deceased bishop, narrating the simple facts of his life, the excitement at his election, his previous good repute, especially his generous attitude shown by his speech at General Convention when party spirit was running high. "He came here a stranger in these parts. Bass, Parker, Griswold, and Eastburn were his predecessors. This patient, faithful person differed from all. He was not so much a leader as the creator of conditions of advance. These were some of his characteristics:" —

His *simplicity*. Nothing could be further from the old mighty prelate. His domestic life. His personal unobtrusiveness. His absolute Americanism. His genuine goodness.

His absolute *faithfulness;* patience in details. Minute care was his delight. But it was unsparing. It haunted all his work.

His *fairness*. He was *just*, trying to give everybody his rights; not stepping beyond his powers.

This was the secret and power of his *tolerance*. It was not so much sympathy as respect for right.

And here came in his *wisdom*. It was the desire to do right. His personal advice. His preaching. You know his sermons: no restlessness of intellect, no seeking for conceits; a clear, fixed path, with clear, fixed use of it to the glory of God.

This brings us to his simple *piety*. Directness of that; constant refinement of life. The soberness of it. What it has opened to now. The testimony which he bore to a great city: to his clergy a faithful friend; to the Church a solid life to build on; to the world a pressure against evil.

The nomination of Phillips Brooks for the vacant episcopate was immediate and spontaneous. But it differed from

the ordinary nomination in that it came first from the people. The friends of Mr. Brooks, those who stood in closest relation to him, had no part or lot in the original suggestion, or its furtherance. To this remark there is one exception, — this letter sent to him as soon as the vacancy was known: —

My dear Brooks, — A very serious word this time, and no answer required.

Just think of what you are doing! Just think of your amazing, overpowering, ever growing, ever widening influence! Such a gift, so Heaven sent, and so discouraging to those of us who have only the fractional part of a talent to spend for the Master! You must leave yourself in your friends' hands now about this vacant diocese, and not seek to anticipate Providence, or to set it aside, as if it did not know what was best. "It shall be given to those of whom it is prepared by my Father." Leadership is prepared: to sit on the throne is not ours to give or to refuse. Heed this lesson and just be silent for a little space.

Your old friend

———.

From the time that Bishop Paddock died there was frequent reference in the Boston newspapers to Phillips Brooks as the most fitting candidate for the vacant office. Two of the leading papers, the "Advertiser" and the "Herald," advocated his election. The diocesan convention did not meet until April 29, and in the intervening weeks there were constant communications from those who were interested, the tenor of which varied: some maintaining that he would not accept the office, others that it would not be right to take him from Trinity Church, where his influence was already greater than it would be in the episcopate; and there were those who thought that he lacked the executive capacity needed for the administration of a large diocese. But now also began to be heard insinuations that he was not loyal to the Episcopal Church, that he did not believe its doctrines, that he rejected the miraculous element in creeds and Scripture, and that at heart he was a Unitarian. The prevailing opinion grew rapidly stronger that he was the natural candidate, and among those who knew him the insinuation against

his honor and his honesty was met with indignant denial. But during these weeks there was no such process as "electioneering" in his behalf. His friends had agreed not to mention the matter to him until the spontaneous movement in his favor should have gained momentum. So many letters, however, were published opposing his election on the assumption that he would not accept the office, that his friends felt it necessary to get from him an authoritative statement.

On April 2 [writes one who stood closest to him], a few weeks before the meeting of the diocesan convention, it was my privilege to learn his views in a conversation which he himself opened by saying: "Why have none of you spoken to me about the Bishopric? The newspapers are full of it; why are all my friends so silent?" I replied that it was because in our ignorance of his wishes, we thought it wiser to allow the matter to come before him for his decision when he should be elected, as we hoped he would be by a large majority. He answered, "Why should I decline? Who would not accept such a great opportunity for usefulness, such an enlargement of his ministry?" At my request he then authorized all who desired his election to say that he would accept the office if offered to him. This, I think, was the first time that he had an opportunity for making such a statement. On April 5 the Boston "Transcript" published a letter of mine, in which some absurd objections to his election were met, and which closed with these words: "Those of Dr. Brooks's friends who now know his views on the matter feel certain that he will accept the office of Bishop if elected to it, not because he seeks its honors, but because his loyalty to the diocese will not permit him to refuse its call to so enlarged an opportunity for serving Christ and the Church."

The Boston "Transcript," which had hitherto opposed the movement on the ground that it would be "unwise to take him out of his present commanding position, and make him simply a public functionary," now advocated his election: —

The position which he holds at Trinity Church is unique, and the feeling which we have expressed respecting his giving up the rectorship of Trinity is deep and strong, and is almost universal in this community. But if Dr. Brooks thinks that the Episcopal office will not restrain him in his work, and the people of Trinity

are willing to give him up, we are free to say that he will carry into the office of a bishop important qualities which are too often lacking in our American bishops. . . . If Phillips Brooks is elevated to this position, we shall certainly have a leader in the Episcopal Church who is not more in union with his own people than he is in touch with other Christian families, and who is in sympathy with the whole range of our public life. . . . What is needed in this community, if the Episcopal Church is to become thoroughly assimilated to our New England life, is that somebody shall lift up the Episcopal office, so that if there is any virtue in a bishop, our citizens may be able to discover it. . . . We are not, of course, in the counsels of churchmen, nor practically concerned with questions of high or broad church, and we have no right to go further than the friendly discussion of the matter; but we are ready to agree that the election of Dr. Brooks, although as we have said a certain loss to the general community and a certain sacrifice for himself, would be the means of putting the Episcopal Church in a more favorable and influential position than it has hitherto occupied in New England; and that as a matter of large-minded policy and Christian statesmanship his election ought to be favored by all churchmen, no matter what their special opinions may be.

There is evident in the foregoing extract that sense of public proprietorship in Phillips Brooks which had appeared so strongly when he was called to Harvard, and had only increased with the years that had since elapsed. This feeling was apparent in editorial remarks in the "Advertiser" and the "Herald," and was rapidly extending outside of New England. There were some in the Episcopal Church who resented it as an intrusion, as though outside influences were brought to bear upon a question which it concerned only the Episcopal Church to determine. But it was natural, it was spontaneous and inevitable. It was the case of a man whom no ecclesiastical body could appropriate as exclusively its own. As Phillips Brooks had risen above denominational and religious barriers, by the force of his religious genius, so, too, had he transcended the barriers which separate church and state, until they seemed to flow together in one organic life, as in the days of the ancient theocracy in New England, when every Christian man was a

freeman, and entitled to be heard on questions of the common weal. The world within or without the church was recognizing the time of its visitation. It was wisdom to accept the situation. So it was, then, that the secular press seemed to have become religious, the gulf between the secular and the religious was bridged. If one now wished to address the religious world, it could be done most effectively by the secular newspaper. This became more apparent in the weeks that followed.

The diocesan convention met on the 29th of April, and on the following day Phillips Brooks was elected bishop on the first ballot by a large majority of the clergy and a still larger majority of the laity. It was a personal election, where party lines ceased to be closely drawn. There were those who voted for him who were not in sympathy with his ecclesiastical attitude, and others voted against him, who were at one with his purpose, but did not wish that he should be taken from Trinity Church, where his fame had been won. But however it was, the enthusiasm over the election was unbounded. If the vote had been taken again, it would have been well-nigh unanimous, for many of those who had voted adversely were rejoiced at the result. It was a strange scene. Dr. Brooks was not present at the convention, remaining at home in the house on Clarendon Street. As soon as the result of the election was known, there was a rush from the hall where the convention was sitting, an eager rivalry to be the first in conveying to him congratulations. He is remembered as he stood in his study to receive those who came, sharing somewhat in the excitement, it must have been, yet not showing it, tenderness inexhaustible written in his face, the large eyes filled with emotion, and not without a plaintive sadness, with a welcome extended to all alike, knowing no discrimination, a prophecy of the bishop he was to be. It seemed as if the convention had transferred itself to the rectory of Trinity Church, there were so many who wished him well.

The rejoicing in the land was so deep, so widespread, so universal, that the occasion seemed like some high festival whose octave was prolonged in order that the full harvest of

congratulations might be gathered in. The multitude of his friends wrote to him, and their name was legion, expressing their joy. All took it for granted that the event meant the expansion of his influence to imperial proportions. It was assumed that the great day of Christian unity was to be ushered in by the enlargement of his power. It was "a perfect storm of congratulations," said one who was watching the scene. There had been other events in the life of Phillips Brooks which had called out the popular applause, but this excelled them all. It was a day of personal rejoicing, as though each individual friend or admirer had been honored in the honor which had come to him. There was a strange disclosure here of his hold upon human souls, as well as upon the community at large.

We may look for a moment at a few of the more representative expressions of the moment. They are a handful selected from a thousand similar ones. "I have just heard the glorious news of your election." "It is one of the most encouraging events that has happened in the church for years." "I cannot but feel," wrote one of his early parishioners in the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, "a sort of reflected honor on our own little Advent, and my heart is full of eager joy." They recalled also at the Church of the Advent, where the first discovery of his power had been made, that one of the vestry had prophesied that he would be a bishop. From a friend in Philadelphia came these words: —

> The gratification felt here over your election is unparalleled. I never saw anything like it. And those who knew you best have no words to express their joy. All our newspapers have had editorials on your election.

The colored people, who had never ceased to remember his interest in their behalf, spoke through one of their representatives: "The negroes of the South rejoice with me in wishing you joy." A citizen of Boston who knew the city well writes: "Beautiful thoughts are thought of you in Boston, glorious things are said of you, and the noblest expectations cherished." "Since your election my heart has been singing

the 'Nunc Dimittis' and the 'Benedictus.'" Those who differed from him theologically told him of the benefit they had received, how "his words had been good and true and wise."

Into the great flood of congratulations there poured the streams from tributaries so numerous that all cannot be mentioned. Some of the letters from the bishops who congratulated him, and it was relatively a large number of them who hastened to express their gratification, recognize the unique element in the situation: "No bishop of the American Church was ever called to his high office with such acclaim." Heads of universities and colleges, the most important and representative, wrote as if they were included in the universal benediction. Resolutions were sent from the students of theological seminaries of every name, from the institutions of learning with which he had been connected. The friends of early years and of later took advantage of their privilege. If we attempt to generalize on this amazing display of personal devotion, it might be said that all were inspired by a feeling that the moment had come when those who recognized his work, whether they knew him or not, had the right for once to speak, and express their deepest feeling to Phillips Brooks.

There was abundant recognition from his own household of faith, vastly more than he could have imagined was possible. But what came to him from the most representative men in other religious communions was significant and impressive. A distinguished Congregational clergyman wrote: "The event means a great deal for all our churches;" and another reminded him of the many thousands whom he did not know, who were praying for him, and asking for him "life and health in order to do some great work." A prominent layman of the Congregational Church wrote:—

I want to add my voice to the general *Laus Deo, Deus vobiscum.* I am so thankful you are elected bishop, not of Massachusetts, but of the Church Universal. All of us who share in your scholarly liberality, of all denominations, will call you *our*

bishop. May God make you Bishop of all souls, and may all humble and good men love and honor you more and more!

A representative Methodist clergyman writes to him, "I am now ready to intone 'Te Deum Laudamus.'" An eminent lawyer, Unitarian in his religious faith writes: "It is, indeed, a fine thing when a great body of Christians puts at its head one whom all Christians will gladly follow." A Universalist divine and prominent educator: —

> I do not so much rejoice in the immense forward movement that Episcopalianism has made in your election, though I trust I am broad enough *not* to be indifferent to that, as I do in the gain that has come, and that is sure to come more and more, to our common Christianity? In this feeling I know that I voice the general sentiment of clergy and laity alike of the entire Universalist Church.

To the letters must be added the well-nigh universal tribute from the newspapers throughout the country. The editorial tone is one of rejoicing because in some way he will now be a "universal bishop." We get here a strange light upon the process by which in the ancient church the claims of a bishop, whether of Constantinople or of Rome, to universal supremacy found an echo in the popular heart. There was some vast mysterious yearning in the soul of the common humanity for leadership, and this instinct had fastened upon Phillips Brooks as adequate to the demand. These are the words of the Boston "Daily Advertiser," but they were representative words of the American press: —

> The election of Bishop Brooks means, first of all, a new inspiration in every parish in the State. Next, it means an upward and onward movement in living faith throughout the length and breadth of the land. It means that people of all religions and of no religion, within the boundaries of this diocese, will especially share in the blessings of this glad event, the former as feeling an influence too large for narrow limits, the latter as persuasively drawn by golden cords of eloquence and example toward better things than they have known. The election of Bishop Brooks means that there is to be not only a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, but, in some genuine and complete sense, a Bishop of Massachusetts.

The late James Russell Lowell gave brief but emphatic utterance to the same feeling: —

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, May 1, 1891.

DEAR DOCTOR BROOKS, — Though I do not belong to the flock which will be guided with your crook, I cannot help writing a line to say how proud I am of *our* bishop.

Faithfully yours, J. R. LOWELL.

The vote of Trinity Church had been cast by Mr. Martin Brimmer, representing the delegation in the convention, who also wrote to Dr. Brooks on the day of the election: —

It fell to me this morning to put into the ballot box the vote of Trinity Church for you as Bishop. I am sure that in doing this I represented the feeling of the Parish, — the feeling, on the one hand, of deep regret that your election must sever, not, we hope, all connection between you and Trinity, but certainly the close and continuous connection which has been of such unspeakable value to all of us; the feeling, on the other hand, that this regret must give way before the assurance that you are now to move forward into a service which those qualified to judge deem more important as well as of wider range. . . . I think your parishioners fully recognize the great significance and value of this act of the diocese to the whole Church in America.

This letter may be taken as representing the feeling of Trinity Church expressed in the many letters from its parishioners. From the moment of the election, there had sprung up a hope that he might yet in some way be retained in official relationship to his old parish, possibly make the church his cathedral, or be the nominal rector, with an assistant minister, as in the case of Bishop Eastburn. But he was not to be allowed to sever his relationship with the parish, in any degree, without another confession to him, in the unveiling of sacred experiences, of all that he had been to his people.

There were other important interests from whose point of view his election carried a mingled feeling of regret. President Eliot wrote: —

We owe you more than I can tell for your constant support of the new methods of Chapel administration. . . . Voluntary prayers would not have come when they did in 1886 if you had not exerted your influence in the Overseers in favor of the change.

Without you the plan of having five preachers to the University would not have looked so promising in anticipation, and would not have succeeded so well in actual use. . . . Your prayers and addresses in the Chapel have been of infinite use, not only in the hearts and lives of the listeners, but also in establishing the University religious services on a broad and firm foundation. . . .

I shall certainly count on your continued interest in all our work and particularly in the Chapel work. I hope that you will be this year reëlected to the Board of Overseers, so that you may again have a voice in all University affairs.

President Warren, of Boston University, sent congratulations, but as he reviewed the services of Phillips Brooks to the institution over which he presided, he knew that they could not in the future be rendered so fully. He could only acquiesce, and say, "The Lord's will be done." There were many other institutions, also, whose representatives realized and expressed a sense of loss in the impending change. There were a few who still thought and said that the place of Phillips Brooks was in his metropolitan church, "in the pulpit as the presbyter's throne," expressing their misgivings lest he "sacrifice the larger for the less;" but the almost uniform conviction in this "avalanche of letters" was the greater work to which he had been called, and the duty incumbent on him to accept it.

This account of how the election of Phillips Brooks to the episcopate was received represents the situation imperfectly. The whole story of the surprise and the joy cannot be told. The amount of the material is too vast to do more than give its salient features. The event corresponds to the process of a people's canonization of some heaven-sent man. But when the honors of canonization were in question, it was customary to hear the other side, in order that all which might be said against a man should be considered. That moment had now come, and come for the first time, in a public way in the life of Phillips Brooks.

The process of making a bishop in the American Episcopal Church is more complicated than in the Church of England. After the election has taken place the secretary of the diocese sends word of the election to the standing committee in each

diocese in the United States, and also to the presiding bishop. As soon as the presiding bishop has received a reply from the majority of the standing committees in the affirmative, he communicates the fact to the bishops and calls for their vote. When he has received a majority of favorable replies from the bishops, the bishop-elect has been confirmed and the order is given for his consecration. The process is generally a formal one, occupying a month or six weeks before the announcement of the result. In the case of Phillips Brooks ten weeks elapsed before the confirmation of his election was made known. From one point of view the controversy which now took place over his election was not important, nor were the sources influential or representative from which it proceeded; but their importance was rather a reflected one, gaining significance from the unique greatness of the man. So sensitive was the public mind in everything relating to him that the slightest hint of opposition was magnified till it assumed unnatural proportions. From another point of view it appeared to some as if the Episcopal Church had been called to go through a crisis in its history. What the nature of that crisis was will appear as the features of the opposition to his election are described.

In order to the intelligent action of the standing committees and bishops of the various dioceses, the canons of the Episcopal Church require that testimonials shall be laid before them, certifying to the fitness and character of the bishop-elect. In this case the following statement was signed by more than one hundred of the clergy of the diocese of Massachusetts, and by a large number of the laity, more than two hundred names in all: —

We, whose names are underwritten, fully sensible how important it is that the sacred office of a Bishop should not be unworthily conferred, and firmly persuaded that it is our duty to bear testimony on this solemn occasion, without partiality or affection, do, in the presence of Almighty God, testify that Phillips Brooks is not, so far as we are informed, justly liable to evil report, either for error in religion, or for viciousness in life; and that we do not know or believe there is any impediment on account of

which he ought not to be consecrated to that Holy Office. We do, moreover, jointly and severally declare that we do, in our conscience, believe him to be of such sufficiency in good learning, such soundness in the faith, and of such virtuous and pure manners, and godly conversation, that he is apt and meet to exercise the office of a Bishop to the honor of God and the edifying of His Church, and to be a wholesome example to the flock of Christ.

The natural presumption would be that those who appended their names to such a testimonial were conversant with the situation and knew whereof they affirmed. To counterbalance or overthrow such testimony would require evidence of a positive character, well substantiated, that the bishop-elect was not fitted for the office. What should be the nature of such evidence and how should it be obtained? There was an anomaly revealed at this point in the organization of the Episcopal Church. Was it the function of a standing committee to receive and register such a testimonial and give their approval as a matter of form, or was it incumbent on them to act as judges in the matter, reopen the question, and decide for themselves on some extra information they could obtain? The first alternative seemed to make their action a perfunctory mechanical one, but the second carried the implication that the clergy and laity of the diocese most interested were incapable, for whatever reason, to form a right and trustworthy judgment. If the latter interpretation were to prevail, there was danger of grave disturbance, imperilling the constitution of the church. The older and larger dioceses, where traditions were well established, followed the latter alternative. As to the final result, those who knew best the Episcopal Church had no misgivings. Their faith in its reserved wisdom, its justice, its comprehensiveness, and its freedom from doctrinaire tendencies gave them absolute confidence. Such also was the conviction of Dr. Brooks, — there was no doubt whatever of the confirmation of his election. To the efforts made to defeat it we now turn.

Hardly then had the election been made when a statement appeared in the newspapers gaining wide circulation, that there was likely to be opposition among the bishops. Dr.

Brooks, it was said, had expressed his disbelief in the historic episcopate, and as the bishops held strong convictions on that point they could not admit to their number one who differed from them. This statement in the newspapers was soon followed by a leaflet with the headline, "Ought Dr. Brooks to be Confirmed?" which was sent to bishops and standing committees, containing quotations from his sermons to the effect that he denied the doctrine of apostolical succession. Another leaflet was issued, also for the benefit of those who were to vote intelligently on the question, giving the opinion of a Roman Catholic priest, formerly a Baptist minister, who, being "interviewed" on the subject, had spoken of Dr. Brooks as "One of Nature's Noblemen," but when asked his opinion in regard to the propriety of his becoming a bishop, shook his head and seemed quite disheartened about the Episcopal Church. His words were quoted in the leaflet as follows: —

> I regret to say they [the present movements in the Episcopal Church] indicate that the Episcopal Church is yielding to the rationalistic and agnostic tendencies of the age to a deplorable extent. . . . If its creeds and articles of faith no longer bind its clergy and people, the surging tide of infidelity will soon destroy its distinctive character as an organized and conservative form of Christianity.

A circular was sent to bishops and standing committees, addressed "To Whom it May Concern," containing an extract from a letter the name of whose writer was suppressed. In this letter there was given the report of a conversation with Dr. Brooks, — a report from memory with no vouchers beyond the presumed respectability of the anonymous writer, — and the impression made by the conversation had convinced the writer that Dr. Brooks was a most unfit man to be a bishop as he deemed the miracle to be unimportant and in the life of Christ unessential. "He will let everybody stand on their head if they want to, and avow that no doctrine is essential, not even the essential one of the Trinity and the divine Incarnation." This circular, sent forth by a presbyter of New York, who signed his name, but withheld that of the writer of the letter, produced as its chief

result eagerness to know the name of the person who had borne such astounding testimony. With the facilities possessed by the modern newspaper it could not be long before the information was obtained. The unknown writer was finally discovered in seclusion in the remote West, in "my solitary and supposed to be inaccessible mountain home, where I am seeking retirement in mystic study and divine communion." This person, when discovered, admitted full knowledge of the effects of the communication to the public made in the circular, and was inclined to regret "the possible epoch-making consequences" of "a personal letter," though inclined to acquiesce, should the Divine Will choose the "weak things of the world to confound the mighty." But after reflection there had been some change of mind, and in another letter addressed to the public, the same person, while reaffirming the correctness of the report of the conversation with Dr. Brooks, now withdrew the charge that he was unfit to be made a bishop, and urged upon the Episcopal Church his confirmation, expressing the hope that the Church would be "large enough and Christly enough to welcome him to her highest office."

A rumor also gained wide circulation among the bishops and standing committees that the Nicene Creed was not recited at Trinity Church. It was easy to follow it with a denial without asking the aid of Dr. Brooks. These were among the influences brought to bear upon those who were seeking the additional light needed in weighing the question of the confirmation of the bishop-elect. They became familiar also to the public who were watching the issue.

Another phase of the movement to defeat the election was the effort to induce Dr. Brooks to explain or to apologize for his attitude. Thus one of the bishops sent to him an "open letter," saying that the participation "in the so-called ordination services of Mr. Beecher's successor in Brooklyn required in the judgment of many honest minds an explanation or expression of regret, . . . assurances that what has pained so many of his brethren will not occur again." Another bishop wrote to him after receiving these various communications, leaflets, etc.: —

Before you were admitted to Deacons' Orders, you subscribed the following declaration: "I do believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and I do solemnly engage to conform to the Doctrines and Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." Do you stand to that subscription, and are you willing to make the same subscription now?"

Is it true that on the last, or on any Good Friday, you united with a Unitarian minister in conducting public religious services? . . . On the absurd subject of apostolic succession, I entirely agree with you.

Representatives of a large number of dioceses wrote to Dr. Brooks, expressing their contempt at the course adopted to defeat him. But from a few dioceses came letters indicating that reports and circulars had not been without their influence. Thus a clergyman writes to him asking for answers to the following questions, in order to an intelligent vote: —

(1) Do you believe in the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He is God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, Begotten not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made; who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man?

(2) Do you believe that an Unitarian who denies all this, dying as an Unitarian, could be consistently with the above belief characterized as God's true saint and one of the best and noblest Christians?

(3) Please state what is necessary to make a true Christian.

(4) Do you believe that the Protestant Episcopal Church alone represents, in its integrity and purity in the United States of America, Christ's Holy Catholic Church?

(5) Do you believe that the Apostolic Succession is an essential and exclusive element to Christ's ministry?

(6) Do you believe that episcopally ordained clergy alone have the right to exercise Christ's ministry, — to Baptize, to administer the Holy Communion, to Pronounce God's declaration of absolution over repentant sinners, and to preach the Gospel?

(7) Do you believe that the Protestant sects in the United States constitute the American Church, and that the Protestant Episcopal Church is no more a Church than any of these sects and has no more right to that title than any of them?

These questions were evidently intended to be exhaustive and to leave no loophole of escape. Beneath all other questions or doubts lay the issue of apostolic succession. Thus a layman, who represents also a standing committee, writes, "My questions are these:" —

Do you consider that Apostolic Succession is indispensably necessary to the existence of Christ's Church?

In your opinion, have the faithful followers of a Protestant creed which ignores the Succession an equal warrant with faithful Episcopalians in expecting, in the future life, the reward promised to the righteous?

There appeared in the New York "Tribune," on June 1, a letter from the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, which gave expression to the growing feeling of indignation. The letter was specially significant as coming from Dr. Hopkins. A few extracts from it follow: —

Our Church is a comprehensive Church; and that means that there is room in her communion for a great variety of opinions on religious matters. We have three well-known parties, High, Low, and Broad. I am a High Churchman, — about as high as they make them. Had I been a member of the Massachusetts convention, I should never, under any circumstances, have voted for Dr. Brooks. But when he had been elected I should have signed his testimonials with pleasure, rejoicing in the elevation of one who is recognized on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean as a preacher now without a living superior, and whose high-toned, stainless life is acknowledged by all. As long as any one of our dioceses wants a Broad Church bishop or a Low Church bishop, it has a right to him; and the requiring of the consents of the standing committees and a majority of the bishops was never meant to give power to a majority to squeeze out a minority by refusing to let them have the kind of bishop they wanted. . . . To try now to return to a narrower basis in order to worry the most distinguished bishop-elect whom the American Church has ever known is all nonsense.

When asked for "explanations," etc., I am delighted that Dr. Brooks had none to give. No bishop-elect ought ever to give any. If he can honestly make the answers put in his mouth at the time of his consecration, it is enough. The Church gives to no man the right to put to him any question beyond that. Especially is it uncalled for in a case like that of Dr. Brooks, volumes

of whose sermons are in print. Anonymous letters should be treated, in such a matter as this, with perfect contempt, — and all are anonymous whose writers are not named and known. . . . Especially is this the case when these anonymous writers display such abysmal ignorance of the very points in theology which they try to handle.

Many other similar protests were published. The "Churchman," the largest and most influential paper in the Episcopal Church, devoted its editorial columns each week to making the issue clear, that standing committees and bishops, admitting that they are without intimate knowledge of the man against whom they are such swift witnesses, are yet practically asking

the Church to take their lack of knowledge as ground for rejecting one of the most eminent presbyters whom the Church has ever had, in preference to the unquestionable knowledge and the solemnly asseverated conviction of 154 clergymen and 109 representatives of the communicants of the diocese of Massachusetts, among whom Dr. Brooks has gone in and out these many years.

That the various misrepresentations had confused the public mind to some extent might be inferred from the delay of the standing committees in recording their votes. But the number of those whose votes were adverse were relatively few, and in the case of most of the dioceses voting in the negative there came a protest to Dr. Brooks from some of the prominent clergy or laity in them, to the effect that the vote was not representative of the best sentiment. The election had taken place April 30, and by June 4 it was known that a majority of votes had been cast in favor of the bishop-elect. The question then went before the bishops for their approval, and there followed a period of painful suspense, for the bishops voted in secrecy, and no one knew, unless the bishops chose to tell, how the vote had been given. Not until a majority of their votes had been cast would the result be announced to the world. The presiding bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Williams, of Connecticut, was an admirer and firm friend of the bishop-elect, doing what he could to further his confirmation. He was known as the most learned man in the

House of Bishops, familiar with Anglican traditions, desirous to promote the interests of the Episcopal Church. He was wise and conservative as a churchman, — a High Churchman, he was called, — not wholly in sympathy with the attitude of Dr. Brooks; but he knew how wide were the bounds of the church, and how strange and unjustifiable the agencies employed to defeat the election. He did what he could. He sustained Dr. Brooks in his policy of silence, maintaining that it was not becoming he should give any reply to the solicitations made to him to speak. Bishop Williams was also hopeful, and had no doubt of the result, anticipating that by the middle of June he should be able to announce that the election had been approved by the bishops.

Hitherto, it had been mainly for the reason that Dr. Brooks did not hold the doctrine of apostolical succession that he was condemned as unfit for the episcopate. But it now became known that a change had taken place in the attitude of those who were resisting the confirmation. Charges were made and reiterated that he denied the articles of the Christian faith, or was at least indifferent to them. A circular letter, it was known, had been sent to the bishops, saying in substance that a crisis had been reached in the history of the church, that the question included not only the apostolical succession, but the essential divinity of Christ. It was a question, therefore, of maintaining the faith pure and undefiled, and no one could forecast the "horrible consequences" if a major number of the bishops were to confirm the election. Some of the bishops, friends of Dr. Brooks, were now alarmed and even besought him to break his silence and assure the church that he believed in the Incarnation. Among the bishops there was one who did not know Phillips Brooks and was unfamiliar with his writings, but at once secured his sermons, and having read them voted for his confirmation. Why was not this the case with all? Phillips Brooks was somewhat voluminous as an author, having published five volumes of sermons and three volumes of lectures. It would have been a simple task to turn to his books and read there his replies to the interrogations propounded to

him. Before attempting the answer to this question it may be as well to bring together the accusations against him, those urged at this time as well as at a later moment.

(1) It was said that he was in some sort a Congregationalist, not in sympathy with the polity of the Episcopal Church. But this could not be true. He believed that bishops were necessary to the well-being of a church, and the Congregationalist believes that they are not necessary, and so discards them.

(2) It was alleged that he was an Arian in his theology. But Phillips Brooks — the evidence has been given abundantly — believed in the Incarnation of God in Christ, which Arius rejected. Phillips Brooks believed that Christ as the Eternal Son was coequal with the Father and of the same essence, and this was what Arius denied. Phillips Brooks also accepted the full humanity of Christ, a truth which Arius did not hold. Phillips Brooks was Athanasian in his theology. Indeed since the days of Athanasius, there had been no one who held the doctrine of the person of Christ in the spirit of Athanasius more firmly than he.

(3) He was accused of being a Pelagian. But the root error of Pelagianism lay in holding, so all historians of Christian doctrine agree in affirming, that God had endowed man sufficiently in his constitution that he could work out his salvation by himself, and did not need the special Divine presence and aid. Phillips Brooks was an Augustinian in the emphasis which he laid upon the necessity of the Divine assistance or grace in order to every good deed or thought. One may find it anywhere in his sermons. Such a sentence as this gives the very essence of the theology of Phillips Brooks: "Every activity of ours answers to some previous activity of God." Dr. Brooks also believed both in the letter and the spirit of Article IX., of the Thirty-Nine Articles, which condemns the Pelagian teaching in regard to Original Sin. He did not believe in "Total Depravity," but this the article does not assert. What it does assert he believed and preached with power, that "man is *very far* gone (*quam longissime*) from original righteousness." He had

always before him the antagonism in the human soul, even as Augustine felt it, which constitutes the issue of every life.

In one respect he agreed with Pelagius; he held to the freedom of the human will. But if he is to be accounted a Pelagian and a heretic on that ground, the large majority of bishops and presbyters in the Anglican Church since the seventeenth century come under the same condemnation.

But it was said he was a Pelagian because he taught that "all men are the children of God." Many things have been attributed to Pelagius which he never said, but this was the first time that he has been accused of holding this doctrine. It would be nearer the truth to affirm that Pelagius held that no man was the child of God. Beneath all the errors of Pelagius lay the dreary conviction of the orphanage of humanity. The fatherhood of God and the sonship of humanity found no place in his teaching.[1]

Throughout this trying period, from the time of his election to his consecration, and afterwards, Phillips Brooks remained consistently silent, explaining nothing, giving no answers to define his position, making no apologies, no pledges.

I have been for thirty-two years a minister of the Church [so he wrote, June 3, 1891, in reply to one of his questioners], and I have used her services joyfully and without complaint. I have preached in many places, and with the utmost freedom. I have written and published many volumes, which I have no right to ask anybody to read, but which will give to any one who chooses to read them clear understanding of my way of thinking. My acts have never been concealed.

[1] "The essence of Pelagianism, the key to its whole mode of thought, lies in this proposition of Julian, *homo libero arbitrio emancipatus a deo;* man created free is with his whole sphere independent of God. He has no longer to do with God, but with himself alone. God only reënters at the end (at the judgment)." Cf. Harnack, *History of Dogma* (Eng. Tr.), vol. v. p. 200. While the contrast to this attitude, and indeed the strong opposition to it, is apparent everywhere in the writings of Phillips Brooks, the following references may be of service to any one wishing to pursue the subject: *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 285, 286; vol. iii. pp. 112–133; vol. iv. pp. 60–75, 173–191; vol. v. pp. 40–56; vol. vi. pp. 90–106; vol. viii. p. 79. See, also, *Commentary on Philippians*, by Bishop Lightfoot, p. 181: "According to the Christian idea, every member of the human family was potentially a member of the Church, and as such a priest of God."

Under these circumstances, I cannot think it well to make any utterance of faith or pledge of purpose at the present time. Certainly I made none to my brethren here, when they chose me to be their bishop, and I cannot help thinking that you will think I am right in making none now, when the election is passing to its final stages.

This letter was written before the announcement had been made of the vote of the standing committees, when the popular anxiety about the result was manifesting itself in many ways. As the nature of the opposition to his election is now before us, we may at this point consider the question at issue in some of its more important bearings.

Those who were resisting the admission of Phillips Brooks to the episcopate found difficulty in understanding his position. When he first came to Boston, then, as it always had been, a theological centre, the same difficulty had been encountered. People, as we have seen, were asking about his opinions on theological questions, seeking to classify him in conventional ways. The difficulty lay here, — those who were questioning his attitude were preoccupied with theological tenets, the theology of the intellect, and he was thinking of life, as holding not only the intellect in solution, but the heart and conscience. While others were thinking about formulas and how best by dialectic the formula could be defended, he was translating the formula into terms of life, prizing the formula indeed, not as an end in itself, but a means to a greater end. He was protesting, too, by this very feature of his work, against what seemed to him a pseudo-intellectualism which, by identifying Christianity with dogma, was allowing to escape its inmost essence. He was aware that those whose standard was the verbal formula as the flag by which a man was to be known had difficulty in defining his attitude. He did what he could to reassure them, going out of his way on every representative occasion when he was called to speak, in order to affirm and reaffirm, to reiterate even to weariness, that the advance of the church, or the progress in theology, did not mean the abandonment of the venerated formulas of Christendom, but rather

their retention in some deeper, more intelligent way, by setting forth their relation to the spiritual or religious life. He had succeeded in Boston, and wherever he was well known, in making his position clear.

But there was another difficulty experienced by those who now for the first time were endeavoring to understand his position. The obstacle they encountered when looking at him from the conventional dogmatic point of view may be illustrated by supposing that he had broken his silence in response to the strenuous requests. Had he affirmed his belief in the doctrines he was suspected of denying, or had he pointed to the many places in his writings which contained these affirmations, we can easily understand how this would not have satisfied his questioners. When he had given his answer, there would have been another question ready for him: How is it that believing these things, as you say you do, you could have taken part in the ordination of a Congregational minister; or, as to matters of doctrine, how could you have allowed Unitarians to come to the Lord's Supper, or how could you have taken part in any religious service where they were present, or have spoken as you did, in the pulpit of Trinity Church, about an eminent Unitarian minister? Do you not see that your acts contradict your words, taking all meaning out of your language, so that you stand convicted by deeds which speak louder than words?

Phillips Brooks had already anticipated this difficulty in his very significant book on Tolerance. His opponents assumed that tolerance was based on doctrinal indifference or laxity. He had written his book to show that true tolerance should rest upon a deeper conviction of the truth. There is no evidence that his antagonists turned to this book in order to understand his position. They accepted the principle which he rejected as unworthy, and from that point of view launched their opposition.

It must be admitted, then, that there was a crisis here, and a grave one, in the history of the Episcopal Church, in which also all the churches had a vital interest. The theology of Phillips Brooks and his life-work came to a focus at this

point. Every one knew and felt, whether they could trace it or not, that Phillips Brooks stood for some momentous issue in the history of Christianity and of religion, that he could not have accomplished his great work had there not been beneath it some profound and far-reaching adjustment of essential principles. In the foregoing chapters the effort has been made to show what that adjustment was. Once more, and finally, let the résumé be given. Beneath the life of the church, whether in its present or its historical manifestations, beneath its doctrine, its ethics, its worship, is the personality of Christ as living force and inspiration. All truth must come to the world through personality. "Learning and thought and idea must be mediated by character, of which the essence is will, and, thus transmuted into power, be brought to bear on life." In one of his latest addresses (1890) he had said: —

> And what is another question that is before us perpetually? It is the question of the separation of dogma and life. Men are driven foolishly to say on the one side that dogma is everything, and on the other, that life is everything. As if there could be any life that did not spring out of truth! As if there could be any truth that was really felt that did not manifest itself in life! It is not by doctrine becoming less earnest in filling itself with all the purity of God. It is only by both dogma and life, doctrine and life, becoming vitalized through and through, that they shall reach after and find one another. Only when things are alive do they reach out for the fulness of their life and claim that which belongs to them.

Had he taken one side or other of the controversy he would have been more easily understood. Difficult also was it for many to understand his position, illustrated in preaching and in practice, that the claims of charity or love were higher than those of faith or hope; or again his definition of a Christian man, — "one who follows Christ in grateful love and obedience;" or still again, his conception of tolerance, — that fellowship with those of opposing religious opinions does not imply indifference to the formulas of Christian doctrine, but rather a deeper conviction of their value.

There was danger, then, of his being engulfed in the tragic

experience of life which awaits those who rise above conventional standards. It was as in the time of Christ, when Samaritans and publicans were to orthodox Judaism what the Protestant sects are to modern "Catholic" ecclesiasticism. When Christ associated with Samaritans, He was reminded that the orthodox respectable Jews had no dealings with them. When He sat down to eat with publicans and sinners, the principle was applied to Him, that "a man is known by the company he keeps." One of the most impressive of Phillips Brooks's sermons was on the words of Christ to the woman of Samaria: "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." To such a moment Phillips Brooks looked forward as the completion and the glory of the Christian church. Such was the final issue to which his life had brought him. Holding this attitude, would his election as the Bishop of Massachusetts be confirmed?

It had been expected that by the middle of June the announcement would be made of the vote of the bishops Two weeks passed, and still the votes were so slow in coming in that by the 1st of July a sufficient number had not been recorded. Hitherto those who knew, or thought they knew, the Episcopal Church had felt no serious misgivings. But now the anxiety among the friends of Phillips Brooks became, as they expressed it, "terrible," while they forecast what his defeat would mean, not only to the Episcopal Church, but to all the churches. Again and again he was appealed to, urged to say a few simple words which would quiet the agitation.

I had often begged him [says Bishop Clark, in a memorial sermon] to say a word or two, or to allow me to do it for him, which I knew would greatly relieve the minds of some honest people, who did not understand his position, and his uniform reply in substance was, "I will never say a word, or allow you to say a word, in vindication or explanation of my position. I stand upon my record, and by that record I will stand or fall I have said what I think and believe in my public utterances and in my

printed discourses, and have nothing to retract or qualify." And so through the whole of the trying campaign of his election to the episcopate his mouth was closed.

From July 1 to July 10 the suspense continued. On the last-named day, the presiding bishop telegraphed to the "Churchman" that the election had been confirmed by a majority of the bishops, and to the same effect to the bishop-elect. Then the congratulations poured in once more upon him, and there went up a shout of jubilation all over the country. The confirmation of the election had been delayed too long. From some points of view it may have been wise to delay it, considering the misconceptions and uncertainties in the minds of his opponents; it showed that the bishops were taking no hasty action, but deliberating solemnly on the issues involved. However it may have been, the sense of relief from suspense, the consciousness of escape from some great calamity to the cause of true religion, the conviction of a great deliverance, and a victory for all that was highest and most essential to the spiritual life and to the common humanity, — these moods found expression in the tide of joy that swept from one end of the land to the other: "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." But upon this aspect of the subject we need not dwell or attempt to depict the satisfaction, the deep inward congratulation, of those who again in large numbers wrote to the bishop-elect to express their joy. One event may be mentioned which is representative of the situation. Among the bishops who had favored the confirmation of the election was the Bishop of Albany, who, while not in agreement with Phillips Brooks in matters of opinion, yet believed that the Episcopal Church was large enough to hold him. The scene in the little church at Northeast Harbor, Maine, on July 12, is thus described in a letter to the bishop-elect by a clergyman who was present: —

My dear Brooks, — I had a great comfort and happiness today. In church, Bishop Doane, with a few graceful words, announced that the news of your confirmation had just reached him, and he asked us to join in that prayer in the service for the Consecration of Bishops, "Most merciful Father, we beseech Thee to

send down upon Thy servant Phillips Brooks Thy heavenly blessing," etc. I never joined in a prayer with more fervor, nor thanked God more devoutly that a great suspense was over. . . . I was glad enough that our Church is broad enough to hold you and ——. I agree with neither, but what difference does that make? Accept my hearty congratulations, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours, ——.

Of the two following passages, the first is an extract from a private letter written by one prominent in the religious world, and the other from an editorial in a Boston newspaper: —

The persistent maintenance of your spiritual equanimity and Christian temper have won for you the hearts of thousands of God's people everywhere, during your recent persecution.

The Episcopal Church in this diocese emerges from its hour of doubt upon heights which command a wide unbroken horizon of human Christian fellowship.

One other circumstance remains to be mentioned illustrating the attitude of Phillips Brooks in the long controversy. Even among those who voted for his confirmation there were some who were troubled with doubts as to the validity of his baptism. Now that he was free to speak without compromising his dignity, he was asked for the sake of peace and of quieting scruples to submit to what is known as "hypothetical baptism;" since his baptism by a Unitarian minister had raised the doubt whether "water were used, and in the Triune name." Others, he was assured, who had been placed in similar circumstances had done so. In view of the fact that bishops had voted for him who did not approve his opinions, was it not his duty to make at least this concession? With this request he refused to comply, assuring those who made it that the baptism had been by water, and in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Of this he was as sure as that the name given him in baptism had been Phillips Brooks.

From this account of the election of Phillips Brooks and his confirmation by a majority of two thirds, it was said, of

Phillips Brooks

the standing committees and bishops, we turn to his letters, and to the minor events in his life during the months that had elapsed since the election. The letters tell the story in his simple way, beginning from the time when he was first mentioned as a candidate for the office of bishop.

April 6, 1891.

About this bishopric, Arthur, give me your advice. It looks a little as if I might be chosen. Shall I accept it if I am? Won't you tell me what you think? I am rather inclined to take it if it comes to me. I do believe one might do good work there. And it is not right for men to be perpetually declining. I wish I could talk with you about it, and know just how it seems to you. Won't you write me a line and tell me, for I should value your judgment more than anybody's? There is perhaps not much chance of my election, but there is a chance.

April 26, 1891.

Dear Arthur, — Thank you for your last letter. I entirely agree with your judgment, and shall not go to the Convention this week, which will not be a difficult piece of self-restraint. But I think it seems very much now as if Satterlee was to be our Bishop. Those who are familiar with the state of things consider my election quite unlikely. . . . We surely might have done much worse. I think the fine, and at one time hopeful, boom for another candidate will not have been entirely in vain, if it has secured a well-meaning and modern man like Satterlee rather than a mediævalist with base designs. For myself, I had come to feel that I should like the place. Its attractions had grown upon me the more I had thought of it. I had dwelt with pleasure on the idea of knowing the State and seeing our Church do a good work for her. But I shall not grieve at going back to Trinity and the familiar, happy work there. With all love,

Always your brother, P.

To a daughter of his friend Leighton Parks he writes: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, May 3, 1891.

My dear Alice, — It makes me very glad indeed to know that you are glad that I am to be your bishop. I will be as good a bishop as I can to you, and Ellen, and Georgette, and all the other people.

If you ever think I am not a very good bishop, you must blame your father, because he helped make me bishop. But you must always know that I am doing the best I can.

I wish you were going to be at Nantucket this summer, so that I could come and see you. But it will be pleasant to think what a good time you will be having in Europe, and it will be delightful to have you back again.

I send my best love to Ellen and Georgette, and am always

Affectionately your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter: —

May 4, 1891.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I thank you with all my heart for your kind benediction! It makes the new, strange prospect seem not so wholly strange, and tempts me to believe that what has happened is for good.

I did not think I ever should be a bishop, but who can tell? It seemed as if I had nothing to do but follow where the leading went before. I know you will not fail to ask with me God's blessing, and let me count upon your friendship, — as in all the past happy years, so even to the end.

You know that I am gratefully and affectionately

Yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

One of the inconveniences attending his entrance on the episcopate was felt by his parishioners and friends to be the abandonment it would involve of his residence, the rectory of Trinity Church, for the bishop's house on Chestnut Street. On May 13 he was informed of the unanimous resolution at a meeting of the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church, held the previous day, — "that the wardens and vestry earnestly request Dr. Brooks to make no arrangements for a change of residence at present." Further action on the subject was postponed until the necessary arrangements for the transfer of the property could be made.

To the Rev. Professor F. G. Peabody, of Harvard, he wrote with reference to the change in his relations to the University: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, May 5, 1891.

DEAR DR. PEABODY, — I thank you with all my heart for your kind letter. Now that the matter is decided, and I am to be a bishop, I can only hope that I may so exercise my office that you and others, who do not think much of it, may see in it something more than they have suspected to be there.

At any rate, I shall rejoice to know that in whatever work, great or little, I may be engaged I have your friendship and sympathy. They have been very much to me and always will be. . . .

As to the preachership at Cambridge, I am sorry to say that there is nothing for me to do except to give it up entirely. The new work, which I cannot at present measure, ought to have all my time. At least I must not be bound by any other stated engagements, or even vague promises. I need not tell you with what great reluctance I give up a work which has been to me of such great and precious interest. I have rejoiced to do all that I could, and it has been a perpetual satisfaction to be allowed to work with you. I shall be with it always in heart, and whenever I can serve it without neglect of other duties which I have undertaken I shall rejoice to do so. I cannot help believing that you will find the men who will take up the work which we have done, and do it better.

Forgive this hasty note, and count me, always with sincere respect and faithful good wishes,

Your true friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Among the congratulations to which he responded were those of his friends in Philadelphia. To Mrs. James C. Biddle he writes: —

May 7, 1891.

DEAR MRS. BIDDLE, — Your telegram gave me great satisfaction. The long years in which we have been friends, and the kind sympathy with which you have followed all my work, makes this new greeting very precious. I hope that what has come may be for good. With best love to you and yours, I am,

Yours faithfully, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Mr. Robert Treat Paine who was in Europe, he wrote at greater length: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, May 14, 1891.

DEAR BOB PAINE, — Yes, my dear friend, it has come, and I suppose it will move on to its completion, although there seems to be a little insignificant opposition to it. But that will not come to anything, and I shall be a bishop. Oh, how often I have wished that you were here, that we might talk it all over together, and I might have your counsel, as I have had it so abundantly all these happy years. But indeed, Bob, there was nothing else to do but to accept the election when it came, and there was never any moment when one had the right or the chance

to say, "I cannot." The thing became clothed with so much significance that one owed it to Truth and to the Church to stand, and so, the first thing I knew, I was bishop so far as the diocesan convention could make me one.

Indeed I do not know wholly what to think about it, though the spirit and way in which the whole thing has been done seems to promise a beautiful and splendid chance for good. But at present I think that all my mind is running backward. What a twenty-two years this has been! How little I dreamed, when I came here in '69, of all the happiness that was before me! How good and generous everybody has been! And now, this great, splendid Church and Parish as the monument and token of it all! I sit and think it all over, and am very grateful, — I hope as grateful as I ought to be, — certainly as humble as ever any mortal was.

And you know something, you cannot know all, of how this great happiness and delight in all these years has had the most sacred and close connection with you and yours. What you and your wife and your children have been to me it would be preposterous for me to try to tell. But the great years never could have been without you. How it all comes pouring on my recollection. What a million of little and big events. And how thankful to you I am you will never know. God bless you for it all!

And now about the future. There surely is one. We are young fellows yet, and much as there is behind us, there is more before, more in quality at least if not in quantity. The diocese is just a larger parish, with some things added which are full of interest. I feel as if the Episcopal Church and the State of Massachusetts needed to understand one another, and to be more to each other than they have been heretofore. If I can make them know one another at all, I shall be very glad. Then I look forward to much intercourse with young ministers, and to the effort to give them inspiration and hope and breadth of view. I expect to preach here and there and everywhere up and down the State, and the people will get tired of hearing me before I shall get tired of addressing them. The colleges and schools of Massachusetts are immensely interesting to me, and I shall know them all. And all the good work of every kind which one can touch with something of religious fire will have one's eager sympathy and service.

Besides all this, I should be very sorry to think that personal pastorship would have to be entirely abandoned. Many people come to me now for the poor spiritual help which I can give, who

are in no way connected with Trinity Church. I know how vast a part of the population of our State is not connected with any church at all. I hope that there may be a good many of these who in one way or another will find me out and give me the privilege of hearing them and helping them.

When I run over the opportunities of the episcopate thus, I feel sure that it is no wooden and mechanical office to which I have been summoned. It is all splendidly alive if one can make it so. And there is no place so good to be bishop in as Massachusetts. Our Church here is sensible and broad. The people about her are willing and glad to see her take her part in every good work, and (what is a great satisfaction to me) those who have chosen me know the worst of the man whom they have chosen. They have summered and wintered me for twenty-two years, and know pretty much what they will have to expect of their new bishop.

But I am sorry to say that I am sure it means the entire resignation of the rectorship of Trinity Church, and the election of a new man who shall be absolutely master of that place. Nothing else than that would be just to the diocese, or the parish, or the new minister, or me. I shall have chance enough to preach in Boston when I have the time to do so. And at first the larger part of my time will be spent away from the city. The best man must be found; would that we knew him! But he will be found, and we will give him ungrudging welcome to the pulpit, and he shall have for his own the best parish in the world. And he and his family will live here in this house. I am trying to fancy them in these rooms, and do not wish them anything but good. And I shall come up into Chestnut Street, — 26 is the number, — and be as snug and comfortable as possible there. I have read carefully all the good and thoughtful plans in your delightful letter, but, believe me, it is not good to think of anything except the entire separation of the church and the episcopate. You will give strength, I know, to both the parish and the diocese, and I shall be close to all my old friends still. All this about myself! You will forgive it, I am sure. You do not know how I wish you were here! But the Consecration shall be put off, if possible, till you get back.

To the Rev. W. R. Huntington: —

Boston, May 23, 1891.

My dear Huntington, — I wish you were to be our bishop! These people who cannot sign the papers of the new man who will overlook everything and oversee nothing have a lot of sym-

pathy from me. I can understand all their misgivings, and could give them a host more which they never guessed. But when it comes, as I suppose it will, you will let me be sure of your friendship through all my blunders, and of your confidence that at least I am trying hard.

I must insist now on keeping to the end that which you have generously allowed me all these years.

Always your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The excitement over the election was drawing towards its culmination when he wrote this letter to Rev. John C. Brooks: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, May 27, 1891.

DEAR JOHNNY, — I thank you most heartily for your good letter. It is indeed a ridiculous pother that is going on, but it has this advantage, that it is bringing the whole matter out into broad daylight, and the decision when it comes will have its full value, and when a distinct Broad Churchman, thoroughly recognized and proclaimed as such, is made a bishop.

The opposition has been thoroughly upon the grounds of admitted facts. Nobody has charged me with theft or murder. I do not believe the doctrine of apostolical succession, and I am sure that Lyman Abbott has the right to preach the gospel. I shall be confirmed with the clear knowledge of those positions in everybody's mind, and so it will be fully made known that they are no objections to a man's episcopate.

And I *shall* be confirmed. There is no doubt of the result, and then I think the good bishops will find what a delightful member of the Upper House I am.

What an excitement there is all through the theological world. It is all good, and in the end we are to have a larger Christian life. Certainly it is impossible to conceive of things going back to what they were twenty years ago.

Affectionately your brother, P.

A relative of Bishop Clark had sent to Dr. Brooks a somewhat severe portrait of himself, whose reception he acknowledged with these lines: —

No wonder, if 't is thus he looks,
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.
Well, if he knows himself, he 'll try
To give these dreadful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
E'en as a bishop to be meek,

To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that 's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shirk,
And quite forget what folks have said,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men, laying him to rest,
Shall say, at least he did his best.

To the Rev. C. A. L. Richards he wrote, while the voting of the bishops was in process: —

Boston, June 20, 1891.

There is no doubt, I take it, about my being bishop, but the matter moves on very slowly. I think the opposition have done everything in their power to clothe the election with significance, and when the final collapse of things does not happen upon Consecration Day, I do not see how they will explain the failure. But now let 's put it all out of our minds and be the most careless of summer birds for the next two months.

It was quite impossible for Mr. Brooks to have acknowledged the immense number of congratulatory letters he received; but he did not fail to respond to his personal friends who stood closest to him. Thus he writes to Dr. Weir Mitchell that the episcopate would not have been complete without his blessing. "If I become a bishop I shall be very much the same kind of fellow, I fancy, that I have been all along."

The following letter is addressed to Rev. Leighton Parks, in Europe: —

North Andover, July 4, 1891.

Dear Parks, — Your telegram was very welcome, though it must still be taken as prophetic, for not yet have the bishops made up their minds and sent their answers about my consecration. I have not forgotten my promise to let you know when the result was reached, but as yet I know nothing except what I heard in a letter from Bishop Clark, who had been to see Bishop Williams, and Bishop Williams said he thought it would be a fortnight still before they were in. But there seemed to be no doubt about the great result, and he went so far as to mention for the Consecration Day the 16th of September, which, it seems, is an Ember Day. I shall try to have it put off till a day in October, but perhaps I shall not succeed; in which case you will

find me a bishop when you come home. My dear Parks, you will be kind to me, won't you? as you always have been. And you won't go through any silly joke about its making a difference in our way to one another, and compelling you to behave differently to me, will you? Because, if you say you will, I will refuse to be bishop even at this late day.

The world crawls on as well as it can here without you. We have had Commencement at the Theological School and at the College. Willie Newton and Charles Learoyd have both gone to Europe. They have chosen Bishop Talbot to be Bishop of Georgia. Harvard beat Yale in the boat race. My days go by here in the old house in delightful peace. The great strong winter lies far behind us. I think of you and the children, and wish you all best blessings. Give them my love, and my best greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Naylor; and for yourself, dear Parks, you know how utterly I am,

Your friend, P. B.

Of the three following letters to Bishop Clark the first was written while the question was still undecided; the others immediately after the announcement that his election had been confirmed.

Boston, July 6, 1891.

Dear Bishop Clark, — The bishops do not seem to be in any very anxious haste to have me one of them. But I can freely wait, and when they have entirely made up their minds, no doubt they will kindly speak, and all the world will listen.

I thank you for your letter, and am glad that you have seen Bishop Williams, and he feels pleasantly about it all. After the matter is all settled, I shall be glad, if he wishes it, to go and see him and to make any arrangement which he desires with regard to the consecration.

I hope he will not insist upon having the service before the first days of October. My reason for wishing this is mainly that certain persons whom I very much wish, and who themselves very much desire, to be at the ceremony are abroad, and will not be at home before the 1st of October.

I am glad of this quiet summer, and especially of the quiet days at North Andover, before the change comes. I have been thinking a great deal about it all and hoping and praying that I may be able to do my duty. The work looks very interesting, and I think the simplest view of it makes it most serious and sacred. I do not know why one should not carry into it the same

simple faith by which he has always tried to live, that He whose the work is will give the strength; and so I do not dare to fear.

I am counting on your visit by and by, and meanwhile I am always, faithfully and affectionately,

Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BOSTON, July 13, 1891.

DEAR BISHOP CLARK, — Yes, it is settled, and with God's help I will be the best bishop that I can. I am going to see Bishop Williams on Thursday. We have communicated most cordially already by letter. At his request I have expressed my wish that the consecration should be in Trinity Church, that he should preside, that you and Bishop Whipple should present me, that Bishop Potter should preach the sermon, and that my brothers should be the attendant presbyters. I will write you again as soon as I have seen Bishop Williams.

And let me thank you, my dear friend, for all the interest you have taken in it all, and for the comfort and strength which you have given me for the past months. I do not know what I should have done without you; and your kindness will always make one of the happiest associations of my episcopate. I thank you with all my heart.

It is on Monday that we shall expect you at North Andover, and I shall meet you at whatever train you will name. The earlier you come the better, and you will surely give me all that week and as much longer as you can. I hope that you are well and happy.

Ever yours affectionately, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

MINNEQUA, July 21, 1891.

DEAR BISHOP CLARK, — I want to tell you about the delightful visit which I paid to the Presiding Bishop. How can I tell whether he was as much pleased with it as I was? But at any rate we got on beautifully. We talked together, and I examined his robes, and I lunched with him, and he was kindness and courtesy itself, as if nobody had ever had any right to misgivings about my orthodoxy, or he himself had ever doubted whether I could say the Nicene Creed. On the whole, I think the visit to Bishop Williams was a success, and there is no reason why we should not be on the best of terms hereafter so long as we live.

Then I went to New York, and ordered a set of the preposterous garments that bishops wear. Then I came here, where my brother Arthur has a house, where I have spent a pleasant two days, and where your most kind letter reached me, with the reports of all the good things which the bishops said.

All this about my miserable self. Be sure that I am ever and ever, my dear Bishop Clark,

Yours most affectionately, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The Rev. John Henry Hopkins had not only taken what part he could in securing the confirmation of Dr. Brooks's election, but after the result was reached wrote this letter to Phillips Brooks, which has in it a touch of pathos: —

July 11, 1891.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER, — *At last* the morning papers announce that the majority of the Bishops consent to your consecration, though they have been so slow about it that I began to feel a little uneasy. Not about *you!* Your position is one which Bishops can neither give nor take away. Nor do I congratulate you, for the burden of the Episcopate is too heavy to be a fit subject for congratulation. But I rejoice that the American Church has not been switched from its propriety by such a disgusting mess of twaddle as the —— business, even when backed up by so light a weight as the name of Dr. ——. I loathe this whole "private and confidential" business of stabbing a man in the dark, and only wonder that the miserable underground burrowing has affected as many good men as it has. Part of the opposition, however, is due (as with ——) to a conviction that you are an *Arian* of some shade! Of course, if you were *that*, I should do as he has done; but I have never seen any proof of it, and don't believe a word of it. I only wish I were well enough to attend your consecration; but I have an incurable disease, which renders it impossible, and have probably only a few weeks, perhaps months, to live. I shall be with you in *spirit* on that day. You and I do not agree about some things; but we can differ like honest men who respect one another; and I respect and honor you as the foremost preacher of our Anglican Communion, and shall rejoice to see you a member of our House of Bishops. I regard your elevation as the most important step yet taken in bringing New England into the Church.

Your obedient servant in the Church,

J. H. HOPKINS.

He writes to Rev. C. D. Cooper, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and others, telling them of the arrangements made for the Consecration, and urging their presence: —

MINNEQUA, PENNSYLVANIA, July 20, 1891.

DEAR OLD COOPER, — The bishops have more or less reluctantly consented, and I am to be consecrated in Trinity, Boston,

on the 14th of October. And you will come, won't you? I know you do not like such things, but this is *mine*. And we have loved each other all these years, and it will make the episcopate sweeter and easier always to remember that your kindly face looked on at the ceremony, and that your beloved voice joined in the prayers! I want you more than all the rest! I shall keep you a room under my own roof, and it is not likely I shall get you there again, for I must move into the old house where bishops live, on Chestnut Street, some time this autumn.

So write me word that you will come. Let this be our token that no episcopate can break the friendship of so many years, and show the world that we belong together even if they have made their efforts to tear us from one another. I claim your presence as my right.

I do not know that I feel right about it all; only it seems to me to be a new and broader opportunity to serve the Master whom we have been loving and serving all this long ministry, and with the opportunity I believe that He will give me strength; that 's all, and I am very happy. . . . God bless you, dear Cooper, and make us faithful, and give us the great joy at last.

Your affectionate old friend, P. B.

MINNEQUA, July 20, 1891.

DEAR MR. WINTHROP, — I shall not cease to hope that you will find yourself strong enough upon that day to be present at the service. It will be the crowning token of the kindness and Christian friendship which you have given me for all these years. Present or absent, I know that I shall have your blessing. But I want it present. I was anxious that you, first of all, should know of these appointments, for I am sure that you and Mrs. Winthrop are interested in them.

I hope that you grow stronger and more comfortable from day to day. I send my love to Mrs. Winthrop, and am always,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, August 15, 1891.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I will join the Sons of the Revolution as they are being organized in Massachusetts. We do not seem to be very rich in military ancestry, but our Phillips folks were certainly true patriots, and did their part in the council chamber, if not in the field, to set the new nation on its feet. So let 's go in for the assertion that our dear land at least used to be American.

I am just back from Mount Desert, where I had a pleasant week. McVickar and I were staying at the Morrills. I left

him there and came up to Mr. Lowell's funeral, at which Willie Lawrence and I officiated yesterday. It makes the world seem poorer to have him gone, for his genius was beautifully rich and generous. On the whole, I do not know where we have had a better flower of our American life.

And this morning's paper says that John Henry Hopkins has gone. He was a part of the picturesque period of Church life, which seems to have faded before the electric light of Church-work-Christianity. I suppose that almost every opinion of his was a mistake, but there was a generous impulsiveness in him which made it good to have him about, and I am truly sorry he has left us.

North Andover, Sunday afternoon,
August 16, 1891.

Dear Parks, — Let me write you once more before the summer is over, and you and the children set sail for home, and the new life which I cannot help dreading begins. You will do all you can to make it like the old life, won't you? You will not, either in jest or in earnest, behave as if there had come a break and a separation between us, because of what is to take place on the 14th of October! I hate to think of the pageant of that day. And what is to come after it I do not know. Sometimes I feel as if any good which my bishopric can do the Church were comprised in the mere fact of my election and confirmation, and now I had better resign or die. Certainly my kind opponents have done their best to make the selection of me significant. But I will try what I can do to show not that there was not what they called a great danger, but that what they chose to call a danger was really a chance and opportunity of good. You don't know how the work attracts me in my better moments or how earnestly I pray for strength to do a hundredth part of what my imagination pictures. Only don't desert me. I had a sweet and kindly letter of congratulation and godspeed from your mother, which made me very grateful.

I went to Marion and had two days with John. He was well and happy. And Percy was benignantly delightful, beaming from under his broad brim like a capacious Quaker, and scripturally "judging all things." . . . He is coming to spend his Sundays in September at my old house (where the club used to meet) in Boston. Would that you could give me a Sunday or two there, after the old autumnal fashion, before you settle down in Brimmer Street. Will you?

You wrote me from the Engadine, and I was very grateful. I wonder where you are now. Wherever you are, I greet you,

and send my love to the children, and ask you to remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, and adjure you again not to let the bishopric make any difference, and am forever,

Yours affectionately,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

NORTH ANDOVER, August 17, 1891.

MY DEAR BOB PAINE, — There are six weeks before the awful day comes which sends me off bishoping to the far confines of the State. I dread the pageant of that day, but it will soon be over, and then, were it not for what I leave behind, I should look forward with keen pleasure to the work which there will be to do for the Church and the people. The papers keep up a running talk about making Trinity a cathedral. That does not interest me much. It is both impossible and undesirable. What interests me most just now, and what I should like to make the first struggle of my episcopate, is the purchase of the Church of the Messiah for our City Mission, together with property on Washington Street, which should enable us to make it a true and strong power of missionary life. The Church is now disused and for sale. It is the best opportunity that has offered since the great fire for the reëstablishment of St. Stephen's Church and House. It covers the field which we have worked from Trinity House. It would fulfil the plan of a great powerful establishment for that region which you have always had. It would cost a good deal of money to carry it on. Everything, you see, is in its favor. And the *man* would certainly appear. Oh, it is the *men* that we want. If we had them!

And Lowell is dead! It makes the world emptier and sadder. No man of letters has begun to do so much good work as he has done, and his whole bearing in the world has been a blessing. He was so brave and true and kind and simple. Even the Englishmen admired him.

You are among those Englishmen, I fancy, now. Steal the best of their spirit and ideas for us. That is what we have always done, to take their best and make it better.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

His next letter is one which it cost him some agony to write, — he did not know what agony until after it had done its work, and severed his relationship as the rector of Trinity Church. The letter is addressed to the senior warden, Mr. Charles Henry Parker: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, August 18, 1891.

My dear Mr. Parker, — I hereby offer to you and the Parish of Trinity Church my resignation of the Rectorship, to take effect on the 14th of next October, when I shall be consecrated as Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

I must not try to say with what thankfulness I look back upon twenty-two years of the happiest ministry which it has ever been given to any minister to enjoy, or with what profound sorrow I turn away from it to my new work. God has been very good to us. I pray that His richest blessing may always be with the Church and the people which, while life shall last, will be very close to my heart.

It is a great joy to me that, if I may no longer be your Pastor, I may still be near you as your Bishop, and that I may always be allowed to count myself, with gratitude and love,

Faithfully your friend, Phillips Brooks.

He was now forecasting the new life, making the final arrangements for the day of consecration, and for the Episcopal visitations which should follow. To Mr. A. J. C. Sowdon he wrote: —

September 7, 1891.

My dear Sowdon, — May I say how very glad I shall be if you can consent to take charge of things at Trinity Church on the Consecration Day, the 14th of October?

It is not only that I know how well it will be done if you will do it, but still more that it will be a great satisfaction that one whom I have all my life been glad to count my friend should care for the arrangements of what is to me such an important and interesting service. I hope that you can do all this kindness, and I shall always thank you if you will.

Ever yours faithfully and truly, Phillips Brooks.

To the Rev. A. C. A. Hall, on the eve of his return to England, he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 13, 1891.

Dear Father Hall, — I must say no more. Only may God guide you; and whatever be my own thought about it all, and my own sorrow at the loss of the sight of you, I shall be satisfied, for I know how you are seeking, and will do, the will of God.

And it is the common effort to do that that brings and keeps men close together. I thank you for all the past, and for the friendship which will not be broken.

And it will be great delight and strength to me that you will come to-morrow, and that you are praying for me.

Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

He planned to begin his episcopal visitations among the beautiful Berkshire hills, glorious in their autumn foliage. "It will be a great pleasure," he writes to the Rev. Wm. Wilberforce Newton, rector of St. Stephen's, Pittsfield, "to have one of my earliest visits to your church. It will break the shock a little and let me feel as if I had not wholly said good-by to the old life. You don't know how I hold on to it." He writes to Mr. Newton and to Mr. Cooper: —

NORTH ANDOVER, September 16, 1891.

You don't mind my coming to you on an off day, say a Saturday, and giving the big days to men whom I know less well, do you? I must take liberties with some one; may I not take them with my friends who know that I love them and care for their work? It may be a big price to pay for the fruitless joy of my friendship, but such must be the penalty. At least, this first year I will try first to stand by my appointments and let men see that I want to know the men and the places which I now know least, and that I am not tempted by the prospect of fair Sundays in my good friend's rectory. Read this between the lines when the list comes out and forgive me for Saturday afternoon.

I shall run in on you more than once during my Berkshire wanderings this autumn. There is no exhilaration about the new work yet, but it will come. At present, there is mostly a deep sense of what the past twenty-two years have been and of what I would make them if I could have them again, but I must not trouble you with that.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, September 26, 1891.

MY DEAR COOPER, — Thank you sincerely for your letter. It is good to know that you are at home again in your old nest which I know so well, and where I am so sure that you are comfortable. I hope it is not so hot there this morning as it is here. They say there is a cold wave coming. Would that it were here!

And now the consecration draws near. I shall be so glad to see you on the evening of the 10th. Of course you must stay here. I shall not hear of anything else. Arthur and his wife will be here, and Bishop Clark and John; that is all besides you.

It will be a great delight to have you here for the last Sunday, and during those last days.

You must bring a surplice. I cannot be sure of what the church will be able to supply.

The robes have just come in and stand beside me on the floor as I write. Poor things! they little know how they have got to travel up and down the land, and in what hundreds of pulpits they have got to stand. It is a pity that one has to wear them, and that the whole subject of the episcopate should be so involved with clothes, but one must make the best of that, and indeed, Cooper, the more I think of it the more it seems to me as if there were really no necessity in the nature of things that a bishop should be a fool.

Good-by, and give me your kind thoughts, and be sure that I am, Yours affectionately, P. B.

So absorbing was the question of the episcopate that other events seem relatively unimportant. But an allusion at least must be made to a few circumstances which are interesting, and may have served to distract his mind from the turmoil raging around him in that trying period. It was with pleasure that he met in this country the famous African explorer Mr. H. M. Stanley, and his wife whom he had already known in England. Mrs. Stanley writes him after listening to a sermon in Trinity Church with her husband: —

Mr. Stanley says it is one of the most *rousing* sermons he ever heard. He said it made him feel *excited*, and that as a young man, such a sermon would have certainly stirred him to action.

Many important and attractive invitations came to him, but he does not seem to have considered any of them as possibilities; he was shutting himself up more and more to his own distinctive work at Trinity Church. Thus he was invited by Hon. Joseph H. Choate to make the address in New York before the society which had been formed under the inspiration of General Sherman, to commemorate annually the birthday of General Grant on the 27th of April. He declined to take any part in the Parliament of Religions to be held in Chicago at the approaching World's Fair in 1893. He was asked by his friend Dr. Montagu Butler, of Trinity College, of the English Cambridge, to allow his name to be placed in the

list of "Select Preachers," and to fill the university pulpit on Whitsunday in 1892. And again he was urged by the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. H. B. Swete, as chairman of the Special Board of Divinity, to accept a nomination to the office of Lecturer on Pastoral Theology for the year 1891–92. It was suggested to him that the subject of the course should be "Preaching." He could not bring himself to accept an invitation from Mr. John Quincy Adams, president of the Harvard Alumni Association, to make a speech at the Commencement dinner. He accepted an honor which cost him no effort, but gave him pleasure, honorary membership of the A Δ Φ Club in New York. He also gave in his name after serious deliberation as a member of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom. Mr. Stepniak has told of an interview with him at the house of Mrs. Deland.

> We had a long conversation upon general Russian topics, which was led almost entirely by him. He showed an interest in everything; in the Russian religious movement and in its possible bearings; in the agrarian laws prevailing among our peasantry; in the peculiar position of the bureaucracy and the Tzar; in the character of Russian literature, and the periodical press; in the woman question. He professed to be quite ignorant about Russia, but to me it seemed as if he already knew everything and asked me only by way of confirmation. His quick mind ran in advance of my explanations. He guessed from the first sentences what would follow, and surprised me by the remarks and suggestions of a fellow student of the subject and not of an attentive listener.

He suffered through his sympathy with his dear friend, Rev. James P. Franks, in the heavy bereavement which came to him; many were the letters of tender condolence which he wrote. He went out to Cambridge on the 25th of April to officiate in Appleton Chapel on the occasion of the death of Adelbert Shaw, of Fishkill, a member of the University crew. Of the prayer which he made, Professor F. G. Peabody remarked: "It was the greatest illustration of the power of free prayer that I ever heard or read of."

On June 16 he was present at the alumni dinner of the Episcopal Theological School, — an occasion of unusual inter-

est and enthusiasm, for the event which was to separate him to some extent from other institutions of learning was to bring him closer to its students. In the course of the address he made, one remark is remembered: "What this school seeks to do is not to turn out men of one school of thought or of a single stamp, but men great in every way, thinkers, scholars, preachers, saints."

Among other incidents was an address at the opening exercises of the School of Expression, where the "words of this great master of speech made an unusually deep and incommunicable impression upon his hearers." One who heard reports these remarks: —

> I have no theory or doctrine regarding expression, and yet I must speak of it with the profoundest respect. First in importance comes life, the very fact of life itself, activity and the deed done. Then follows the mind's appropriation of the deed done, and after it has passed into thought it comes forth again in the utterances. Expression comes, fulfils the life of man and feels all life perpetually inspiring it. No one has a right to study expression until he is conscious that behind expression lies thought, and behind thought deed and action. Nobody can truly stand as an utterer before the world unless he is profoundly living and honestly thinking.

Wherever Phillips Brooks went now, he went accompanied by a great concourse of the people. He preached at the Church of the Incarnation in New York on the Sunday after Ascension Day. "That is equivalent to saying," writes the correspondent of a New York paper, "that the Church of the Incarnation was the conspicuous attraction of the day." On October 4, the first Sunday after the opening of the college year, he was at Harvard, and the chapel was "jammed with more than fifteen hundred people." His sermon was from his favorite text, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Though he had often preached on the text, this sermon was new, and, what was now most rare, a written sermon. It was also the last sermon that he would write, and this was to be his last appearance in Appleton Chapel as one of the officers of the

University. The Necessity of Vitality and the Glory of Obedience was his subject. The sermon was simple, but beneath it what an ocean lay of human experience, what depths of philosophy, of learning, and of wisdom! He closed with these words: —

> If there is any man of whom this place makes a skeptic or a profligate, what can we sadly say but this: he was not worthy of the place to which he came; he was not up to Harvard College. But the man with true soul cannot be ruined here. Coming here, humbly, bravely, he shall meet his Christ. Here he shall come into the fuller presence of the Christ whom he has known and loved in the dear Christian home from which he came, and know and love Him more than ever.
>
> "I am come to you, here where men have dreaded and said that I could not come. I am come to you that you may have life, and have it more abundantly." So speaks the Christ to the students. Of such life, and of brave, earnest men entering into its richness, may this new year of the old College life be full!

The transition to the episcopate called for changes and for sacrifices. To sever his close connection with Harvard was in the nature of a loss, and so he felt it to be. There was another change, not so important, and yet significant; he resigned his position as president of the Clericus Club, which he had held since its formation, feeling that while he was at liberty to retain his membership, it was no longer becoming that he should be so closely identified with any one organization of the clergy. At a meeting of the club on October 5, when his resignation was to take effect, a silver loving cup was presented to him upon which were engraved the names of all its active members.

On Sunday, October 11, he stood in his place at Trinity Church, — the last Sunday when he should officiate as its rector after a ministry of twenty-two years. There had been great days at Trinity; this day also was now to be included among them. The intense feeling, the common bond of a sorrow that could not be measured, the sense of finality, combined to give every word of the preacher unusual significance and force. He must have felt more than any one the oppressive mood of the waiting congregation. No element of noto-

riety entered into the occasion. Those who were present had not come out of curiosity, but from pure affection and devotion to the man in whose life a momentous transition had been discerned.

The crowd gathered long before the hour of service about the closed doors of Trinity, and when they were opened to the public, so great was the multitude every seat in the galleries was taken, and the aisles and corridors were crowded by an eager and struggling mass of humanity. Even the reporters of the daily press regarded themselves as fortunate to get places on the stairways. Double the number of persons could have been accommodated had there been room for them.

The sermon was marked by the simplicity of the man, and, without any formal farewell, had the essence of parting words. The text was, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." From every text he now deduced one common message; these words, he said, "were words of hope, of splendor, and of life. Life is love; Christ is the great source of light and life. God is forever seeking His children; no depth is too deep for Him to go after you."

For these twenty-two years I have preached this to you, and I have had no word to say to you but that you are God's, and that there is no depth of perdition into which you can sink, from which God will not go after you to lift you up. Give yourself up to Him.

This was the comment on the sermon by a writer in the Boston "Transcript:" —

The personality of the preacher and the emotions which such an occasion might have justified were alike suppressed, except that here and there they showed themselves in the incidental expression and in the enforcement of his appeal. It was an occasion in which what was not said was even more impressive than what was said. It was manifest that the preacher was holding back his inner thought, or rather transforming it into that impersonal form in which he could make it most effective for the end which he had in view. Dr. Brooks rose to the highest eloquence in thus sinking himself in the greatness of the cause which he was pleading. There were not many unmoved hearts or dry eyes

in that vast congregation. You could see strong men trying to control their emotion, and many a woman hid her face that she might conceal her tears. . . . The climax of the sermon was reached in the extempore prayer which followed at its end, in which the great preacher gathered up the past and present and future work of his people, and left it in the hands of God. The congregation was subdued to one thought and one feeling when the benediction had been pronounced and the organ sounded the note of departure. It was a parting with the pastoral relationship to a great teacher whose life had entered deeply and spiritually into the hearts and thoughts of his people.

Again in the afternoon the same immense congregation came for the evening prayers, and another sermon of equal power was preached from the words, "The spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come. He that will, let him take the water of life freely."

These words are full of exhilaration and hope, full of invitation and expectation. While they are filled with the great burden and sense of life, they are also anticipating the life that is to come. With every good healthy mind this is a necessity, that everything which has been bears in its bosom that which is to be, and fills him with expectation and hope.

Once more, in the evening, he preached at St. Andrew's Church, attended there by the same great throng of hearers. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things" were the words of his text. His life as a parish minister was closing with the utterance which had been his mother's prayer for him in almost every letter she wrote, as he was beginning his career in the little Church of the Advent in Philadelphia.

He had been speaking to himself all the day long while preaching to others. His words were brave and uplifting, but his heart was heavy. "In giving up Trinity Church, I know what it must be to die," was the language of his despondency. Through this waiting period of months, he could not escape from self-review. All his life was passing before him. He inwardly groaned that he might live it over again, and how different it would be! What would he not make of it, could he have the opportunity! In the light of

what it might have been, he was almost tempted to condemn his life as a failure. In the searching self-examination things looked differently as one after another they were exposed in the strong search-light of the reality. All that had been unreal, the conformity in any degree to the passing intellectual fashions of the hour, rose up before him for condemnation. He saw that he had not been wholly in sympathy with the age and the time, with its "burning questions," whose solution contributed nothing to life. In this mood, he refused to identify himself with any attitude or purpose not vitally related to Christian living. All the scaffolding was now falling away from the high tower of life, as it stood revealed in splendors undreamed of before. But we may not intrude further into the agony of a great soul at a moment when the consciousness of living had come to the climax of self-revelation. He was not given, we have seen it now most clearly, to speaking of his own religious experience. The mask of impersonality, with which he clothed himself in his youth as a garment and a panoply, he wore still to the end. But there is one, and one only, of his letters, so far as is known, where he drops the mask, and for once speaks to tell us only what we know without his telling it. It was during the days of his trial, when his deeds and his words were misrepresented, and his truth turned into a lie; when the Spirit was bearing witness, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, and I will show him what great things he must suffer for my name's sake," — it was during those days that he received a letter from a young clergyman, asking him to tell the secret of his life. He was strangely moved by the request, and this was the letter he wrote in reply, to the Rev. Charles Morris Addison, then rector of Christ Church, Fitchburg: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, June 30, 1891.

My dear Addison, — I am sure you will not think that I dream that I have any secret to tell. I have only the testimony to bear which any friend may fully bear to his friend when he is cordially asked for it, as you have asked me.

Indeed the more I have thought it over, the less in some sense I have seemed to have to say. And yet the more sure it has

seemed to me that these last years have had a peace and fulness which there did not use to be. I say it in deep reverence and humility. I do not think it is the mere quietness of advancing age. I am sure it is not indifference to anything which I used to care for. I am sure that it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ.

And it seems to me impossible that this should have come in any way except by the experience of life. I find myself pitying the friends of my youth, who died when we were twenty-five years old, because whatever may be the richness of the life to which they have gone, and in which they have been living ever since, they never can know that particular manifestation of Christ which He makes to us here on earth, at each successive period of our human life. All experience comes to be but more and more of pressure of His life on ours. It cannot come by one flash of light, or one great convulsive event. It comes without haste and without rest in this perpetual living of our life with Him. And all the history, of outer or inner life, of the changes of circumstances, or the changes of thought, gets its meaning and value from this constantly growing relation to Christ.

I cannot tell you how personal this grows to me. He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the reallest thing in the world. And every day makes it realler. And one wonders with delight what it will grow to as the years go on.

The ministry in which these years have been spent seems to me the fulfilment of life. It is man living the best human life with the greatest opportunities of character and service. And therefore on the ministry most closely may come the pressure of Christ. Therefore let us thank God that we are ministers.

Less and less, I think, grows the consciousness of seeking God. Greater and greater grows the certainty that He is seeking us and giving Himself to us to the complete measure of our present capacity. That is Love, — not that we loved Him, but that He loved us. I am sure that we ought to dwell far more upon God's love for us than on our love for Him. There is such a thing as putting ourselves in the way of God's overflowing love and letting it break upon us till the response of love to Him comes, not by struggle, not even by deliberation, but by necessity, as the echo comes when the sound strikes the rock. And this which must have been true wherever the soul of God and the soul of man have lived is perfectly and finally manifest in the Christhood of which it is the heart and soul.

There is something very rich and true in the Bible talk about

"waiting for the Lord." The waiting which is meant (and we know in our own lives what that waiting is) is having.

Nothing but life can reveal Him who is the Life, and so we cannot be impatient, but by and by we are satisfied, when everything that happens to us, without or within, comes to seem to us a new token of His presence and sign of His love.

I have written fully and will not even read over what I have written, lest I should be led to repent that I have written so much about myself. I am not in the habit of doing so. But your letter moves me, and you will understand.

Some day we will talk of all these things. I hope that you will give me the chance as soon as you can.

Meanwhile, you know how truly I ask God to bless you, and how sincerely I am

Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the note-book of Phillips Brooks are lines written at this moment, written rapidly and without correction, and given here because they seem to stand for some process of his inner life: —

The while I listened came a word —
I knew not whence, I could not see —
But when my waiting spirit heard,
I cried, "Lord, here am I, send me!"

For in that word was all contained —
The Master's wish, the servant's joy,
Worth of the prize to be attained,
And sweetness of the time's employ.

I turned and went — along the way
That word was food and air and light;
I feasted on it all the day,
And rested on it all the night.

I wondered; but when soon I came
To where the word complete must be,
I called my wonder by its name;
For lo! the word I sought was He.

CHAPTER XXV

1891–1892

CONSECRATION AS BISHOP. THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON. ADMINISTRATIVE CAPACITY. ILLNESS. LENTEN ADDRESSES. UNION SERVICE ON GOOD FRIDAY. THE CONVENTION ADDRESS. CORRESPONDENCE. SUMMER ABROAD. ENGLISH VOLUME OF SERMONS. RETURN TO BOSTON. ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD. THE GENERAL CONVENTION IN BALTIMORE. DEATH OF TENNYSON. CORRESPONDENCE

Phillips Brooks came to the day of his consecration as bishop borne on a great wave of human devotion, on the flood of human testimony to his singular gifts of the spirit, his marvellous greatness as a man. No words were too strong to be used; indeed, words strong enough were missing when the attempt was made to describe what he had become to the world. To do justice to the event by narrating it is impossible, for one must also include in the event this strange and unexampled outburst of gratitude and admiration, which in the spread of its concentric circles took in, as it seemed, the whole country. But lest these words may seem exaggerated, let us select from the cloud of witnesses one statement made at the moment, when the flood of grateful feeling was at its height. The following extract is from the Boston "Advertiser," whose editor possessed unusual opportunities of knowing the widespread, common sentiment: —

Regarding the solemnly impressive yet joy-inspiring services in Trinity Church yesterday morning [October 14], it is not possible for any human language to express adequately the thoughts and emotions that rise in uncounted multitudes of deeply stirred hearts. The elaborate ceremonial was all that it could be, moving on from first to last in simple grandeur. The place of conse-

cration was itself an essential element, contributing no small share to the sacred splendors of the scene. We do not mean merely that the edifice within whose walls Phillips Brooks received the vestments of a bishop was of all churches in this Commonwealth most fitting by reason of its architectural magnificence, though that is true. But the rudest tabernacle ever constructed out of rough-hewn timbers would have been hardly less fit if it had been, as Trinity Church has been, the meeting-place for many a year of hungry throngs to whom our peerless preacher was wont to break the bread of life. Nothing was absent that could give dignity, and grace, and memorableness; neither pulpit oratory, nor appropriate music, nor stately pageantry, nor presence of distinguished men, nor participation of eminent prelates, nor long lines of white-robed priests, nor an audience wrapped in eager attentiveness, limited in numbers only by the inexorable limitations of space. Yet this was not all. There were few, if any, who yesterday had the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of witnessing the spectacle beneath the majestic tower of Trinity who did not realize that the vast and sympathetic assemblage gathered there was but an infinitesimal fraction of the mighty mass of people outside, who were there in spirit, who would seize the earliest opportunity to read of what had there taken place, and whose souls would unite in response to the voices that said "Amen" when divine blessings were invoked on the newly made bishop. . . .

The universal interest that has for months been felt in the election, confirmation, and now in the consecration of Phillips Brooks to be bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, is something phenomenal. We need not wonder that it causes wonder. It is indeed wonderful. Nothing like it was ever known in America before. The topic rivals in the public mind all other current themes. An exciting political campaign is not more talked about, certainly not among thoughtful citizens. Foreign news, big with the fate of governments, and touching on problems of peace and war among nations, stirs not intelligent readers more profoundly. Whoever would understand this phenomenon must look for reasons beyond all sectarian lines, and all ordinary personal factors. It is because the Phillips Brooks that was, the Bishop Brooks that is and is to be, has endeared himself to a circle wider than any denomination, than all denominations. We honor him who was consecrated, not chiefly for his eloquence, his learning, his achievements as pastor of a great church, or even for his noble services as a foremost citizen, ready to speak potent words on behalf of every worthy cause, within the city

and the Commonwealth. It would come nearer the secret to say that it is his Christian character, tried by many tests and never found wanting, that commands our homage. But something more must be said before the story is told.

Bishop Brooks occupies a place in the hearts of men that can only be described by using the word gratitude. He has done for tens of thousands an inestimable service. He has unravelled for us the solemn mysteries of man's mission "on this bank and shoal of time." He has made the fatherhood of God seem real. He has made religion seem a privilege and daily communion with the divine nature a possibility. He has helped us to believe in better things than we had known before. He has touched hidden and unsuspected springs of high ambition. Life, to uncounted multitudes, appears more worth living because of the instruction, the inspiration, the example of him whom henceforth we shall delight to call Bishop Brooks. Therefore we unfeignedly thank him and rejoice with all those that do rejoice in the consecration to the bishopric of this already consecrated man.

Many were the efforts to explain the "extraordinary," the "unprecedented" interest which was felt in what might be considered in itself an ordinary ceremonial. The study of the public mind in its feeling towards Phillips Brooks, merely as a psychological phenomenon, would in itself possess high value as a revelation of some reserved power in the Christian ministry, never so manifested before. For this study there is no space here. It must be sufficient to say that the daily press in the great cities of the country, which opened their pages fully to those who wished to speak, showed a singular unanimity of utterance. It was the man in himself to whom the honor was now paid, the man who had embodied in his life what he taught.

He illustrates [said one of another religious communion] the meaning of the word Christian. Foremost in sympathy with the world's best thinking and feeling, yet with the rare gift of allaying men's prejudices, the burden of his preaching is grandly the same as that of apostles, martyrs, reformers, throughout the ages. He is a powerful example of one possessing regal intellect, familiar with critical theories and the research of scholars, who does not forget what preaching is. His one great theme is Christ, salvation and righteousness in and through a person. The value of his example is in this one respect priceless.

Here is an extract from a letter to him written by a workingman, who calls himself "one of the crowd who do not go to church, yet am consciously better because you are here."

I wonder if you have any sort of conception how many there are of us who are made better and try to be more useful as a result of your example. To me you reveal God as no other man does. What I mean by that is, I can't think of you for ten consecutive minutes without forgetting all about you and thinking of God instead; and when I think of God and wonder how He will seem to me, it always comes round to trying to conceive of you enlarged infinitely in every way.

If we may look for an historical precedent Phillips Brooks was now becoming to his age what once St. Francis of Assisi had been, an ideal so lofty that when men thought of him there was a tendency to speak of him as a second Christ; for in him Christ had been felt to live again and exert his power in the modern world. To criticise the expression of the popular feeling, whether or not it went beyond bounds in its devotion, is not of so much importance as to chronicle the fact. This tendency is manifest in the tributes of poetry, to which people now resorted as the best vehicle of exalted emotion. It was a mood destined from this time to grow stronger till it reached its culmination.

Some such mood underlies and explains the demonstrations of affection which now went forth to Phillips Brooks. People wondered that they should feel as they did, but made no effort to conceal the feeling. In Puritan New England, in Boston even, all vestige of prejudice against a bishop seemed to have faded away. The old feeling indeed was recalled, how Massachusetts had once proposed to deal with a bishop in case one were sent to them from England; how Governor Andros forcibly took possession of the Old South Church in order to give episcopacy a footing in Boston; but these things were recalled only to preface the comment that Phillips Brooks was now to be a bishop to them all.

Seldom [writes a Congregational minister] has anything occurred in religious history in which the "Universal Church" has been so much interested as in the consecration of Phillips Brooks

to the episcopate. All of us might accept the "historic episcopate" as he would define and will embody it. No denomination can wholly claim such a man; he is a bishop for us all. Few will speak of him as Bishop Brooks; many will delight to call him Phillips Brooks, the bishop.

We leave these testimonies, taking a few as samples of a large number, with the remark that Phillips Brooks had demonstrated the desire of the Christian world for unity and the universal instinct which calls for a leader; how men are only too ready to follow when the heaven-sent leader comes. Upon the consecration service we cannot dwell. The crowd took possession of Copley Square long before the service began on the morning of Wednesday, October 14. The day, which opened with clouds and threats of inopportune weather, developed into one of sunlight and beauty. In the robing-room of Trinity Church were gathered the bishops who were to officiate: Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, the presiding bishop, who was to act as consecrator; Bishop Doane, of Albany; Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island; Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania; Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire; Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, and Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who had been chosen by the bishop-elect to act as his presenters; Bishop Potter, of New York, who was to preach the sermon; Rev. Arthur Brooks and Rev. John Cotton Brooks, who were to be the attendant presbyters. In the chapel of Trinity were some four hundred clergy, of whom a third were visitors from other dioceses. Just before the procession started, a protest against the consecration was read, signed by two bishops, and then the signal was given for the organ, and the procession moved to the west entrance of the church, and the hymns sung were "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" and "The God of Abraham praise." It was a state and civic event as well as an ecclesiastical: the governor of the Commonwealth, the mayor of Boston, and the president of Harvard College had been invited as honored guests, and the city of Boston had sent flowers for the decoration of the church within and around the portals. Seventeen hundred tickets had been issued, with great care that all diocesan and other interests should be represented.

The service was impressive, as only the Anglican ritual can make it, simple and direct, with no alien accessories, a service filling and satisfying the imagination. Some of the details may be mentioned, the sermon by Bishop Potter, praised by all as eloquent and felicitous, and especially the closing words to the bishop-elect, which only the preacher could have spoken, — the allusion to the Virginia seminary, where together they prepared for the ministry. There was one incident noted by all, for it seemed to move the bishop-elect, — a reminder of the fiery trial through which he had passed: when, throwing back his head and expanding his figure to its full proportions, he made the promise of conformity: "I, Phillips Brooks, chosen Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, do promise conformity and obedience to the Doctrine, Discipline, and Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. So help me God, through Jesus Christ."

Many were the comments on that scene, for it moved the hearts of all who witnessed it.

> Who, of all the vast congregation present at his consecration [wrote Bishop Williams], as they heard him, looking up to heaven, utter with a solemnity that thrilled all hearts those awful words, "So help me God, through Jesus Christ," which end the bishop's promise of conformity, — who that heard the equal solemnity of the answers given to the questions which are put to every bishop before hands are laid upon him, could have doubted the depth of his conviction as to the place of the episcopate in the economy of Christ's kingdom, or his own determination to administer it as this Church has received it from all the Christian ages? Who that heard his voice, as he joined in the utterance of the Nicene Symbol, could have questioned his unshaken conviction that our blessed Lord was God as well as Man? I venture to answer, No man.

After the consecration, Bishop Williams took Bishop Brooks by the hand and led him into his own chancel. It all seemed strange and bewildering that Phillips Brooks should sit in his own church listening to the sermon of another, and then be conducted by another to the sacred place where for so many years he had stood to administer the Lord's Supper.

There was joy in the occasion, but also profound, unspeakable sorrow, for the sense of a parting scene mingled with the congratulations, and in the minds of the people of Trinity Church was uppermost. What it all might mean no one could tell. Only he wanted it, and was willing to take the office, and therefore it must be right that he should do so. There must be some enlargement for him, some more appropriate setting of his greatness. A lady who was present from Philadelphia wrote him, "It seemed like living over again the parting from the Church of the Holy Trinity." To Mr. A. J. C. Sowdon, the new bishop wrote this note on the following day: —

October 15, 1891.

Dear Sowdon, — I cannot help thanking you with all my heart for yesterday. Everybody is saying with what wonderful judgment and power all was arranged and carried out. I am still more rejoiced that it was done by you and done with such spirit of kindness to your old friend. It will be a joy to remember it and to be grateful for it always.

Yours ever, Phillips Brooks.

The wardens and vestry of Trinity Church had made a generous arrangement with the diocese by which no change of residence would be required, and the beautiful home on Clarendon Street should still be his. Acknowledging his gratitude, he writes to Mr. C. J. Morrill who had been active in securing this result, with whom, indeed, the suggestion of building a rectory had originated, and who had persevered in the plan despite the rector's reluctance and even opposition: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 15, 1891.

Dear Mr. Morrill, — Nothing which Trinity Church could do could be so generous and considerate as to surprise me. And yet the great gift which your letter brings fills me with a gratitude which I cannot express.

All which these long and happy years have meant to me is very present to me now. The service yesterday in the dear and familiar church was not only the opening of the future, but the gathering up of all the past. That past can never be left behind. It goes with me into all the days to come. All the kindness and loyalty and helpfulness of my people has passed into my life and will be part of it till I die, and always.

Will you tell the wardens and vestry how I thank them for this token of their care for me? I pray that I may be such a bishop that they shall not seem to have trusted me in vain.

Will you yourself accept anew the assurance of my affectionate regard, and count me always,

Faithfully your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter he writes: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, October 16, 1891.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I cannot let these days pass without thanking you for Wednesday. I feel how good and kind it was of you to come, and when you had come, that you should say such words as you did say gives me great satisfaction and delight, and will always make the day shine in my memory.

You will know how peculiarly near my heart come those last words of brotherly greeting and affection. Everybody felt their graciousness and beauty. It was mine to feel also how much of long-treasured association and of a kindness which has never failed was gathered in them. May God bless you for them. There could not be a brighter gate through which to enter the new land. I shall be a better bishop for them. The thing has drawn itself out so long that it is hard to believe that it is over. But the change of daily occupation reminds me constantly that I am a bishop, and is rapidly making the new name familiar.

There is no wild exhilaration about it, but a quiet content that it is all right, and an anticipation of the work as full of interest and satisfaction.

I shall be coming down on you for good advice and the permission to drink out of the full river of your long experience. This before long, no doubt; but now only my gratitude for all that you have done for me this week, and my assurance that you have made the change from the old life into the new as happy as it could be made.

For all of this, and for the years that have been, and the years that are to be, I thank you, and am ever,

Yours affectionately, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In his note-book is to be found this reference to the transition and its accompanying consciousness: —

The quiet, natural change of consciousness and thought in view of the episcopate.

Compare with the change from lay to clerical life. Of the same sort, though of less distinctness and importance.

The difference from the English Episcopate (cf. Life of Archbishop Tait).

The first Sunday was spent in Salem with Rev. James P. Franks, who was in deep bereavement. The sermon, at Grace Church, was one already alluded to, with the title, "The Egyptians dead upon the Seashore." After nearly two weeks had elapsed of episcopal visitations, he met the Episcopalian Club in Boston, October 27, and his presence was the central feature of the evening.

If there ever comes to Phillips Brooks [said a writer in the Boston Herald] the thought that in lacking the love of wife and the caresses of children, life's cup still wants a little of being full to the brim, there must come other times which bring their measure of compensation; times when the admiration and honor and love which flows for him from the hearts of all men who know him, pours itself in a flood about his feet and washes away everything but high aim and consecration and singleness of devotion to his work. Last night was such a time.

In the address which he made to this large and representative assembly of laymen, the bishop was deeply moved: —

I cannot tell you how full my heart is, and how earnestly I wish to do all in my power for the Church in this dear old State of Massachusetts. She gave me birth and education, and all that has gone to make a supremely happy life. I love her rugged landscape, her blue skies, her rich history; and out of her soil came the men who made her what she is. But I am no Massachusetts bigot. I am ready to welcome the newcomers among us. The Episcopal Church in Massachusetts must work in the line of Massachusetts people and the Massachusetts character. It must become a part of the New England life and make that life nobler, — so noble that we shall dare to say that there is nothing nobler in all the world, if only it may be touched with some finer radiance from this dear old Church of ours.

These were a few of the sentences, as reported in the Boston "Herald," of a speech which in its entirety has not been preserved. Of this speech, one of the laymen present, Mr. A. J. C. Sowdon, writes: —

The sweep, the breadth of religious *statesmanship* evinced, the manner in which he magnified his office and its possibilities, and

took in the whole problem, the fervent patriotism in which he spoke of the Commonwealth he so loved, and the passionate language, the graphic picture he drew of what one Church *could* and *ought* to do for the Commonwealth, — all these made us who were present feel that we had literally heard his *very* best and greatest effort. The pity of it is that there was only an ordinary newspaper report of the speech.

From this time Phillips Brooks plunged into the multiplicity of duties and engagements which appertain to a bishop's office. He was addressed by a clergyman of large experience, Rev. Edward Everett Hale: —

I am older than you, can advise you. *Begin slowly.* Let things present themselves in order, and do not try to make an order for them. After you have thus accepted for a little, what is, — you will be able to raise everything and see what may be.

But he does not seem to have heeded the advice: other words were ringing in his ears, "Work while the day lasts; the night cometh when no man can work." That from the first there was a tendency to overtax his strength, now, alas, no longer what it was, or what at his age it should have been, might be inferred from the following letter, after he had been in his new office but two weeks: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, November 2, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Paine, — You do not know how grateful I am for your kind token that I am not forgotten. Life is so terribly convulsed and changed that it seems incredible that the old friends are there and are caring for me still.

But I know you do and always will. By and by, some day, I shall see you again. Till then, and always, you will all know how I am,

Affectionately and gratefully,
Your friend, Phillips Brooks.

On November 3 he went to the annual matriculation of the Episcopal Theological School. As he spoke to the students, his own experience in the seminary at Alexandria must have inspired him.

Here, in the seminary life, Christian truth and faith come into relation. There is no struggle between thought and work. Some abandon work for thought; others abandon thought for work.

Never look upon your work as a refuge from thought, but express your thought in your work. Shrink from nothing God shall reveal to you. Trust yourself to Him wherever He shall lead you. He watches over mind and soul. He does not separate them and make them weak concessions of one to the other. Your seminary life is a going aside for three years with Christ, to drink in His spirit and to commune with Him. As you open your New Testament He says to you, "This is who I am." When you study church history, He says, "This is but a history of me." In psychology He says to you, "I saved this humanity by wearing it."

One of the first incidents in his new life was the call to preside as bishop at the Church Congress to be held in Washington in November, where he should make the Communion Address at its formal opening. It was now suggested to him that he should avail himself of the opportunity to declare, as he might most germanely, his belief in the "miraculous Incarnation and real resurrection of our Lord." If he would consent it would do much, so he was told, to "convince the gainsayers." Those high in station and whose opinion he valued, urged him strongly to this course. Scriptural precedent was adduced, — the apostle bids us comfort the feeble-minded. It was another incentive brought to bear upon him that he owed something to the chivalric friendship of his brethren in the episcopate, who differed so widely from him, yet had made sacrifices to insure his confirmation; the sacrifices should not be all on one side. Bishop Clark, who was the go-between of those who wished to approach Phillips Brooks, wrote urging that he should follow this advice. But he firmly and even vehemently refused. As we know Phillips Brooks, it was impossible that he should do otherwise. To take the occasion of a Communion Address in order to speak, as it were, "to the galleries," and be setting right his own reputation, was abhorrent. That he should be asked to take so solemn a moment for such a statement was bad enough; that he should acquiesce and make the statement would have been a blunder. It would have neutralized the value of his silence while the question of his election was pending. It would also have been a failure in its object, and

would have quieted no one. What was really wanted from him was an apology for his association in religious services with Unitarians, and his promise to offend no more. That, as we shall see, he consistently refused to make. So Bishop Clark found his protégé refractory. Several times had his good offers been declined. He had gently suggested to Phillips Brooks that as a bishop it might be more becoming if he adopted the conventional dress of the clergy. To this appeal Phillips Brooks had replied, "Now, Mr. Clark, you know very well it was Henry Potter who put you up to giving me that advice." The following letter of Bishop Clark shows at least he was not offended by the rejection of his good offices: —

PROVIDENCE, November 4, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER BROOKS, — I am a little bit sorry that you found my letter; not that it contains anything that I would revoke, for I still think it would be right and proper for you to say at the Church Congress the words you would be most naturally inclined to say, even if they did tend to allay the anxieties of certain good people, whose minds have been prejudiced by a persistent series of misrepresentations. As I intimated in my last letter, I was afraid that you would reply just as you have done, because I knew that you stand upon a very lofty moral pedestal and have a special aversion to all shams and pretences. As I happen to occupy a lower plane, perhaps I might be willing to do what you would decline doing.

The *vehemence* of your first letter I admired very much; it was one of the chief attractions of the epistle. The lion always appears at his best when he is in a righteous rage. One lesson, however, I have learned, and that is to abstain from any further interference, and let other people roast their own chestnuts.

And so, henceforth, beloved Brother, go thine own way. I will disturb thee no more. Prudent or imprudent, silent or outspoken, deliberate or not, thou art likely to come out all right in the end. I assume no longer the post of guide, philosopher, and friend, confining myself entirely to the latter function. But if, in thy comet-like sweep through the heavens, thou shouldest ever find thyself in a tight place among the suns, and the stars, and the planets, and the little ecclesiastical moons, I shall always be at thy service.

Just as affectionately yours as ever, and a little more so,

THOMAS M. CLARK.

He prepared his address for the Church Congress, therefore, without any, the slightest, allusion that could be construed as explanatory or apologetic. He still felt about church congresses as in his earlier years. In writing to Rev. Arthur Brooks about the arrangement for trains, he adds: —

> But the Congress is the great thing. Let us cast dull care away and go in for enjoyment. For the Church needs us radical old fellows to keep the conservatism of its young men from rotting, and we must take good care of our health.

The city of Washington was moved at his coming. In the large edifice, Epiphany Church, crowded to the doors, there was no standing room. Not even the drizzling rain deterred the people from waiting an hour before the doors were opened. The address was beautiful in its simplicity and adaptedness: "Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee."

Phillips Brooks entered upon his work as a bishop with enthusiasm and in a spirit of entire self-consecration. It was the culmination of that phase in his life, beginning after his return from India, when he resolved to "abase" himself in order to "abound." He believed that the best part of his work as a Christian minister would be conserved in the episcopate. So he had written to his friends. The unanimity of all his friends, or at least the great majority of them, and the voice also of all the people, confirmed him in the conviction that he was right in accepting the office. The letters of congratulation continued to come in for many weeks after his consecration. From India and Japan and China, from France and Switzerland, his friends were writing in a tone of jubilation, in the expectancy of greater things that he would do. This was also the uniform conviction of the host of his friends in England. They sympathized in the change, as if it brought to the whole Anglican Church a higher prospect of usefulness. Thus his friend Professor James Bryce, who saw in his growing influence some special significance for the future of American life, writes him how all his "English friends feel greater confidence in the future of the American Episcopal

Church now that he will be officially connected with its guides." But Mr. Bryce adds also a caution : —

> I hope the duties of an active kind may not, as happens with bishops here, trench too heavily on the time you have hitherto given to reading and thinking; for even the authority the office gives to guide church deliberations might be ill purchased by the loss of quiet times.

Bishop Brooks needed the encouragement that his friends could now give him by letter or otherwise. He was a man without personal conceit, of entire humbleness of heart, — the heart of a simple child, though accompanied with the consciousness of power. He took up his new work, therefore, in joy and gladness. Never had he been happier in his life than now. The serenity of his spirit was manifest. He had learned the lesson of Christ, how when he was reviled to revile not again. He was determined that all should be his friends among clergy and laity, and to allow no opening for enmities. His happiness showed itself in many ways, — in his note-books, where he begins again, as in his youth, to record his thoughts, as if life were opening anew before him. Then, too, it was a vast relief, and he alone best appreciated it, that he was free at last from the burden of the parish minister, which had simply become greater than he could bear. The task of preaching might now be reduced within limits that would no longer exhaust his physical vitality. It seemed at first, despite the multiplicity of engagements, that he had more time at his disposal than before for reading and quiet thinking. He carried books with him as he went on his episcopal visitations. He loved to travel, it must be admitted, to go into new towns and places, to become acquainted with people, to visit a hundred homes where he had the privilege of being admitted as guest. It all seemed very delightful. He could not believe that his work would ever become perfunctory. When he was told that the recitation of the bishop's formula in the confirmation office tended to formality, he would not believe that he could ever be unsympathetic at the sound of those little words, "I do," coming from young hearts at a great moment in their lives.

Phillips Brooks

He now showed that he possessed a capacity for the administration of affairs which some had doubted. It is the testimony of Bishop Lawrence, than whom no one is more competent to speak, that he excelled in executive ability. He soon mastered the details of the office, carrying them with ease in his capacious mind. There was some latent power in him in this respect, needing only the quick call of duty and the responsibility of his position for its development. A business man in Philadelphia, one of his parishioners, had once said of him that he was capable of taking charge of the largest business corporations in the country, and that if he gave his mind to such work he could not be excelled in efficiency. Nor did these affairs of the diocese, numerous and perplexing as they were, harass him or vex his peace of mind. But one thing would be true of him, that he would slight or neglect nothing, or relax his disposition to aid by any means in his power those who appealed to him. There came at once hundreds of appeals from clergymen for admission to the diocese; he was called upon to adjust difficulties in parishes; to offer advice upon every conceivable subject. There were many drains upon his sympathy. The church must have looked very differently to him in this nearer view from what it had done when he gazed at it from the pulpit and saw only the crowds of eager listeners to his words.

He showed a tendency, also says Bishop Lawrence, to be a strict, even a rigid canonist. There was no laxity in him, no inclination to leave things at loose ends. This disposition was plainly manifested in his dealings with Candidates for Orders. He wished it to be understood that they were to go, when ordered deacons, where he should send them. There would be no relaxation of this rule. "I pity them, but they have got to go." He believed in government in church or state, and that government was a divine ordering, not the arrangement of a committee. In an address to the students of the Theological School in Cambridge, he was very practical in his suggestions. The first point he made was in regard to legibility of handwriting. "Small causes lead to great failures." But he soon sailed out on the ocean of principles:

"Promptness must come from fulness. Get everything bigger."

He talked, said Mr. Robert Treat Paine, "as if he had some large plans in contemplation for the extension of the church's work and usefulness, and was not going into it vaguely." He sent to the State House for "any books or documents which would give information as to the population, and the character of the population, in the various towns and cities of our Commonwealth." He was studying the State of Massachusetts in its relation to the Episcopal Church, the causes which had hindered its growth, the motive of its strongest appeal. Of his three immediate predecessors in the episcopal office, not one had been a Massachusetts man by birth or education. That was his advantage, and he well understood it. He honored and he loved Massachusetts, knowing how to draw a response from its inmost soul, or to place his finger on its pulse and read the beatings of its heart. By natural descent he was a Puritan of the Puritans, and all this was in him still, yet joined with other forces and tendencies which came of the distinctive training from his childhood in the Book of Common Prayer. He was asking himself as to the place of the Episcopal Church, what message it brought, and how that message should be presented to a common Christendom.

He was scrupulous at first to follow the usages of his predecessor. Wherever he went he found that Bishop Paddock had left a sacred and healing influence behind. To do what he was wanted to do, and to do it in the way to which people had become accustomed, was his rule. When he visited a town, he went to the Episcopal Church, although the townspeople were expecting that the largest edifice would attract him, or some large hall where all might hear him. But he wended his way, as in duty bound, to the small "Gothic cathedrals," as the Episcopal churches were called, tucked away sometimes in a side street.

He was now forced to overcome his habit of silence, or of talking only when he chose to talk, or had something special to say when others' talk aroused him. Now he was expected

to entertain his hosts, or the assembled company in rural parsonages; for no one would talk when the bishop was present, and at first Bishop Brooks overawed those who met him. He had one resource, by which he could escape if necessary, and that was by giving himself up to the children. This was also amusement and pure recreation. Beautiful accounts were written of his entrance into a household and establishing at once with the children a familiar footing, so that he and all in the family were completely at home. "Why do you not talk to us as Bishop Brooks did?" was a question from the children that met Bishop Lawrence as he made his first visitations in the diocese.

His modesty was always conspicuous on his visitations [writes Mr. A. J. C. Sowdon]. One day he was met at the station in Fall River by Rev. Mr. S——, who turned to help him with his valise. But he refused, saying he was able to carry it himself. As they came to a carriage Mr. S—— asked him to step in, but he stood back and said, "Get in yourself first, S——, never mind me." He had a way of refusing carriages. Once when he had been out to a service in a suburban town, and was leaving the church, Mr. C—— said, "Bishop, there is a carriage for you at the door." "I sent it away," he answered. "It would have gratified our people if you had used it," said Mr. C——. "I preferred not to do so. I can go into town just as well in the horse cars."

I was taking him in to dinner [continues Mr. Sowdon] the first day of his convention, the only convention he attended as bishop. There was an unusual crowd at the Hotel Brunswick, and it was almost impossible to get through the entry. As I asked the clergy to make way a little, he rebuked me; but there seemed no other way of getting to the dining-room. The clergy did open ranks, and some clapped their hands as we passed through the lines. This dreadfully annoyed him, and he insisted earnestly to me that it must never occur again. He was greatly provoked; but after dinner he came to me and expressed deep regret that he had been so quick with me. I told him it was no fault of mine; but he said very sweetly and earnestly, "Well, you must see that it (the clapping and open ranks) never occurs again."

A few days after he was made bishop, when the conversation turned upon the office, he said to Rev. Mr. L——, "If it ever seems to you that *my* head gets turned, you must tell me of it."

Once he discovered that the person in charge of the Church Rooms had employed a poor clergyman to carry a note for him; and he never forgot the person or the action, and was terribly exercised about the indignity put upon his brother clergyman.

Then I must mention his absolute indifference as to whether or not his friends had voted for him as Bishop. Too much cannot be said of his entire freedom from revenge or soreness. He nobly respected their judgment and the pluck it took to vote against him.

In January Bishop Brooks was seriously ill with an attack of the grippe. From the despondency which accompanies the disease he was some time in recovering, and indeed he never quite recovered from the effects of that lamentable illness. To a friend who called upon him, he remarked that there had been one bishop of Massachusetts who never performed an episcopal function, and he was afraid there would be a second of whom the same would be said. To another friend he said in answer to some request that the only thing he could not give him was cheerfulness.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, January 21, 1892.

Dear Arthur, — How strange it all is, this being sick! I am not out yet except for necessary duties, when I go in carriages, wrapped up like a mummy and actually afraid of draughts, like an old woman. I hope it is most over, but the weather is beastly, and the doctor is so cautious and the legs so weak that I don't feel *very* sure of anything. Fortunately the doctor smiles on my going to Philadelphia next week, and thinks the change will do me good. Unfortunately, however, he insists that I must go through and back in a closed car, shut in at Boston and leaving the car only at Philadelphia. Such a car goes now via the Shore Line and the steamer around New York. This loses my chance of a night with you, for which I am very sorry, though indeed, unless the coming week makes a great difference, a night of my society could be of small delight to anybody. Still I dare to think that you and L—— would be glad to see me.

And you shall! On Friday, the 19th of February, I am coming on to the dinner of the New York Harvard Club, and I shall count on you to take me in over night. I never saw a big New York dinner, and I expect to be delighted and dazzled in my provincial eyes.

And you must send me the seal as soon as it is done. I am

impatient for it, — not that I have suffered at all by the delay, but I want to get possession of the gem of the episcopate, and to show —— and —— that I have the finest seal of the lot.

I hope that the winter goes on well with you. Don't get sick any more, and let 's be grateful for all the fine long years of health.

But the thought of a visit to Philadelphia had its usual effect, and he writes to Mr. Cooper, January 22, 1892 : "I may trust to you and McVickar for something to wear on Sunday, surplice or gown. I shan't bring any episcopal robes. You don't know what a good time I mean to have."

To the Rev. W. N. McVickar : —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, February 3, 1892.

My dear William, — The visit was very pleasant, but it was not the real thing. I missed you all the time, and the sense of why you were not there, and the sorrow which had fallen on you, kept us all the time from the absolute cheeriness which belongs to a visit to the dear old town. Cooper was very kind, and the dinner went off very well, and the people at the church were hospitality itself, but you were not there, and all the time I was thinking of you sitting by your father, and remembering all the past which you had lived with him. What an awful thing it is when one's father dies! I think that one grows less and less afraid of his own death, and more and more afraid of the death of his friends. And here there is this endless complication of life with strangers, these countless tiresome little bits of business with strangers, with people that never have been and never can be one's friends, while the folks one really cares for you see only once a year, and by and by they die. Let 's change it all! Let 's get the half-dozen people who are really worth while, and go off to Cathay or somewhere, and really see them while life lasts.

But what a joy it must be to you, dear William, to have seen so much of your father, and to have put so much of happiness as you must have out into his life. It is one of the things that is most comforting to think of, I am sure.

And how little it makes life seem; and how great; and God how near, and our own ambitions so small; and every chance to be good and to do good so great and so precious!

God bless you, my dear fellow,

Your old friend, P. B.

On February 11 a meeting was held in Boston, where the

laity, who had been invited to meet the city clergy, were present in large numbers. The object of the meeting as stated in the bishop's circular letter, and more fully in his address, was to rouse the laity to individual and also concerted effort in order to meet people in sections of the city devoid of religious or moral influence who could not be reached by organized parochial work. This was the first step taken on a large scale by the bishop to carry out some more comprehensive plan for increasing the efficiency of the Episcopal Church. There was much enthusiasm evoked by his words and by the addresses of others present. A resolution was adopted in accordance with which a committee of three was appointed to act in concert with the bishop in finding work for every layman to do who was willing to be of service. It was a beginning full of promise, making the laity realize that Phillips Brooks was to be a layman's bishop.

To Rev. Percy Browne he writes: —

March 11, 1892.

Dear Percy, — I have read the Parish Retrospect all through, and send you my thanks for it. It is very interesting and could not have been better done, but how little printed pages can tell of what such a twenty years as this has been! But most of all, I find myself selfishly thinking of what the twenty years have been to *me*. I cannot think how different they would have been if you had not come to St. James when they were fortunate enough to ask you. I think of the countless happy hours I have had with you, the kindness you have shown me, the pleasure you have given me, the good you have done me, and my heart is full of grateful joy. May God bless you for it all, dear friend.

And now let us have twenty more such years before we go home to the Eternal Comradeship!

Ash Wednesday fell on March 2, and as Trinity Church was still without a rector, Bishop Brooks consented to take, in addition to his episcopal labors, the Friday evening lectures. He also gave during Lent, as in the previous year, the Monday noon addresses at St. Paul's. It need only be said of these latter addresses that they were a phenomenon in Boston, such as witnesses and reporters vainly endeavored to describe, — a repetition of what it had been in New York, or

the previous year in Boston, when the preacher addressed himself exclusively to men. Nothing like it in the impressive power of impassioned appeal had ever been known in Boston. The addresses were intended for business men, and they were there; but the clergy were there in large numbers and of every denomination, as though the addresses were *conciones ad clerum.*

But the Friday evening lectures at Trinity were of another kind, full of the overflowing tenderness and love of a pastor still in relation to his people, unable to sever the tie which bound them together. The burden was a heavy one to carry, but love and devotion seemed to make it light. As to what was said in these lectures, instead of turning to his note-book, with his own outline, we may take reports, by an interested listener, giving personal comment and impression. This is the account of the address at the Communion Service on the evening of Holy Thursday, April 14: —

His face had that night that serene but not removed expression; it was gentle and affectionate, human, and yet spiritual. He seems to want to let the people see that he cares for them, and his sermon was all full of that personal sense of our belonging to each other, of his remembering each one and what we had been through together.

He began by speaking of the Lord's Supper as an anniversary, not only of the Last Supper, but of the many times we have come together to celebrate it through all these years. The one thing we felt in reading about it was the love of Jesus for His disciples; "with desire have I desired." Thus he named one disciple after another, and characterized each by a most masterly little touch, so that each stood out a figure full of interest whom you felt you knew and loved. It was wonderful. Then he made you see how they were all, with their interesting varied personalities and experiences, gathered in that room, and Jesus knew them all, every one, and loved each one of them. And as He looked into face after face, and moved about among them from foot to foot, His love filled all the place. He made it all most sacred, personal, the fire of His love transforming all their souls into perfect oneness with Him. Then, while it was all so near and present, He looks forward and says, "I will not drink of this again till I drink it new *with you* in the Kingdom." The perfect assurance

that their love reached forward, beyond, that they could never be separated, that their lives were all one, in Jerusalem then and afterwards in the heavenly city.

This sermon was one of those with a single thought in it, like an atmosphere that enveloped and filled everything. Each word deepened the impression; it was *love*, — in Jesus, in the disciples, in the preacher, in the people, beating in every word, all through the place. When I tell you this you will know better than if I tried to tell it in words.

On Good Friday he took for his text, "It is finished."

Good Friday, he began by saying, was the most important day of the whole year; it stood as the greatest of all days in its influence, in the event it commemorated. It was characteristic of human life that its greatest day should be its saddest, full of suffering and sorrow. It showed how life in its essential nature was sad, but it was a day of hope, its sorrow full of promise, and this, too, was characteristic of human life. Then he spoke about last words, how interesting even when they are a stranger's, how dear when they are a friend's. These last words of Jesus were sad. The end of anything is sad. No man leaves any experience without sadness, and the end of life is sad, even if it is the beginning of a richer existence. Here he quoted the "longing, lingering look behind," and the "cheerful day." Then, when the end of an experience comes, one gains a comprehension of all that has gone to make up the experience. Details and complexity are untangled, and the real meaning is seen. So it was with Jesus. Galilee and the Lake and the Temple all came back to Him and stood out clear in those last moments. All these thoughts were in Jesus' mind because He was human. His life on earth had been an experience in His eternal life, one which was new and would never be repeated; it was as a man that He ended it now and passed from it into His unending, divine existence; but the experience would be with Him always, making more perfect His perfect nature.

Now what did these words mean? What was finished? The answer, the rescue of humanity. Just as a father seeks for his child who has gone astray, and goes unresting day and night through vile haunts of sin and misery, and then finds her and places her again in the pure light of the old home life, and it is finished. As a diver plunges into the strange dark waters and wrestles with the hideous forms that grovel at the bottom, and finds the pearl and brings it to the land in triumph. Anything more? Yes, it was more than an act of redemption that was

finished; it was a creative act. There are two creations, as we read in the Bible. The Spirit of God brooding over Chaos brings light and life and order and music out of it. He did not quote the Hymn on the Nativity; there was no need of it, for his language was just as poetical, majestic, rhythmical, superb, as that stanza, —

> Such music, as 't is said,
> Before was never made,
> But when of old the sons of morning sung,
> While the Creator great
> His constellations set,
> And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Yes, it was more beautiful, it was like a great, rich strain of music, like a view of the universe with all the parts moving in harmony and beauty. That was the first creation. Then the spirit of God brooded over human life so close and near and deep, that it entered into human life and was incarnate, and wrought the mysterious change in the soul of man, — the change that brings order and beauty out of chaos and sin. And the power of the incarnation was sacrifice, and the power of the new creation is sacrifice. When once the spirit of sacrifice enters, sin is cast out, by the very entrance of this spirit, and old puzzles and doubts and evil thoughts flit away like hateful birds of night.

Pale and earnest, his voice quivering, he leaned forward, and said, "This was for you and me." And then he made one of those tremendous appeals that shake your heart because they must leave you better, or infinitely worse; and then he prayed.

One other point, the creative power is also the ministering power. In the natural creation more and more it is discovered that creation is not one act but a continuous process; so in the spiritual creation, Jesus creates and then abides in the soul and ministers to it until it is perfect even as the Father is perfect.

In the afternoon of Good Friday he commented on the words, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life," etc.

St. Paul did not see Jesus die; perhaps his knowledge of that death, being removed from the actual sight of that anguish which for the time swallowed up the deeper meaning of a death, was in some ways more true and intelligent. When we see some one die we do not at the time catch the full significance of the event. Afterwards we remember and recognize the heroism, the patience, the triumph, that were in it. St. Paul says he bears this know-

ledge, the dying of Jesus, about in his body. It is interesting to notice how he speaks of his body. Poor, weak, small as it was, if tradition tells the truth, it was the scene, the theatre of all the great acts and experiences of his soul. He honors it, recognizes its mystery, its relation to his spirit, and so when he thinks of Jesus' death he says that it is in his body that he bears that knowledge. There are wonderful pictures in the Old World everywhere, representing the descent from the cross, where the disciples touch the cold stiff limbs, though they know that the spirit of Jesus is no longer in them; tenderly and lovingly bearing in their arms the dying Lord. Other pictures of the Virgin Mary, many of the girl mother with her baby, — those have the unquenchable joy of youth and young motherhood, — but there are some of the Mother of our Lord in the fulness of mature life, splendid and august in the maturity of her beauty and her sorrow. She holds her Son dead across her knees, and as she looks down upon the cold, rigid limbs, there is in her face sorrow too deep for tears. You can see there the destruction of all her hopes; all the sacrifices she has made, the disappointments, the loneliness of His life. She has felt them all as mothers do the experiences of their children, and now He is dead, and she is dying too.

He talked, in closing, about how people die, — living people. They die when those they love die. You die, something comes to an end. It is all over. Just as Thursday evening *Love* was the theme, so this afternoon it was *death*. It was all about you and in you, death and sin, — disappointment, failure, misery, injustice, — all crowded around that cross, and the victim of it all suffering there, and those who loved him dying too.

That, he said, was what made the awful solemnity of life as we go on in it, — the bearing about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus.

It is strange, but I can't seem to remember anything but this. He did say something about the life being made manifest, but the impression of death, the picture of the dying Christ, was so vivid that I could not think of anything else. We seem to be left in the dark just watching that figure, and it seems to be there through the ages, suffering for all the sin ever since, and for all the sorrow and ignorance, and making us bear it about in our own bodies and never rest or cease to remember till we have done our part, have somehow carried this sacrifice to heal and bless some part of this weary world.

On the evening of Good Friday Bishop Brooks was present

and took part at a union service in the Old South Church (Congregational), when an eminent Unitarian minister was also present, Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard College, for whom Phillips Brooks felt a filial reverence and affection. "It was something always to be remembered," writes the Rev. George A. Gordon, "the way that Brooks listened while Peabody spoke of Christ, and the intense eagerness of that venerable and saintly Unitarian to catch every word that fell from the lips of the great bishop." The event called forth the familiar protest within the diocese and woke up again the opposition without, which had been silent since his consecration.

On Wednesday, May 18, the diocesan convention met, when Bishop Brooks was to make his first convention address. So great was the desire to hear him that the occasion resembled a religious service with its throng of listeners. The bishop's secretary, Rev. W. H. Brooks, a man of large experience in ecclesiastical affairs, seeing no signs of preparation, took occasion to say in advance that an address to the convention was an important function to be borne in mind. Bishop Brooks said that he would bear it in mind, but he must have smiled inwardly at the anxious secretary. The address had been written weeks before. Like his other work, it had a literary quality, so that to one with no knowledge of the occasion it would read like an interesting essay with artistic form. It deserves an important place among his "Essays and Addresses," for it contains his wisdom and experience brought to bear upon ecclesiastical matters, and placed at the disposal of his brethren. It more than fulfilled the highest expectations of the episcopal possibilities that were in him. It was comprehensive and statesmanlike, with suggestions of practical and immediate, but also of far-reaching importance. It breathed a spirit of universal charity, kindly and genial, and yet incisive to the last degree. Its recommendations to clergy and laity are still remembered, still acted upon, as the legacy of a great bishop who filled out the office in its highest ideal.

There was the usual reticence about making statements of his work, and there was no comparative estimate. But those

who listened saw what he had accomplished. In the seven months since his consecration the number of persons confirmed by him was 2127. When to these was added the number confirmed by other bishops during the vacancy of the diocese, the total was 2395. In 1890 the number of confirmations was 1743, and in 1891, 1535, — figures which make apparent the modesty of his remark, "The number of confirmations is a little larger than ever before in the history of the diocese." There were other signs of vigorous growth, the number of Candidates for Orders had increased from 25 to 36, the number of clergy from 192 to 205, the number of lay readers from 16 to 70. There had been a large increase in the Episcopal Fund, and the new Diocesan House had been purchased at No. 1 Joy Street, in Boston, which offered ample accommodation compared with the "dreary hospitality" of the Church Rooms in Hamilton Place.

But these items of growth showing the effect of the new enthusiasm are not so interesting as the suggestions for the future. The bishop and the man spoke out when outlining the policy to be followed. Space must be found for a few of his words, which will at least demonstrate his interest in, and his loyalty to, the Episcopal Church, which had been so cruelly questioned.

> Is it then true that our Church has worthily conceived her whole relation to the whole people of this Commonwealth? Our local history accounts for much of the defect of such conception. We have been for two centuries counted an exception, almost an exotic, in New England. It has seemed to those around us as if we existed for the sake of a certain class of people of peculiar character and antecedents. To others it has seemed as if we were of value because we bore witness to certain elements of Christian life, which were in danger of being forgotten or neglected. Probably it was inevitable that we should come to take somewhat the same view of ourselves which others have taken of us. Certainly we have done so in some degree. With all our self-appreciation we have lived in a limited notion of what it is possible for us to do. We have been at once bold and timid. We have been burdened with self-consciousness. We have dwelt on what we have called the "mission of our Church." The real

mission of our Church is nothing less than the eternal, universal mission of the Church of Christ, which is the preaching of righteousness, the saving of souls, the building of the Kingdom of God. All mere special commissions and endowments are matters of method, and ought to be much less kept before our consciousness and much less set before the world.

And we are too much in the habit of asking, when a new town or city is offered as a possible field for an Episcopal Church, whether there are any "Church people" there, as if that name described a special kind or order of humanity to whom alone we were to consider ourselves as sent. The real question ought to be whether there are human creatures in that town. We are sent to the human race. That larger idea of our mission must enlarge our spirit and our ways, and make us fit to bear our part in the broad salvation of the world.

Everything which I have to say tends to the strong assertion of the truth that the Church is bound to seek men; not merely to stand where men can find her if they wish, but to go after them and claim them. One application of this truth has forced itself upon my notice, with reference to the situation of our churches in some of the towns and villages of our diocese. The question of location is altogether the most important outward question which arises in connection with the establishment of a new parish. It is far more important than the question of architecture, important as that is. Better an ugly church in the right place than a gem of beauty where men have to search to find it. But, once more, we are driven to no such alternative. Rather, our alternative is apt to be this: Whether it is not best to wait and struggle a little longer and a little harder, to set our church at last full in the centre of the town's life, on the town square, where men cannot help seeing it every day, — where it shall perpetually claim its right to be recognized and heard, — than to take the pretty and retired lot down some side street, which we can have at once, which can be bought cheaply, or which some kind friend gives us for nothing, where the church we build will always seem to declare itself not a messenger to the whole people, but the confidant and friend of a few specially initiated people who know and love her ways, and who will find her, however she may hide herself. Here certainly we need more and not less boldness and assurance of what we are and what we have to do.[1]

Much of the correspondence of Phillips Brooks at this time

[1] Cf. *Journal of the 107th Convention of the Diocese of Massachusetts*, pp. 119, 123.

is of an official character. From the many personal letters he wrote a few are given which will carry on the story of his life. To a Candidate for Orders, Mr. Henry Ross, then in Germany, who had asked regarding the interpretation of the Creed: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, April 13, 1892.

Dear Mr. Ross, — I am very glad to hear from you and to have the opportunity of sending you cordial Easter greeting, which I do with all my heart.

As to the question of your letter, I wish very much that I could have the privilege of talking with you, for writing is a most imperfect method of communication. But what I think is this: —

The creed is drawn from the New Testament, and the New Testament declares and emphasizes the peculiar and supreme nature of Christ as outgoing while it fulfils the nature of humanity. It asserts that this, His higher nature, involved relations with the outer world more perfect and complete than those which belong to ordinary human lives. This assertion makes the story of what we call the supernatural. And both the entrance on and the departure from our human life are declared to have been in some way marked by circumstances which indicated his superior nature.

In neither case is the exact character of the circumstances made clear, but in both there is the indication of something exceptional, and therefore wonderful, or, as we say, miraculous.

Now this is what our creed expresses, and the ability to repeat the creed implies, therefore, the belief in the higher life of Jesus. That higher life is closely associated with the higher life of man. The divinity of Christ is not separate from His humanity. It is His total nature, which the Church tries to express in the large statements of His birth and death, which it takes from the New Testament.

There is nothing in the results of modern scholarship which conflicts with the statements in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds concerning the birth of Jesus. Those statements are variously understood by various believers, but they have this meaning always in them, that Christ bore a higher life than ours, and that that higher life manifested itself in the circumstances of His experience.

I hope that you are well and happy, and I am thankful for this chance to say God bless you.

May all good be with you always.

Your friend, Phillips Brooks.

The following letter indicates how his time was occupied with engagements, and how he was carrying the burden: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, May 2, 1892.

Dear Arthur, — So far I find the bishop life a very comfortable and pleasant one, with none of the carking cares and consuming quarrels with which I supposed it to abound.

But I want advice about many points which are looming in the distance, and therefore I am coming to you next week. On Friday morning I leave Boston, and shall be with you at dinner on that day. On Sunday you are here and I am there, which I don't like, but there seems to be no help and no way in which we can spend the blessed day together.

On Monday I make a visit to New Haven, leaving New York at two P. M., preaching at the College in the evening, and returning to New York that night, reaching your hospitable door bell about midnight.

Tuesday is devoted entirely to rest and brotherhood. Wednesday is given to the same until the evening comes, when I go to a meeting in Chickering Hall, or somewhere, about the Bible Society, and then take the late train for Boston in order to be here for a wedding on Friday morning. Do you see?

It all looks bright and interesting, and he who means to do it all is

Your affectionate brother, P.

The Rev. Reuen Thomas, pastor of the Congregational Church in Brookline, where Phillips Brooks had often gone to preach, sent him a request to reopen the enlarged and beautified church. Aware that it was a new thing in the ecclesiastical world for a Congregational minister to prefer such a request to a bishop of the Episcopal Church, Phillips Brooks replied: —

May 21, 1892.

Dear Dr. Thomas, — Your note gives me great pleasure, and I thank you for it with all my heart. I would gladly do, if I could, the pleasant duty which you ask of me, but I am sorry to say that I cannot. I am going abroad, and shall not return until September, just when, I cannot say. But I am so bound by appointments which must be met instantly on my return that I must not allow myself to add an appointment which I should find it difficult and perhaps impossible to fulfil.

Therefore I must not come. But I want you to know how

truly I rejoice with you in all your good work, and in all the enlarged opportunity which will make it larger and richer.

And for Christian unity, such messages as this of yours prove not merely that it is to be, but that it is.

Ever your friend and brother, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To the Rev. W. R. Huntington: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, May 31, 1892.

DEAR HUNTINGTON, — They are very good indeed to want me, and if I were a different sort of man from what I am I certainly would come, — that is, if I were a man who shed orations like raindrops, and never minded them; but I am not. It would spoil my summer to have to think of it, and when the day came, East Billerica or West Weymouth would be sure to be wanting a visitation, and I should have to turn my back on duty to go and pursue the Phantom Pleasure in New York. That is not always disagreeable, but it never is commendable, and so, for once, I resist the temptation.

You will tell them how grateful I am, and you will know that I thank you for your kind words.

It was good to get sight of you the other day. It always is.

Affectionately yours, P. B.

Mr. Cooper had promised a clergyman that he would write to the Bishop of Massachusetts with reference to any vacancy in the diocese, and Bishop Brooks replied: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, May 31, 1892.

DEAR COOPER, — It is good to see your blessed handwriting.

There is nothing here for Mr. —— now. The only vacancies are a few little country missions, generally without church buildings, where the salaries are very small and the prospects of growth are of the slightest, — places like ——, and that sort of thing. Trinity Church, Boston, indeed, is vacant, but I do not believe he would like that. I was there myself for a while, and know what a queer sort of place it is. He would not like it.

So all I can do is to keep my eye open for a place for Mr. ——. Our ministers here never die, and seldom resign, so that no man can tell what chances will occur.

If he would like a place in London or the Tyrol, perhaps I could serve him better, for I am going there this summer. The Etruria takes me on the 18th of June. I should be glad indeed if I could see you before I go, but there is no chance that I can get down to dear Philadelphia. Something is to be done here every day until I leave.

The tone of his letters is genial and cheerful as ever, but there were moments when he was weary even to exhaustion, and hardly seemed like himself. The effects of the grippe had not been overcome. It may be that he had overtaxed his strength in fulfilling his episcopal duties. He made no effort to reduce them, but went willingly everywhere, at the beck and call of all who wanted him. He had not followed the wise advice, given him by those who had experience, Bishop Williams and others, to take up the work in moderation as he began. That he may have been worried about his health might be inferred from the circumstance that before leaving home he sent for the plumbers to make a thorough examination of his house. The report sent in to him was to the effect that everything was in proper order. He sailed in the steamer Majestic, and the captain (Purcell) gave him the use of his deck-room during the day. The voyage was a pleasant one. On board the steamer he writes: —

> The Majestic is a magnificent great thing, and could put our dear little Cephalonia into her waistcoat pocket. Her equipment is sumptuous and her speed something tremendous. . . . Yesterday [June 26] we had service, and I preached in the great saloon in the morning, and in the evening I held a service for the second-class passengers, of whom there is a multitude. . . . I should not have been disappointed if the Majestic could not have taken me, and if I had been left in North Andover, as I expected when I saw you last.
>
> Yours affectionately, and Majestically, P.

The month of July was spent in London. He was welcomed on his arrival by a telegram from Lord Aberdeen, asking him for a visit at Haddo House in Scotland. He preached in the Abbey as usual, and for Archdeacon Farrar at St. Margaret's; "there were a good many people in both churches." He preached also for Mr. Haweis, in his church at Marylebone, in return, as he said, for a fine sermon given by Mr. Haweis at Trinity years before. Other invitations, and they were many, he felt obliged to decline, with the exception of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. "South London," wrote the vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, "has a most vivid

and abiding remembrance of you which it is longing to renew." "A speech from you," wrote the head master of Chigwell School, "would be something for the boys to remember. We are very proud of the link which binds us to America, as the school where William Penn was educated." "You do us much good by coming and preaching in England," writes Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. And another dear friend writes to him, speaking of his sermon in the Abbey on July 3, "It was such a blessing to hear your voice once more in that glorious place, and every heart was *very* full when you once more touched on the high thoughts and aspirations in which all can unite when recalling the birthday of your national life. Your visits to England are among the brightest gifts that come to cheer and encourage us."

Many and most attractive were the invitations that came to him, from Dr. Temple, the Bishop of London, from the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Salisbury, the Dean of Southampton, from Canon Duckworth, at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, Rev. Gerald Blunt, at Chelsea, the rector of Bishopsgate, Professor Stanley Leathes, the Rev. Henry White, of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, Rev. Mr. Kitto, vicar of St. Martin's, Charing Cross. He was invited to revisit the English Lakes by Canon Rawnsley, vicar of Keswick Church; to Brighton, where he went to review under the best guidance the scene of Robertson's ministry; to Winchester, in order that he get the best impression of the Saxon metropolis; to visit art galleries with Mr. Edward Clifford. His friends pressed him with invitations to dinner or lunch, — the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Frances Baillie, the Sewells, the Buchanans, with whom he was at home at University House, Bethnal Green. A few days were given to the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham Castle. In company with Archdeacon Farrar he made a visit to Lord Tennyson, whom he found "gentle, gracious, and talkative." That he greatly enjoyed his stay in London is evident, but he was not as well as he should have been. Archdeacon Farrar perceived some change: —

Every one noticed, during his last visit to England, that he looked much thinner than he had done two years before, but he always spoke of himself as perfectly well, and his great boyish heart seemed as full as ever of love and hope and joy. I noticed in him a just perceptible deepening of gravity in tone, but no diminution of his usually bright spirits. . . . I attributed the slightly less buoyant temperament of last summer — the sort of half-sadness which sometimes seemed to flit over his mind like the shadow of a summer cloud — to the exigencies and responsibilities of his recent dignity.[1]

Phillips Brooks sat for his photograph while in London. In none of his portraits does the greatness of the man, the majesty of his personal appearance, stand forth more distinctly; but these photographs reveal illness as well; there is sternness in the countenance, the inherited Puritan sadness.

A volume of his sermons had been published in England with the title, "The Spiritual Man and other Sermons." Published, as it was, without his knowledge, he was provoked when his attention was called to it and sent his protest to the publishers, with the result that a promise came to him that this note should be inserted in all the remaining copies: "Bishop Phillips Brooks requests the publishers to state that the contents of this volume are printed from stenographic reports, gathered from various sources, and issued without his knowledge." Notwithstanding his protest, the book has a singular charm. It contains many sermons not to be found elsewhere, those which had most strongly touched the popular mind. And a certain pathos is the tie that unites them in homogeneousness and unity, — the pathos, as it were, of a last will and testament.

The month of August was spent in travel on the Continent, most of the time in company with McVickar. We need not dwell on these days, for it was the same familiar story as in other visits, — he hastened to the Tyrol, full of memories and the richest associations of his years, and from the Tyrol he passed into Switzerland. From St. Moritz he writes to Mr. Robert Treat Paine: —

[1] Cf. *Review of Reviews*, March, 1893.

August 8, 1892.

My dear Bob, — How terrible it is, all of this Homestead business! And yet how hopeful, for it would all have been impossible a hundred years ago, when men did not question the ownership of human creatures by human creatures in a hundred forms. It is the old battle of man for his true place which has always been going on. Darwin and his folks find it even before man was at all, and nobody has yet begun to know where the end will be. But one of the most puzzling and interesting and distressing of the episodes of the great battle has been given to our age to fight, and, with countless blunders and cruelties such as war always brings, I think that we are fighting it pretty well.

To his friend the Bishop of Rhode Island, keeping the eightieth birthday, he wrote as follows: —

St. Moritz, Switzerland, August 10, 1892.

Dear Bishop Clark, — When a man can write a letter such as this of yours, to tell the story of his eightieth birthday past and over, he is indeed snapping his venerable fingers in the face of Time. I am afraid it is not wholly right, and that you will have to be punished for it. There is a mossy quietude which people associate with your time of life, and whose absence they resent if it does not appear. If, indeed, you are eighty after all, and it is not a mistake, or a fraud. Are you quite sure?

As to your legs, you must not worry yourself about them; they are not what interests your friends. It is not your walk, but your conversation, that we value. We will carry you in our arms so that your feet shall not touch the rough, coarse earth, if you will only stay with us, and brighten, and enlighten, and console, and strengthen, and amuse us. You will, won't you? I wish that you were here this morning. It is more bright and splendid than I know how to describe. I will not try, but your ever young imagination will tell you all about it, and I will tell you by and by.

Need I say that I shall rejoice to be presented in the queer old House by you? It will crown your deeds and kindnesses in all this business.

Good-by. God bless you. Keep well. Be good.

Your grateful friend, P. B.

To Rev. W. N. McVickar, who had now left him: —

Chamouni, August 27, 1892.

Dear William, — It is a superb day here. The great mountain was never clearer nor more beautiful. The sky is cloudless,

and the snow reaches up to heaven, and they are bringing down over the tremendous white slope the dead body of a poor fellow who died up there in the storm day before yesterday. You can see them through the telescope in the hotel yard. It is a wonderful funeral procession. It is as if he had gone up there to dispatch his soul to heaven, and they were bringing the poor, done-with body down. He is an Oxford man, they say, named Nettleship.

On Thursday, September 8, Phillips Brooks sailed for America, on the steamship Pavonia. The Rev. John C. Brooks recalls him, on that day in the Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool, where all was confusion and excitement around him, sitting on the lower steps of the stairway, with his arms resting on his walking stick and his head bowed low, remaining in that position there for an hour or more, paying no attention to the scene before him. He seemed to be taking his last leave of the Old World, as if he knew that he should come again no more. Among the letters which he wrote on board ship is one to Mr. Robert Maconachie in India: —

S. S. Pavonia, September 10, 1892.

My dear Friend, — It must seem to you as if I never had received your letter, or as if I did not care about it. The truth is, that I did receive it, and that I did care about it a great deal. I have read it often, and it lies before me now as, after all these months, I sit down on the steamship which is carrying me home, to send you a word of greeting and most grateful acknowledgment of your remembrance.

I never forget the days we spent together. How can I? When one meets a fellow man and finds him simply and devoutly interested in the dear Master whom one loves and in the human creatures for whom the Master lived and died, there is no possibility of forgetting.

All that you tell me of yourself and of the work which has been put into your hands is of the deepest interest to me. I know almost nothing of what the details of your daily life must be. It is enough that you are where your duty brings you into continual and intimate association with men and all their mysterious capacity. That cannot be without the Word of God finding expression, and the power of God coming into influence through you on them.

It is all one constant Incarnation. All the spiritual meanings

of the Gospel and the Church are renewed with every such active love and power of a Christian soul. The accident of formal ordination is a trifle. "As my Father hath sent me, so send I you," is the unmistakable commission.

I have been spending a summer abroad, much of it in your beautiful, delightful England. Would that I might have seen you there! I should not again have driven you to camp out in the yard while I took possession of your quarters, as I did in Delhi. But I have a strong feeling that, while we should have begun where we left off in sympathy and friendship, all these years which have come since would have opened a multitude of new subjects of thought and talk which would not easily have been exhausted.

The new work which has fallen to me as Bishop of Massachusetts is all in the old lines and makes me more I hope, but still the same. Certainly it makes me rejoice more than ever in such words as yours. May the time come when I shall hear them from your own mouth! I hope you can give my love to the dear Delhi men, Lefroy and Allnut and Carlyon. You will remember me most kindly to your wife, and you will be sure that I always delight to hear from you.

God bless you bountifully.

Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE HOUSE IN BOSTON

A pleasant house stands in a Boston street,
With wide-arched entrance opening to the west;
Of all earth's houses that to me is best.
There come and go my thoughts with restless feet;
There the quick years like hovering clouds have passed,
Catching the sunlight on their calm white breasts;
There Duty entered with her grave behests,
And there the shadow of my sin was cast.
Through this broad door my friends have brought their love,
Here need has sought what help I could bestow,
Here happy study finds its place below,
And peaceful slumber fills the room above.
Down these wide steps, all still from feet to head,
I shall be carried after I am dead.

S. S. PAVONIA, September, 1892.[1]

[1] Another sonnet, called "The Waiting City," written at the same time, may be found in *Sermons*, vol. viii., published after his death.

Bishop Brooks reached Boston on September 19. There had been a cholera scare during the summer which necessitated precautions before landing. A tug came up to take the cabin passengers, and as they set off Phillips Brooks raised his hat to the steerage gathered on deck to watch the departure, and bade them good-by. "He looked," said one who observed him, "the picture of perfect health," and in answer to an inquiry said that he was well, and never better in his life. That undoubtedly was the feeling of the moment, but a few weeks later he said to his friend Learoyd that he was no better than when he went away.

After his return he resumed his work with great vigor. How his time was filled with engagements is evident from a letter written September 29, in answer to a request from Mr. Samuel B. Capen, chairman of the Boston School Committee, asking him to make an address at the dedication in November of the Robert G. Shaw Schoolhouse: —

I have studied my calendar and find that the only two days in November which are at all in my power are Thursday, November 3, and Friday, November 4. On both of these days I must leave Boston by a 5.30 train, but earlier in each day I shall be at liberty. During the rest of the month my duties call me to other parts of the State.

Sunday, October 2, was hardly an exceptional day when four times he spoke from the pulpit of Trinity Church. At nine o'clock he gave the anniversary sermon before the St. Andrew's Brotherhood. He preached at the usual morning service at ten o'clock, and again in the afternoon before the congregation of Trinity Church. Then at nine o'clock in the evening he spoke at the farewell meeting of the Brotherhood. The church was filled with the stalwart, fine-looking ranks of young men eager to hear the great preacher at both the services when he addressed them. This was the comment on his appearance: —

Bishop Brooks looks rather improved since his summer in England. Although his face is still thinner than it used to be, and there is something lacking in his manner of the old fire, he appears as strong as ever, and showed not the least trace of weari-

ness at the end of his extraordinary day's work. He spoke with all the old-time brilliancy and power, and never was more impressive than in his parting exhortation in the evening. . . . In the early morning sermon, as he drew near the close of his sermon, he spoke more slowly than was his wont, and his voice trembled a little in places as he finished his glowing and earnest exhortation to his great audience of young men. As his voice sank, deathly stillness fell on the church, and the congregation hung on the last words as if listening to a celestial messenger. The solemnity of the awe amid which he concluded was supremely impressive.

At the evening service, when he said farewell to the young men before him, these were some of his words: —

This gathering has been a good thing. Carry now its lessons into your daily lives. One of the most impressive ways in which God brings things to pass is the simplicity of the elements of power. It does not take great men to do great things, it only takes consecrated men. The earnest, resolute man, whom God works through, is the medium by which His greatest work is often done.

Go, then, my brethren, to your blessed work. Be absolutely simple. Be absolutely genuine. Never say to any one what you do not feel and believe with your whole heart. Be simple, be consecrated, and above all things, be pure. No man who is not himself pure can carry the message of God.

And never dare to hurt any soul. The most awful consciousness a man can have is that he has hurt a human soul years ago, and now has no power to repair the damage. He may have recovered from the injury to his own being, but the knowledge that he has ever injured the soul of another man or woman, who has gone out of his sight now, so that he cannot know how serious the injury may have been, is a terrible thing for any one to know.

From the anniversary of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood Bishop Brooks went to Baltimore to remain for the greater part of the month in attendance on the sessions of the General Convention, also to take his seat for the first time in the House of Bishops. To Mrs. William G. Brooks he writes: —

House of Bishops, Baltimore, October 8, 1892.

You never got a note from the Bishops' House before, I think. But while they are receiving memorials and petitions and referring them to committees, I take up my pen to thank you for your

kind remembrances of me, and for the telegram and letter which you have sent me.

I have just had a letter from Donald, which I wish that I could show to all the parish of Trinity. It would convince even the most hesitating that they have called the right man, and would make them all most enthusiastically desirous that he should accept their call.

I think he will accept, though he will be most conscientiously faithful in considering it before he gives his decision.

And so dear old Tennyson is gone! Nobody who has been writing for the last fifty years has won such deep affection of the best men and influenced so many lives. What days they were when we used to go spouting "Locksley Hall" and the "Two Voices" to the winds! And what has not "In Memoriam" been to all of us! If I had never seen him, it would make me sad to know that he was no longer living on the earth. And to have seen him under his own roof, and to have had his personal kindness, will always seem to me to have been a great and precious privilege.

Nothing is yet done here. I am quietly settled among the bishops, and no one has yet slapped my face.

With love to all of you,

Affectionately, P.

To Rev. E. W. Donald, he writes regarding the call to Trinity Church, Boston: —

House of Bishops, Baltimore, October 8, 1892.

Dear Donald, — I sent you yesterday a hurried telegram when I received a message from Boston to tell me of your unanimous election to be rector of Trinity Church, Boston. I wish you were here. Then I would tell you how very thankful I am. Ever since the parish ceased to be mine I have hoped that it might be yours. The people have been steadily drawn to the same wish, and now that they have been led to give expression to that desire, I want to tell you how sure I am that the vestry and congregation are prepared to give you the most cordial welcome and the heartiest coöperation in your work if you will come to them.

I think we know how much we are asking of you in suggesting that you should leave New York and the Ascension to come to us. But we want you very much indeed. You can enlarge and fulfil the work that the parish has been trying to do. You understand, and we believe you like, our New England. You have clear ideas of how our church is working in Massachusetts, and what its

hopes and chances of usefulness in that region are; and we need your ability and spirit to appeal to a good, intelligent, reasonable, true-hearted folk such as we have in Boston.

Your clerical brethren will be very glad if you come. They know and value you. They think of you as one of themselves in all your sympathies and feelings. You will make our little company richer and stronger. And I am sure you will feel as we feel, that, however few and feeble we may be in Massachusetts, there is much that is interesting in the constitution of the clerical company in Massachusetts, and of the way in which it sets itself to do the particular work that we are set to do.

So the parish and the Church and the clergy want you. May I say how earnestly *I* want you? I have been very anxious about Trinity, and it will make me very happy if I see you take up the work there, and as bishop I shall feel the diocese strengthened in a way which will give me great strength if you will come.

Shall you not possibly be here during Convention? Will you ask me any questions most freely?

But as the result of everything, will you accept? I do hope and pray that you may.

Affectionately yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

When he learned that Dr. Donald had accepted the call to the vacant rectorship he wrote to Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer: —

DEAR MRS. THAYER, — I thank you very heartily for your kind letter. Yes, I am very glad indeed that Dr. Donald has been chosen and has decided to come to Trinity. He has been my choice from the beginning, and the whole movement towards him has been so steady and serious and slow that I feel that his election has come about in the best possible way. I hope great things will come of it. Already I hear what a good impression he made upon the vestry when he met them the other day, and his letters to me, first, on his election, and then on his determination to accept, were beautiful and noble expressions of the spirit in which he received and accepted the call. I bid him welcome with all my heart, and I know that he will have as delightful a ministry as I have had all these years. But it makes me sad all the same to have this new token of the fact that my ministry at Trinity is over. How good it all has been! And what kind friends rise up before me as I think over the happy years! I do not think that I enjoy the remembrance of it any the less because I am perfectly aware how little I have deserved it. All the more I feel the goodness of my friends, and of them all none has been more good to me, and to none is my heart more

full of gratitude than to you, dear friend. It is good, indeed, that that friendship does not go with the rectorship, but it is mine until I die, and long afterwards, I hope. I shall see you soon, and then I will tell you how very glad I was to see Mr. and Mrs. Robb and their children in the Engadine this summer. How strange it will be that Mrs. Winthrop will not be with us, with her strong thoughts and kindly words! But more and more one feels that nothing which has ever really been a true part of life is lost. I remember my visit to you with sincere delight.

May God bless you always.

Yours affectionately, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Bishop Brooks spent Sunday, October 9, in Philadelphia, preaching in the morning at the Church of the Holy Trinity from the text, "Before Abraham was I am." There were some few of his sermons at this time in which he concentrated the essence of his thought and experience, and this was one of them, — the eternal consciousness of humanity as embodied in Christ. He took the occasion, also, to speak of the death of Tennyson, quoting the lines "Crossing the Bar." In the evening of the same day he preached for Mr. Cooper at the Church of the Holy Apostles, and then he took the same text on which he had written his first sermon while in the seminary at Alexandria, "The Simplicity that is in Jesus." A strange impressiveness hung about both these services. One who listened to the evening sermon saw in it a vindication of his own career, as he set forth the Christian faith in its simplicity compared with the difficulty and complexity in which others sought to envelop it. "But he looked tired" was the comment on his appearance.

PHILADELPHIA, October 9, 1892.

DEAR ARTHUR, — . . . This morning I go back to the House of Bishops. It is a queer place. There is an air about it which comes distinctly from their seclusion. They ought to open their doors. They have a lot of good men among them, and there is a great deal of good work done, but there is every now and then a silliness which would not be possible if the world were listening.

Ever affectionately, P.

In a letter to Lady Frances Baillie he alludes again to Tennyson: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, October 12, 1892.

Dear Lady Frances, — I cannot tell you how much my thoughts have been with you since that day in September when I left you in your bed, and carried away the strange and sad remembrance of your illness. I hope you have felt my anxious thought flying about your head. It seems so strange to think that you were not upon your feet holding open your hospitable house and heart to friends from all the world! I have heard nothing since, but I most sincerely trust that those days are over, and that you are well again.

One dares less and less to offer commiseration to a friend for any calamity of outward life. So many times it is out of the heart of these calamities that the richest and sweetest mercies of God have come, that I grow afraid lest I shall be found pitying my friend for the very best blessing which God has ever sent him. I can only hope that what the good God had to give you out of His hand of suffering may have been so completely given and received, that that hand may have been withdrawn leaving you some way richer and happier for its touch. I long to hear from you. Would that I could climb your quaint doorstep and face your quaint old man, who would smile on me and tell me how you are!

And the great poet has gone! I shall thank you all my life, as for many other goodnesses, so especially for securing me the privilege of seeing Tennyson and hearing him talk and read, and catching sight of the beauty of his household life. How different life would have been for us if he had not lived! And how his personal look and life blend with his poetry, and all together make one great gift of God to the world!

God bless you and be with you, my dear friend. May every day bring you new strength and comfort. Think of me sometimes, and be sure that I am always,

Affectionately and gratefully yours, Phillips Brooks.

What the relationship of Tennyson had been to Phillips Brooks is indicated in this extract from a letter to him by Lord Tennyson, the poet's son: "My Father had a great delight in your companionship. One of the last things which I read to him was a sermon of yours."

To his niece, Miss Gertrude Brooks, he wrote: —

House of Bishops, Baltimore, October 20, 1892.

My dear Gert, — I thank you for your pretty letter, and while the stupid bishops are making stupid speeches I will

answer it. It is very sad indeed to think that dear old Tennyson is dead. What a dark day it must have been down at their beautiful home while he lay dying; and how solemn the Abbey must have seemed while they were carrying him down the long nave to his grave in the Poet's Corner!

Baltimore is a very pretty city, with a distinctly Southern character, and no end of colored boys and girls about the street. Everybody has been very hospitable; plenty of terrapin and crabs, and all the lower luxuries of life. We meet every morning at ten o'clock, and sit till one. (It wants twenty minutes of one now.) Then we go down into the basement and have a luncheon; and then we go out into a tent in the yard and have a smoke. At half past two we meet again and sit till five. At six we are apt to have an invitation to dine with somebody. If nobody has asked us, we dine at the Albion, and then have two hours of evening sitting, and then go home and have a smoke and go to bed. And then we do the same thing over again the next day. The bishops are not very wise, but they think they are, and they very much enjoy being bishops.

You were very good to remember my anniversary [of his consecration]. You were with me when they came to tell me I had been elected, and so you were the first person who heard of it outside of the Convention that did it.

You must come to see me when I get home next week, and then I 'll tell you all about it. Till then I send my love to all your good folks, and am

Yours affectionately, P.

Of Bishop Brooks at the convention Mr. Sowdon writes: —

In the Convention of 1892 in Baltimore he often came into the Lower House, and to the pews of the Massachusetts deputies, and seemed to find the debates of the house in which he had so often sat far more interesting than those of the House of Bishops. There he was sure of a warm welcome from us and all the delegates near us.

In the discussions in the House of Bishops he took but little part, yet that little was significant. He opposed a proposition to make the Sixty-ninth Psalm a part of the Evening Prayer on Good Friday. The words of Christ upon the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," were incompatible with the imprecation of the Psalm, "Pour out thine indignation upon them; and let thy wrathful displeasure take hold of them."

The most impressive event during Bishop Brooks's sojourn in Baltimore was an address to the students of Johns Hopkins University. Many had been the invitations he had received to address its students, but for some good reason he had hitherto been prevented from accepting them. When he was now invited, he wrote, "I find it very difficult to say Yes, but I find it quite impossible to say No." He wished to know in advance what kind of a meeting it would be proposed to hold. So many persons had expressed a desire to hear him that a neighboring church had been suggested as a suitable place. But his preference was "to speak to the students by themselves, in one of their own halls, and at an hour when they are wonted to come together." His wishes were respected, and but few were present except members of the University. The time was Thursday, the 13th of October, at five o'clock in the afternoon. From the account written at the time these other particulars are taken: —

Many who were present found the scene unusually impressive. The eager attention of the crowded audience of students and professors; the intense earnestness of the speaker, expressing itself in an utterance even more rapid and impetuous than was his wont; the peculiar sympathy with students which was so characteristic of Bishop Brooks (and of which one was conscious from his first word to his last); his attitude and movements, walking back and forth behind the lecture-desk, leaning forward over it as though to come into closer relation with his audience; the gathering darkness of the autumn afternoon, — all was singularly inspiring and affecting. Three gentlemen among the older persons in the audience, who happened to leave the room in company, agreed in remarking upon a certain unearthliness in the address, such as might be expected in the case of a man who had not long to live.

No report of the address was taken at the time, but the students jotted down sentences which struck them, and when these were put together, some idea was given of what seemed like farewell words. He quoted from "The Two Voices:" —

> 'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.

The address was the summary of convictions then and for the last few years prominent in his mind. And among them none was more prominent than this, that the next twenty-five years were to be full of a larger revelation of God than the world had yet seen. Everything that came under his observation pointed in this direction. "In every direction activity is pushing further than it ever has before. Under these conditions Christianity will mean more in the coming generation than it ever has, or it will mean less."

The great question underlying all the controversies between science and religion is whether Christianity proposes to restrain, prohibit, destroy, and then build up something new upon the old foundation; or whether it proposes to take humanity as it is, and by opening up to it new and unthought-of possibilities, develop it into the measure of the fulness of Christ. What, then, is Christianity? It is not something added to us from without; it is not a foreign element in our souls; the Christian is not some strange creature, but a man developed to his normal condition.

Christianity is not the intruder, but sin. "Christianity seeks not to cramp man's nature, saying to him constantly, 'Thou shalt not;' but it leads on, up to freer air and wider space, wherein the soul may disport itself." It is God we follow. Obeying God is freedom. "Our souls are like closed rooms, and God is the sunlight. Every new way we find in which to obey Him we throw open a shutter. Our souls are as enclosed bays, and God is the ocean. The only barrier that can hinder free communication is disobedience. Remember that each duty performed is the breaking down of a reef of hindrance between our souls and God, permitting the fulness of His being to flow in upon our souls." And so "we, who in a peculiar sense are consecrated to Truth, are better students because we are Christians, and better Christians because we are students." It is when we remember the greatness of the nature which God has given us that we come into a full understanding of our relations to God. At some time every man comes to realize the meaning of the life he is living; the secret sins hidden in his heart rise against him. Then we would hide ourselves from God if we could. "But the only way to run from God is to run to Him. The Infinite Knowledge is also the Infinite Pity." "God is not an enemy seeking to catch us with cunningly devised schemes," but our sympathizer and friend. "God wants to save us if we will let Him." "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." And how

shall we gain nearness to God and power? "We never become truly spiritual by sitting down and wishing to become so. You must undertake something so great that you cannot accomplish it unaided. Begin doing something for your fellow men, and if you do it with all your power, it will almost immediately bring you face to face with problems you cannot solve; you need God, and you go to God." You may meet difficulties and trials; they call for no less devotion, but more. "Hindrances are like the obstructions in a river's bed. Do not dam up the flow, but turn on a fuller flood till the current sweeps away the rubbish and runs under and around and over the stones, and flows smooth above them." Think of the fulness. "I am come that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." So, in trying to win a man to a better life, "show him, not the evil, but the nobleness of his nature." Lead him to enthusiastic contemplations of humanity in its perfection, and when he asks "Why, if this is so, do not I have this life?" then project on the background of his enthusiasm his own life. Say to him, "Because you are a liar, because you blind your soul with licentiousness." Shame is born, but not a shame of despair. It is soon changed to joy. Christianity becomes an opportunity, a high privilege, the means of attaining to the most exalted ideal, — and the only means. Herein must lie all real power; herein lay Christ's power, that He appreciated the beauty and richness of humanity, that it is very near the Infinite, very near to God. These two facts — we are the children of God, and God is our Father — make us look very differently at ourselves, very differently at our neighbors, very differently at God. "We should be surprised, not at our good deeds, but at our bad ones." We should expect good as more likely to occur than evil; "we should believe that our best moments are our truest."

There are three conditions of human nature: first, the satisfaction of utter ignorance; second, the conflict, even misery, of the first stages of intelligence; third, the full fruition of a complete knowledge. To these conditions Christian experience is parallel. Therefore, when you encounter doubt, difficulties, push on; they will soon issue in the higher and more perfect understanding. "Whatever happens, always remember the mysterious richness of human nature, and the nearness of God to each one of us."

At a meeting of the Episcopalian Club in Boston, October 31, to welcome the delegates to the General Convention, Bishop Brooks was present and spoke. Referring to the practice of the bishops sitting with closed doors, he said it was

un-American, and sure to be amended some day or other. He reviewed the work of the convention, — the completion of the revision of the Prayer Book, the new Hymnal, the increase in the number of the missionary bishops. "One thing which we in Massachusetts," he humorously remarked, "are especially to be congratulated on, is that every proposition offered by the Massachusetts delegates was negatived almost without a division." November opened with an interesting event, the formal dedication of the Diocesan House on Joy Street. He had selected the building, given cheerfully to it, and had offered to give more if it were needed. He wanted it made attractive, and for this purpose had sent many engravings for its walls. In his speech at the dedication, he expressed the hope that it would be "a place of friendly meetings, the cultivation of brotherly friendship and good will." He referred to its having formerly been a private residence and as possessing "a homelike atmosphere, sanctified by all the sweet and tender relations of family life."

And now the work of the diocese claimed the services of the bishop; the visitation of the parishes began; every day, every hour almost, had its fixed appointment. Henceforth there was hardly an opportunity for rest. Dr. Weir Mitchell had been hopeful that the change to a bishop's life would call for physical activity which would be beneficial. It might have been, but the pace which Bishop Brooks had set, or was set for him, was too rapid, too much for any man to assume with impunity. He not only made the regular visitation of the parishes, but he was asked to grace with his presence and words occasions of parochial interest of various kinds. He made no effort to spare himself, and indeed had he done so escape would now have been impossible. Once, for example, when he had already preached in the morning and afternoon extemporaneously, he proposed to himself to lighten the burden by preaching a written sermon in the evening. But the pulpit board was too low for his height, and after struggling with a few pages, he broke away from his manuscript into extemporaneous utterance. "Then we had it," said one who gave an account of the circumstance.

Not until it was too late did the realization come that he was carrying a burden of his own creating too heavy for him, or for any man, to bear.

He had struck [says Bishop Lawrence] a high key of emotion and of consecration upon his entrance into the episcopate. This led him also to set a killing pace of work. Whether he had the seeds of disease in him at the time of his consecration I do not know. It was clear to all that he was not physically what he had been, but, even if he had had the physique of fifteen years before, he could not have stood the strain many years, for it was one that was bound to increase, unless he should change his whole manner of life, and such a change was to him out of the question. When one thinks that at the time he became bishop he still carried many of the cares incident to the rector of Trinity Church; was called for by those sick or in affliction; that his house, which was always open to the people of Trinity Church and others, was more than ever the refuge of every citizen who was in trouble, — one sees how the drain on his time and sympathies went on. In addition to this, clergymen now turned to him as never before, pouring into his ears their cares and difficulties. Candidates for Orders sought him for advice in greater as well as smaller things. The fact that he had become bishop must have brought him invitations many times more frequent than before. With all these things he made in the eight months after his consecration a larger number of visitations than any other bishop in the American Church, or I believe in Christian history, ever did in the same length of time. Through the pressure of friends he had a stenographer, but he could not bring himself to close his door from early morning to late at night to anybody, and the stream continued throughout the day. We know how dependent he was upon relaxation, — the free, uninterrupted talk with friends, his smoking and reading; these were broken in upon, and the strain began to show itself. There came a shrinking from adding to his engagements. I remember standing beside him when a clergyman asked him to make an engagement for some evening, and he looked over his little book, which, you remember, he carried in his vest pocket, and said, with something of irritation and something of a sigh, "I have not a free evening for five months." Candidates who went to him sometimes found him impatient. I remember his making this remark to me, "Lawrence, why can't you teach your young men when they come to see me to come to the point immediately, and state their business and be off? They should not waste my time." "Strange," he said, as he jotted down

a duty which ought never to have been pressed on him, "how selfish some people are." I mention these because, as we well know, they were so different from his usual temper. There was never a man so free with his time, never one so ready to yield to the convenience of others, and never one so glad to have young men come and talk to him, but he was being killed by the pressure, and no urgency of friends could prevent it. No one ever heard any complaint of this kind from him until he got well into the episcopate and his nervous system began to give way. I think it was —— who told me he happened to meet him just as he was getting into his carriage to go to the supper of the choir of Grace Church, Newton, where he made his last address. He was very sick and tired, and his last words to —— were, "It is this sort of thing that is killing me." He was ready to do the preaching and make the visitations, but the social pressure, and the pressure of unnecessary duties and unreasonable people, wore him out.

I had no idea that he showed his exhaustion to others until I went to Framingham for the first time, and as I sat down in a chair among persons who were strangers to me, and must have been strangers to Brooks, they said, "Last year Bishop Brooks came into this room looking sick and haggard. He dropped into that chair and asked to be let alone, and he remained there perfectly silent and apparently exhausted for an hour or two." One might say that he did so in order to escape being bored by strangers. It was that partly; but more than that, complete exhaustion.

Perhaps I have emphasized this too much, but we all know the joy with which he undertook the work, and the undertone of joy that there was in it to the end. With all this, the physique was giving way. I am confident that, if he had had full strength and had lived a few years longer, it would have been impossible for him to keep up the pace. When a man is doing his work well, responsibilities always increase, and there would not have been hours enough in the day for him to get through what he had to do. I have said, and I believe, that it would have been almost impossible for him radically to change his methods and system. It was part of his nature to see everybody who wanted to see him and to help everybody who wanted help. Without that radical change, he must have gone under in a few years, as he did at the end of fifteen months.

Many were watching Phillips Brooks with a sense of awe as he was now fulfilling the purpose of his life, "abasing" himself in order to "abound:" —

The very lavishness of his giving stimulated unconscious extravagance in demanding, so that all this community and all this people laid their claims upon him, and he honored them till the tension grew so strong that at last the strong man broke and he was laid low, a sacrifice to service, his life as truly given for his fellow men as any life that was ever laid on the altar of sacrifice, from the day of Calvary to now.

There were two sermons often repeated in these last months, expressing the convictions uppermost in his soul, — one of them on the words, "I follow after if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus," where he spoke of living more deeply in the past as an essential condition of human progress; the other on the eternal consciousness of humanity embodied in Christ, "Before Abraham was, I am." Whatever he now did seemed to be great and solemn beyond expression. That indefinable something in the man was never more apparent than when he was administering the rite of confirmation, even in some small and obscure mission.

I have seen [says one describing such an occasion] the ceremony of confirmation hundreds of times, but never in its completeness before. . . . I asked those in my company as we walked away if they had been similarly influenced, and I found the four of us were of one mind. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. I have seen great sights in my life. I have seen all England welcoming the young Danish princess to her English home; the return of the guards from the Crimea. The great heart of the people throbbed on these occasions as I have never seen it since. I saw Napoleon and Paris welcome the African troops on their return from the desert fields of battle; I have seen Grant and Sherman welcomed; I have witnessed the thrilling effect of war standards, with strips of the national colors still clinging to them, carried in the streets crowded with people. But what are these in memory compared to the touch of the divine I witnessed in the little church that Sunday evening, . . . which made this man seem something more than human in the eyes of many!

He was lonely in these days and hungered for human companionship. People, many there were, who would gladly have gone to him, but kept away for fear they would intrude on his time or interfere with important work. To Mr. Deland,

who was often with him after the day's work was over, he said, when entreating him to stay longer, "I need you more than any one else can need you." In conversation he talked more freely. He spoke of his mother, what she was and what she had been to him. He wished that he might hear again the sound of her voice speaking to him. He went whenever he could get the opportunity to his brother's house, or to the house of Rev. Leighton Parks, where he had been for years in the habit of going for relief and recreation. His short notes to Rev Charles H. Learoyd show how he was turning to his friends: —

BOSTON, September 17, 1892.

DEAR CHARLES, — I 'm awfully sorry that I cannot be with you to-morrow. I make a visitation at North Andover. I am hungry for the sight of you.

Again, October 28, he writes him: "I want to see you frightfully. You 'll come next Monday, won't you, and spend the night?" On November 29, he writes: "You won't fail me next Monday, will you? The last Club was no Club without you. And you 'll stay here, won't you?" And again: —

BOSTON, December 1, 1892.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — Be sure that I shall count on seeing you on Monday at six o'clock. You must stay over here Tuesday and Wednesday, and as much longer as you will. You cannot come too early or too often, or remain too long.

Affectionately yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To Lady Frances Baillie he wrote: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 8, 1892.

DEAR FRIEND, — When I came home last night from a week's wandering about my diocese, I found a letter from your son Albert on my table, for which I was very grateful. It told me about you, and almost seemed for the moment to set me in your room again and let me take your hand.

At least it made me want to say, even across the stormy ocean, how much I am thinking about you, and how sorry I am that you are weak and ill, and how glad I am that you are yourself, full of the faith and strength of God, which no feebleness of body can subdue.

People talk about how sadness and happiness pursue and give place to one another all through our lives. The real truth which we

grow to see clearly is that they exist at the same time, and do not contradict each other. They really minister to one another. Christ was the saddest and happiest man that ever lived. And so I am thanking God for you while I am praying for you with all my heart.

How beautiful the death at Hazlemere has been! I owe it to you that I ever had the privilege of seeing Tennyson. For that, as for a thousand other goodnesses, I can never thank you. But it will be a treasure to me all my life. And what has he not been to all of us who began to hear him sing when we were boys! And what must life mean to him now when he is with God!

Albert tells me that you have not forgotten about the picture, and that he wants one too. Here they both are, and I wish that he would send me his. Yours I have had for years among my treasures. May the peace of God be with you always.

Your sincere friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The following letter was written by Phillips Brooks after reading a statement of the religious belief of a young man wishing to enter the ministry, and desiring to know whether in the bishop's opinion he were eligible for the sacred office. Without the original document the reply may not be in every respect intelligible, but its general meaning is clear.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, November 10, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. C——, I have read your friend's paper with much interest. It is very strange how men's thoughts at any one time run in the same direction, are perplexed by the same difficulties, and tend to the same results.

I do not know how much your friend has read of certain recent writings which discuss the relation between the formal and essential, the historical and spiritual in the Christian faith. But evidently the necessity for some adjustment and proportion between the two has pressed upon his mind as it has pressed upon so many others. The unquestioning acceptance of all that is written concerning the historic Christ and the almost exclusive value set upon the facts of His earthly life have given way to a larger estimate of what He eternally is, and of the spiritual meaning which the recorded facts enshrine.

That the value of the historic fact may be depreciated, as it has in some other days been exaggerated, there can be no doubt; but that the disposition which your friend exhibits, to seek and dwell upon the spiritual meaning of the redeeming life, is good and true, I also thoroughly believe.

As to his right to be a Christian minister I cannot hesitate.

Our Church puts into the hands of her ministers the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, and asks them to repeat these symbols with the people. Of course there are various interpretations of many of the articles. But he who says them in good faith as an expression of his own religious thinking and believing has an unquestioned right within our ministry. Is not the same thing true substantially of yours, and would not your friend thus find that he really belongs where he very much wants to be?

I must rejoice with him and for him in the spiritual earnestness which is evidently his. That is the great thing after all. He has life, which is what Christ came that we might have.

Will you assure him of my heartiest good wishes?

And will you believe me,

Yours most sincerely, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

He preached on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, at Trinity Church. His text was, "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." His subject was "Optimism." He defined it: "It is not merely a matter of temperament, nor does it mean that this is a thoroughly good world in which we live, nor is it simply a careless passing over of the evils of life, nor is it a way of seeing how everything is going to come out for good. But it is a great belief in a great purpose, underlying the world for good, absolutely certain to fulfil itself somewhere, somehow. That must have been what God saw when He looked upon the world and called it good."

Our optimism is no silly thing; and its justification is by its own hope. Oh, my friends, never be ashamed, in your college room or in the club, of optimism. With endless difficulties around us, let us not let our arms drop and be idle. We think that this end of the century is leading into something beyond. It is not that we see some bright light; but there is something in the air that makes us hope. Christ made the world better for those who were to come after Him. Let us go our way, saying to our own souls, "Christ has overcome."

To Rev. Lyman Abbott: —

BOSTON, November 25, 1892.

DEAR DR. ABBOTT, — In a moment of what I fear is folly I have allowed myself to accept the invitation of the New England Society of Brooklyn to speak at their annual dinner. . . . I have

no gift for such occasions, nor, I confess, any very great enjoyment of them; certainly not of such a part as I have now promised to take. I take it for granted that my address will be one of many, and that it need not be considered too serious an affair.

To Dr. Weir Mitchell: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 10, 1892.

Dear Weir, — Yes, the verses are certainly fine. Some of them are exquisite and delightful. Of course they are fantastic and unhealthy. Everybody is that, nowadays, and they are affected, and haunted always by recollections of somebody else's poetry, and wilfully and unnecessarily obscure, and awfully afraid of being commonplace. Some time somebody will just dare to sing the first great simple things as all the great poets have sung them, and then, how the world will listen! and instead of a few distorted connoisseurs of poetry like you and me, praising it to one another, all men will be delighting in it as they delight in nobody to-day.

But no matter about the verses. When they came I was just going to write you about "Characteristics," and how I had been keeping company with you in it during two or three happy days. It is a beautiful book, — so true, and wise, and human. All the world which reads it must enjoy it, but to me who feel and hear you in it everywhere, it is very precious. You must be very glad to have written it, and I rejoice with you.

There was your pamphlet, too, about precise instruments, for which I never thanked you. But I read it all the same, indeed I did! and thought it all the more wonderful because I knew so little of it all.

So long since I had sight of you! The last time I was in Philadelphia you were not there. And, as you said, so many of the old friends have gone! Let us at least send one another greeting when we may, for indeed the old affection does not die nor change.

It was good to see Lanny and his wife last summer. They are at home now, I suppose. I send my love to them, and to Jack and his wife, and to your own household. And I need not tell you how deeply and truly

I am always yours, P. B.

To Rev. W. N. McVickar he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 14, 1892.

Yes, my dear William, I am *fifty-seven*, and you will be glad to know that your kind telegram made the day easier to bear.

I celebrated the melancholy occasion by burying old Mrs. ——, who died last Sunday at the ripe age of ninety-nine. It made one feel young for a few minutes. But one cannot keep venerable folk of that kind on hand indefinitely to freshen his fading consciousness of youth.

Jimmy and Sallie and Margaret came up from Salem and dined with me at William's, which gave the old man (that 's me) pleasure, and on the whole I am as well this morning as could be expected, and good yet for a score of happy years.

To a young woman who was carrying a heavy burden he wrote: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 16, 1892.

My dear Miss ——, Indeed I would send you a letter full of courage if I could.

What can I do but ask, as I do most earnestly, that God will make you brave and strong and happy? I think that He is making you all of these.

Life is not easy for any earnest spirit; but true life is possible, and that is all we ask.

May every best Christmas blessing come to you abundantly.

Your sincere friend, Phillips Brooks.

To Lady Frances Baillie: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston, December 17, 1892.

Dear Lady Frances, — This will not quite reach you by Christmas Day, but it will serve to tell you when it comes, what I hope you know full well already, that I am thinking of you as the Christmas days draw near, and wishing you every best and happiest blessing. I wish that I could spend my Christmas Day in London, and come and sit and talk with you a little some time between morning and night. If I could go thither in a day you should not fail to see me, for I have no duties here. Nobody wants a bishop, I find, on Christmas Day, and I am going to New York to spend it with my brother, whom you know.

I am thankful to hear from your son Albert (whose picture I value very much indeed) that you are stronger and better. I cannot learn to think of you as ill, though I cannot forget the last time that I saw you. But I know how well and strong your heart is. I am sure that if I could come to your door and have the greeting of the venerable and delightful butler (who ought to be a bishop, he looks it far more than I do) and pass on to your chamber, I should find the same bright welcome and the same joyful trust in God and love for man that have always made my

coming to you a delight. Therefore I dare to wish you a happy Christmas, and a bright New Year. Why should I not?

How sure one grows of a few things as he grows older, — of God and Christ and his best friends, and the great end of all in good! Everything else may grow uncertain, but these things are surer every day.

"Tennyson's Grave" has not come yet, but I thank you for it beforehand, and shall value it truly, both for itself and for your kindness. How great and dear he seems!

May God be very good to you, dear friend; may every day be full of His mercy.

Yours affectionately, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

He went, on the 21st of December, to the dinner of the New England Society in Brooklyn, and made a speech, characteristic of him in every respect, noting with kindly satire their faults, yet praising greatly New England and the Puritans. He stayed with his brother while in New York, and in a letter describing Christmas Day he says: "We played childish games till midnight, and it was all very simple, and silly, and delightful." There were things which tried him greatly at this time, but he dismissed them on principle: "On Christmas Day one must be glad." That his thoughts were dwelling on Tennyson is evident from this letter to Lady Frances Baillie: —

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, December 30, 1892.

DEAR LADY FRANCES, — The etching has arrived, after what I doubt not was a stormy and distressing experience on the Atlantic, for it seems as if the great ocean never had been so restless and uneasy-minded as in these last few weeks. But it has come, and brings its blessing to the end of the departing year. Surely the most touching and sacred thing to many of us during the year which goes out to-morrow will be that it opened the grave for Tennyson, and one of the first thoughts about 1893 as we bid it welcome will be that in it we shall not hear his voice.

This picture of his grave is very good to have, especially from your kind hands. I do not think that my friends' graves mean very much to me. I do not find myself often going to them. I should not mind it if I did not know where my friend was buried, if only I knew that no dishonor had been done to his body. Death is so great and splendid; the wonderful emancipation which must come to the spirit is so exacting and inspiring that it carries one's

thoughts away from the body after we have once done to it the affectionate reverence which everything which has belonged to our friend suggests to us.

It is only when a life has been monumental, like the great Poet's, and his memory is part of the life of the earth, which he has richened, that his grave becomes a treasure for mankind. I am glad his body lies in the Abbey. The dear old place seems even dearer from this new association.

And every token of your kind remembrance is very precious to me, as I am sure you know.

And when you turn the page of the New Year, may you find some message of strength and good cheer written on the other side. You surely will, whether it be of sickness or of health. How one grows almost afraid to choose, or at least thankful that he has not to decide! The great simple truths, that God lives, that God loves, that Christ is our salvation, grow greater and simpler and dearer every year. May they flood this New Year with their light for you.

I wish that I could see you. You will know, I am sure, that my thought and prayer are with you, and that I am always,

Yours most affectionately, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Among the last things Phillips Brooks wrote in his note-book is the following: —

THE FUTURE LIFE

How far we may get at a real conception of its essential nature by carefully observing the most spiritual moments of this life, in such particulars, for instance, as the following: —

1. Relation to the bodily life, preserving it, but keeping it subordinate and servile.

2. Relation to our friends, getting at their true spiritual essence, not *minding*, *i. e.*, keeping in mind, their circumstances, poverty, wealth, etc.

3. Relation to God — true worship. Communion more than petition.

4. Relation to time. Essential timelessness, free drawing upon past and future.

5. Relation to ourselves. Consciousness of our deepest ideality. Fullest companionship with others, and proportionately deep sense of *self*.

All these things we know in the highest moments of our lives; shall they not, clothed in fit scenery, make our Heaven?

1893

CONCLUSION

WATCH night was kept as usual at Trinity Church. Among the clergy in the chancel was the new rector of Trinity, Rev. E. W. Donald. The sermon was given by Rev. Percy Browne. After the hymn, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," Bishop Brooks remarked that only a few moments of the old year remained, and asked the congregation to kneel in silent prayer as the knell of the dying year was tolled.

Amid a silence so profound that it could almost be felt, the great audience knelt and waited in silence and prayer the striking of the twelve strokes which told the death of the old and the birth of the new year.

A fervent prayer by Bishop Brooks followed, full of thankfulness for past mercies and of joy in the hope and promise of the blessings to come. Then rising and addressing the great congregation, he added, "I wish you all a happy, a very happy new year."

A lady who called upon him in his study during the day found him in depression, but rousing himself, he said, "It must be, it *shall* be, a happy new year." On the Sunday morning with which the new year opened he was at the Old North Church on Salem Street. He ate his New Year's dinner with the members of the Christian Union, as had been his custom for twenty years, and spoke to the young men as he had spoken during all those years. It was an organization that he carried close to his heart. On its president, Mr. W. H. Baldwin, he had long been in the habit of depending to assist him in the responsibility for the many young men recommended to his care. These were the words he spoke, as they were reported in the Boston "Herald:" —

New Year comes to us with the presentation of the great things

of life. Greatness and littleness are terms not of the quantity, but of the quality, of human life. If a man has a great conception of life, and is putting all of the little things which he is doing into that conception, he is a great man. There always is some great conception which makes for a man the interpretation of his life.

Everything craves for manifestation. I believe that when Jesus Christ came and touched the earth that the earth had some response to make, which it does not make to you and me. Even now, Nature is saying something which she did not say to men that groped about five centuries ago. She says it in the lights which burn in our hall and in the cars that run by the door.

The biggest truth that man knows is the most practical truth. Mankind only progresses as it progresses with the development of man's own personal character. Increased skill will come with increased goodness. Man is what man expects himself to be. Look at yourself and say, "Am I a child of God?" Do that under any circumstances, and the circumstances immediately become sublime.

Character, and character only, is the thing that is eternally powerful in this world. Character is the divinest thing on earth. It is the one thing that you can put into the shop or into the study and be sure that the fire is going to burn. Character now, and character forever!

On Monday evening, January 2, he was at the Clericus Club for the last time. He began the next day the visitation of the churches in accordance with a list made out for six months in advance. Tuesday, January 3, he was at Wakefield; Wednesday, January 4, at Middleborough; Thursday, January 5, at Framingham; Friday, January 6, at Watertown; Sunday, January 8, he visited the three churches in Dorchester; Tuesday, January 10, he was at Belmont; Thursday, January 12, at Wellesley; Friday, January 13, at Canton. Many minor appointments, committee meetings, etc., filled up the intervening spaces of time. One of his evenings, January 4, he had given up to a student from Yale University, whom he had invited to spend the night. They talked on the ministry, on Robertson, Maurice, Stanley, and Tennyson, on the Incarnation and the Atonement. In the morning, after breakfast, as he was bidding his young friend

good-by, he spoke on the subject that seemed to haunt his mind as if with a mystic prevision: —

> These are great days you are entering upon; days which will witness great changes in all things. They will be better days than any yet seen. Life will have fuller and richer meaning to the coming generation than it has ever had before, greater works will be done.[1]

And another event there was that gave him a new pleasure, into which he entered with the zest of youthful happiness, — a reception at his residence on January 11, in honor of Miss Gertrude Brooks, when for the first time he threw open his house. It had been a promise made long before that such a reception should be given when the time came. He shared in the anticipation of the event and still more in its fulfilment; and as he stood by the side of his niece to receive the guests, with the sense of joy in kinship and proprietorship in her gladness, he seemed to be in the happiest, even the gayest of moods.

On Saturday morning, January 14, he preached at the consecration of St. Mary's Church for Sailors, East Boston. A window was open in the roof, which could not be shut, and the cold winter air blew in on the heads of those present. Coming back on the ferry, he complained of feeling cold.

On Sunday he should have kept at home, for he was ill; but he went to Hyde Park, officiating there in the morning, and then in an open sleigh he drove to Dedham. A lady who was present has furnished this account of the morning of that day: —

> The little church in Hyde Park was crowded with people. It seems so significant that his text was "Life!" "Thou shalt satisfy the king with long life." "Life forever and ever;" over and over again that was the burden of it. And he read those words from "Saul," —
>
> How good is man's life! The mere living
> How fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses
> Forever in joy!

[1] Cf. "A Visit with Phillips Brooks," by F. H. Lynch, in *The Christian Union*, February 11, 1893.

And even as he spoke, with Life upon his lips, I saw written plainly upon his face that other word, Death. I grew numb and faint, and thought that I would have to leave the church.

After the confirmation he stayed and stayed. I have never seen him happier or gentler, never more childlike and lovable than he was that Sunday morning. He addressed the Sunday-school. When that was done he went about among the children. Women brought him their babies and their boys that he might look into their faces. He had a word for every one. When he sat down, a group of boys circled around him. One boy back of him noticed a speck upon his coat and went to brush it off. In a moment there were three boys brushing him all together. He looked about and colored, his modesty overcome at being the object of so much attention. . . . He continued to talk with the children. It seemed even then that he was already entering God's kingdom as a little child.

And still he did not go. He did not seem to want to go. Long after he had gone I stood in the church. Only a few were left. An old woman came to me and began talking. I had never seen her before, but she seemed to know me somehow, and began to talk about him. She remembered him as a boy, and began to tell about the old days at St. Paul's when the Brooks boys, as she said, used to spill over into another pew. I let her talk on and on. In the middle of it I looked up, — and there he was! Back again! I wondered what brought him. I was startled and could not speak. He looked at us a second and then he said, "Good-by," and the smile that grew upon his face, the bright look in the eyes, I shall never forget. I did not say good-by, — I could not. He looked so happy that I was glad too, and yet there was a sadness mingled with it deeper than words could say.

On Monday morning, January 16, a friend who called, not expecting to find him at leisure, was painfully struck with the alteration in his looks. He came forth as usual from his study with his arms extended in greeting in the old familiar way, but he was changed. During the hour which followed he was restless and nervous in his manner, walking the room, talking incessantly; it was hardly possible, so rapid and continuous was the talk, to put him a question without interrupting him. When he was asked if he found any difficulty in conversation in making his episcopal visits, he said, "Oh

no; you only pull the spigot, and it comes." He was full of reminiscences; referring to his early years and the absurd way he then had of selecting texts which no one had heard of. He spoke of one sermon which he got by asking a clerical brother what text he was going to preach on. The text was so striking that only one sermon could be preached from it, and as he wrote on the text at once, he made it impossible for the original suggester to use it. He talked of Watson's Poems then just out, which he greatly admired, especially the lines on Tennyson. Then he turned to the New England dinner, commenting on the difference between New York and Boston, how the exaggerated estimate of money was affecting even the clergy in New York. This incident he told of the New England dinner: A gentleman who sat beside him complained that he could not enjoy the dinner because of the speech he had to make. "That," said Phillips Brooks, "is also my trouble." "Why," said the gentleman, "I did not suppose you ever gave a thought to any speech you had to make." "And is that your impression of the way in which I have done all my work?" "It is," said the gentleman; "I have thought it was all spontaneous, costing you no effort of preparation." This was one of the last interviews, and it closed with his agreement to preach the sermon at West Point at the Commencement in the ensuing June.

The following narrative by Mr. William G. Brooks takes up the story and carries it to the end: —

On Tuesday, January 17, 1893, in the evening, Bishop Brooks made a visitation to the Church of the Good Shepherd in Boston, — his last visitation. I saw the notice in the evening paper, and went to hear him. He had a written sermon ready, but the pulpit desk was low and his glasses troubled him, and he laid it aside and preached an extemporaneous sermon on Christ feeding the multitude in the desert. He had a severe cold and was troubled with his throat. I went home with him, and sat and talked till eleven o'clock. He was in good spirits and bright and interesting, and spoke lightly of the soreness in his throat. When I bade him good-night he said he would come in and spend an evening with us soon.

The next day, Wednesday, January 18, he walked out, and in

the evening went to Newton to a choir festival and a dinner at the Woodland Park Hotel. There he made his last speech, with great difficulty, as Dr. Shinn tells me, on account of his throat. He was driven in a close carriage to the station in Newton, and also from the Huntington Avenue station in Boston to his home. During the night his throat grew worse, and in the morning was very much swollen. He sent for Dr. Beach, who told him he must keep his bed to prevent more cold and avoid a chill, but that he had only an "old-fashioned sore throat."

I saw him in the evening. Dr. Beach was there, who stated the case the same as he did in the morning. He gave him a gargle and a Dover's powder to sleep on. But he had a poor night, and was very restless in the morning. I saw him in the morning, afternoon, and evening. This I did each of the days he was sick, and Mrs. Brooks and Gertrude saw him each forenoon. Dr. Beach each day told me of his condition, and constantly spoke favorably and hopefully of it. He objected to a nurse, though the doctor suggested it, and as Katie and the other servants knew his wishes and could prepare what he needed, there seemed to be no occasion for one.

His throat was so swollen that he could say but little, and could take only liquid food. He read his letters and papers and dictated some of his correspondence.

So it went on till Sunday, when he did not appear so well. He seemed to be weaker and slept more. Still Dr. Beach said there was no cause for alarm. At eight o'clock in the evening he saw him and sent me word that he looked for a good night, and he hoped to find him better in the morning. So we went to bed feeling easy and hoping for good results.

But about one o'clock one of the servants came to our house and said he was not so well. It appears that he woke from a light sleep about eleven o'clock, a little weak in his head, and went out of his room and up the stairs a few steps, when the servants heard him and gently took him to his room and bed again. He seemed to imagine he was in a strange house, perhaps on an episcopal visitation, and said he was "going home."

Dr. Beach was sent for and came at once. He sent for me and also for Dr. Fitz. I was at the house before Dr. Fitz, and Dr. Beach sent me at once to the Registry of Nurses for a nurse. I got a man who was there in an hour or so, and on my return I found Dr. Fitz at the house.

The doctors had just examined his lungs. They found them sound and said they found nothing that was dangerous. It seems they suspected there might be a diphtheritic trouble below the

throat swelling, and had arranged to make an examination at nine o'clock in the morning, with possibly Dr. Knight also present.

While the doctors were consulting together after their examination in the hall in the second story, I was alone with Phillips. He knew me. He looked up from his pillow with the sweetest smile and held out his hand. He pressed mine warmly and strongly. Smiled again and again, and once or twice said, "Good-night." Then he lay back on the pillow, put his great left hand on his heart, and smiled and nodded his head with his eyes full on mine. Then he raised his right hand with the forefinger extended, and waved it round and round for several moments, as he used to do when hearing music, or humming some tune himself. It was all clear and bright and happy. Full of the joy that was in his heart, — in harmony with the love that filled it, and with the heavenly melodies that he heard calling him to his eternal home, full of rest and life. This was about three o'clock.

These were his last clear moments. After it he slept lightly, taking nourishment from time to time, and restless and uncomfortable when awake.

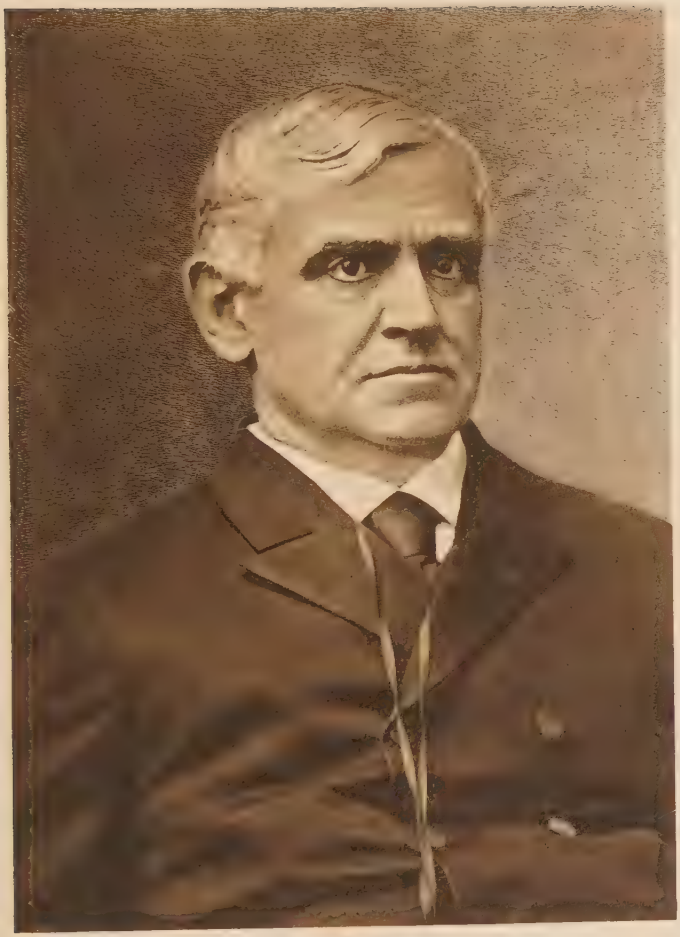
About six o'clock he rose and insisted on getting out of bed, and as he was very decided, Dr. Beach said, as the room was warm, he might be wrapped in blankets and sit in a chair a little while. The doctor and the nurse covered him, and he stepped between them towards the door that opened into the hall as if he wished to go out of the room. Dr. Beach restrained him, saying a few words, when he said quite impatiently, "Both you men cannot keep me from going through that door." His attention was, however, diverted, and he was led to a large rocking-chair in the room, into which he was seated, the nurse in a chair by his side, and Dr. Beach and I in chairs near by.

In a few moments the nurse called Dr. Beach, who went at once. His head had drooped, and he was breathing hard. We lifted him upon the bed. He still breathed, and Dr. Beach at once injected a strong dose of brandy into his arm. But it had no effect, and in two or three minutes the breathing grew fainter and then stopped. He had gone.

The physician who attended Phillips Brooks furnishes the following statement: —

The Bishop for several days had been suffering from a severe sore throat, which gave rise to no serious or alarming symptoms until late in the night before his death, when they assumed a diphtheritic character. He then became delirious, his breathing rapidly increased in frequency, and early in the morning of Mon-

Phillips Brooks



day, January 23, he was seized with a slight spasm, soon after which his heart suddenly ceased to beat. His throat was at no time seriously obstructed, nor was any membrane visible.

These accounts may be supplemented from a few other sources. To Mr. Deland, who called upon him early in his illness, he talked much about death, the awfulness of the mystery, what the mystery was, how certain persons whom he mentioned, recently departed, had solved it. He complained also of his loneliness, and besought Mr. Deland as he rose to go, to remain.

The Rev. James P. Franks called at noon on Thursday, January 19. While he was there the bishop sent for his secretary and requested him to write to the clergy in Lowell, where he had appointments for the following Sunday, to say he would not be able to keep them. He said to Franks, "This is no great fun; my throat is awfully sore."

The Rev. Leighton Parks, who called on Saturday, January 21, gives this account of a last interview: —

It was only on the Saturday, two days before his death, that I heard that Brooks was sick. And even then the report was only that he had a bad throat; so that I was not alarmed, and hesitated a moment whether to call before lunch or wait till the afternoon to sit and have a long chat. Fortunately I decided to go at once and learn how he was. When I reached his house the door was opened by Katie, who said, "He 's been asking for you. The doctor says no one is to see him, but you must go up, for he said so." "But is he really ill?" I asked. "Oh yes, sir, very ill; but the doctor has just been here and he says he 's better, and that he thinks he will get well." Still I could not feel alarmed. It could not be that Brooks was to die! When I entered the bedroom, which was over the study and the same size, I saw Brooks in bed propped up with pillows, his cheeks flushed with fever, indeed, but with no sign of disease; he looked much as a child does that has a cold. There was no wasting and no evidence of weakness, only the voice was husky and it was evident that he spoke with difficulty.

"My dear Brooks," I said, "it does not seem natural to see you here." "Oh, Parks, I am so glad you 've come! I wanted to see you." I told him how that I had only that moment heard of his sickness, and begged him to tell me just how he was.

Then he looked at me with a half-startled, half-questioning look in his eyes, and said, "I think I am going to die." "Oh no," I cried, "you must not think of such a thing. The doctor says you are better, and in a few days you will be up." "But," he said, and this was almost like a child that did not know how to measure pain, "you don't know how my throat hurts. I can't eat. I tried to eat an egg, and the old thing was as hot as fire; and if I can't eat I must die." As this last was said half laughingly, I laughed and said, "Now, you must not talk, but I will stay a moment and tell you the news." So I sat down and looked at him. The great bed was covered over with books, — books new and old. I picked up one and glanced at the title. I do not know what it was. The pathos of it all swept over me. The whole city ready to serve him, a host of friends longing to be with him, and he was alone, and had turned at the last, as he had done through all the lonely years, to books, his best friends. They covered him like leaves. The book I picked up was, I am sure, a volume of poems, — a new book, but, as I said, I cannot recall the name. There were letters on the bed, and he read me one of them, and laughed in an impatient way he had, and said, "Is n't he preposterous." Then he groaned as he thought of the engagements broken, and of the disappointment of a clergyman in whose church he was to have confirmed the next day. Then I told him that he must not have his letters brought to him, but let everything wait till he could get out, and "Then," said I, "you had better get on a steamer and go abroad for a while." Then he said, half seriously and half laughingly, "I came near doing a dreadful thing the other day. I was in East Boston, and I suddenly felt as if I must get away from everything for a little while, and I went to the Cunard dock and asked if the steamer had sailed. She had been gone about an hour. I believe if she had still been there I should have absconded."

At this I said I must go, for it was not good that he should talk so much, but he took my hand and said most pitiably, "Don't go, Parks, don't go. I won't talk, and you could talk to me so beautifully." I stayed a little longer, and I took his hand in both of mine and said, "Brooks, you know what you are to us, — more than we can tell. We never needed you more than we need you now. I believe that you will get well, but you must make an effort. Try to eat, no matter how much it hurts. For our sakes try to get well." He smiled and pressed my hand and said, "I 'll try." I told him I would come again in the morning. So we parted. As I reached the door he called after me, "Give my love to Ellen." This had been his farewell for

many years, ever since my daughter, then about two years old, frightened at his great size, said, "I don't like you." At which he was charmed, and said, "O Ellen, many feel as you do, but don't say it;" and after that he always left me with the farewell, "Give my love to Ellen." Ellen, he once explained, being used generically for the three children.

So we parted, after a friendship of fifteen years, — friendship made possible only because of his deep sense of the value of the individual soul, which made him very careful not to dominate a younger and less gifted life. As I look back over the delightful years of communion with him, nothing seems to me more striking than the unity of his character. He died just as he had lived, — the keen sense of humor, the scorn of pretentiousness, the love of literature, the ignorance of pain, the shrinking from death, the love of life, the humility that counted others better than himself, the loving heart that loved to the end. All these were shown in the long years I had known him; they were shown in that last half hour when we talked together. He died as simply, as naturally, as lovingly, as he had lived. It is that same man whom we hope to see.

The following account of Phillips Brooks's last night on earth gives the scene as it appeared to his faithful servant: —

On the evening of the day on which Bishop Brooks died [says Rev. Percy Browne], I went to his house and was received by the faithful servant who, for so many years, had opened to me the hospitable door. She led me to the familiar study, darkened now by the absence of the welcoming smile and outstretched hands, which used to draw his friends to his very heart. Everything else was as it used to be, — the books he had been reading lying open here and there, the study table covered with the letters which he was never to answer, the works of art and other things of beauty which he had gathered in his travels, — all as usual, like a familiar landscape under a darkened sky. "Tell me about him as he was last night, Katie," I said. She answered in tones broken by her honest sorrow. "Last night Mr. William and the doctor came, and the doctor said Mr. Brooks would be better in the morning; but by the looks of him I thought he would n't. After they left him, I went to his room at about eleven o'clock, to see if he wanted anything. He told me to leave some lemonade near him and go to bed. I told him I meant to sit up. He looked at his watch on the table by his bed and said, 'No, Katie, I won't need you. It 's late, and you

must go to bed.' But it was n't to bed I was going, and he looking like that. So I sat in a chair outside his door. Some time after I heard him walking about and talking to himself. I opened the door, and there he was, walking about in his room and saying over and over, ' Take me home, I must go home!' I was that frightened that I sent a messenger for Mr. William. In a little while he came with the doctor and a nurse, and they stayed with him till he died in the morning."

The funeral services for Phillips Brooks were held at Trinity Church on Thursday, January 26. At eight o'clock in the morning of that day the body, accompanied by a guard of members of the Loyal Legion, was borne to the church and placed in the vestibule, where it was viewed by a continuous procession of all classes of people, numbering many thousands, and there were thousands still waiting for the privilege when the hour of service, eleven o'clock, arrived. In the city were the evidences of mourning. The traffic seemed to cease in the streets, the Stock Exchange and places of business were closed, the flags were at half-mast. Within the church the scene resembled the day of his consecration to the episcopate. The services were under the direction of Mr. A. J. C. Sowdon. The governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the mayor of the city of Boston, and a delegation from the legislature, were there; representatives of many societies also, and of the congregation of Trinity Church. There were present many clergymen of other denominations. The white-robed procession of the clergy of the diocese and of visiting clergy in large numbers met the body at the great west door of the church and passed up the aisle. The presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Williams, who read the sentences, was followed by Bishop Clark and Bishop Potter, Bishop Randolph, of Western Virginia, Bishops Niles, Neely, and Talbot. At the suggestion of Rev. William Lawrence, eight young men, undergraduates of Harvard, bore the body aloft on their shoulders, as if in triumph, and in the full view of all. The honorary pall-bearers, among them the friends of many years, were Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Rev. C. A. L. Richards, Mr. Robert

C. Winthrop, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Rev. Percy Browne, Rev. W. N. McVickar, Rev. Leighton Parks, Professor A. V. G. Allen, Colonel Charles R. Codman, Mr. C. J. Morrill, President Eliot, of Harvard, Justice Horace Gray, of the United States Supreme Court. Bishop Potter stood at the lecturn to read the lesson. Bishop Clark led in the recital of the Nicene Creed. The hymns were announced by Rev. E. W. Donald, "Jesus, lover of my soul" and "For all the saints who from their labors rest."

When the service was over within the church, another service was held without, for the larger congregation waiting in Copley Square, — some said ten thousand, others twenty thousand, but no one knew, — a vast concourse of people under the open heaven. The body was borne from the church as it had been carried in, on the shoulders of Harvard students, placed upon a catafalque in sight of the multitude, when prayers were said and the hymn was sung, "O God, our help in ages past." Then the long procession moved, and when it reached Harvard Square at two o'clock, the familiar college bell began to toll, announcing that the procession was entering the college grounds. "In a marvellously short time the steps of University and Harvard halls were crowded, men poured from the domitories and recitation halls in the quadrangle, and lined up two or three deep on both sides of the driveway from University to the entrance gate between Harvard and Massachusetts. There, with bared heads, they stood in silence while the carriages passed one by one out of the yard." Then they disappeared as silently and as quickly as they had gathered, while the procession moved on to Mount Auburn to meet another large assemblage of people about the open grave. Here the committal was said by Rev. John C. Brooks, and the prayers by Rev. Arthur Brooks, who gave the benediction. So the body of Phillips Brooks was laid to rest, in the same lot with the father and mother and the two brothers, George and Frederick. And the people went away again to their own homes.

These were among the tributes to Phillips Brooks. First the funeral, with its demonstration of a people's grief. "In

my long life," said Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard, "I have not known an instance in which the public loss has seemed so great, still less in which so many men and women have had the sense of severe public bereavement."

The popular sentiment at once demanded that the imposing figure of Phillips Brooks should be perpetuated in a bronze statue, to be placed in the square in front of Trinity Church. The eminent sculptor, St. Gaudens, consented to undertake the work. In a few weeks, so rapidly did the contributions pour in to the treasurer of the fund, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, from rich and from poor, that the announcement was made that the large sum of $95,000 had been received, and no more would be required.

The Phillips Brooks House, at Harvard, was the form which another tribute took. To this fund the class of 1855 contributed most generously, and at a meeting, held in London, of the friends of Phillips Brooks, it was decided that to this fund the English contributions should be given. The house has been built and dedicated to his memory, and to Piety, Charity, and Hospitality. On the tablet in the central hall the inscription reads: —

A PREACHER
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HOPE
MAJESTIC IN STATURE IMPETUOUS IN UTTERANCE
REJOICING IN THE TRUTH
UNHAMPERED BY BONDS OF CHURCH OR STATION
HE BROUGHT BY HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINE
FRESH FAITH TO A PEOPLE
FRESH MEANING TO ANCIENT CREEDS
TO THIS UNIVERSITY
HE GAVE
CONSTANT LOVE, LARGE SERVICE, HIGH EXAMPLE

Additional endowment has provided for the expenses of the Phillips Brooks House, making it an attractive centre for the religious and philanthropic work of the University. A special endowment connected with it is the William Belden Noble Lectures, — a foundation for perpetuating the influence of Jesus, as Phillips Brooks proclaimed it in all the comprehensiveness of its scope.

When the diocesan convention met in May, 1893, they chose Rev. William Lawrence, as one who had been brought up in the friendship and discipleship of Phillips Brooks, to be his successor as Bishop of Massachusetts.

In England a window was placed in St. Margaret's, Westminster, whose inscription was written at the request of Archdeacon Farrar by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson: —

> Fervidus eloquio, sacra doctissimus arte,
> Suadendi gravibus vera Deumque viris,
> Quæreris ab sedem populari voce regendam,
> Quæreris — ab sedem rapte domumque Dei.[1]

There were other tributes greater than these, which cannot be described, whose mention is insufficient to reveal what they implied. "You will see," said one who was present at the funeral obsequies, "such a demonstration of Christian unity as was never seen in the world before." The prophecy was realized in many ways. These two may be mentioned: the United Service of the churches of Boston at the Old South Meeting-House, on January 30, when representative ministers of every denomination were present and spoke in praise of Phillips Brooks; and another service "in loving memory of Phillips Brooks," held in Music Hall, New York, February 16, where the same universal range of Christian appreciation was manifest. The city of Boston, also, held memorial services to honor Phillips Brooks, in its municipal capacity, in Music Hall, April 11, when an oration, prepared by Dr. Samuel Eliot, was read by Colonel Charles R. Codman.

These were representative and formal occasions, and very significant they were; but even these yield in importance to the outpouring of the people's mingled grief and praise, as it went on for days and weeks and months, — the wonderful afterglow of the great life. When the awful intelligence

[1] These lines were rendered by his son, Mr. Arthur Benson: —

> Fervent with speech, most strong with sacred art,
> To light, to lift the struggling human heart;
> To feed the flock: Thy people's choice was given —
> Required on earth, but ah! preferred to Heaven.

that Phillips Brooks was dead fell upon the city of Boston and the country at large, it came with "the crushing and stunning effect of unspeakable calamity," — a sorrow which at first could find no words. When the silence was broken and utterance began, it seemed as though the resources of the English language were exhausted to find fitting terms wherein to express the admiration and love for Phillips Brooks. The words spoken by the Rev. George A. Gordon,

> Never to the mansions where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation came a nobler guest, —

seemed like the *Sursum Corda* of the Divine Liturgy: —

> Lift up your hearts.
> We lift them up unto the Lord.

The sorrow and the mourning were exchanged for a song of triumph and spiritual exultation, — to the praise of God for Phillips Brooks. So it went on, as if it could have no ending, during the memorable months which all remember and still recall as something unwonted in human experience. The "resolutions" adopted by countless societies and organizations, by the clergy in their associations, — clergy of every name; the thousands of private letters, the memorial sermons preached in churches everywhere, in this country and in England, and, indeed, wherever the English language is spoken the world over; the articles in every newspaper, editorial and contributed, — in this mass of expression, which no one can adequately measure, was the highest tribute to Phillips Brooks. Exaggerated, indeed, it was, for those who wrote seemed to vie with each other in the effort to say the strongest things in his praise, — exaggerated, for it went to the very verge, and sometimes beyond it, of what it is lawful to say of mortal man in this world, and yet significant, not to be ashamed of, characteristic, in that it revealed, when taken together, what Phillips Brooks had been to his age, and also made known the age itself as it laid its inmost being open to the eye of God and man. As we gaze into that revelation of humanity we discern that the heart of man is religious, made for God, and restless till it finds repose in Him.

These are some of the texts of memorial sermons: —

There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.

And Samuel died; and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him.

Whatsoever the king did pleased all the people.

When he came near, the whole city was moved, saying, Who is this?

And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

At a service in Westminster Abbey, Canon Duckworth spoke these words: —

I think of the great American bishop, Phillips Brooks, that true king of men, whose sudden death has been mourned as an irreparable bereavement in the churches of the Old World as in those of the New. No more signal example has this generation seen of that deep, comprehensive work which the Holy Spirit accomplishes when He takes possession of the *whole man*. There was splendid natural faculty, transfigured, raised to its highest power, and dedicated to its highest use. There was the whole intellectual and moral being suffused with the flame of divine love, and aglow with those fervid convictions which found on his lips such matchless expression. And then there was the magnetic charm of personal intercourse, the pure teachings of the daily life, filled full of high interests, and still more persuasive in its unconscious humility, and self-forgetfulness, and sympathy, than those burning words which, wherever he was to be heard, drew thousands to listen, as one has truly said, "with an intensity of expectation as if the very mystery of existence were at last to stand revealed." Who could know him and remain skeptical as to the reality of that *divine life* which it is man's highest glory to receive?

President Warren, of Boston University, spoke of the students for the Christian ministry whom Phillips Brooks had influenced: —

They have gone out into all the world. They have been heard from in our great cities; they are scattered over the great valley

of the Mississippi; they are on the Pacific slope; in Japan, China, India, Mexico, South America. They toil among the most varied races and nationalities. They perpetuate his spirit and widen his influence in the great human family beyond any other agency whatsoever. They are his disciples in a sense and to a degree applicable to no other living men. They are the pupils who, more than any others, are going to make the widening progress of the news of the great preacher's death a widening progress of a sense of personal bereavement until it encircles the globe.

Among the many tributes these words, in which the Rt. Rev. A. W. Thorold, the English Bishop of Winchester, dedicates a volume of sermons to Phillips Brooks, will find an echo in the hearts of all who knew and loved him: —

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF
PHILLIPS BROOKS
BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS
STRONG, FEARLESS, TENDER, ELOQUENT
INCAPABLE OF MEANNESS
BLAZING WITH INDIGNATION AT ALL KINDS OF WRONG
HIS HEART AND MIND DEEP AND WIDE AS
THE OCEAN AT HIS DOOR
SIMPLE AND TRANSPARENT AS A CHILD
KEEN WITH ALL THE KEENNESS OF HIS RACE
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED
BY A BROTHER ACROSS THE WATER
WHO CHERISHES HIS FRIENDSHIP AS A
TREASURE LAID UP IN HEAVEN
AT THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST

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